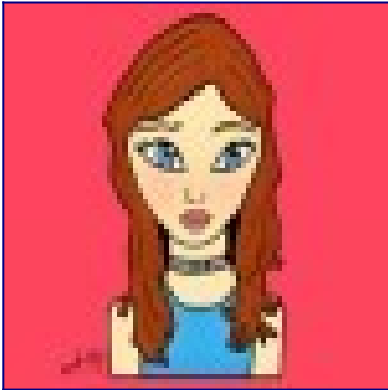


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A Daughter's Helping Hand

Ella's mission to save her parents' sex life.

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Chapter 1 -- A Talk About Dad

Monday. September 12th. 6:58 AM.

"Come on, let's just get it over with, Ella."

Ella looked up from her cereal bowl at the kitchen table, more embarrassed than ever. Did she really need to have this talk with her mother? She would be a high school graduate in only nine months, for God's sake! She was too old for this!

Linda sent her daughter a stern look from directly across the table. Sure, they had the sex talk back when Ella first experienced puberty, but there were several topics that were long overdue to be discussed, and she needed to make sure they were on the same page with her daughter going off to college next year.

"I know that we've discussed a lot of things over the years, but I just want to make sure that you don't have any questions," Linda started. "You're a senior in high school now, but you'll be in college before you know it. I don't want you to feel overwhelmed about something you're afraid to ask me about."

"What year is it, Mom?" Ella laughed. "You know that the internet exists, right? I can just look something up if I'm curious about it."

The brown-haired, brown-eyed, forty-two-year-old mother of one glanced down into her coffee. Maybe she wasn't needed; but then again, the internet didn't have twenty-five years of sexual experience to help guide her daughter. Well, it kind of did, but the advice wouldn't be personal. She didn't want Ella to struggle with the same problems that she dealt with when it came to her early years of relationships and sexual exploration.

"The internet is full of bullshit and nonsense. Listen, I know that you're fine about sex and birth control. We've gone through that stuff before. I'm talking more about men. Do you have any questions about boys?"

Ella dropped her spoon into her half-eaten breakfast. She'd suddenly lost her appetite. "Boys? Jesus Christ, Mom."

"I'm serious," she told her daughter firmly.

"No, I don't have any questions about boys," Ella huffed.

"Are you sexually active right now?" Linda questioned.

Ella's eyes bulged in horror. "Oh my God, Mom!"

"It's a yes or no question."

"No, I'm not sexually active!" the teen responded with some attitude. "You know that I don't have a boyfriend!"

"That doesn't mean you're not active."

Ella shut her eyes, wishing that this nightmarish discussion never happened. "I'm not a slut, Mom! I've had sex with one guy in my life, and we dated for three years! I'm not going around hooking-up with random guys. I'm not that kind of girl."

"I never said that you were."

"And I need to actually care about a man before I do anything," Ella declared. "Believe me, we don't need to have this talk. I won't be having sex with guys at parties and stuff."

Linda nodded. "I was the same way until I got to college, and then things changed a bit. Listen, I wasn't a slut, but I did my fair share of experimenting. It's not a bad thing. It's a chance to find yourself and learn what you like."

The eighteen-year-old was a spitting image of her mother during her youth. Long brown hair, prominent brown eyes, and a fit figure to match. The five-foot-six brunette possessed an athletic, toned frame from years of volleyball and field hockey, but she didn't feel strong as she continued to listen to Mom talk about sex at the kitchen table. In fact, she felt sick.

"Sometimes, men will try to pressure you to do stuff that you aren't comfortable with," Linda revealed. "Especially guys your age. And the party atmosphere creates a sexual vibe where girls are expected to do things. I just want you to be safe."

"What did I just say?" Ella questioned her mother. "I told you that I'm not into that kind of stuff."

"But men can be relentless, honey. Occasionally, they want stuff that you aren't okay with. I just want you to know that it's fine to say no."

A curious expression suddenly overcame the young brunette's face. "What men are you talking about?"

"All men," Linda clarified. "Especially when they're drunk and all revved up, and a lot of them are like that even when they aren't partying. Just understand that it's always your decision whether or not you want to do something."

"I know," Ella huffed once again.

Linda took a sip of her coffee, rolling her eyes. "Your father is like that. Just constant. He's relentless at times. It's exhausting, you know?"

Ella's head perked up.

"It gets tiring having to constantly tell him no, but what am I supposed to do? I don't know why I'm telling you this. It's none—"

"No, it's fine!" Ella interjected passionately, encouraging her to continue. "You can tell me!"

"No, I can't," Linda chuckled, shaking her head. "I absolutely can't. This isn't a discussion about me anyway. It's a discussion about you."

"So, it's fine to ask me if I'm having sex, but you're off-limits? That doesn't sound fair to me."

She raised her eyebrows at her daughter. "I can't tell you about my sex life."

Ella took a bite of her cereal. Suddenly, her appetite returned. "Dad is relentless?"

"Oh my God..."

"What?" Ella laughed. "That's what you said, right? That Dad is relentless."

Linda grew flustered as she looked down at the table. "Me and my big mouth..."

"And what did you say? That you're always turning him down?"

"Ella..."

"The last time I had sex was a year ago," Ella admitted. "Kyle and I just celebrated our three-year anniversary and we fooled around while his parents went to a movie."

Linda raised her eyebrows.

"There was no one before and there's been no one since," Ella told her. "So, there ya go. Your turn."

"My turn?"

Ella grinned from ear to ear. "Yep, I just told you my situation. So, let's hear it."

"Hear what?" Linda asked.

"Your situation," she clarified. "Dad is relentless?"

Linda glanced at her daughter, full of hesitation. Jim was getting ready for work and he would storm into the kitchen at any moment. The last thing she needed was for him to hear this conversation.

He can be a little overbearing at times," she confessed reluctantly, eager to move things along.

"How so?"

Linda took a deep breath. "Do you really think this is appropriate to discuss?"

Ella briskly nodded.

"Well, um...he has a...how do I say...a high sex drive."

A slight smile appeared on Ella's face.

"And I don't. Well, I don't think there's a person alive who has one like Dad, but that isn't my point. This is what I was talking about earlier. He always wants to mess around, and I have to put my foot down and tell him what I'm comfortable with. You can't let a man walk all over you. Give a guy an inch and he'll take a mile."

Ella burst into laughter. "Will you stop! Dad is the greatest guy ever! Don't make him sound like some sex-crazed maniac!"

Linda rolled her eyes.

"Are you serious?" the teen smiled. "He's really that relentless?"

"I can't believe we're talking about this."

"It's fine, Mom," Ella smirked but stayed on track. "So, like what? You two are always going at it?"

"We would be if it was up to him," Linda chuckled.

"But you aren't because you're not okay with it?" Ella asked.

Linda nodded. "Exactly. See my point? You need to establish yourself no matter the situation. Even in marriage."

"So, you guys found a middle ground? You compromised?"

"Yeah, we did," she told her daughter. "We found something that works for both of us."

"And what's that?" Ella inquired.

"We do what I say," Linda said before taking a sip of her coffee.

She observed her mom silently for a few moments before finally speaking up. "Um...how is that a compromise?"

"Because it works," Linda said with a smile.

"Well, how often do you guys have sex?"

"We can't discuss that," Linda said. "That's too much."

"I don't think it is," Ella countered. "I mean, you told me to establish my boundaries in a relationship, so I'm wondering how you did it. You just straight up told Dad what the deal is?"

Her mother nodded.

"And he goes along with it?"

"Yep," Linda answered before taking another sip from her cooling coffee.

"So, how often do you guys mess around?"

Linda debated with herself about whether or not to answer her daughter's question. Honesty and openness were two values that she'd instilled in Ella from an early age. She didn't want to be a hypocrite and shy away from the truth, and revealing such information would be used to further prove her point.

"Once or twice a month."

Ella's jaw dropped.

"What?" Linda asked, surprised by her daughter's vivid reaction. "It works."

"For who? You? Mom, you just told me that Dad is relentless! How in the world does that math add up to you?"

"It's enough for the both of us," she told Ella. "I have to draw the line somewhere. I would never get anything done if I didn't. Messing around a few times a month works."

"Wait, once or twice a month is everything? Blowjobs too?"

"Are you seriously asking me that?"

"Yeah, I'm curious," Ella responded without a moment of hesitation.

"Blowjobs are for dating," Linda answered. "They aren't for marriage. You'll understand when you get older."

Ella sat at the kitchen table, dumbfounded.

"What's that look for?" Linda asked. "I'm just being honest."

"Let me get this straight. Dad has a high sex drive and he's always ready to go?"

Her mother nodded.

"You have sex once or twice a month and oral is off the table?"

Linda nodded again but stayed silent.

"And that's how you compromise in a marriage?" Ella asked, still flabbergasted. "You just selfishly do whatever you want and ignore your husband's needs?"

"Whoa, wait a minute."

"That's bullshit, Mom!" Ella stated harshly with an annoyed look. "That's not how a relationship should work. Especially with a guy like Dad."

Linda stared in shock at her daughter.

"Dad is amazing," Ella went on. "You should see some of my friends' fathers. Kate's dad is like three hundred pounds and he just sits around and watches TV all day. Dad works hard, he stays in shape, and he's unbelievable to both of us. You aren't doing your job."

"Excuse me?"

"Yeah, you heard me," Ella continued. "You're supposed to take care of him. It's your job to keep him happy."

"I work."

Ella took a quick bite of her cereal before expressing herself further. "I know that, but this is part of your job too. You can't have sex with a guy like that once or twice a month and expect him to be happy. And no blowjobs? Are you crazy? How's Dad always in a good mood? It doesn't make any sense. He should be miserable."

"Ella."

"This is messed up, Mom," she told her mother while flashing her a disappointed glance. "You need to step your game up and take care of that amazing man you're married to."

Linda opened her mouth to respond but promptly bit her tongue at the sudden arrival of her husband.

"How are my two ladies doing this morning?"

Ella gave her forty-four-year-old father a big smile as she tracked him move across the kitchen to the coffee maker. He was dressed for work in a pair of beige khakis and a blue dress shirt. His business attire fit his athletic frame to a tee, and his full head of brown hair and striking brown eyes didn't hurt matters either. He quickly filled his mug before walking over to his wife to give her a kiss on the cheek.

"Morning, Jim," Linda greeted him.

"I'm running late so I have to get moving," he announced. He made his way around the table to give his daughter's head a playful rub. "I'll see you two later."

"Have a good day, Dad," Ella smiled. "Love you!"

"Love you too!" he shouted back before closing the front door behind him.

Ella's smile quickly dissipated, replaced by an irritated glare. "That man? You're not taking care of that man?"

"He's well taken care of," Linda responded harshly.

"Tonight."

"What?" Linda asked, perplexed.

"You better take care of him tonight," Ella clarified.

"That's none of your business. How about you worry about yourself?"

Ella swiftly shook her head. "Dad is my business and I'm going to make sure he's happy. You better start doing your job." Linda watched her daughter reach for her backpack as she stood up and tossed it over her shoulders. "Because if you don't, then someone else might. Have a good day, Mom."

Chapter 2 -- Honesty

The Following Morning. Tuesday. September 13th. 6:48 AM.

Ella and Linda glared at each other for four straight minutes without saying a word. In fact, nothing at all was said from the moment Ella strolled into the kitchen to find her mother seated at the table, drinking her morning coffee. Both ladies waited for the other to strike first.

"I'm disappointed in you."

A look of confusion furrowed Linda's brow. "Excuse me?"

"I stood outside your room last night with my ear pressed to the door," Ella told her. "For an hour."

"You did what?"

Ella nodded. "Yep, for an hour. I heard sounds from the TV before you eventually told Dad good night."

Linda waited for her to make her point.

"What I didn't hear was the sounds of you making Dad happy."

"Don't ever listen to what we're doing again," she hissed at her daughter. "That's a complete invasion of privacy. I would never do that to you."

Ella sat back in her chair, allowing her cereal to soak in the cold milk. "What do you see when you look at Dad?"

"What do I see?" asked Linda.

"Yeah, what do you see when you look at Dad?"

"I see a man."

"That's it?" the teen asked. "Just a man?"

"What do you want me to say, Ella?"

"Do you want to know what I see?" she asked her mom. "I see the world's greatest guy. I see a provider, and a protector, and a man who busts his butt each and every day to make our lives better. I see a guy who keeps himself in shape and always fixes things around the house. I see a guy who doesn't put off yardwork and never asks you to lift a finger. I see a man who takes us on vacations, buys us presents, and takes us out to dinner. I see a man who takes a vast interest in all of our hobbies and passions. I see a man who's so far out of your league that it makes my head spin."

Appalled, Linda sputtered, "What did you just say!?"

"You have no idea how lucky you are to have Dad," Ella told, hostile and annoyed. "Who are you to dictate his sexual happiness? You should do every single thing that he wants!"

"You don't know what you're talking about."

The eighteen-year-old was done holding back. "You're a shitty wife."

Linda was stunned.

"How are the two most beautiful women in the world doing this morning?" Jim asked with a big smile as he walked into the kitchen and headed for the coffee maker.

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He looked over his shoulder—back at the table—due to a lack of a response. His wife and daughter glared at each other. "Hey, what's going on?"

"Nothing, Dad," Ella answered, her eyes never leaving her mother's combative face.

Jim filled his mug before taking a seat as he watched the two women in his life continue to stare at each other from across the table. "Is something wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," Linda answered, her attention still locked on Ella.

He observed the silence uncomfortably before Ella finally looked in his direction.

"Do you have time to answer a question for me, Dad?" Ella asked

Linda was on the verge of lunging at her daughter.

"I always have time for you, baby," he answered. "Whaddya need?"

"It's for school," Ella told him.

Linda immediately felt herself relax.

"Actually, it's for my sex ed class," she noted.

Linda's relaxed state faded rather quickly, because she once again wanted to drag her daughter to her room by her neck.

Jim waited for Ella to ask her question.

"We have an assignment where we have to talk to both a married man and a married woman," Ella explained. "We have to ask them about their preferred number of weekly sexual encounters."

Jim took a swig of his coffee.

"Both the number of times a week that they desire to have sexual intercourse, and the number of total sexual activities they would want," she continued. "You know, things like oral sex, making out, and stuff. Now, this has nothing to do with your current situation or relationship. These numbers are based solely on your personal wants."

"Was Mom the woman you asked?" he inquired.

Ella shook her head as she tried to think of who she wanted as the female test subject for her fictional scenario. "No, I asked Kate's mom."

"Kate's mom? Am I privy to that information?" He quickly glanced at his wife. "Obviously, if Mom is okay with hearing it."

"Yeah, I'm very interested," Linda said sarcastically as she continued to stare a hole through her daughter.

Ella shot her a glare of her own before turning her attention back to her father. "Kate's mom said that she would prefer to have sex three to four times a week, and at least one daily sexual activity."

Jim grinned, surprised. "Are you serious?"

The teen nodded. "Yep. So, I need an answer from a guy. The easiest way to think about this is to pretend that Mom doesn't exist."

Linda wanted to put her fist through her daughter's face.

"And imagine that you're single," Ella said. "Now, when I snap my fingers, your dream girl shows up and does anything you want. It's purely sexual. So, what would your numbers be?"

"Well, your mother is my dream girl," he announced.

Ella raised her eyebrows, unimpressed.

"What?" he laughed. "She is. Listen, sexual compatibility is based on a relationship. One person can't call all the shots."

Ella couldn't shake her head fast enough. "Dad, I just told you that isn't what I'm asking about. This isn't about feelings, love, or any of that. It's solely about lust."

He took a moment to think. "This is in an unrealistic fantasy world, right?"

"In a world where your sexual wants and needs come first," Ella told him.

"I mean, I could go every day, but that obviously isn't something you can do," he disclosed.

"Sex every day or just some kind of sexual activity?"

"Again, in a fantasy world, I would love to have sex every day and then some kind of sexual activity on top of that too. So yeah, like two sexual things a day. Is that an option?" he asked.

Ella pulled out her phone and pretended to jot down his answer for her imaginary homework assignment. "Yeah, Dad, there isn't a wrong answer. So, your ideal number would be fourteen sexual encounters a week? Sex daily and then something on top of that too? And that includes everything? Sex, oral, and stuff like making out."

"Oral goes both ways?" he asked.

She was slightly taken aback by his honesty—especially considering that Mom sat right next to him at the table—but then again, Mom had yet to stop glaring at her all morning. Who knew if she even processed the discussion at hand?

Ella nodded.

Jim turned and smiled at his wife. "We should start making out again, by the way."

Linda's attention shifted to her husband. "What?"

"We should start making out again. I miss it," he repeated before turning back to Ella. "I don't know why people stop making out when they get older. It's awesome."

Ella couldn't help but smile.

"Okay, if we're counting sex, oral both ways, and making out, then go ahead and bump that number up to twenty."

She pulled out her phone again. "So, twenty sexual encounters a week? About three a day? Sex daily and then two things on top of that as well?"

"Yeah, I think that's fair," he nodded. "Again, in a fantasy world."

"Interesting," Ella noted.

"Need anything else?" he asked.

"Nope, I think I got it. Thanks, Dad!"

"No problem, sweetheart." He finished his coffee before standing up and leaning over to give his wife a kiss. This time, he passed on her cheek and instead found her lips, but Linda pulled back to only allow for a quick peck.

"I have to get going too," Ella announced, standing up and grabbing her bag. "I actually have to get to school early."

She listened to Dad bid Mom farewell before following him out the door and into the driveway.

"Thanks again for being so honest with me, Dad."

Jim escorted his daughter to her car and opened the door for her. "Not a problem. Have a great day at school, honey."

Ella and her dad never kissed. It just wasn't something they did. In fact, it was the one thing about her friend Sarah's relationship with her own father that made her jealous. They always greeted each other and said their goodbyes with a peck on the cheek. There was something so affectionate about a kiss, and she was ready to start a new tradition after what she'd come to learn over the past twenty-four hours.

She climbed to her tippy-toes so she could reach her six-foot-one father, moved her mouth for his cheek before thinking better of it, and instead planted a soft kiss on his lips. She quickly pulled back to be greeted by a surprised reaction.

"Um...have...have a good...uh, a good day...sweetheart."

Ella bit her lip as she watched her dad fumble and trip over his words. She could eat him up with a spoon. "You too, Dad!"

She hopped into her car and drove to school with a jolt of electricity flowing through her blood. This was what Mom willingly passed on? Those warm, masculine lips? A simple peck put her on cloud nine, yet Mom somehow opted to avoid it! There would be two options from this point forward. Either Mom got her act together and took care of Dad, or she would.

Chapter 3 -- A Reality Check

Later That Day. 5:02 PM.

Ella arrived home to find her mother in the kitchen, still dressed in her work attire which consisted of black dress pants and a yellow long-sleeve dress shirt. It was a look that Mom easily pulled off with her fit body. The sight of her purse on the kitchen table was a sign that she'd just arrived home as well.

"Hey, Mom."

Linda turned away from the kitchen counter at the sound of her daughter's voice. She'd looked forward to this moment for the past ten hours. "You're grounded."

"What!?"

"You're grounded," she repeated with a smirk. "One week. No going out, no hanging out with your friends, and no phone."

Ella was stunned. "For what!?"

Linda held out her hand. "Give me your phone."

"Mom, what did I do?"

She raised her eyebrows at her daughter. "Are you serious? What did you do? You know damn well what you did! The conversation at the table with Dad this morning was so far out of line!"

"It was a question for school!" she protested.

"You're not even taking sex ed this year!" Linda shouted. "Do you seriously think I don't know your schedule? I made a copy of it when your school mailed it to us before the year started! And do I look as gullible as your father? How many times per week do you want to mess around? What kind of sex ed class would have you ask people that? Give me a break!"

Ella leaned against one of the breakfast table chairs and glared at her mom. "And what was his answer?"

"In a fantasy world," Linda countered.

"You're his wife!" Ella stated loudly. "You're supposed to be his fantasy girl! It's your job!"

"You have five seconds to give me your phone," she demanded with her hand out. Ella approached her reluctantly and dropped her cell phone into her palm. "And that's not my job. My job is to be a mother, and I like to think that I'm pretty good at it. Even if my own daughter doesn't appreciate me."

"I never said that. You're a great mom. I wouldn't trade you for any other mom in the world."

Linda smiled for the first time today.

"I just think you're a shitty wife."

Linda seethed again.

"Do you want to know what happened after Dad and I left this morning?" Ella asked. "I gave him a kiss on the lips."

Linda didn't like the sound of that.

"We never kiss, and I saw him give you a peck at the table this morning, so I figured that I would test what you have access to twenty-four seven. And do you want to know something, Mom? I can still feel it. It gave me this buzz that lasted all day. From a quick kiss! I just don't understand you. Why wouldn't you always want that?"

She opened her mouth but Ella steamrolled her.

"And Dad's answer was twenty times a week, by the way. Twenty! Dad wants to mess around eighty times a month! Did you hear him when he asked about oral both ways? How amazing was that? He even takes care of you in his fantasies! Well, congrats, Mom, you're only seventy-eight sexual encounters per month away from satisfying your husband. When was the last time you two had sex, by the way?"

Linda looked down at the ground, suddenly ashamed. "What's the date today?"

"September 13th," Ella answered.

"When did you go on your friend's parents' boat?"

Ella's jaw dropped.

Linda had yet to look up from the floor. She didn't need to see Ella's face to guess her reaction. "We messed around then."

"I went on Claire's parents' boat July 4th weekend! Let me see my phone."

She gave her daughter her phone back.

Ella quickly pulled up her calendar. "It was the Saturday after the holiday, so that would make it July 7th. Mom, it's September 13th!"

Linda couldn't look her in the eye.

"You haven't had sex in over two months!"

"We uh...we haven't done anything since then..."

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Linda glanced up timidly to be met by her bewildered daughter.

"You haven't done anything with Dad in over two months? We're talking about sex and blowjobs."

She nodded.

Ella took a deep breath. "I'm beyond stunned. I honestly don't know what to say."

"We've been busy," Linda said, attempting to defend herself. "I've been going to the gym a lot more so I've been tired, and a few weeks just kind of turned into a few months."

"Does Dad say anything?" Ella questioned.

"Yeah, but not like he used to. He doesn't nag me as much anymore. Maybe he's losing interest?"

Ella didn't see things that way at all. "Losing interest? Mom, there's only so much rejection a person can take. He doesn't initiate as much because he's tired of being turned down."

"I don't know..." Linda groaned.

"You're giving him something tonight!"

She was taken aback by her daughter's strict demands. "Oh, is that right?"

"I don't care what you decide to do, but you're doing something with him tonight. Do you need me out of the house? Because I'll find somewhere to go. He should be cheating on you, you know that, right? He should be fucking one of his secretaries at work or something."

Linda hated even imagining such a situation. "Don't say that."

"He should!" the young brunette shouted. "But we both know that he never would because he isn't that kind of guy. Two months! Two freakin' months! That's unbelievable! You—"

Ella's head snapped toward the sound of the front door opening.

"Hey!" Jim greeted his family as he strolled into the kitchen.

"Hey, Dad!" Ella smiled.

"Jim," Linda acknowledged her husband meekly.

"Who wants to go out to dinner?" he asked.

"Me!" Ella cheered.

"I was planning to make dinner," Linda told him.

Jim shot his daughter a smile. "What do you think? Steak?"

"Yeah, let's go out for steaks!" Ella agreed with a big smile.

Linda huffed. Ella was the last person that she wanted to spend time with tonight.

"What do you say? Want to get some steaks, Linda?" he asked.

She nodded hesitantly.

"Alright, girls. Let's go!"

Chapter 4 -- Steak and Dessert

Later That Night. 9:47 PM.

Once again, Ella planted herself outside of her parents' bedroom with her ear pressed against the door. Mom had a big glass of wine at dinner before they got ice cream. It was just another awesome night courtesy of her amazing father, but Ella was under the impression that Mom received the memo. Not only did her mother seem to realize how ridiculous it was earlier to go two months without any sexual activity, but then Dad took them out for a great night almost immediately after. So, why didn't she hear anything other than the television?

She was done waiting.

Knock. Knock.

"Come in!" Jim shouted.

Ella opened her parents' bedroom door to be greeted by the sight of her dad resting in bed watching TV, while Mom relaxed next to him with a paperback novel in her lap. Mom wore little black shorts and a white t-shirt, and her attention had yet to shift from her book.

"I just wanted to thank you again for the great night," Ella told Dad with a smile as she approached the bed. "It was really fun."

"It was, wasn't it?" he returned her smile. "I love spending time with my girls."

Ella glanced at her mother who remained lost in her book. "And I was hoping that Mom could help me with something real quick."

Jim couldn't conceal his concern. "Is everything okay, sweetheart?"

She quickly nodded. "Yeah, it's just girl stuff."

Linda's eyes finally left her book. "What do you need?"

"Can you come to my room for a second?"

"We can't handle it here?" Linda asked.

Ella shook her head.

Linda let out of dramatic huff before rolling out of bed and following her daughter—who was dressed in black shorts and a pink t-shirt—along the upstairs hallway and into her bedroom. Ella promptly shut the door behind them.

"What are you doing?" Ella asked.

Linda held out her hands, puzzled.

"Are you kidding me? Did you forget the conversation that we had a few hours ago?"

"Were you standing outside our door again?" Linda asked. "Ella, I said not to do that."

"I feel like your mother," said Ella. "I have to double-check to make sure you're doing the right thing. This is ridiculous! Go take care of Dad!"

"I'm not in the mood."

She stared at her mother defiantly. "It's real simple, Mom. Here's how it's going to work. You have thirty seconds to go back into your bedroom and take care of Dad. If not, then I will."

"You'll what?"

"I'll take care of him," Ella reiterated. "Don't want that to happen? Then go do it yourself."

"You'll do no such thing."

Ella grinned at her mother. "Oh yeah? Watch me."

The eighteen-year-old opened her bedroom door and raced down the hallway with Mom in hot pursuit.

Jim's back pressed against the headboard to his rear as he glanced toward the door from the sounds of hurried footsteps approaching from the hallway. He watched his daughter come to a stop at the edge of the bed, and Linda rushed to move next to her.

"Mom has something to tell you," Ella announced.

Jim looked at his wife.

Linda opened her mouth but changed her mind, staring down at the hardwood floor instead.

"I've had enough of this," Ella huffed. "Dad, Mom wants to give you a blowjob."

His eyes bulged.

"And she's sorry for the lack of sexual attention over the years as well," she continued. "She knows that she should take care of you regularly. Isn't that right, Mom?"

Linda looked up to observe her husband's baffled expression. "I...um..."

"And she plans to be a changed woman from now on," Ella smiled. "No more turning you down or going two months without sex."

"How do you know about that?" he asked his daughter. "What in the world is going on?"

Ella turned to her mother. "Well, what are you waiting for? Go take care of Dad!"

Mom turned her attention back to the floor.

"This is so ridiculous," Ella grumbled. "Dad, take your pants off."

"What!?" Jim shouted, more stunned than ever.

Ella's eyes moved to her father's sweatpants. "I'm done sitting around and waiting for Mom to come to her senses. When was the last time you got blown?"

He gulped. "It's...uh...been a while. Why are you asking me this?"

"How long is a while?"

"I don't know. Maybe...like...five years?" he answered honestly, unsure of why he had such a conversation with his own daughter.

Ella gasped loudly.

He responded with a slight chuckle thanks to her dramatic reaction. "What?"

"Five years!?" Ella scolded her mother. "Five years! Are you kidding me!?"

"She doesn't like doing it," he came to his wife's defense. "It's fine. It's not the end of the world. You still didn't answer my question though. Why are you two discussing our sex life?"

Ella decided to inform her father of the current situation. Maybe it would knock some sense into Mom if she got Dad on her side? "It came up over breakfast the other day and I soon discovered that Mom isn't doing her job."

"Her job?" he asked. "What does that mean?"

"She isn't taking care of your needs," Ella explained. "And today, I learned that you two haven't had sex in over two months! And on top of all of that, she never gives you head! Dad, this is crazy! Remember the question I asked you this morning? About how often you want to fool around?"

"That was for school," he chimed in.

"No, it wasn't," Ella told him. "I made it up to prove a point to Mom. I refuse to watch you continue to suffer like this. Your needs should be the number one priority in this house."

He started laughing.

"Is this a joke to you?" Ella asked in an extremely serious tone. "Because I don't find it funny. I find it sad, to be honest. My awesome, incredible, amazing dad is barely having sex. Are you cheating on Mom?"

"I would never!" he protested.

"Then how do you function?" she questioned.

"There's more to life than sex," he informed her. "Would I enjoy having more sex? Absolutely. What guy wouldn't? But Mom isn't in the mood a lot of the time so I deal with it. I take care of it myself."

The high school senior couldn't possibly appear more disgusted as she looked at her mother. "Did you hear that? You're married to the greatest guy in the world, and he's jerking-off because of you! You should be ashamed of yourself!"

"Don't talk to your mother that way."

Ella brushed off his comment as she continued to glare at Mom—who still avoided eye contact with the rest of the room. "I stick by what I said earlier."

His brow furrowed. "What did you say earlier?"

Linda finally opened her mouth. "She thinks I'm a shitty wife."

The confused and somewhat playful expression on Jim's face immediately vanished. It was quickly replaced by anger. "You said that to your mother!?"

Ella nodded proudly. "I stick by it too."

"Apologize," he demanded.

She shook her head. "Nope."

"Apologize!"

"Not happening," she told him.

He took a deep breath in an attempt to calm himself. "You have ten seconds to apologize to your mother or you'll be in a world of hurt. I'm talking grounded. Like, forever."

"Why should I apologize for something I believe in?" Ella asked. "Mom isn't taking care of her husband. That makes her a shitty wife in my opinion. Is she a great mom? Absolutely. But a great wife? Hell no."

He struggled to control himself. "Your mother is the greatest woman to ever walk this planet. I can only dream that you'll someday turn out to be half the person she is. I can't make myself clearer, Ella. Apologize."

"I'll apologize when she proves me wrong," Ella said. "Dad, you're like Superman. You're an awesome, smart, caring, loyal, unbelievable guy, and it hurts my heart to know that your needs aren't being met. Fine, Mom can continue to selfishly only care about herself and ignore you, but do you want to know something? I'm going to take care of you."

He raised his eyebrows.

"Take your pants off," she demanded. "Take 'em off so I can give you what you should be getting on a daily basis."

"Two things," he said extremely clearly. "One, I'm not doing anything with you. That's completely out of the realm of possibility. Two, I don't know if you think I'm joking, but I can't be more serious. You're literally never going to leave your room again if I don't hear an apology to your mother."

Ella turned and looked at her mother—who finally made eye contact with her. "I'm sorry that we're in this situation because you don't take care of Dad."

Jim's hands squeezed the bed comforter.

"And I'm sorry that you think it's okay to barely touch Dad. And I'm sorry that the truth hurts your feelings. And I'm sorry—"

"ELLA!!!" he screamed.

Both girls jumped as stunned looks swept across their faces. Ella gulped. She'd never heard Dad shout, let alone scream. And his scream was directed at her! The moment quickly became very real.

"Apologize!"

She glanced at Mom, frightened. "I'm sorry."

"For what?" he asked.

"I'm sorry for acting like a bitch," she quickly apologized.

Linda nodded to accept her daughter's apology.

He let out of a long exhale to settle his raised blood pressure. "And I'm sorry for yelling but that was ridiculous. I won't be this nice if I hear you disrespect your mother again. Are we clear?"

Ella nodded.

"Now, go to your room."

The teen shook her head. "I can't do that."

He grew frustrated. "And why's that?"

"Because you're not taken care of," she said. "I can't allow that to happen anymore."

Jim had enough. "Ella, go to—"

"She's right."

The father and daughter both looked at a previously quiet Linda.

"She's right," Linda repeated. "I haven't been taking care of you."

A smile grew on Ella's face.

Linda crawled up onto the bed. "Take your pants off."

His attention shifted to his daughter. "Out. Now!"

"But I wanna stay..." Ella whined.

"Go to your room," he demanded, pointing at the door. His expression quickly changed as his eyes closed in ecstasy.

Ella soaked in one of the greatest sights that she ever saw in her eighteen years on the planet after her focus moved lower.

Mom finally took care of Dad.

"Just do whatever you want," he moaned.

It was like his first time all over again. Five years without a blowjob brought back that juvenile feeling of lust, and that's exactly what the forty-four-year-old father experienced at the moment. His eyes finally opened to find his daughter sitting Indian style on the end of the bed, taking in the sight of her mother bobbing up and down on the first few inches of his hard cock. Surprisingly, he honestly didn't care where she sat. He was just happy to feel like a man again.

Ella wet her lips as she admired the scene in front of her. Dad's sweatpants were pulled down to his knees, and his big cock was being sucked by her mother while she sprawled flat on her stomach with her feet dangling off the side of the bed. She had a perfect view of the action and found it hard to stay quiet.

"You have a big dick."

He turned his attention back to his daughter. "Excuse me?"

"You have a big dick," Ella repeated lustfully with her eyes still locked on the fun. "You're way bigger than my ex-boyfriend."

"Um...thanks, I guess," he chuckled.

"You're welcome," she told him before biting her lower lip. "Don't forget his balls."

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"Mom!"

Linda's head perked up as she paused her blowjob to glance at Ella. "What?"

"Don't forget his balls," she repeated.

"I don't think so," Linda sighed.

Ella looked at her father.

"That's something she never did," he told her. "It's fine."

Ella immediately shook her head. "Mom, suck Dad's balls."

Linda ignored her daughter's demands and returned back to her rather reserved blowjob.

"So, she's not going to suck your balls?"

He shook his head in disbelief. "I never would've imagined those words coming out of your mouth."

"Well, I—oh!" Ella jumped off the bed excitedly. "Don't stop! I'll be right back!"

He moved his wife's long brown hair out of her face as he attempted to grasp the situation while Ella scurried out of the room. Everything about his daughter's involvement felt wrong. The way that she sat on the bed and made demands was ridiculous; but then again, her refusal to act appropriate

was the only reason that he got a blowjob at all. It was in that moment when he finally realized something.

His daughter was right.

Sometimes, he didn't feel taken care of, but it was hard to be mad at Linda. Everything she did was perfect in his eyes, so he always credited her lack of desire to her low sex drive or pure exhaustion. It was the logical route to take.

He zoned out for a moment as his angelic wife continued to bob on his manhood. He wasn't sure how much longer he could hold out after five years of not experiencing such bliss.

"That's what I like to see. Good job, Mom."

His head perked up to observe Ella stroll back into the bedroom with a tall glass in her hand. He pointed at it. "What's that?"

"It's a beer," she smiled. "Actually, it's two. I want you to unwind and really enjoy yourself."

Ella walked over to her father's side of the bed and sat down next to him. Her left leg touched his right leg as Mom continued her task.

"Is this the Playboy Mansion? Well, since ya got it," he laughed, reaching out to accept the glass before taking a sip. The manner in which the cold, crisp drink hit his taste buds acted as the ideal contrast to the warm, soothing feeling around his cock.

"Take your shirt off."

He looked at his daughter after swallowing a mouthful of ale. "What?"

"Relax and take your shirt off," Ella smiled. She reached out and held onto his drink to allow him to remove his t-shirt. "That's better."

Jim watched her take a quick sip before handing it back to him.

Ella's mouth quickly found her father's ear as they watched Mom give him a blowjob together. "Can I be honest with you for a minute?"

"You haven't been honest?" he chuckled uncomfortably. "I think you've been way too honest already."

"I mean *really* honest," she whispered.

He downed half his drink in preparation of what he had in store for him. Something told him that he would need a buzz.

"You know how amazing I think you are," Ella said. "How kind, awesome, and caring you are to both me and Mom, but I think you're really handsome too."

Jim gulped.

Ella's hand found her father's pectoral muscle, tracing her way along his defined shoulder before landing on his right bicep. "You're such a stud."

"Um...thanks..."

"You're very welcome," she purred into his ear. "You know, I've actually thought about you before."

"Thought about me?"

Ella's wet tongue grazed his earlobe. "Mm-hmm. I thought about doing exactly what we're watching."

His eyes shot down and observed his wife continuing to give him oral sex. He wasn't sure what to say.

This time, his daughter was so close that her warm breath tickled the inside of his ear. "Do you want your balls sucked? I'll suck 'em, and lick 'em, and play with 'em for as long as you want," she giggled. "I'll be your little plaything."

He turned to look into Ella's hypnotizing brown eyes before tilting his head back and downing the rest of his beer.

"I'll take that," Ella smiled, removing the glass from his hand and placing it on the nightstand. "So, do you want your balls sucked, Dad?"

He knew that he would regret his decision but he really didn't care anymore. What was wrong with getting what he wanted for once? He worked hard to provide a great life for his wife and daughter, and now they wanted to take care of him. Who was he to say no?

He nodded slowly.

"I want to hear you say it," Ella moaned.

He cleared his throat and gazed into her gentle brown eyes. "I want you to suck my balls, sweetheart."

Ella's face lit up with excitement. "Gladly!"

She slid down and looked across her father's body at her mother, patiently waiting to capture her attention. She seemed lost in another world. "Mom."

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"Mom!"

Linda's mouth left her husband as her attention moved to her daughter.

"Mind if I join you?"

Linda glanced up at Jim. He responded with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I won't get in your way or anything," Ella told her. "I just want to help out. Listen, you're doing a great job and I don't want you to stop, but Dad wants his balls sucked."

"Um—"

"I'll let you keep doing your thing," she cut off her confused mother. "So, you just focus on your blowjob, and I'll focus on Dad's balls. Deal?"

Linda was stunned.

"Awesome," Ella smiled. Her hand found the back of Mom's head and softly guided her back to Dad's throbbing cock, where she wrapped her lips back around his towering pole.

It took the high school senior a few moments to collect herself. Everything about her view was perfect. Mom's pouty lips around Dad's big dick should be a regular occurrence, and hopefully tonight was the start of a daily tradition. But Dad still waited. If this was his first blowjob in five years, then how long had it been since his balls last received some attention? Ten years? Maybe never? She planned to change that.

The young brunette was immediately hit by her father's scent. It poured off of him. It wasn't an odor as much as it was manliness. His pheromones overwhelmed her. Testosterone radiated from his groin, and it seemed to have Mom in a trance as she continued to worship her favorite toy. But now it was her turn. It was her chance to not only help out Dad, but to get in on the fun as well.

She leaned in and planted a kiss on his left nut.

Jim moaned. Five years. It'd been five years without a blowjob and now what did he see when he opened his eyes? Two pretty brunettes with their faces buried in his crotch. Sure, one of those gorgeous women was his daughter, but his dick called the shots tonight, and his previously lonely friend wanted all the love he could get.

Ella parted her lips, allowing her wet tongue to swirl across Dad's heavy sack. She made sure to pay equal attention to both of his large testicles. Every moan and groan from the head of the bed sent her into overdrive. Dad was her world. He was her everything. He was the one person alive who deserved to have every single thing he wanted, and if he desired to have his balls sucked, then she would make sure it happened.

She used her fingers to push his ball into her mouth where she swallowed it whole, sucking on his sensitive nut.

"Jesus Christ..."

There it was! Another moan! Ella wanted to hear that every day. She needed Dad to cry in pleasure all over the house, but right now, she desired nothing more than to hear him moan louder.

She allowed his testicle to fall from her mouth in favor of dragging her tongue along the surface of his sack once again. Her eyes peered skyward to observe her mother continue her effort. It wasn't a bad blowjob, but it wasn't necessarily a good one either. She didn't take Dad much further than the head of his dick, but Ella decided to stay quiet. These were the first initial baby steps in a long process, after all.

But she couldn't help but admire all the room between Dad's balls and her mother's mouth as she watched Mom bob away. It looked so dry and lonely.

Well, it did for now.

Ella slowly slid her tongue north along her father's thick shaft as she felt his leg twitch. How far should she go? This was Mom's territory, at the end of the day. Mom owned this part of Dad and she didn't want to step on her toes, but feeling him shake as a result of her mouth empowered her. It made her want to be bad.

Her tongue continued its rise until it grazed the bottom of Mom's lower lip.

Linda stopped as her eyes instantly opened. Her daughter gazed up at her with her tongue pressed against the side of Jim's cock. Everything about this was wrong. Not only the fact that it took Ella to

give her a much-needed sexual wake-up call, but the manner in which she joined in as well. But the girl did love her father. Maybe this was just her way to show her affection?

She decided to ignore Ella's tongue and resume her blowjob.

Relief shot through the young brunette. Mom was okay with everything and now it was time to turn her attention back to where it belonged. She planted kisses on her father's thick shaft as she worked her way back down to his balls.

Maybe this was a step too far? Maybe it was too much, too soon? Or maybe it was exactly what her mother needed.

"Talk dirty to Dad," Ella demanded.

Linda's eyes opened once again, her brow furrowing while her mouth remained wrapped around Jim's cock.

"Guys love dirty talk," Ella said before looking at the head of the bed. "Isn't that right, Dad?"

He didn't answer. He just wanted his daughter's lips back on his balls again. He could get used to having two warm mouths worship his cock in bed every night, and Linda's wet mouth still engulfed the head of his dick. Five years without a blowjob and now she didn't want him to leave her lips! It was heaven!

"Dad!" Ella shouted.

Jim snapped to attention with a nod. "Dirty talk is fine. I mean, not talking dirty is also fine. It's totally up to your mother."

"Will you stop trying to be nice all the time?" Ella rolled her eyes before shifting her focus back to the other woman in the room. "Mom, he wants you to talk dirty."

Linda finally allowed her husband's throbbing cock to escape from her mouth as she peered at Ella hesitantly. "I don't know how to."

"There's no wrong way to do it!" Ella laughed. "Just be sexy. Be nasty, and filthy, and flirty. Think of it this way. You can have an alter ego! Outside the bedroom, you're a successful woman and a great mom. But inside the bedroom? Inside the bedroom you can be anything you want! You can be as perverted, obscene, and crude as you desire, and Dad will love every minute of it!"

"I certainly will," he added, smiling.

Linda glanced up at him shyly. "Does that feel good? You know, my blowjob?"

He nodded.

"Um...do you...want more of it?"

He nodded again.

She looked back at Ella. "Like that?"

Ella was perplexed. "That's your version of dirty talk?"

"What?" Linda asked. "He seemed to like it."

Ella ran her hand through her hair in frustration. "Don't you watch porn?"

Linda shook her head no.

"Jesus..." she groaned. "Mom, just be nasty. Say that craziest stuff that you've ever wanted to say. Don't hold back."

Linda came up empty. "I don't know what to say."

"May I?" Ella asked, pointing at Dad's towering cock.

Linda nodded.

Ella wrapped her hand around her father's throbbing meat. Her touch caused him to let out an intense whimper.

"Hey, Daddy."

Jim smiled.

"Did I do a good job sucking your balls?"

He nodded with an even bigger smile.

"Good, because all I want to do is make you happy. It's the only thing I care about. You work so hard for me and I want you to see how much I appreciate you."

He closed his eyes as his daughter began to stroke him faster.

"Can you imagine my tight little pussy wrapped around your big dick?"

He moaned.

"Do you think it would even fit?" Ella giggled sheepishly. "Dad, you're so much bigger than my ex-boyfriend."

"Oh yeah?"

"Soooooooo much bigger," she nodded. "You're like twice the size of him, but everything about you is better than him. Your personality, how funny you are, all your muscles, and especially your huge cock."

"Fuck that kid," he moaned again, his eyes remaining shut.

"Fuck him is right," Ella purred. "I used to think about you when I was with him. He wanted to do so much stuff but I never let him, because he wasn't the one."

"Who's the one?" he asked.

Ella grinned as she squeezed harder. "Who do you think?"

He finally parted his closed eyelids and locked onto his daughter's unusually seductive stare.

"You got a big load for me?" Ella asked.

"Fuckin' right I do," he growled.

Ella dropped her voice to an innocent, schoolgirl-like whisper. "And what are you going to do with it?"

"I'm gonna put it all over that pretty face."

Ella couldn't believe how nasty Dad got with her. She couldn't possibly be more wet. "Are you going to make me your cumslut?"

"Daddy's little cumslut," he grinned, his eyes never leaving her. "And then I'm going to make your mother lick it off of you."

"Jesus Christ, Jim!"

The father and daughter both snapped out of their fantasies and turned to observe a shocked Linda.

"That's disgusting!"

Ella let out a huff. "What the hell, Mom!? We were really getting into it!"

"What?"

"It's dirty talk!" she explained to her mother. "It isn't real! He's not actually going to cum on my face and make you lick it off!"

Her eyes moved down to the bed, embarrassed by her lack of understanding.

"It's all fake, but did you see how hot it was?" She quickly looked back at her father. "Well, the part about my ex wasn't fake. I meant that."

He smiled.

"So, do you want to give it a try?" she asked Mom.

Linda took a deep breath before replacing her daughter's hand with her own touch. She slowly stroked her husband. "Hey, Jim."

"Hey, honey," he smiled back.

She turned to Ella with a stressed look. "Um...can I call him daddy too?"

"That's fine with me. You should probably ask Dad though."

Her eyes shifted back to Jim. "Is it okay if I call you daddy?"

He immediately nodded.

She glanced down excitedly before collecting herself and finding her husband's eyes once again.

"Hey, Daddy."

"Hey, honey," he smiled. Now, this was the woman he remembered marrying.

"I'm sorry about the past few years," she apologized. "Or like, fifteen years. And I'm sorry that I've been kind of cold and distant to you sexually."

"It's okay," he comforted her.

"I won't be like that anymore. I just want to make you happy."

He smiled at his perfect wife. "You being you makes me happy."

She blushed. "I want to be more than that though. I want to start being your little porn star."

"Um..." he hesitated, unsure if he was lost in a dream. "Yeah, we can definitely do that."

"Do you remember when you came to my company Christmas party last year?"

He let out a moan as a result of her grip tightening around his cock. "Mm-hmm."

"And do you remember Sarah?"

"Blonde girl?" he asked, his eyes now closed as her strokes increased in speed. "Kind of short?"

"That's her," Linda nodded. "She always complains about her husband. Like, every day. I have no idea why they're married because everything he does makes her mad, and I'm sure that you remember her getting drunk at the party, but you didn't hear what she said to me in the bathroom later that night."

"What did she say?" he breathed heavily.

Linda smiled to herself. "She called me a lucky bitch."

His eyes shot open. "What?"

"She called me a lucky bitch," she repeated. "She told me that she would kill to switch husbands and asked me if we ever swapped."

His jaw dropped.

"I got offended and stormed out of the bathroom. I mean, who is she to talk about my husband that way? But do you want to know something? She's right. I am a lucky bitch. I'm married to an amazing guy who treats me like a queen, and he's quite the stud on top of it."

His focus darted over to Ella, only to find her gazing lovingly at Linda.

"Sarah would've fucked you in the bathroom that night. Hell, if I texted her right now, I guarantee she would drive over here and have sex with you right in our bed, and I bet that a lot of other women would too. I won't let my daddy's needs come second ever again. I don't care if we're in the car, if I'm in the shower, or if Ella's sitting right on the sofa next to us..."

Ella bit her bottom lip.

"...if you want something, then you tell me, and I'll do it," Linda grinned. "I'm going to be your dream wife."

"You already are," he smiled before closing his eyes and allowing his world to be engulfed by pleasure.

"Then I'm going to be your dream woman," Linda corrected herself. "Are you going to cum for me?"

"Mm-hmm," was all he managed to respond with.

Linda lips found his cock once again as she wrapped her hand around his throbbing member. She simultaneously stroked and sucked, his intensifying moans informing her that it was exactly what he wanted.

"Faster," Ella chimed in.

Linda's action grew to a furious pace before a loud roar rocketed throughout the bedroom.

Ella witnessed a euphoric expression on Dad's face as his body twitched and shook. She was only two feet away while her father exploded in her mother's mouth, and she wouldn't trade places with

anyone else in the world—Mom excluded. She wanted to see a similar look on Dad's face all the time!

His moans finally subsided as his head slumped forward.

"That was amazing, Mom," Ella said, watching Mom jump off the bed and dash into the hallway. "Where are you going?"

The lack of response caused her to look at Dad. "Where's she going?"

Jim had yet to recover from his first blowjob in five years.

Ella hopped down from the mattress and journeyed into the hallway before noticing the open bathroom door. Light escaped into the otherwise dark hall. She ventured inside to see Mom with her mouth over the sink.

"Why did you run off like that?"

Linda turned and looked at her daughter. "What?"

"Why did you run off like that?" Ella repeated. Her eyes moved from Mom's face to the sink where she instantly gasped. "What's that!?"

Linda was confused. "What?"

"Is that Dad's cum!?" Ella shouted. "You ran in here to spit him out!?"

"Yeah, I don't swallow."

"Jesus Christ, Mom," Ella complained. "We have a long way to go."

"I don't like how it tastes," she admitted.

Ella shook her head. "Mom, it's for the guy. He wants to see you accept him. It's a dominance thing."

"Accept him?" Linda laughed. "Baby, did you forget that I have a daughter with him?"

"No, I didn't forget," she rolled her eyes. "It's just...you know what? Forget about it. You did great tonight!"

Linda smiled.

"I know the whole experience was probably weird and inappropriate with me being there, but I'm really proud of you. You did an awesome job."

Linda gave her daughter a hug. "Thanks, baby."

Ella smiled as she wrapped her arms around her mom. She finally had her parents on the same page.

Chapter 5 -- A New Woman

The Following Morning. Wednesday. September 14th. 6:56 AM.

Linda stood in front of the kitchen counter as she fired up the coffee maker. There was a certain glow radiating from her on this Wednesday morning. Her daughter was right. She did like taking care of Jim, and the big smile on Ella's face as she ate her cereal at the kitchen table told Linda that her daughter enjoyed taking care of him too.

"How are my perfect angels doing this morning?"

Linda turned to watch her husband stroll into the kitchen, all dressed for work in a pair of sharp black dress pants, a white long-sleeve dress shirt, and a gray tie. He even looked sexier to her. Maybe Ella really did knock something loose inside her head?

She felt Jim's groin press against her butt as he pinned her against the kitchen counter. His lips found her neck, showering her with kisses before she fought him off playfully. He looked better, his masculine scent was more powerful, and his body even felt stronger. It reminded her of the way things were when they dated.

He made his way to the table and gave Ella a light rub on the head. "Sleep good?"

She nodded before flashing him a disappointed glance.

"What's that look for?" he asked.

Ella pressed her finger to her lips.

He laughed before leaning down and giving her a peck on the lips. She responded with a big smile.

"Coffee, honey?" Linda asked.

"Sounds good," he answered, taking a seat at the table next to his daughter. A mug was soon placed on the table in front of him, but his eyes were busy elsewhere. He was locked on his wife.

Linda was dressed in a pink pencil skirt which ended just below her knees, and a long-sleeve black top rolled halfway up her arms. Every tap on the floor courtesy of her black heels made his cock twitch. He had some things in mind for that outfit. Primarily, like seeing it scattered across their bedroom floor.

But was last night an anomaly? Would things eventually return to normal? It was far from uncommon for his wife's body and sense of style to drive him crazy, but now he was curious if she was truly a changed woman or not.

"Look at that body," he commented.

Linda rolled her eyes before heading back to the kitchen counter with her back facing the table. She waited patiently for the coffee maker to finish brewing her cup.

"That ass drives me crazy."

Ella grinned just like Dad. Her eyes quickly moved from her father to her mother. "She's rockin' that outfit for sure."

"Ella, look at that fuckin' ass. Mom should be a model."

Linda shook her head.

"What kind of model, Dad?" Ella asked.

"Hmm..." Jim pretended to ponder her question. "I mean, she can definitely pull off the business look."

"Totally," the young brunette chimed in.

"Who rocks the female workplace power-look better than Mom?"

"No one that I can think of," Ella smiled in agreement.

"Obviously, the biggest no-brainer would be for her to be a swimsuit model," Jim continued. "I can't think of much else that the world would rather see than Mom oiled up on a beach somewhere."

Linda chuckled while shaking her head, keeping her back to the table.

"What about a lingerie model?" Ella asked.

He briskly nodded. "I was getting to that next. Maybe a little photo shoot with her sprawled on the bed with some lace lingerie on? What do you think, Ella? White or black?"

"I'm a fan of white lingerie," she answered. "It looks angelic."

"Well, she is an angel," he smiled.

"Will you two stop?" Linda giggled, still not looking at her family.

"How do you get a butt like that?" Ella asked. "It defies physics."

"It's because I was a saint in my past life," he answered. "So, God rewarded me with this perfect view."

Linda laughed. "Believe me, you were no saint. And it's from all the squats I do. It's like ninety percent of my gym routine."

"I have to start doing more squats," Ella muttered under her breath, jealous of her mother's incredible backside.

"You're still young and perky," Linda countered. "You don't have to worry about that until you get old like me."

Jim instantly raised his eyebrows. "Old like you? What are you talking about? You could pass for twenty-one. Hike up that skirt."

Linda finally turned her head back to the table. "Excuse me?"

"Hike up that skirt," he repeated. "I want to see those legs."

"Yeah, come on, Mom. Hike it up."

"She's giving orders now too?" Linda smirked, pointing at her daughter. She pretended to be annoyed by the onslaught of attention and praised, but deep down, she loved it. Why did she block all of this love and appreciation for so many years? She couldn't explain her past behavior, but she planned to make up for lost time.

Linda slowly rolled up her skirt just below her butt and held it for a few moments before dropping it.

"You have better legs than me," said Ella.

"Please," Linda laughed. "No amount of squats can make me eighteen again. "And I—"

"I want to see that ass," Jim interrupted.

She looked back at the table, surprised by her husband's brashness in front of their daughter. "Do you think that's appropriate?"

"Let's ask," he smiled. "What do you think, Ella?"

The high school senior nodded repeatedly. "I think so. I mean, I want to see your butt."

"Well, look at that," Linda remarked, rolling her eyes. "You got your father's perverted gene."

Ella wouldn't argue that. "You bet I do. Let's go, Mom. Get that skirt up."

Jim laughed at his daughter before turning back to his wife. "You heard the lady. Get that fuckin' skirt up."

"I'll show you for five seconds," Linda said.

"Ten," he countered.

"Seven," she offered, smirking.

He shook his head. "Nine."

"Three," Linda told him.

"We'll take five," Ella accepted on behalf of her dad.

Linda looked away from her family once again as her hands found the hem of her skirt. Inch by inch, she gradually lifted it until the cool fall air flowing in through the windows hit her exposed skin. Where was the reaction? Hell, where was any reaction? There were no comments, sounds, or anything coming from the table behind her whatsoever.

She turned her head to see two bamboozled expressions staring at her.

"Will you two stop?" she laughed, dropping her dress.

Ella was baffled. Yes, she'd seen her mom before in tight clothes and sexy outfits that hugged her stellar body, but she'd never witnessed anything like this. Her white lace panties weren't a thong, but they didn't exactly cover her butt either. Her lift was amazing! Mom's backside was even perkier than hers! There wasn't any cellulite, sag, or any hints of aging. She was so tight and toned, and Ella found herself lusting after yet another member of her family.

"Greatest ass ever," Jim announced. "And it's not a contest either. That thing is ridiculous."

Linda poured herself a cup of coffee with a big smile.

"I'm doing squats at the gym today," Ella remarked to herself.

He tracked his wife's path as she headed for her usual seat at the table, directly across from Ella.

"Where are you going?"

Linda froze. "What?"

"Where are you going?" he repeated.

"Um...to my seat."

He shook his head. "I don't think so, sexy. You have a new seat from now on. Coffee, eating, reading: I really don't care. There's only one place you're sitting from this moment forward."

He slid his chair back and grinned at her.

"Are you serious?" Linda laughed.

His lustful look answered her question.

"Fine," she smiled, journeying the few steps to her husband and plopping down in his lap.

His mouth quickly found his wife's ear as he nibbled on it. Her playful laughs encouraged him to continue before his words took over as whispers filled her ear.

"Oh my God, will you stop?" Linda laughed.

Ella had never been more jealous in her life. "What did he say to you?"

The couple ignored their daughter as Jim continued to speak to Linda quietly.

"You're so bad!" Linda smiled.

"What did you say to her?" Ella tried asking Dad this time.

He bit her ear lightly before whispering one last thing.

A shocked expression overcame Linda's face. "That's awful, Jim! Oh my God, you're such a pervert!"

"Why won't anyone answer me!?" Ella shouted.

Linda looked at her daughter. "You don't want to know what he said. Your father is a despicable degenerate."

"Please tell me!" Ella whined.

Mom shook her head.

"I told her that I'm going to bend her over the side of our bed when I get home," he said to his daughter with a smirk.

"Don't tell her that!" Linda laughed, appalled. "Oh my God!"

"And that I'm not even going to take off her sexy outfit," he continued. "I'm going to lift her skirt up, slide her cute panties to the side, and push right into that tight little pussy."

Linda was horrified. "You can't say that in front of Ella!"

Ella was on the verge of fainting. She fought her hardest to keep her hand out of her jeans.

"Come on," he huffed. "After last night? She can handle it."

"You're awful!" Linda told him before taking a sip of her coffee.

"You said three things to her," Ella pointed out. "You only told me two. What was the last one?"

"You better not tell her!" Linda demanded, turning her head to glance back at him.

"Mom, he can tell me!" she huffed.

"I told her that we're going to start watching a new show on Netflix tonight," she said.

Linda let a deep sigh of relief.

"And that maybe I'll call her Ella when I have her bent over the bed."

"JIM!!!" Linda shouted, shocked.

"What?" he laughed. "It's a joke."

Ella didn't find it as funny as her father. In fact, it was the single hottest thing that she'd ever heard.

Linda scurried out of his lap. "You're awful! See what I mean about him being relentless?" she asked, turning her attention to her daughter. "One blowjob and I'm sitting on his lap at breakfast while he says perverted stuff into my ear. Now do you understand what I mean?"

Ella knew exactly what her mother referred to. She'd somehow managed to go from the luckiest woman in the world, to the luckiest woman to ever exist. It was quite the dilemma.

"I have to get going," Linda announced. "You two are a perfect match for each other. A couple of perverts."

"I don't get a kiss?" he asked, watching her collect her purse from the countertop.

She made her way back to the table and gave him a quick kiss on the lips. He responded by grabbing the back of her head and pulling her closer to make out with her. The two passionately kissed for the next fifteen seconds while Ella's jaw hit the floor.

He finally broke off their embrace. "Have a good day, gorgeous."

"You have my lipstick on you," Linda giggled, noticing a shade of bright red on her husband's lips.

He responded with a smile. "Leave it. I want to taste you."

Linda couldn't hide her smitten look. She turned to bid her daughter farewell but was hit on the butt by a firm slap which caused her to lose her train of thought. She stumbled out the front door, giddy the entire way.

"Is there something you want?"

Ella turned back to her father. "What?"

"Like shoes, or clothes, or maybe even a shopping spree?" he clarified himself. "Sweetheart, I owe you big time."

"No, Dad, I did this for you. I don't want anything other than for you to be happy."

He was still over the moon. "I would've checked you into a psychiatric ward if you ever told me that Mom would sit on my lap and let me talk dirty in her ear. That kind of stuff only happened before you were born."

She was all smiles.

"Ella, I can't thank you enough. Okay, last night was extremely inappropriate, but it completely changed your mother."

"It gave her the kick in the ass that she needed," Ella voiced her opinion. "Dad, she loves taking care of you. I could totally see it in her face this morning. It's awesome! She just needed someone to give her a wake-up call. And I don't think last night was that inappropriate, by the way."

He raised his eyebrows. "Are you kidding me? Honey, that can't ever happen again. Listen, I'm forever grateful for what you did for me, but you're my daughter, and you need to stay my daughter."

"Okay, but I'm always here if something changes or Mom regresses. Your happiness is always my number one priority."

"And you being my daughter is my number one priority," he said. "And you need to stay my daughter. Just like I need to stay your dad. Are we on the same page?"

"Deal," she agreed.

He reached into his back pocket to retrieve his wallet. He slid his credit card across the table, watching it come to rest next to his daughter's cereal bowl. "Just don't go crazy."

"Dad, I'm serious. I don't want your money."

"No, go buy yourself some stuff," he told her. "Take your time too. Actually, I want you out shopping until at least seven o'clock."

Ella smiled. She knew exactly what he meant. Mom and Dad would be having some fun after work.

He picked up his coffee and walked over to her to give her a quick kiss on the lips. He immediately laughed after pulling back and looking at her face.

"I got some of your mother's lipstick on you."

"Leave it," Ella grinned.

He smiled and gave her head a soft rub. "Have a good day, sweetheart. Make sure you lock the door when you leave."

"You got it, Dad. See you tonight!"

Ella waited patiently for the front door to shut before running for the stairs and up into her bedroom. She still had twenty minutes before she had to leave for school, and she planned to make every one of them count.

Chapter 6 -- The Birthday Boy

Two Months Later.

"Happy birthday to you!"

Jim waited for his wife to finish singing before blowing out both of the candles on his birthday cake, one shaped as a two, and the other as a five.

"Happy twenty-fifth birthday, honey!" Linda cheered sarcastically from her spot next to him at the kitchen table. "How's it feel to be twenty-five?"

"Oh my God, I have no idea what I'm going to do with my life!" he told her in a ditzzy voice. "Like, I totally have no clue what's going to happen!"

Linda wrapped her arms around him and smiled. "You may be forty-five, but you don't seem a day over twenty-five to me."

He planted a kiss on her cheek before disappointment washed over his face. "You really didn't want to wait for Ella?"

"She's stuck in traffic," Linda replied. "She'll be here in an hour."

It was uncharacteristic for Ella to be late to a family event—especially for something like his birthday—but she didn't have any control over traffic jams and unforeseen car accidents. And even though he shouldn't, he couldn't help but be slightly upset.

Linda couldn't mistake his disappointment for anything else. "It might not be a bad thing though. Actually, it works out great, because I have time to give you my birthday present now."

His ears perked up. "Awesome. What is it?"

"Well, every year I buy you stuff for your birthday, Christmas, and Father's Day, and every year you never use or wear whatever I get you. So, I'm done buying you gifts. I decided to go a different route this time."

He waited.

"I'm going to fuck your brains out."

He was all smiles.

"Anything you want is fair game tonight," she continued. "I won't say no to a single thing. And I thought that maybe we could get round one out of the way before Ella shows up."

The last two months were crazy. His wife was a changed woman. Not only did they constantly go at it, but she initiated things the majority of the time. It was unbelievable! Ella didn't have any involvement in their activities after that memorable blowjob in bed two months ago. It was just his suddenly sexually insatiable wife who couldn't get enough of him.

"I have an outfit on the bed upstairs," she purred.

He shot out of his seat and pulled her along with him.

"Hey, no hands!" she shouted. "You're to keep a three-foot distance until we get into the bedroom!"

"Are you serious?" he laughed.

"Yep. Three-foot distance, mister!"

Jim trailed behind his wife's amazing ass which was barely hidden beneath a pair of tight black yoga pants. Her pink tank top bounced with each playful skip toward the stairs, and he hurried up the steps behind her and down the hallway. He knew the rules but he didn't care. It was his birthday, after all.

"Hey!" Linda shouted.

He pushed her back against the wall roughly before kissing her neck. They were just feet outside of their bedroom door but he couldn't wait any longer to treat himself to her flawless body. She was too tempting to resist.

"I said no hands until the bedroom!" she giggled.

"And I don't care." He grabbed her hand and placed it on his rock-hard cock. "Let's do it out here."

"In the hallway?" she asked. "We have a nice bed. Besides, I think you'll want to see what I have waiting for you."

"Give me a hint."

"It starts with 'lin' and ends with 'gerie.'"

He burst out into laughter. "So subtle..."

"I never was one for dramatics," she smiled. "And I know how much the birthday boy loves his white lingerie."

"White just looks best on my angelic wife." He pulled away from her reluctantly and glanced at the bedroom door. "Anything I want?"

"Anything my man wants," she told him.

His jaw immediately dropped after he opened his bedroom door.

"Happy Birthday, Daddy!"

There was white lingerie on the bed, alright. In fact, it was lace lingerie. It was tiny, revealing, and oh-so sexy, and it just so happened to be on the last person that he ever would've expected.

Ella raised her arms over her head playfully from her seat on the end of the bed. "Do you like your present, Dad?"

Linda made her way into the room and approached his side. His eyes had yet to leave their daughter.

"I kind of lied," Linda whispered.

"I see that," he noted, stunned.

"Ella approached me with an idea about a month ago," Linda said. "Now, at first, I was a little hesitant. I mean, she's your daughter, but I started to see it her way after she explained her reasoning to me."

He couldn't look away from the dazzling sight front of him. His daughter's small breasts were pushed up, and her perfectly flat stomach begged for his tongue. He couldn't see her butt but he knew that her little lace panties possessed a thong backside. Her feet rested against the hardwood floor in a pair of six-inch white stiletto pump heels, and her loving smile was more than enough to melt his heart.

"You see, Ella really loves her daddy," Linda continued.

"So much," Ella added.

"And apparently, she's been thinking about you nonstop ever since she joined in on our blowjob."

"Every day, Dad," Ella smiled. "I can't get that night out of my head. I constantly play with myself to the idea of taking care of you, but I know that Mom is doing a great job so I don't want to step on her toes. You're her man, at the end of day. I mean, you'll always be my dad, but she'll always be your wife."

"She's such a good girl, isn't she?" Linda commented. "We really did raise an angel. She kept nagging me until I finally snapped out of my funk and started taking care of you, and then she backed off to let me enjoy you all to myself. So, I wanted to thank her for being such a great daughter."

His eyes finally left his little girl and moved to where Linda stood. "Thank her?"

"She wanted to get a hotel room for your birthday," Linda informed him. "Just the two of you for an entire night."

"It would've been crazy, Dad," she told her father. "I had this amazing room with a hot tub picked out. I was going to buy a few outfits, bring some oil, and we were going to try everything."

"And you weren't okay with that?" he questioned his wife.

Linda shook her head. "It seemed like a waste to me. We have a beautiful house and a big bed in our amazing bedroom, so what's a hotel necessary for? So, I told her that she could have you all to herself for the night in our bedroom instead."

His eyes bulged. "Are you serious!?"

"Well, if that's okay with you," Linda said. "Ella told me about the conversation that you two had after our blowjob incident. About how you guys can't ever do that again. Have you changed your mind?"

He looked back at his daughter to see a hopeful expression on her cute face. He nodded rapidly.

"We thought so," Linda chuckled. "I have to grab one thing and then I'll give you two some space. I already took my stuff to Ella's room so I'll sleep in there tonight. You two will have our bedroom all to yourselves."

The father and daughter grinned at each other.

Linda pointed to where he stood. "Stay right there and don't do anything until I get back. I'll be out of your hair before you know it."

Ella couldn't believe how flustered her father looked. His foot tapped on the floor repeatedly and he kept swallowing. It was like he couldn't control himself.

"Stand up for me."

The eighteen-year-old brunette jumped to her feet, careful to maintain her balance in her tall heels. She struck a pose with her hands on her petite hips.

"Turn around."

This moment had been two long months in the making and the build-up was excruciating. Now, Dad would finally see her in a thong. It was everything that she ever dreamed of.

She spun so her back faced him and waited.

"Jesus fuckin' Christ."

Ella glowed. "You like?" she asked, turning her head to look back at Dad. He may as well have been drooling.

"I don't know what to say."

"I've been working out really hard," she told him. She used her hand to give her butt a little bounce.

"Working out hard?" he questioned.

"I've been going to the gym with Mom. She's been working out like crazy for the past few months too. Even more than usual!"

He wasn't sure if he followed along.

"And we've been eating completely healthy. We split a candy bar two weeks ago but it's been all clean food since!"

"Are you two crazy!?" Jim exasperated, finally understanding the situation. "You guys are starving yourselves!?"

She quickly shook her head after giving her perky backside another bounce. "We're not starving ourselves. In fact, I've never felt more full since I started eating like Mom. We just aren't eating any snacks and stuff."

"Why?"

"Because we want to look good for you," she smiled. "And I want to get a body like Mom. I want you to love watching me walk by."

"Sweetheart, I love you exactly how you are. I would adore you if you were three hundred pounds, and the same goes for your mother! I don't want you to change your life for me."

She spun back around to face her father. "I want to look good for you. Just like Mom does. It's not your choice, Dad. Just enjoy it!"

"If you want to eat a candy bar, then eat a fuckin' candy bar," he told her in a huff. "Don't change your diet for me. And are you sure you're okay with this? I don't want you to feel pressured into doing this if you don't want to. Ella, it's fine if you want to change your mind and say no."

She genuinely wondered if her father was crazy. "Not okay with this? Dad, it was my idea."

"I know, sweetheart, but—"

"Stop talking," she cut him off. "You talk too much."

He immediately shut his mouth.

She sat back down on the bed with a grin. "I have something to tell you anyway."

He waited anxiously.

"I didn't get to show you during our time in bed two months ago, but I don't have a gag reflex."

He gasped.

"Now, as you already know, you're significantly bigger than my ex-boyfriend, so I'm curious if I can take all of you. I mean, you're really thick."

His heart raced.

"And feel free to get rough with me too. I'm all for it if you want to grab me by my hair and shove it down my throat. Dad, tonight is all about you. Don't hold back. Feel free to try some crazy porn stuff on me. You know, stuff you've never done but always wanted to. I'm game for anything."

"Linda!" he shouted.

"Any outfit you want me to wear, any position you want me in, or anything at all. I'm your little plaything tonight," she told him with a big smile.

"Linda!!!" he shouted louder, desperate for his wife's return so he could finally enjoy his gift.
"Where the hell is your mother?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I'm sure she'll be back in a minute."

"Outfits?" he asked. "Like what?"

"I could throw some stuff together," she answered. "I mean, I don't have a lot of things on hand, but I could probably do something if you wanted."

He attempted to swallow but his mouth was completely dry.

"I could be your secretary—especially if I borrowed some of Mom's work clothes. And I have a football t-shirt from our high school team in my room as well. We could pretend you're a football player and I'm your cheerleader girlfriend. Would you want to see either of those?"

"LINDA!!! GET YOUR ASS IN HERE!!!"

Ella couldn't hide her smile. Dad unraveled in front of her and she'd never been so excited.

"Or I could just stay in my lingerie and heels?"

"You're staying in those to start," he informed her. "We'll get to the other outfits later. Where the fuck is your mother!? LINDA!!!"

Click. Click. Click.

He looked back at the door curiously.

"Dad."

His head snapped back around as a result of his daughter's voice. "What?"

"Keep your eyes on me," she said.

"What? Why?"

"Just do it," she told him. "No matter what. Keep your eyes on my face, okay?"

That was never a tough chore, but his ears still picked up on strange sounds from the hallway. What was that clicking noise?

Click. Click. Click.

It grew closer.

"Stay on my face," Ella demanded.

The sound was in the room now.

Click. Click. Click.

His eyes finally left Ella after he caught a glimpse of something in his peripheral vision. Somehow, tonight got even better.

The same lace white thong panties and matching lace bra, identical six-inch stiletto pump heels, and perhaps an even more impressive backside: his daughter suddenly had a twin.

"I lied again," Linda giggled before taking a seat next to Ella on the bed. "Surprise!"

"This is crazy," he gasped.

"That's definitely a word for it," Linda laughed. "We went shopping together last week for matching outfits. What do you think?"

What did he think? What kind of question was that? He'd died and gone to heaven!

"Stand up," he ordered.

They both instantly shot to their feet.

"Turn around."

Three seconds later, he stared at the two best asses on the planet. Each was covered by a razor-thin strand of white fabric, and their tall heels only made everything so much more enticing. It was his ultimate fantasy.

Ella leaned back slightly to help herself to a look at her mother. "God, I'm so jealous of your butt."

Linda eyebrows perked up. "Are you serious? Baby, your butt looks amazing."

"Not like yours," the teen debated. "Yours has more lift."

And then Jim's heart almost gave out. The two women in his life each found the other's backside with their hands, and gave one another's butt a playful bounce.

"See, Mom, your butt has more lift. And it's bigger!"

Linda's hand squeezed her daughter's cheek before moving to the other side and giving it a little jiggle. "Baby, your butt barely moves. That's how perky you are! I would kill for that. Believe me, your ass is amazing, and it'll be crazy if you keep working out with me."

"I totally will," Ella said. "And I'm sticking to your diet too despite Dad's protests."

Linda glanced back at Jim. "What protests?"

He visibly drooled.

"Jim!"

"Did you say something?" he asked, snapping back to attention after hearing his wife yell at him. It wasn't easy to look away from the two perfect backsides in front of him, but he managed to do exactly that.

"Ella is free to follow my meal plan if she wants," she explained to him. "It's perfectly healthy."

"I just don't want her starving herself. You either! You girls should enjoy some junk food from time to time. You've earned it."

"I'm never losing this body," Linda shook her head. "I want to stay sexy for you, and Ella wants to look good for you too. Are you seriously complaining?"

He was done arguing. He just wanted to enjoy the night. "Yeah, that's fine. You two can do whatever you want."

"Whatever we want?" Ella asked mischievously.

The two girls spun around to face him before Linda looked at her daughter. "Should we do it now?"

"Totally," Ella grinned.

The large tent in the front of his athletic shorts grew harder from seeing both of their angelic asses in thongs, but it teetered on busting through the polyester material which already struggled to hold him back. He'd fantasized about plenty of things over the past two months, but nothing like this ever crossed his mind. He was speechless.

Linda and Ella passionately kissed in front of him. Each girl's soft, unweathered hands explored the other's fit body before Linda grabbed Ella by the back of the neck and pulled her closer. Spit and saliva swapped without worry of any indecency. They went at it like long-lost lovers, solely for his pleasure.

Ella's attention quickly moved to her father after they ended their embrace. "Do you like that, Daddy?"

He nodded.

"Mom's a good kisser," she smiled. "We've been practicing."

He lost his breath.

"That one was Ella's idea," Linda smiled. "She's full of good ideas. Actually, do you want to see another thing that she had planned for you?"

He nodded his head excitedly.

"Relax," she laughed, noting his enthusiasm. "Okay, shut the door behind you."

He hustled over to the bedroom door and closed it.

"Stop!" Linda shouted.

He froze.

"Back against the door," she ordered.

He followed his wife's instructions, pressing his back against the bedroom door.

The two girls smirked at each other before dropping to their knees and crawling in his direction slowly.

He struggled to comprehend the situation. Just seeing his daughter in lingerie would've qualified as the greatest birthday present ever, but the sight of Ella and Linda crawling toward him was almost too much for him to handle. One man shouldn't be treated to so much temptation.

Their pretty faces locked on him as their long brown hair grazed along the floor. Each hand forward represented another twelve inches closer to his ultimate fantasy. Every bump of their knees on the hardwood surface acted a step further into his daughter's deviate mind. What in the world did these two have planned for him?

His eyes closed as two warm mouths found each of his respective bare feet and kissed his skin. Their mouths slithered up to his shins, finding his knees before working closer to their end game. Suddenly, four hands were in the waistband of his shorts, and he couldn't do anything other than smile at the two eager faces gazing up at him. He was in love.

His shorts and boxers were pulled down to his ankles.

"Can we talk about Dad's cock for a minute?" Ella asked.

Linda smirked at her daughter. Both of the girls were on their knees with their hands on his thighs, and neither shied away from admiring his towering erection.

"It's pretty impressive, isn't it?" Linda asked.

"It's freakin' perfect," Ella said honestly. "Do you ever wake up and just thank God that you have twenty-four seven access to this? Like, you have no idea how jealous I am. You have the world's greatest guy and he just so happens to have a big dick. Mom, you totally hit the jackpot!"

She looked up at her husband, rolling her eyes. "This girl is somewhat obsessed with you, honey. All she wants to do is talk about you."

Ella didn't see the problem. "Well, he's perfect. What am I supposed to do? Pretend that he isn't? And, Mom—oh my God!"

The teen's attention quickly bolted to the head of her father's glistening cock to see a thin strand of precum drip from the tip. She held out her hand and watched viscous liquid drip into the center of her palm, collecting Dad's juices. She moved her hand in front of her mother.

Linda hesitated.

"Mom, precum tastes sweet. It's not like cum at all. Go ahead."

Linda cautiously leaned closer to her daughter's hand and cleaned the substance from her skin with her tongue. She swallowed and paused for a few seconds to process the taste. "Wow. Yummy!"

"Right?" Ella smiled. "Mom, he's dripping again! Get it!"

Linda reached out and collected her husband's pre-seminal fluid in her own hand. There was no need for instructions on her end as she watched Ella drag her tongue along her skin.

Ella smiled up at her father. "You taste so good."

Linda opened her mouth with the intention of getting the celebration underway, but a hand swiftly pressed against her chest and stopped her.

"We're not done discussing Dad's cock," Ella said, determined to make this the most special day ever. "Dad wants to hear us talk about it."

His brow furrowed. "What?"

"Really, Dad?" Ella asked, rolling her eyes before looking back at her mother. "Mom, Dad's a guy. He wants his cock worshiped, and not just physically. Verbally too! Talk about how much you love it!"

"Well, I do really like it."

"More details," Ella encouraged Mom.

She took a deep breath while gazing at her husband's impressive manhood. "It's really thick. I love that feeling of being stretched no matter how many times we go at it."

Ella bit her lower lip, visualizing Dad's big dick sliding into Mom's tight pussy "He stretches you out?"

"What do you think?" Linda giggled. "Look at that thing!"

Ella turned her focus back to the hard cock in front of her. It wasn't a difficult task either. She never wanted to look away. "It is beautiful. And how about all those veins?"

"I love that," Linda agreed. "I love how veiny Dad is in general. In his biceps, forearms, and all over the place, but I really love this one in particular."

The tip of her index finger pressed against the base of Jim's manhood, and gently trailed the length of a thick vein which journeyed to the head of his meat. Her finger swiped over his tip to collect another helping of precum. She greedily moved her hand to her mouth and slipped it inside.

"And I love his balls," a lustful Ella expressed her thoughts, struggling to only focus on Dad's cock. She adored all of him! "How big they are and how low they hang. It's so sexy and masculine. Actually, Dad, Mom wants to try something today."

Linda glanced up at him with a wicked twinkle in her eye. "I'm going to suck your balls."

He truly was the luckiest guy alive.

"We'll talk more about his cock later," Ella said. "How about you get started on those balls, Mom?"

Linda leaned in front him and gave the head of his cock a big kiss before sliding down and running her tongue along his ballsack. His moans only motivated her to continue. Her lips parted to allow her to plant kisses on his sensitive nuts as he settled in for the ride of his life.

"How's that feel, Dad?"

He could barely believe that his wife was hidden under his dick while his daughter smiled up at him. "Amazing."

"Do you want me to join her?"

His lovestruck smile continued to grow. "Well, you're the expert, after all."

"I'm the ball-sucking expert!" Ella giggled joyfully. "Maybe I can put that on my college resume?"

She moved down to join her mother, adoring her father's right testicle with her mouth. Linda never strayed from the attention that she paid to his left nut.

He was solely held up by the door to his rear. Two perfect tens sucked his balls, and as incomprehensible as that would've seemed only a few months ago, it now served as his reality. Honestly, part of him felt like he deserved it. His daughter was right. He did bust his ass to provide a great life for his family, and now his women showed just how much they appreciated him.

Ella couldn't wait any longer. Something had been on her mind nonstop for the past two months, and she finally had the chance to act on one of her ultimate fantasies. Her mouth left Dad's nut and wrapped around the head of his dick.

The warmth overtook his brain. Linda had brought plenty of joy to his life over the past sixty days thanks to his daughter's motivation, but nothing compared to Ella's enthusiasm. And that smothering feeling of love moved deeper down his cock as her throat expanded to take more of him!

She reached the halfway point on his cock before pulling back. "Mom, can you move for a second?"

Linda gave his balls one last soft kiss before moving to the side.

Ella finally had her father to herself, and she was prepared to show just how much she loved and cared about him. As great as Mom is, there were a few things that she couldn't give him, and the petite brunette was determined to make sure that Dad never forgot his time with her. She would tattoo this moment on his brain.

She wrapped her hands around the back of his thighs and pulled herself forward to impale her throat on his cock. Inch by inch it disappeared as his thick meat cut off her oxygen supply. Yes, she didn't have a gag reflex, but his size prevented her from accomplishing what she could effortlessly do to her ex-boyfriend. It frustrated her.

She pulled back and stared up at her father, waiting for him to get with the program. "So, are you going to give me a hand or what?"

He looked down at her, confused.

"Seriously?" Ella asked. "Give me your hand."

She immediately took control of Dad's hand and placed it on the back of her head. She wrapped her hands around his thighs once again and pulled herself into him, continuing to slide along his girthy manhood until she hit that familiar wall once more; but this time, she had a stud to help her out.

The last few inches of his cock disappeared from his view after he pulled his daughter into him. Everything was wet and warm. Even the skin on his arms and legs heated up. An overwhelming feeling of love flowed through his blood as he continued to hold Ella in place, and he never wanted it to leave. It was his own personal heaven.

His wife was right. Ella was somewhat obsessed with him, and he noticed it back before any of this craziness happened as well. She always had a look of adoration in her eyes when he glanced at her, and he hated himself for taking her love for granted until that night in his bedroom two months ago. Everything changed tonight though. He would enjoy every single thing that his little girl had to offer. It was his promise.

Her nails dug into the back of his legs as he held her head in place with her nose pressed against his trimmed pubic hair. Suddenly, she tapped the back of his thighs to signal her limit, and he immediately let go. He wouldn't dare push his perfect princess too far.

Ella gasped for breath, a look of lust and accomplishment occupying her face as her eyes moved from her stunned mother to her lovestruck father. "I knew I could do it!"

Jim smiled.

"I took every inch!" she celebrated. "I fuckin' knew it! How did that feel Dad? Was it awesome?"

"So awesome," he answered.

She turned to her mother, excited and ready for her involvement. "Do you want to try?"

Linda could only laugh. She still couldn't believe what she just saw! "Honey, I can't do that."

"I know, but you've been practicing. Show Dad how much better you've gotten"

He needed to slow everything down for a minute. "Practicing?"

Ella smiled up at her father. "Yeah, we bought one of those realistic dildos, and Mom has been practicing her blowjobs."

Linda looked away, blushing.

"Don't be embarrassed, Mom!" Ella told her. "She said that she's held back to not show you her improvement. She wanted to save it for today. Mom, go ahead and show him."

Linda moved in front of him timidly and accepted him between her lips. Ella moved the hair out of her mother's eyes as she watched her begin to bob deeper and faster on his cock.

"Jesus..." Jim commented, stunned.

"Right?" Ella questioned, overjoyed from what she saw. "It's a night and day difference from two months ago."

Linda opened her throat as wide as possible and made half of her husband vanish before pulling back for air. Her eyes rushed skyward for approval.

"Unbelievable," he praised her.

She turned to her daughter with a big smile, and Ella responded with a loving smooch. He may have just watched his daughter deepthroat his cock and his wife give a blowjob that didn't compare to anything that she'd showed over the past twenty years, but all of that took a back seat to his new fantasy. It was a rather perverted wish as well.

He moved his dick to the edge of Ella's lips, and she immediately pulled back from her mother to allow him room to join the party.

Two soft, wet, warm tongues danced with each other over the big head of his cock. The sensations came at him from every direction. A pair of stunningly beautiful women kissed on their knees in front of him, a duo of tongues played with the most sensitive part of his manhood, and two girls who he loved more than anything in the world showered him with affection. It was heaven on earth.

His right hand found the back of his wife's head while his left moved to the back of his daughter's as he held their mouths in place. His hips pushed forward slowly as he watched his dick slide along two sets of pouty lips—on each respective side of his manhood. Two pairs of lips, two sets of eyes, and two loving women gave themselves to him, and he absorbed every ounce of their love. He yearned to consume them.

The head of his cock found Ella's mouth as he continued to pump, his meat pushing into her cheek with each thrust forward.

He couldn't take it anymore. The time for foreplay was over. He needed to get down to business.

"Let's go. Get your sexy asses on the bed," he instructed. "Both of you."

Ella hurried over to the bed while his wife was right behind her, except he didn't allow Linda to join their daughter up on the mattress. His strong arm pushed her, sending her sprawling over the edge of the mattress. Linda was bent over the end of the bed with her perfect butt high in the air thanks to a little help from her six-inch high heels. Her stomach and chest remained buried in the bed sheets, and her line of sight gazed ahead, straight into their daughter's brown eyes. Ella sat Indian style just a few feet in front of Mom's face, eager to see what Dad had in store for her.

He yanked his wife's thong down and quickly pushed inside her. He needed a little warm up before he enjoyed the main event. Ella was the main event, right? As much as he loved his wife, he had

access to her whenever he wanted, so he viewed her as the ideal precursor to his ultimate birthday gift: his daughter.

Linda felt as tight and wet as always. Her pussy possessed the perfect combination of grip to hold him snugly, and flexibility to allow him to hammer into her, and he had some hammering in mind tonight.

"What do you want me to do to your mother?"

Ella's ear-to-ear smile couldn't possibly be bigger. "I want you to fuck her hard."

"How hard?" he asked.

The young brunette thoroughly enjoyed the lustful expression on Mom's face. "Really hard. I don't want her to be able to speak."

Jim grinned. "Well, Mom does like getting fucked like a little slut."

Ella's jaw dropped. "What!?"

"She likes her hair pulled, her ass spanked, and she loves when I try to break her in half," he revealed to his little girl. "Isn't that right, honey?"

Linda locked eyes with her daughter and nodded.

The loud sound of skin hitting skin filled the room as his open palm crashed into his wife's ass. Linda jumped off the floor, a loud yelp escaping from her lips.

"She wants to hear you say it," he told his wife.

Linda smirked, her butt still stinging from the rough spanking she just received. "I love when Daddy treats me like a little slut."

Ella had been slowly but surely breaking Mom in over the past few months. It was all part of her mission to turn her into the ultimate wife for Dad. That was why she worked so hard on Mom's blowjobs, after all. But she had no idea that this side of her mother existed. She loved it!

Several long, deep, passionate strokes inside his wife promptly gave way to rough thrusts. Linda always loved rough sex. Their sessions were typically aggressive and fun even back when intercourse was an extreme rarity, but the urge to rough her up like never before overtook him after he peeked at the third member in the room. Somehow, his night kept getting better.

Ella laid back—resting the majority of her weight on her left arm and elbow—as the fingers on her right hand played with herself through the thin white fabric of her lace thong. She couldn't help herself. Her sexy mother was bent over the end of the bed, whimpering and shrieking as her muscular father repeatedly drove into her. She still couldn't believe that she was involved in this! And as badly as she wanted a piece of Dad, she liked the idea of teasing him even more. It was a trait that she'd inherited from her father.

She tugged at her panties slowly, moving the fabric to the side to expose her dripping pussy. Dad's eyes remained on the back of Mom's head but his attention would eventually shift back to her. She just had to wait.

Her mother's shrieks abruptly grew more fierce as Ella's focus left Mom's pretty face and shifted to her father. She caught a glimpse of him, and she couldn't mistake his line of sight for anything else. His vision was locked on her vagina.

He hammered into his wife for two reasons. One, he loved her. What better way could he show his love than to attempt to make her speak a different language? Two, the other angel on the bed in front of him sent his libido through the roof. He'd been privy to plenty of amazing views over the years, but this one took the cake.

His daughter's panties were pulled to the side, exposing her perfect pussy to his hungry eyes, and that really was the best word for it: perfect. Her lips were small and trim, there wasn't a hair to be seen, and an inviting pinkness to her labia captured his attention like nothing ever had. It was time to help himself to his birthday present.

"Take those off."

Ella instantly followed her father's instructions, slipping out of her underwear and tossing them down to the floor. She listened for more directions, and she soon realized that Dad didn't plan to verbalize his demands. Instead, he showed her what he wanted.

He motioned her closer but the side of Mom's head was buried in the sheets as she continued to moan from how roughly she was being treated. She wasn't sure how much closer she could get, so she moved forward a few inches and waited. She wasn't exactly a seasoned veteran at this kind of stuff.

He eased up on his wife and gripped the back of her brunette head. He guided her face forward and waved Ella closer with his other hand. His daughter slid right up to her mother, her legs now running past her and dangling off the end of the bed. It was time to check off another box on his list of fantasies.

He carefully pushed Linda's face into their daughter's glistening pussy. Her tongue instinctively slid out, causing Ella's eyes to roll back in her head. It was the single most surreal moment of his life, and he never wanted it to end.

He watched Linda give Ella oral sex.

It actually happened. His sexy wife's tongue flowed over his gorgeous daughter's clit. The next few minutes turned into a game. He would slow his thrusts to allow Ella to receive all the pleasure that she could handle, before roughly fucking Linda again to cause her mouth to move away from Ella due to her screams. Not to mention that he was encouraged thanks to the adorable pouty face that his daughter sent his way every time.

He grabbed a firm handful of Linda's hair and yanked her head back.

Ella wasn't happy. "Come on, Dad!"

"Do you want your mother back?" he asked with a grin.

She watched drool fall from her mother's mouth. Mom salivated as Dad attempted to break her in half, but as much as she loved her current view, she lusted after Mom's generous tongue even more. She was so good with her mouth!

"I want her back," Ella whined playfully.

Ella watched her father lower Mom's head down toward her before snapping it back, resulting in a loud shriek from her mother. He began hammering into her again.

"Dad, give her back!"

He continued to stretch his wife with a smile. Life was rather difficult at the moment. Continue to drive into the sexiest woman alive, or slow down and allow her to give oral sex to the second sexiest woman on the planet? Decisions, decisions.

He slowed his frantic pace. "Ask nicely, Ella."

"Can I please have Mom back?" she asked with a big smile. "Pretty please."

"You want her back for what?" he smirked.

She dropped her voice to a childish pout. "I want her to lick my pussy."

He immediately pushed his wife's face back into his little girl.

Ella was in heaven once again. Mom had to have done this before, right? It definitely felt like it. Her tongue lapped at her vaginal lips before making her way to her aching clit for some much-needed relief.

Lord knows that her ex-boyfriend couldn't eat her out like this.

The young brunette squeezed the bed sheets with both of her hands, bracing herself for her impending explosion. She couldn't believe it, but she was about to cum. Her orgasm built, and built, and built, and—

Something felt different.

Ella's head bolted off the pillow to find Mom's tongue still on her clit, but she felt a wet kiss on her inner thigh as well. It was Dad!

Jim remained snugly inside his wife, but he leaned over her, supporting his weight with his forearms on the mattress. Now, this was the perfect view. A stunning brunette ate pussy just a few inches to his left, and a gorgeous brunette grew ever closer to an overwhelming climax just a few inches in front of him. It was a situation that he could become accustomed to.

Ella's glow couldn't be brighter. She loved this! "Hey, Daddy!"

"Hey, sweetheart," he smiled, his kisses moving along her leg as he worked his way closer to the space his wife occupied. "You don't mind if I join your mother, do you?"

"Of course not!" giggled Ella.

He lips left his daughter and locked onto Linda's mouth as the two parents made out just inches from their little girl's most intimate area. They broke off their kiss and grinned, each knowing what the other had in mind.

Moments later, Ella felt two tongues dance over her little clit as her head promptly dropped back into the pillows below. It was like fifty of her vibrators simultaneously. Mom and Dad worked together to bring her the ultimate pleasure, and she refused to waste a single second of their attention.

She reached out with her hands—her left on Dad's head and her right on Mom's—and pulled them even closer. A warmth budded in the depths of her stomach and she planned to capitalize on her incredible opportunity. Orgasms as strong as these don't come along often, so she needed to embrace it.

Jim and Linda didn't let up for a moment as their daughter began to twitch and shake on their bed. Soft moans soon gave way to loud screams, verifying their success. They were too experienced to fall short. Disappointment was for rookies, and they were anything but.

They made their own daughter cum.

Jim retreated to watch his wife give Ella one last lick before shooting him a smile.

"She tastes good," Linda remarked.

"She tastes like you," he added, giving his wife another kiss.

But as good as his princess tasted, he was desperate to know how she felt. It was officially time to unwrap his birthday present. The night would feel unfairly lackluster if he didn't get to taste the sweetest forbidden fruit.

"Get back here!" Linda shouted urgently.

He moved his face next to his wife again. "What?"

Linda focused completely on the pretty pink pussy just inches in front of her. "You think that's your birthday present, don't you?"

"That's what you said, right?"

"Don't get me wrong, that perfect, sweet, and undoubtedly tight pussy is definitely your birthday present, but that's Ella's present to you. Not mine," she disclosed.

He didn't expect to hear that. "I get more gifts?"

"Oh yeah, I got you something that you're really, really, *really* going to like," Linda grinned.

He waited eagerly.

Her eyes left her daughter and found her husband—who had yet to stop staring at Ella's little hole. "I'm going to let you cum inside her."

He immediately turned to Linda to be met by a devilish grin. His eyes traveled back to that pink slice of heaven as he felt his cock twitch inside his wife. Slowly, his line of sight traveled north, taking in his daughter's flat stomach before reaching the white bra that pushed up her small breasts. Finally, he met her smiling face.

"I want Daddy to fill me up."

He moved back behind his wife and fucked her harder than ever before, his eyes never straying from Ella's enthusiastic face. A loud slap echoed throughout the room after he cracked Linda on the ass. He was a man possessed.

"Jesus, Jim!" Linda shouted.

Linda may as well have not existed. Ella's seductive grin consumed him. It demanded his devotion. He'd never craved anything so badly in his life.

He cracked Linda on the ass again.

"Holy shit!" Linda yelled once more, wiggling out of his grasp.

He didn't move an inch. He merely stood at the foot of the bed, staring directly at his daughter. Much to his surprise, Ella never broke eye contact with him.

"Oh my God, my ass is on fire!" Linda shouted before moving next to him and stroking his cock with her hand. Rough or not, she loved it. "Come here, Daddy."

His tongue returned to his wife's mouth as the two made out in front of Ella once again. He couldn't wait to—

Slap!

"OW!!!"

Both parents looked at the bed while Linda reached for her stinging backside. Ella knelt on the end of the mattress, her arm extended slightly from the brutal slap that she'd just given to her mother's perky backside. Like father, like daughter apparently.

"Oh my God, that hurt!" Linda whined.

Ella and Jim exchanged grins.

"Oh, you like it," Ella teased her mom. "Stop acting like you don't."

"Are you okay?" Jim checked on his wife.

Linda wrapped herself around him and pouted at her daughter. "Yeah, I'm fine."

"Okay, good, because you two are switching positions. And, ladies, as much as I love those bras, it's time to take them off."

Ella jumped off the bed and joined her mother as a duo of bras hit the floor. Suddenly, two pairs of small, perky, mouthwatering breasts were exposed to the birthday boy. He would get around to enjoying them later, because he had more pressing urges to address.

He roughly pushed Ella over the end of the bed.

"Wait!" Ella shouted, turning her attention to her mother. "Do you want to show Dad that thing now?"

"I think Dad wants something else," Linda chuckled, picking up on Jim's obvious excitement at finally getting his turn with their daughter.

"No, Mom, he'll love it," Ella promised. "Show it to him!"

Linda looked at Jim. "Do you want to see it?"

His curiosity was piqued while his cock hovered just outside of his daughter's inviting pussy. What did his wife have to show him? Her new blowjob ability completely took him by surprise, so he couldn't help but be interested to see what else she had in store for him. But the perfect eighteen-year-old ass bent over his bed was awfully tempting as well.

Ella stood up, allowing her father's throbbing erection to brush against the soft skin of her backside in the process. "I'm tellin' ya, Dad, you're going to love it."

That was all he needed to hear. He looked at his wife and waited.

Linda pointed at the head of the bed. "Get up there. Back against the headboard," she directed.

He moved onto the bed, but not before giving his daughter's butt a little squeeze which resulted in a smile from the high school senior. He quickly rested his back against the bed headboard as his legs ran along the mattress. Both his daughter and wife crawled up onto the bed to join him. Ella moved next to him, her back also resting against the wooden headboard to his rear, while Linda journeyed toward his groin.

He watched his wife unbuckle her heels and toss them to the floor. She spun so that her back faced him, and sank down onto his cock with her knees pressed against the mattress.

He turned to his daughter. "Believe it or not, but I've experienced reverse cowgirl before."

Ella smiled as she waited patiently.

Linda slowly slid up and down on his towering pole before taking a deep breath. She wasn't entirely sure how this would go, but Ella insisted that she do it for Jim, and she didn't want to let either of them down. It was time to see how much she'd learned.

Ella's focus never left her father as she excitedly waited for his face to change. God, he would lose his mind! His expression would completely shift any second now and it would be all because of her! Well, Mom was the one doing the work, but it was her idea! She waited, and waited, and waited.

"Oh, you gotta be fuckin' kidding me."

Ella's eyes left Dad and moved to Mom. Her perfect, fit, toned, and somehow plump backside twerked on his cock. Every movement caused her flawless butt to bounce and jiggle. Every motion made Dad moan in ecstasy. Her tight pussy was stretched as it gripped him like a glove, but her ass put on an unbelievable visual show for the birthday boy to enjoy.

"Where did you learn how to do this?" he asked.

Ella spoke up for her mother who seemed lost in the moment. "It took a lot of work. It was something I saw in porn and always thought looked really cool. We started practicing on the dildo I told you about earlier and it took a while, but we both eventually picked up on it."

He liked the sound of that. "You can do this too?"

She nodded with a big smile. "Oh my God, you have to hear about the first time Mom tried it!"

"Don't tell him!" Linda shouted. Apparently, she wasn't as lost in the moment as Ella thought.

"It's hilarious, Mom!" Ella argued. "Dad will think it's funny. Just keep shaking your ass."

She continued twerking as Jim's eyes moved back to her butt. He gave her bouncing cheek a light slap, further inspiring Linda to keep at it.

"So, Dad, we have a stand for that dildo so it can stay straight-up on its own. It's in the middle of my floor and we had my laptop running so Mom could watch a video of this one porn girl who twerks like crazy. Mom got on—"

"Do you have to tell him?" Linda interrupted, horrified by what Ella was about to reveal.

"Yeah, it's funny, Mom," she rebutted. "Okay, so Mom got on and tried to start shaking a little bit, but she leaned too far forward. She started to tip and it was like I watched it in slow-motion. She slowly started to fall forward and the next thing I know, she face-planted right on my floor!"

"On your hardwood floor? Holy shit, Linda, are you okay?" he asked, concerned.

Linda nodded as she continued to shake her butt. "Yeah, but it was so embarrassing."

"It was hilarious," Ella laughed before she suddenly remembered something. "Oh crap! I'll be right back! Keep going, Mom, but make sure he doesn't cum! I want my turn!"

Jim watched his daughter hurry out of the room, doing her best not to fall in her tall heels. His focus moved back to his wife after Ella disappeared.

"This is amazing."

She loved his appreciation. "You like it, Daddy?"

"I fuckin' love it," he grinned, slapping one of her bouncing cheeks roughly. "It's perfect, just like the rest of you."

"It's quite the workout," she giggled, really moving her butt now. "You should see how this porn girl does it. It's insane. And she was all oiled up in the video I saw."

"Yeah, we're going to get you oiled up eventually," he told her. "I want this all the time."

"Anything Daddy wants," she said. She slowed her pace to a suffocating grind, resulting in worrisome moans from her rear.

"Shit..."

She froze. "You better not cum! Not before Ella gets a chance!"

"I won't cum," he told her, collecting himself. "Just don't stop."

She resumed her movements again as he closed his eyes. This was as good as life got. He didn't even have to do any work! He simply sat back and enjoyed the manner in which his perfect wife's snug pussy engulfed him. And if he decided to open his eyes, then he would be greeted by the unbelievable sight of her perky ass bouncing and shaking. It was heaven!

His eyes shot open due to the sound of high heels clacking in the upstairs hallway. The noise entered the room as Ella approached the bed with something in hand.

"Really?" he laughed, surprised.

"The birthday boy deserves some dessert," Ella smiled before hopping back up onto the bed, taking her original place while handing Dad a plate with a piece of chocolate cake on it.

He cut into the cake with a fork and slid it into his mouth.

Ella couldn't help but be jealous. "Jesus, Mom, you're making me wish that I had a dick so I could experience this."

He cut another sliver of chocolate cake and moved his fork in his daughter's direction. She wrapped her lips around the silver utensil and helped herself to some of his birthday treat.

"Yummy," she smiled. "So, how's it feel, Dad?"

Jim grinned at this daughter. "Amazing, and as much as I can't wait to do this with your mother all the time, I think it's your turn."

Linda slid off of him and heard the sound of his hard cock slap against his stomach as it exited her pussy. She found herself sprawled on the bed, exhausted as she looked at the rest of her family. That was quite the workout!

"I think Mom found her new favorite cardio machine," Ella giggled.

Jim joined in on the laughter as he cut another sliver of cake and extended it to his wife. She shoed it away with her hand.

"Come on, Linda," he encouraged her to partake.

"Absolutely not," she responded. "I'm not eating any cake."

Ella joined Dad's side. "We can cheat today, Mom. It's Dad's birthday!"

"No cake," she declined, shaking her head. "No sugar, sweets, or junk food."

Jim and Ella rolled their eyes at each other before the teen ate her mother's portion of the cake. He finished the rest of his piece and handed his empty plate to his daughter. She placed it on the nightstand and looked back at him.

"You ready?" he asked with a grin.

"So ready," she grinned back. "I want it hard just like you fucked Mom. Don't hold back. I can take it. So, how do you want me?"

"Bent over the bed just like Mom was earlier, and I want Mom on her back right in front of your face like you were. Put those heels back on too, Linda."

The girls followed his orders, and he wasted little time positioning himself behind his daughter while Linda played with herself in front of them. He couldn't believe what he was moments away from. He took a deep breath and rubbed his swollen cockhead along his daughter's moist vaginal lips. She responded with a gasp.

"You're sure that you're okay with this?" he checked.

Ella rolled her eyes at her mother. "Are you serious, Dad? That's the dumbest question ever. Of course, I'm okay with this! I want it more than anything!"

He smiled and pushed inside her carefully. His cock made it a few inches before he immediately pulled out and took a deep breath. He expected her to feel good, but not that good. Sure, Linda felt amazing, but this was indescribable. His daughter hugged him even tighter than his wife. Everything was enhanced. Her warmth, wetness, and tightness all made his mind go blank, while simultaneously causing his cock to feel like it would explode.

But he was a grown man. He could handle her. He slowly pushed inside again, listened to his perfect angel's cute cries as half his dick disappeared, and instantly withdrew.

Linda wasn't sure if she saw things correctly. "Is everything okay?"

He ran his hand through his hair calmly, attempting to regroup as he took a step back.

Ella looked back at her father. "Is something wrong?"

He immediately shook his head. "No, sweetheart, everything's fine. Just give me a second."

Okay, time for his birthday present. Maybe it wouldn't be the longest session in his life, but he would give his daughter what she wanted, and would receive the greatest gift in the world in the process. He pushed inside her, fought through her natural resistance, and took a deep stroke inside the tightest, warmest, wettest pussy that he'd ever experienced.

And just like his previous two attempts, he bailed once again.

He couldn't help but laugh to himself. "I don't think I can do this."

He looked ahead to find both of his girls staring at him with completely different expressions. Ella was confused and worried, while his wife loved every second of his struggle.

"Are you serious?" Linda laughed.

He nodded, embarrassed.

Ella didn't find anything funny. "What's wrong?"

He stared down at the hardwood floor with a sheepish smile.

"Apparently, Dad is a sixteen-year-old virgin," Linda teased her hubby. "Holy shit, Jim, really?"

He nodded, laughing along with her. He looked up to see Ella with her eyes locked on him. "You feel too good, sweetheart."

Her worried look had yet to leave. "I'm sorry."

"No, no, no, it's not your fault!" he told her, refusing to allow her to accept one ounce of blame. "It's amazing, believe me, but I feel like a high schooler all over again."

"You've been going on and on lately about how amazing I feel," Linda reminded him. "I'm starting to think that's BS."

"It's not, but this is ridiculous. I've never felt anything like this."

An idea rifled through Ella's head as she pondered the situation. Dad was the nicest person in the world, but he was also the most competitive. He never even allowed her to beat him at anything! Most fathers never looked at their daughters as equals, but Dad always treated her like one, and she loved that about him.

Maybe she could manipulate his sex drive to get him in the proper mindset? Perhaps she could play on his competitive side? It was her best shot to help him clear his mental hurdle that clearly tripped him up. She had no other choice but to give it a whirl.

"Kyle wasn't bad in bed."

His blood boiled. God, he hated hearing her ex-boyfriend's name. The idea of Kyle touching his little girl made him want to kill someone! Why in the world would Ella bring him up now!?

Ella looked at Mom, pretending to ignore her father who remained behind her. "He never lasted too long but we also always used condoms. He made it like two minutes once. I mean, we only had sex a few times, but he was pretty good."

Linda immediately understood what her daughter was up to. The look on her husband's face told her that he didn't pick up on Ella's plan though, so she would do her part to save his birthday.

"I always thought that Kyle was pretty cute, to be honest," Linda chimed in, trying her best to keep herself from smiling.

Jim's left eye involuntarily twitched.

"He was definitely cute," Ella continued to converse with her mom. "He actually tried talking to me the other day. Maybe I should give him another shot? What do you think?"

Linda nodded. "Studs like him don't come along often. If it was me, I would definitely give him another chance. He's eighteen now. Guys tend to start maturing once they hit that age. How about you invite him to dinner this week?"

"Really?" Ella asked.

"For sure," she responded. "I'll make dinner and we can all hang out and spend the night together, and then you two can go upstairs for some alone time."

Ella was on the verge of laughter. Dad had to be so mad right now! "Yeah, maybe we—"

Her sentence was cut short as her eyes rolled back in her head. She attempted to open her mouth but only air came out. Her plan worked—big time.

He refused to stand by and let his daughter entertain the idea of ever seeing that asshole kid again. He didn't want her dating punk skateboarder's with attitude problems. While he preferred that she remain single, she needed to find a real man if she decided to date, and he planned to show her how a real man carried himself.

Every urge to cum took a back seat to his mission to give Ella the greatest sexual experience of her life. That electric feeling wasn't just in his cock, but enveloping his entire body, but he had to block it all out. His perfect princess was far too exquisite to disappoint.

His strokes turned longer and deeper as her shrieks intensified. His hand slid up her soft skin to find her long brown hair, eager to elevate the stakes. It was his birthday, after all.

Ella's neck snapped back abruptly, and if that wasn't enough, then a warm breath made itself known in her right ear.

"You're going to give him another shot, huh?"

She tried her hardest to respond but she failed miserably. Not only did Dad pummel her, but her head was yanked backward like never before! She mustered every remaining ounce of energy and responded with a single word.

"Maybe."

"That's not going to happen," he told her firmly.

The right side of Ella's head hit the soft mattress below and was driven into the sheets. Her left eye looked up to see her father in a different light than she'd ever experienced him. His face was ravenous. Grunts poured from his mouth with every rough thrust forward, sweat dripped from his forehead and landed on her back, and his piercing brown eyes locked on her face. This was what Mom had access to for the past two months? Forget about the past two months! How about the past twenty years? She wasn't sure about a lot of things in the future, but she knew that this wouldn't be a one-time thing. She would make sure to get in on the fun regularly.

"Harder!" Ella begged.

He continued to push her face into the bed with his right hand. He'd never driven into anyone like this. His daughter deserved the absolute best, and if she wanted it hard, then he would give it to her hard.

Linda was shocked. It was like she wasn't even in the room anymore. Her daughter was being fucked unlike anything she'd ever seen. The girl in her was somewhat jealous, but her motherly side grew significantly more concerned with each passing second.

"Easy, Jim."

He immediately slowed down at the sound of Linda's voice. He calmed his pace as panic swept across his body. He'd gotten lost in the moment. Very, very, *very* lost.

"Are you okay?" he asked Ella, terrified of what her response might be.

Ella looked forward, enraged as she glared at her mother. "Are you fuckin' kidding me!?"

Linda raised her eyebrows.

"Why did you stop him!?" the petite brunette yelled. "Oh my God, that was amazing!"

Linda rushed to defend herself. "Sweetheart, it was really rough. I was just concerned."

"What the fuck, Mom!?" Ella continued to rant. "Another minute of that and I totally would've cum! And I've never even come close to cumming during sex! Why—"

Ella screeched as her neck was snapped back again by her hair.

"Are we seriously doing this again?" Jim asked while his strong arm suspended his daughter in the air.

Ella couldn't be more confused. "What?"

"You swore at your mother not once, but twice," he told her. "Are you serious? Especially after everything she did for you today? Apologize to her immediately."

"Sorry, Mom," Ella said.

"Not good enough," Jim smirked. He gently lowered his daughter's face back down to the mattress until she hovered just inches from Linda's glistening vagina. "You're going to apologize in a very special way today. You're going to make Mom cum."

Linda's face lit up with excitement.

"And we'll have some very serious problems if you don't," he informed her. "I'm thinking two weeks without your phone."

Ella looked back at Dad, horrified. "What!?"

"Actually, make it a month. Mom is way more important than two weeks. So, here's the deal. You have to get Mom off. If you do, everything's good. If not, no phone for a month."

Ella leaned forward and instantly found her mother's throbbing clit with her tongue. She'd never done this before. She knew how to get herself off, but she had no idea what Mom liked. So, she would stick with what worked for herself, and that involved plenty of clitoral stimulation.

He gripped his daughter's waist and drove into her again. His aggression made it difficult for her to stay focused on her task at hand. Her mouth would leave her mother every few seconds to moan and exhale cries of pleasure, and that only made things so much sweeter for him. Not only did he make his angel feel good, but he teased his wife in the process, and he never passed up an opportunity to do that.

"I forgot to tell you something," he announced to the room. "You have five minutes."

Ella didn't like the sound of that. "Are you serious!?"

"Very," he nodded. "You better get to work."

Her mouth returned to Mom's clit again in a hurry as Linda threw her head back into the pillows with a smile.

Three Minutes Later.

He pulled out of his daughter and knelt on the floor next to her to bring himself down to her level. Similarly to when Ella was the one who received oral pleasure, he made the journey to check on how she did. Yes, he wasn't inside her anymore, but he could use a break for a few minutes anyway.

"How's it coming?" he asked.

Ella looked to her right to be greeted by the heavenly sight of Dad's face. At least she had a chance now. As if this wasn't hard enough already, then her father decided to slam into her for the past few minutes while she tried to make Mom cum! It was impossible to focus!

In fact, she was right on the edge of exploding a few times before he settled his powerful hips and announced that she didn't get to cum until Mom did first. Not only did she have to do this to keep her phone—which she absolutely couldn't live without—but it was the only way she would experience an orgasm during sex, but it didn't seem like Mom was close to cumming!

"I don't know what I'm doing," she admitted honestly.

"You're a woman," he laughed. "You can't get another woman off?"

"I can get myself off, but Mom is a completely different story. She's moaning and stuff so it obviously feels good for her, but I have no idea if she's close."

"How's it feel, Linda?" he called out.

"Great," his wife replied.

"Are you close to cumming?" he asked.

"Nope," she answered.

He turned his attention back to his daughter. She was in dismay. "What some help?"

She nodded immediately. "Yes, please!"

He propped himself up on his right forearm and held his left hand out. "Okay, so hold your middle finger and index finger out together."

Ella followed his lead.

"Now, slowly slide those two fingers inside Mom very easily."

Her fingers disappeared inside her mother, causing Linda's to moan passionately. Ella's tongue was no longer on Mom's clit, but part of her hand was inside her. She turned back to Dad for directions.

"The key to your mother's heart is through her G-spot."

Ella's brow furrowed. "Her G-spot? I thought that wasn't real."

"What?" he asked, confused.

"Mr. Keys, our sex ed teacher last year, told us that the G-spot is a myth when one of the guys asked about it," she explained. "He said it doesn't exist."

Jim was dumbfounded. "Mr. Keys sounds like a fuckin' idiot. Sweetheart, the G-spot is extremely real. Isn't that right, Linda?"

"Mm-hmm," his wife agreed with her eyes closed and her head on her pillow.

"What in the world is that guy doing as a sex ed teacher?" he chuckled to himself.

"So, I have a G-spot?" Ella asked.

"Of course."

She couldn't hide her excitement. "Can you find it?"

"Sure, but let's save that for another day," he said with a warm smile. "Our priority right now is Mom."

Ella agreed with a nod before turning back to her mother's shaven vagina. "What do I do now?"

"Now, gently explore Mom with your fingers. Pretend that you're looking straight through her clit. Under her clit, inside her, will be a small bumpy patch. Every girl feels differently, but Mom is slightly bumpy and rigid. That's her G-spot."

She moved her fingers around cautiously with a curious expression on her face. "I don't feel it."

"Do this," he told her, maneuvering his fingers in a come-hither motion.

Everything made sense after she mimicked her father.

"Fuck..." Linda moaned.

The father and daughter smiled at each other.

"I found it!" Ella cheered.

"You want to rub that little patch," he continued to coach. "Not hard or rough, but nice and easy to start. You want to work her up and get her right on the edge, and then that's when you apply more pressure right before she's about to cum. Don't forget her clit either."

Ella moved her mouth back to her mother's clit while simultaneously rubbing her G-spot with her fingers. Mom's loud reaction—and the fact that Mom reached out and grabbed a handful of her hair—proved that she did something right. And selfishly, she couldn't wait until Dad did it to her too!

A few minutes passed before Linda's hips squirmed wildly on the bed. Jim had seen this countless number of times over the past two months. His wife was close, but he wasn't completely honest with his daughter, and that ate him up at the moment. It was unlike him, but he was out for revenge

as he watched Ella continue her task to please her mother. Hearing her bring up her ex-boyfriend earlier still bugged him.

He'd made eye contact with his wife a few minutes ago and they shot each other a smirk. Linda knew what was on his mind and she was fully on board with his plan. It still didn't seem right though.

"Stop."

Ella refused to slow down as Mom's moans escalated.

"Ella, stop!" he shouted.

Her tongue moved off her mother's clit and her fingers slipped out of her. She peered over at Dad, concerned by his panicked voice.

This time, it was Linda who wasn't happy. "Oh my God, what the hell, Jim!? I was right there!"

"We'll get you back," he reassured her. "Um...sweetheart, I wasn't totally honest with you."

Ella didn't follow.

He smiled, glancing down at the bed sheets. "Your mother won't just cum."

She had no idea what Dad talked about.

"She's going to squirt," he filled her in.

Her innocent brown eyes bulged. "Squirt? Mom can squirt!?"

He nodded proudly. "Every girl can squirt."

"No, they can't," Linda disagreed, flat on her back and waiting. "How many times do we have to have this conversation?"

"Your friend Sarah can't squirt because Bill doesn't have any goddamn idea what he's doing!" he told her passionately. He must've told Linda this fifty times. "Give me ten minutes with her and her entire bed would be soaked."

"Not going to happen," Linda informed him, her eyes still staring up at the white ceiling. She felt rather protective of her hubby. Well, other than sharing him with their daughter—obviously.

"Mr. Keys—"

"Said that squirting is a myth too?" Jim jumped in and finished his daughter's statement. "Just another clueless guy."

"Every girl can't squirt," Linda continued to argue.

He rolled his eyes at Ella before looking in his wife's direction. "How long did your boyfriend before me try to make you squirt for?"

"A year," she muttered quietly.

"And how long did it take me?" he asked.

...

"I can't hear you!" Jim laughed, encouraging her to speak up.

"Fifteen minutes..." she groaned.

"Fifteen minutes!" he reiterated loudly. "And that was with you being all shy and trying to hold back. I can get you to squirt in under five minutes now." He looked back at Ella. "Every girl can squirt. The thing is most guys are either clueless, or they just don't care enough about their woman's pleasure to learn how to do it. Believe me, I could make every girl on the planet squirt."

Linda huffed.

"Does she squirt a lot?" Ella asked, genuinely curious.

"She squirts more when she's really on edge and overdo to explode," he answered. "So, yeah, she'll make a mess tonight."

The teen smiled while gazing at the shiny glisten to her mother's vaginal lips. "Why'd you stop me then?"

"I wanted to give you a heads up," he told her. "Part of me thought it would be funny to surprise you while your face was down there, but I can't do that to you."

"That sounds hot," Ella smiled.

His eyebrows shot up. "Hot?"

"Yeah, where do you go when Mom squirts?"

"Well, I stay down there," he smirked. "I like it, but I'm a big-time pervert. I'm sure you don't want to—"

He stopped himself thanks to a particularly surprising sight. His daughter's fingers slipped inside her mother and her tongue flowed over her swollen clit once again. She knew what was about to come, and just like him, she wanted to be down there when it happened.

He moved back behind Ella and slowly pushed inside her. He heard a whimper escape from her mouth, so he continued to move at a snail's pace to allow her to focus on Linda.

Linda's hand clenched the sheets. She felt it. A warm, vibrant burning—deep inside her—bubbled toward the surface. It was a powerful pressure that continued to build until it inevitably exploded. Only one person in her life had made her experience what was about to come, and she was more than happy to add a second name to that list.

"Don't stop!" Linda begged.

Ella's index and middle finger moved at a furious pace inside her mom. She frantically rubbed that little rugged patch while her tongue massaged her throbbing her clit. She had no plans to stop—even with Dad inside her.

"Oh, fuck!" Linda cried.

Ella braced herself as Mom moaned louder. She was just as kinky as Dad, and it was time for her parents to discover her wild side. She wanted to prove that she could hold her own in their bedroom. And who knows? Maybe it would result in an invitation to more fun together?

A drop of fluid hit her chin.

She pulled back and stared at her mother's vagina, curious to see what squirting looked like. A strong shot of clear liquid propelled out of Mom and slammed into her cheek, causing her to smile before she moved her mouth back to her clit and rapidly tongued it while Mom moaned and twitched in ecstasy.

He couldn't take it any longer. Watching his wife squirt onto his daughter's face qualified as the hottest moment of his life. His previously slow strokes were replaced by deep, long, loving pumps as he enjoyed every second of the action that unfolded in front of him.

Surprisingly, every spurt of fluid that hit Ella's face encouraged her to keep at it. She rubbed Mom's G-spot one last time before slipping out and sliding her fingers up and down her mother's gushing pussy. Her actions caused Mom to spray all over the sheets as liquid launched in every direction.

He squeezed his daughter's petite waist and began driving into her.

"Holy shit!" Ella shrieked, caught off guard from how roughly Dad treated her.

A hand intertwined in her long brown locks and snapped her head back. Mom's squirt dripped from her face as her body was once again suspended in the air, being driven into by her father.

"Harder!" Ella demanded.

His hand left her waist and wrapped around her body, swiftly finding her throbbing clit. He rubbed her feverishly as his thrusts grew in power and speed.

It was actually going to happen! She could feel her orgasm slowly spread throughout her body! Every pump from her father's thick cock sent her closer to the edge. One foot dangled over the edge of a cliff but she needed someone to give her a helpful push, and that someone just so happened to be the most special guy in the world, and he did his damndest to give her the ultimate high.

And then she exploded.

"Fuck!" Ella shouted, feeling herself go limp as a smothering warmth overtook her body from her head to toe. An entire world of sexuality was opened to her and she didn't plan to sit on the sidelines and watch any longer. This would be her life from now on.

He looked past Ella to find Linda rubbing her own clit. Her pussy was soaked and the bedspread was covered in her fluids. She finally returned from her high as she locked eyes with him, and he was all too familiar with her deviant look.

He moved his mouth to his daughter's ear. "Ready, baby?"

"Give it to me," Ella moaned.

He slammed into her as deeply as he could and allowed his incestuous seed to fill her pussy. Every powerful burst from the tip of his cock sent shock waves along his body. His legs weakened as Ella squeezed him tighter, absorbing every drop that he had to offer.

"Get over here, Linda."

His wife slipped off the bed and moved next to him, waiting for instructions. He pointed at the floor below him. She dropped to her knees and patiently waited.

He let go of his daughter's hair and allowed her face to find the mattress again. This time, his hand found Linda's head as he pulled her under his cock, and positioned her beneath their daughter. His

dick exited Ella slowly, and Linda didn't need to be told to open her mouth. He was already one step ahead of him.

A river of cum poured from his daughter's tight pussy and flowed between his wife's accepting lips.

Linda waited calmly as his semen continued to drip from Ella's vagina. Once she collected all of her husband's seed, she looked up to show him how much was inside. Her tongue was hidden under a thick sheet of white semen. She closed her mouth, took a deep gulp, and opened it to show the end result.

It was all gone.

Linda reached for her daughter's hand and led her out of the bedroom, toward the hallway bathroom to clean themselves.

Chapter 7 -- A Daddy Day

Jim watched the two women in his life strut back into the bedroom a few moments later—clean but still naked—and snuggle into his hold. He rested flat on his back with his head in his pillows. To his left was his sexy, perfect, amazing wife. To his right was his perky, adorable, fairly perverted daughter. His hands brought them in closer as he felt both of their faces press against his chest.

Ella suddenly perked up and rested her chin on her father's pectoral muscle, allowing her to look at Mom. "Did you tell Dad about my idea?"

"No," Linda answered.

"Have you thought about it?" she asked her mother.

"Yeah, I'm open to it," Linda told her.

Ella smiled excitedly. "Oh my God, Dad, I came up with the greatest idea ever!"

He stared down into her hypnotizing brown eyes and waited.

"A Daddy Day!"

His brow furrowed. "A what?"

"A Daddy Day!" she repeated. "Okay, so you get your own day twice a year. Your birthday and father's day, right? But that isn't enough! You should have way more days dedicated to you!"

He laughed.

"I'm serious!" Ella told him, not joking around. "What day is the easiest for you? Like, what day could you maybe leave work early and stay up the latest?"

He took a moment to think. "Thursday is usually pretty light, so Wednesday would probably be the day that I could stay up until whenever."

She looked over at her mother. "Do Wednesday's work for you?"

"Sure," Linda nodded.

"Awesome!" Ella smiled. "Okay, Dad, here's my idea. Every Wednesday is dedicated to you from now on. We call it A Daddy Day!"

"That's the worst name ever," he chuckled.

"No, it isn't!" Ella protested. "It's perfect. Because that's what it is! A Daddy Day!"

"And what exactly does A Daddy Day entail?" Jim asked.

Ella could barely contain her excitement. "Now, I'm open to ideas and suggestions, but this is the format I came up with. You need to do a few things before you go to bed on Tuesday night. First, you have to pick out two outfits for both Mom and myself. A morning outfit and an evening outfit. And they can be anything you want too! Lingerie, tight pants, revealing dresses, costumes, or whatever else you want. Literally anything!"

He loved the sound of her idea so far.

"Next, you need to write down what you want for breakfast and leave it on the kitchen table, because when you wake up on Wednesday morning, Mom and I will be making whatever breakfast you requested while we're dressed in our morning outfits."

Yeah, he was fully on board now.

"And guess what we'll do while you're eating?" she asked him.

Jim waited.

"We're going to suck your dick!"

He gulped.

"Mom and I will blow you the entire time you're eating," the young brunette went on with a big smile. "And then when you finish your breakfast, we're going to finish you!"

Linda may have looked happy when he peeked over at her, but her enthusiasm didn't even remotely rival their daughter's delight.

"So, I'll go to school and you two will go off to work for the day," Ella continued with her dream. "When you come home, you'll find both Mom and myself in our evening outfits cooking dinner. And dinner on A Daddy Day can't be something regular. It needs to be special! I'm thinking like steak, lobster, or king crab legs!"

"I'm definitely up for that," he voiced.

"Awesome!" said Ella. "We'll all eat dinner and then just hang out for a while and talk about our days. I mean, we always do that, but it's something special and we can't forget about it. Even on A Daddy Day!"

He shot both of his girls a smile.

"And then you can do whatever you want to us for the rest of the night!" Ella cheered. "I have a whole list of ideas saved in my phone. We could play sex games, we could try messing around in oil ____"

"Sex in oil," Jim jumped in. "I like that idea a lot."

She bit her lower lip while looking at her mother. "You would look so hot covered in oil."

Linda smiled before moving her eyes to her husband. "We all would."

"And have you ever tried anal?"

Both the parents turned their attention to their daughter with blank stares.

"I take that as a no," Ella giggled. "I haven't either. I'd love to though. I mean, I'd love to with Dad. Is that something you guys would want to do?"

Jim needed to slow Ella down. Linda's skeptical expression told him that much. "Maybe, sweetheart? Let's start with the basics first."

"Okay, totally!" Ella agreed.

"And you said something about costumes earlier?" he asked.

His daughter's energetic eyes lit up. "Yeah, costumes! Remember earlier when I said that I didn't have a lot of stuff on hand but I could throw a few things together?"

He nodded.

"I lied," Ella smirked. "Mom and I bought a bunch of stuff!"

"When?"

"When we got our lingerie," she answered him. "We went shopping."

Linda smiled. "We may have gone a little crazy."

"Crazy buying what?" he inquired. "Costumes?"

Ella nodded. "Tons of other stuff as well; but yeah, we bought a lot of costumes. Oh, I had an amazing idea too! We could do role-play scenarios! Like, we could play parts and stuff. Maybe we could even write dialogue and act it out!"

He tried to hold back his guffaw but couldn't any longer, and Linda quickly lost control and joined in when she heard him laugh.

"I don't see what's so funny!" Ella huffed. "I'm being serious!"

"You want us to write and act out dialogue?" he laughed. "Really?"

She glared at Dad. "Okay, you tell me if this doesn't sound hot? I'm dressed like a schoolgirl and Mom's dressed like a teacher. I'm in detention because my grades are bad, and you, my dad, have to come in and talk to my teacher about it. Once Mom sees you, she decides that the only way I can pass is if you to fuck her. And guess what? I join in."

He smiled at his wife. "Pretty realistic, huh? You just can't get enough of this dick, can you?"

Linda rolled her eyes.

"Well, I think it's hot. The schoolgirl outfits we got are really sexy, and—"

"Wait, wait, wait, wait," he cut his daughter off. "You have schoolgirl outfits? In the house?"

Ella nodded.

"Outfits?" he repeated. "Outfits, as in plural?"

Ella nodded again. "Yeah, Mom and I have matching schoolgirl outfits."

His heart skipped a beat. "Describe them to me."

"White knee-high socks, short red and green plaid skirts, white button-up dress shirts, and these super cute plaid tees that match the skirts," she told him.

He salivated. "These outfits are currently inside this house?"

"Yeah, they're in my room," Ella answered.

He stared at her.

"Do you want to see 'em?" she asked.

He turned to his wife with a smile. "Do I want to see 'em? Do you believe this kid? Do I want to see 'em..." He looked back at his daughter. "Of course, I want to see 'em!"

Ella's eyes bulged. "When?"

"Now!" he told her urgently.

She jumped off the bed and pulled her mother with her. "Do you want us to put our hair in pigtails too?"

"Hmm...let's see here. Do I want you to put your hair in pigtails? What do you think?"

Ella held her mother by the hand as she awaited Dad's answer.

"Absofuckinlutely I want your hair in pigtails! Both of you!"

Ella led her mother out of the bedroom in a hurry and booked down the hallway for her room.

Jim took a deep breath and smiled. Twenty years. He did his best to be a great husband for twenty years of a rather uneventful marriage. He never complained or cheated, and he continued to love his wife as much as he possibly could. And then it all changed two months ago, but this was different.

He no longer just had a sexually insatiable wife. Now, he had a daughter who seemingly possessed a relentless sex drive, and it just so happened to be one hundred percent directed at him. And now the two most special women on the planet were busy changing into schoolgirl outfits just for him.

Hey, sometimes it pays to be the nice guy.

A New Man of the House

by **mt44**©

A big thanks to ghostprincess36 & DrBisensual for editing this.

Chapter 1 -- A Discussion over Dinner.

Monday. December 7th. 5:47 PM.

Al couldn't hide his disgust as he sat at the kitchen table. Was he officially one of those guys? Was he now married to a woman who'd completely given up? His worst nightmare had become a reality.

"Why wouldn't you ask for my opinion first?"

Kelly checked the chicken and rice soup on the stove before glancing back at her husband. "I wasn't aware I needed your permission."

"Kelly, I'm your husband," he told her while shaking his head. "I should have a say in this. You need to let it grow back."

The forty-two-year-old mother of one didn't see the problem with her new haircut. She'd been thinking about it for a while, and finally decided to go for it at the salon earlier. Her previously long, blonde hair was exhausting to maintain. She worked forty hours a week, ran a household, and took care of everything her husband put off, and now she had a short pixie cut which would take minutes to wash and style, versus the hassle of dealing with her former long locks.

Al thought a thirteen-year-old boy was standing in the kitchen when he arrived home from work ten minutes ago. His wife's hair didn't even cover her ears! The left side sat high on her head, before swooping down across her forehead and ending just above her right eyebrow. It was awful! Her blue eyes didn't even pop anymore. And the idea of looking at her during sex with causing his stomach to churn. He loved pulling on her long hair, and now he didn't have anything to grab onto!

"It's my hair and it's my decision," she stated. "Don't like it? Well, tough shit. Maybe you'll get used to it."

His eyes couldn't leave that horrific haircut. He wanted to go down to whatever salon she went to and slap the stylist who massacred that gorgeous blonde hair. But his real problem was the fact he wasn't consulted on the subject.

"I should have just as much of a say in this as you do. I'm the one who has to look at it all day! Not you! What you did was incredibly selfish."

"Selfish?" she snickered. "You should be the last one to accuse anyone of being selfish."

His eyebrows perked up. "What the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

"Hey, Dad."

Al turned to see his eighteen-year-old son, Mike, walk into the kitchen with his basketball bag over his shoulder.

"Hey, Mike," he greeted him back.

The teen plopped his bag down on the table before glancing over at his mother. "Hey, Mom. Whatcha making-whoa!"

Kelly gingerly smiled at her son.

"When did this happen?" Mike asked, pointing at her head.

"A few hours ago," she answered.

A big smile grew on his face. "It looks great!"

"Really!?" she excitedly asked.

He took a seat at the table next to his father. The six foot tall, brown-haired, brown-eyed high school senior was wearing a pair of basketball shorts and a gray hoodie despite it being fifteen degrees outside with light snow showers. It drove his mother crazy how he refused to wear a coat or even pants on his way home from practice, but hey, he was stuck in his ways.

"Absolutely. Listen, I love long hair, but that is like my second favorite hairstyle. What's it called?"

"A pixie cut," she told him with a big smile.

"I love it," he reiterated. "It looks awesome on you."

Kelly's eyes shot over to her husband who looked like he'd just smelled a skunk. "Well, would you look at that? Mike loves it."

Al turned to his son. "Are you kidding me?"

"Excuse me?" Mike asked.

"You love it?" Al inquired again. "Are you serious? It's looks awful!"

"Jesus, Dad... Mom is standing right there!"

"I don't care," he huffed, "I can't stand it. It doesn't look feminine at all. I feel like I'm married to a guy!"

Mike's attention shifted back to his mother. "Don't listen to him. I really love it."

She smiled again before checking the pot of soup on the stove.

"Will you stop kissing her ass?" Dad groaned. "You know, you always were a mama's boy."

"I'm not a mama's boy!" he protested. "I'm just being honest. Mom looks great. Are you seriously telling me that you don't like her hair?"

"I'm disgusted by it."

"You don't have to be an asshole," he told his father.

Al shook his head. "I'm not being an asshole. Everyone in her life tells her how great she is all the time and that's why she does shit like this. Mom needs some honesty, and it honestly looks awful. I loved her hair! It was the best part about her, and now that shit is gone and I didn't even have a say in the matter! It isn't right."

Mike was stunned. "Dad, it's her hair. She should be able to do whatever she wants with it."

"Bullshit," the forty-five-year-old father protested. "My opinion should matter just as much as hers."

The two men glanced up to see Kelly placing a bowl of soup in front of each of them. "I don't think I should have to ask permission to get a haircut."

"That's not a haircut," Al sighed. "That's a fuckin' holocaust."

Mike rolled his eyes and watched his mother make her way to the table with a bowl of soup in hand for herself. "Could you be more dramatic, Dad? A holocaust?"

"It is," he firmly stated as his wife took a seat directly across the table. "I don't even have an appetite."

The high school senior caught his mother's attention before she raised her first spoonful of dinner to her lips. "Well, I think you look beautiful."

Her spoon tilted and the soup went pouring back into the bowl. "What?"

"I think you look beautiful," he nonchalantly repeated before helping himself to some of his meal.

"That's the last thing she needs to hear," Al groaned. "She'll stop wearing makeup next."

He peered over at his father. "Okay, fine, you don't like her haircut. That's your opinion. But let's be honest with each other here. You're still batting way out of your league."

Al looked up from his soup. "Excuse me?"

"You're batting way out of your league," he repeated.

Dad wasn't following. "What does that mean?"

"I seriously have to explain this?" Mike asked. "Okay, fine. Dad, Mom's like a ten. She's a knockout. And I mean, I don't know what happened back in the day that resulted in you getting her, but you should be counting your lucky stars that you somehow did."

Kelly had yet to enjoy a single spoonful of her dinner. She was still glowing from being called beautiful just moments ago. Her hands felt weak as she placed her eating utensil down on the wooden surface of the kitchen table. It was constant criticism from Al. Everything she did was either wrong or stupid. Living with him had become a drain on her, but Mike always made things better. Not like this though. She couldn't remember the last time someone complimented her looks, and she found herself wanting to bask in it.

Al didn't share his son's opinion. "I should be counting my lucky stars? Are you kidding me? Your mother should be the one who's thanking God for ending up with me."

Mike raised his eyebrows.

"She should be!" Al loudly declared. "Look around! She has this great life because of me! Not to mention that she's married to a stud."

Kelly snickered.

His eyes shifted to his wife. "You should see what the guys I work with look like. They're a bunch of fuckin' slobs. Do I look like I did when I was twenty-five? No, but I think you're pretty fuckin' lucky, Kelly!"

She observed her husband's thinning hair before moving down to his big beer belly. She definitely didn't see what Al saw when he looked in the mirror. She saw a balding, overweight guy who didn't help out around the house at all. In fact, Mike took care of all the manly stuff like lawn maintenance and minor home repairs. Al was more than happy to grab a few beers after work, head on in to the family room, and

plop his ass down on the couch in front of the TV for the next four hours. And don't even get her started on their sex life. As selfish as he was in everyday life, his narcissism was tenfold when it came to the bedroom. She wouldn't even be able to tell you the last time she received oral sex.

"Yeah, I'm a real lucky girl..." she sarcastically said.

"Damn right you are," Al added, not picking up on the joke whatsoever. "I'm the catch in this relationship."

Mike was flabbergasted as he looked up from his bowl. "You're joking, right?"

"No, I'm not joking," Al instantly reiterated. "Your mother is married to a successful, funny, good-looking stud."

Kelly and Mike exchanged baffled glances.

"Dad, Mom looks better than ninety-nine percent of the girls at my school."

Al burst out into laughter. "Okay, now I know you're fucking with me!"

"I'm not fucking with you," Mike calmly protested. "I'm telling you the truth."

"Son, you can't fight age. Eighteen is eighteen. No guy is taking a forty-two-year-old over some eighteen-year-old hottie."

"According to who?" the teen asked. "You?"

Al shot his son a confused look. "You can't think straight because you're surrounded by seventeen and eighteen-year-old cuties all-day, so when you see an older woman, she looks good to you because it's something different. But you would never actually pick an older woman over one of your classmates."

"I absolutely would."

Al smirked at his wife, "This kid needs a drug test."

Mike dropped his spoon into his soup bowl. "Can I be honest for a minute?"

"You weren't already being honest?" he asked his son.

"No, I was," the three-star athlete replied, "but I mean really honest."

"You know how it works in this house," Al told him. "You're free to say whatever you want. You don't have to censor yourself."

Mike turned his attention to his mother. "And you're okay with that?"

She was still somewhat loopy thanks to his beautiful comment from earlier, but she was finally coming back down to earth. "Sure."

"I mean, it's about you," he said. "I don't want to make you uncomfortable or anything."

"You can say whatever you want, baby," Kelly smiled.

Mike looked his father dead in the eyes. "You're married to the most perfect woman on the planet."

Al rolled his eyes while Kelly lost her breath. The parents were only six feet apart, sitting at opposing ends of the kitchen table, but their reactions couldn't have been more different.

"First off," Mike started, "let's talk about her personality. Mom isn't like any other woman I've ever met. She's kind, and caring, and she always puts others first. Even strangers! It's unbelievable to me. You should see the way girls my age act. They're narcissistic and self-obsessed, but Mom is the complete opposite. I've never met someone who always thinks about everyone else the way she does."

Kelly's jaw was on the floor.

"And she's super fun to be around. She's easy to talk to—unlike most women, she can take a joke, and she loves to bust balls. I mean, what girl is like that? Most guys aren't even that way!"

Al didn't look impressed.

"And it's the nurturing side of her that really stands out. What about when either of us get sick? It's like we have our own personal nurse in the house. She cooks us anything we ask for, she's always waiting on our requests, and all she wants is for us to get better. But that just sums up the kind of person she is. She's always trying to improve the lives of others. She's a saint!"

Mike flashed his mother a quick smile before turning back to his father. Kelly was stunned.

"Now, Dad, that would be enough as-is to make you one of the luckiest guys to ever live. I mean, pretty much every dude would think they hit the lottery if they had a girl with those traits, but if all that isn't enough, then we get to the way she looks."

Her eyes had been locked on her son throughout the entirety of his speech, and now her heart was beginning to race. That was the single greatest minute of her life, and now he was going to talk about her looks? She's his mother! But the woman in her wanted him to keep going.

"I mean, she's attractive," Al chimed in.

"Attractive?" Mike laughed. "Really? That's how you would label her? Dad, she's a knockout."

He instantly rolled his eyes. "A knockout? Jesus, relax with the exaggerations."

"You don't think Mom's a knockout?"

Al shook his head.

"Well, what's a knockout to you then?"

"A supermodel is a knockout," Al told him. "Like a Victoria's Secret model or something, and, son, your mother is no Victoria's Secret model."

"Those chicks are gross."

Al was astonished. "What did you just say?"

"Those chicks are gross," Mike repeated. "Who the hell wants a Victoria's Secret model? They're like six feet tall and weigh ninety pounds. It's disgusting."

"Are you crazy!?" shouted Al. "Those girls are stunning!"

Mike peered over at his mother who had an awestruck expression plastered on her face. "Stand up."

...

"Mom!"

Kelly snapped to attention. "What?"

"Stand up," Mike repeated.

She slowly rose from her seat, and stood in front of the table wearing a pair of black yoga pants and a long sleeve gray shirt.

"Are we looking at the same thing here?" he asked his father.

"I see a forty-two-year-old woman with a rather unattractive haircut."

Mike shook his head, his eyes never leaving his mother. "I see a knockout."

"God, I fuckin' hate that haircut..." Al muttered under his breath.

Mike pretended to ignore his dad's comment. "Okay, so, let's start at the top. Now, I was a fan of her long hair like you were, and I know we don't see eye to eye when it comes to her new style, but most guys would tell you that Mom has really sexy hair. I mean, who doesn't love a blonde, right? But, Dad, it's the eyes. Those blue eyes are dazzling. And she could easily pass for thirty. You do realize you're married to a blonde-haired, blue-eyed stunner, don't you? That's pretty much every guy's dream."

Kelly's right hand gripped her chair in an attempt to keep herself upright. She wasn't sure how much more of this she could take.

Once again, Al was unimpressed.

"Total honesty, right?" Mike asked.

"Total honesty," Al nodded.

His eyes moved down his mother. "I mean, come on, Dad..."

He peered over at his son, waiting for him to continue.

"Mom has amazing...umm...amazing—"

"Tits," Al jumped in with a laugh.

The sound of Mike laughing along with his father swiftly filled the kitchen. "Well, I guess there's no reason to be shy. Yeah, Mom has great boobs."

Kelly's cheeks turned bright red.

"I can't argue that," Al agreed.

"Okay, now we're at probably the second most impressive part of her," Mike continued. "Her stomach and hips. Do you realize what the average forty-two-year-old woman looks like? Newsflash, Dad, it doesn't look like that. How often are you in the gym, Mom?"

"I try to go at least three days a week," she meekly answered.

"She busts her ass in the gym three days a week, she eats healthy, and she does it all so she looks great for you," Mike continued. "How in the world can't you appreciate that?"

"Hey, I'm not too bad to look at myself," Al countered.

He eyed his pudgy, out of shape father, and quickly found himself once again confused by his irrational and undeserved confidence.

Mike pointed at his mother. "Now, most guys would see this and be drooling, but do you want to know what the craziest part is? Mom, turn around."

Kelly followed her son's order so her back was now facing the table.

"I mean, Jesus Christ..." the teen groaned. "She's unreal."

"What?" Al asked. "What are you talking about?"

"Are we not looking at the same thing?" Mike inquired.

His father raised his eyebrows. "Umm, I'm looking at what appears to be a twelve-year-old blonde boy."

"Will you stop!?" Mike laughed. "Dad, look at that ass."

Kelly gasped.

"It's big," Al commented.

"Fuckin' right it is," Mike grunted through clenched teeth.

Kelly glanced back to find Mike with his focus solely locked on her backside. Was this really happening? Was her son breaking down her body piece by piece to try to make his father see what he saw? She could've taken a million guesses at what would've been discussed over dinner tonight, and she never would've come up with this.

"So, I see a dykey haircut and a big ass."

Mike shook his head in disagreement. "Dad, that's a perfect ass."

Al pulled out his phone. "Give me a second. I'll show you what a perfect ass really looks like."

She didn't need to turn around to know her son's eyes were still glued on her butt. She could sense it. She could feel his energy and she didn't want it to leave. Kelly wanted to soak up every drop of attention coming from the eighteen-year-old stud behind her.

"Here," he told his son before handing him his phone, "now those girls have perfect bodies."

A few moments of silence passed.

"You're crazy."

Al laughed before looking at him once again. "Excuse me?"

"I said that you're crazy," Mike repeated. "I'm going through these pictures and I don't see one girl who looks better than Mom."

"Will you give me a break!?" his father shouted. "Seriously, stop kissing her ass! She gets more than enough attention. She doesn't need you fawning over her."

"I'm not fawning over her!" Mike rejected his dad's accusation. "I see girls like this at school every day. There's nothing special about a chick with her rib cage sticking out."

Al opened his mouth but was quickly cut-off by his son. "Mom, look at this."

Kelly turned around and moved next to Mike's seat. Her son handed her Al's phone.

"Dad thinks these girls look better than you."

Her eyes hit the screen as she scrolled through the pictures with her index finger. She saw beautiful, gorgeous women dressed in an array of lingerie and swimsuits, posing on exotic beaches and in seductive bedrooms. Their bodies were tight, their stomachs toned, and their skin was flawless. She immediately grew insecure.

"Umm, sweetheart...these are professional models..."

The teen wasn't following. "And?"

"Baby, these women are stunning."

Al finally agreed with his wife for the first time today. "Exactly! Even your mother sees it!"

Mike gazed up into his mom's vivid blue eyes. "Really? Mom, don't sell yourself short. You look just as good as any of those girls."

Her eyes glanced back down at the phone. There was a perky blonde who appeared to be in her early twenties, in stunning white lingerie, posing on a bed which was covered in smooth white sheets. Even Kelly wouldn't rule out having a little fun with college-aged knockout if Al was on board with it. The model was that beautiful.

"I don't look like these girls."

"Yes, you do," Mike instantly rebutted. He was growing visibly more frustrated as he took his father's phone back and handed it to him. "Dad, pull up a picture of a girl in yoga pants that you find sexy."

Al fiddled around on his smartphone for a few moments before handing the device back to his son.

Mike's brow furrowed. "Really? This?"

"Absolutely," Dad told him. "That's like the hottest picture ever."

The high school senior looked back at the picture on the phone. The brunette was probably eighteen or nineteen and posing with her back to the bathroom mirror. She was holding her phone over her shoulder so she could capture the reflection of her butt. It was nice, but it wasn't anything great. She had a cute, perky backside, but he wouldn't look twice if this girl walked past him.

He pointed at his mother's seat. "Go back over there like before."

Kelly strutted to her chair and turned so her back was facing the men at the table.

He looked at the picture once again before glancing back at his mother. "Okay, put most of your weight on your left leg and bend your right knee slightly."

She followed her son's instructions.

"Now, sink down on your left side a bit to kind of strike a pose."

She did her best to give him what he wanted.

"Perfect!" he smiled. "Don't move an inch."

Mike held out the phone slightly and moved it so it was just to the right side of Mom. Al inched over in his seat so he could get both butts in his view. His wife was about four or so feet in front of his phone, but with the way his son was holding it, they appeared to be side-by-side.

"Left," Al commented. "All day, every day."

His son could only shake his head. "On the left side I see a cute girl with a perky butt. On the right side I see a stunning woman with a world-class backside. I think we're going to have to agree to disagree at this point."

Dad leaned back in his chair and let out a light laugh. "How about this? The next time you get yourself a cute little girlfriend, you bring her over and we can swap."

Kelly's head jolted around as a result of her husband's comment. Joking or not, that seemed like a step too far, but she was curious about one thing—she wanted to know how Mike was reacting to his father's statement. And what she saw caused her to lose her breath.

Mike soaked in his mom's amazing ass before slowly moving up her body and finally locking onto her stunning blue eyes. He shot her a grin. "Yeah, maybe we'll do that..."

Kelly gulped.

"I could use something new anyway..." Al muttered.

Mike's grin turned to a smile. "Okay, Mom, you can sit back down."

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Yeah," he answered, "sorry if that made you uncomfortable."

"No, it's fine, baby," she smiled. "I can stand for a while longer if you need me to."

"No, Mom, eat your soup. It's gonna get cold."

Kelly sat back down and with an ear-to-ear smile.

"So, how was practice?" Al asked, swiftly changing the subject.

"Alright, I guess," his son told him. "Coach wants to install the flex offense since we don't have a game until next week. He's always bitching about how bad we are offensively so I assume this is his solution."

Al was disgusted by what he'd just heard. "The flex? You guys aren't in middle school."

"Yeah, I don't know what he's thinking."

"Here's what I would do," Dad started. "I would have you and Kyle taking turns coming off screens. Then I would have Corey come up from the block and run a pick and roll with whoever gets the ball. You and Kyle are both great passers, so you'd have Corey flashing to the basket, the option to shoot it or drive, and both Dave and Steve on the outside who are knock-down shooters. You guys would be unstoppable."

"I would love that, but Coach is a control freak and needs everything to run like a system. It drives me nuts. We don't have any freedom to..."

The conversation Mike and Al were having faded to background noise as her attention solely focused on her son. Something happened a few years ago with Mike—she stopped looking at him as a boy and suddenly started seeing him as a man. Was it because of his muscles thanks to his football team's workout program? Or how about the facial scruff he started sporting last summer along with his deep, masculine voice? Or perhaps it was the fact he acted more like her husband than Al did at times? Whatever the case, Kelly was noticing him more and more in ways she never previously imagined. But the past ten minutes changed everything. Mike fawned over her! Not only that, but he argued with his own father about how sexy she was! Where was she supposed to go from here?

Chapter 2 -- A New Tradition.

The Following Day. Tuesday. December 8th. 3:17 PM.

Kelly arrived home from work at 3:17 in the afternoon. She was a receptionist at a chiropractic office and didn't mind her job. It wasn't great, but it wasn't bad either. The best part was definitely the hours: 7-3. She felt like a teacher at times. How many other jobs let out at three o'clock? Not many that she knew of. Well, that may have been the second best thing. Nothing beat being able to see her son after he got home from school.

She walked into the family room to find Mike lying on the couch with sports highlights playing on the TV.

"Hey, baby."

His head perked up. "Oh, hey, Mom. I didn't hear you come in."

She plopped her purse down on the recliner and strolled across the room to join him. She picked up his feet before taking a seat on the end of the sofa and resting them on her lap. Her soft hands found his rugged, bare soles, and softly began to massage them.

"So, good day at school?"

He let out a deep exhale. Few things hit the spot like his sore, tired feet being rubbed. He found it a little strange the first time Mom sat down on the couch and touched him like this, but he'd quickly grown to love it. Mother or not, who doesn't love a little attention being paid to their feet?

"Same old, same old," he told her. "What about you? Anything exciting happen today?"

"At my thrilling job?" she sarcastically laughed. "Nope. Just a bunch of people with misaligned spines. And-oh! Do you remember the old guy I told you about who always flirts with me?"

Mike started laughing. "Yeah, Chet, right?"

"Yep, he has a weekly appointment and guess what happened when he came in today?"

He waited as his feet continued to receive the royal treatment.

"He told me I had the best hair he's ever seen!"

Mike was all smiles. "I told you! Don't listen to Dad. He's clueless."

"I've never had a guy flirt harder with me," she giggled. "I have someone all ready and waiting if I ever want to hookup with a seventy-three-year-old grandpa..."

"I could've lived without hearing that..."

She flashed him a smile. "You guys have a late practice tonight?"

"Nope, 4:30. I gotta shovel the driveway before I go so I actually have to get moving."

Her hands clamped down around his feet. "Maybe I don't want to let you go..."

He playfully wiggled away from her hold and finally managed to slip away before standing up. "Hey, did you hear about this shit coming tomorrow?"

"Snowmageddon?" Kelly asked with a chuckle. "That's all they've been talking about on the radio. Like, nonstop."

"I heard something about four feet of snow," Mike told her. "In one day?"

"It's not going to be that bad. Baby, they always do this. They get everyone all fired up and then we get three inches."

"It better be three inches," he stated while zipping up his hoodie, "because I'm going to break my back if I have to shovel four feet of snow."

"I'll help."

Mike immediately raised his eyebrows. "Are you out of your mind? You think I'm going to stand there and watch you shovel the driveway? That's not happening."

"No, baby—"

"Not happening," he cut her off. "Let's just pray for three inches."

Her eyes followed him as he turned and headed toward the door. "How about some boots? Or a jacket?"

"I'm good, Mom!" he shouted back.

"Or some gloves and a hat!?" she continued to plead.

"I said I'm good!" he yelled before closing the front door.

She took a deep breath. Sometimes that kid was as stubborn as his father...

Thirty minutes later...

The front door opened and Mike made his way through the house and into the kitchen to collect his basketball bag. He found his mother sitting at the table, staring down at her Kindle with a mug in front of her. She looked up with a smile before sliding it across the table.

He smiled back before raising the cup of hot chocolate to his lips and taking a big sip. There was nothing better than hot cocoa on a bitterly cold day. Especially after he'd been outside for half an hour. He quickly finished his glass and placed it in the dishwasher before picking up his bag.

"Okay, see you in a bit, Mom."

Something had been on Kelly's mind for the past twenty minutes. "Wait a second!"

He froze and turned back to his mother. She motioned him closer with her hand.

"I want to start a new tradition in this house."

He gave her a curious look.

She stood up out of her seat, lifted herself onto her tippy-toes, and planted a soft kiss on her six foot tall son's cheek. She was met by quite the surprised reaction when she pulled back.

"Umm..."

"That's our new thing," she told him before sitting down. "We give each other a little peck on the cheek whenever one of us comes or goes."

"I'm a little old for that..."

"Nonsense," she protested. "You're never too old for that. And I want it that way from now on. Okay?"

He nodded. "Okay. See ya tonight, Mom."

"Have a good practice, baby," she said as he turned and headed down the hallway. "Drive carefully!"

Chapter 3 -- Snowmageddon.

The Following Day. Wednesday. December 9th. 4:07 PM.

Well, sometimes the weather guys are right. Snowmageddon was certainly here. Everything was fine in the morning, but reports were posting warnings for blizzard-like conditions starting around noon. In fact, the school district in their upstate New York town did something they rarely ever do—they closed school on speculation. It turns out they made the right call. Kelly's usual fifteen minute drive home took over an hour thanks to traffic moving at a snail's pace and cars sliding off the road left and right.

She arrived home to find seventy-five percent of their driveway cleared, and a few inches of fresh snow already covering the shoveled section. It was things like this that she loved about her son. They had a two-car garage and she always parked on the left side while Al parked on the right. It could've just been a coincidence, but she was leaning toward it being intentional. Her side of the driveway was cleared first before Mike worried about getting to his father's side. It was like he was always thinking about her.

She parked her car in the garage and yelled out to him, "You want help!?"

"No!" he shouted back.

The wind was swirling and making communication significantly difficult on this five-degree afternoon. And it drove her nuts that he wasn't wearing a jacket.

"Are you sure!?"

He waved her away with his gloved hand. "Yeah! Go inside!" He turned and resumed his mission.

Thirty minutes later...

Kelly rushed to the stove when she heard the front door open. She was still dressed in her work attire which consisted of black dress pants and a bright yellow blouse. Hot chocolate had been on a low simmer in a stainless steel skillet over the stove for the past fifteen minutes. She turned the heat back up and retrieved a mug out of the cupboard.

"I started two fuckin' hours ago!"

She turned around with a smile. "I offered to help you finish."

He dropped his winter hat and gloves on the kitchen table. It only took twenty minutes of shoveling before he headed back inside the house to find a hat and gloves. A coat? Hell no. But he swallowed his pride and got a little extra protection for his hands and head. It was just too cold and windy.

"There's no way you're shoveling. But what about a snowblower? We can't look into one?"

"I've been nagging your father about that for years," she told him while giving the milk a stir. "I think he assumes you don't need one because he comes home every day to a shoveled driveway. It's the same way he refuses to get a riding lawnmower. Because he's not the cutting the grass. You are!"

He shook his head before taking a seat. "And did you see the news? This shit isn't going to stop until the morning. Mom, they said it's going to be nonstop! Nonstop! What the fuck!?"

She poured his drink into a big green mug and carried it over to the table. It was placed in front of him before she hurried to the fridge and returned with a bottle of whipped cream.

"Are you trying to make me fat?"

She giggled before spraying a towering amount of the sugary treat on top of his drink. "You deserve it."

He looked down at his beverage which was completely covered by a three inch high layer of white, creamy topping. "How do I even approach this?"

She pulled two spoons out of her pocket and slid one over to her son with a big grin. They both started taking spoonfuls of the cream until he was finally able to drink his reward.

Mike downed half his hot chocolate before speaking up. "I want to apologize for what happened during dinner on Monday, by the way."

"What?"

"The way Dad and I talked about you," he clarified. "It wasn't right. Especially with you sitting right there."

"No, baby—"

"And then I had you stand up while we discussed your body," he interrupted. "That was totally uncalled for. I sure as shit wouldn't want someone doing that to me. I really put you on the spot and I'm sorry."

She eagerly waited for him to finish so she could get a word in. "Sweetheart, it was fine. Really. I didn't have a problem with it."

"No, it wasn't right. I apologize."

"If you need me to accept your apology, then I'll accept it," she told him, "but you really have nothing to be sorry about. The things you said about me were—"

"Completely out of line," he finished her sentence.

"I was going to say sweet."

"Sweet?" Mike asked. "The way we talked about your body? Mom, Dad said some pretty rude things."

"I wasn't listening to your father. I was listening to you. And the things you said about me were very sweet. I loved it."

"I should've said something to him," he went on. "It's been eating me up over the past few days how I just sat there and laughed at some of the stuff he said. I should've thrown my soup in his face after a few of his comments."

Kelly raised her eyebrows. "Sweetheart, relax."

He immediately shook his head, "No, it isn't right! You shouldn't have to deal with shit like that. Especially inside your own house! I'm not standing for it anymore. I'm saying something the next time Dad steps out of line."

"What?"

"I'm saying something the next time Dad steps out of line," he repeated. "You should be treated like a queen. The last thing you should have to deal with is some asshole telling you that you look like a teenage boy or whatever dumb shit he was saying. He's going to get corrected real quick if I hear that again."

Kelly's heart was pounding. She couldn't stand Al's constant criticism and nasty comments, but she never imagined this being the end result of it. Her son was going to confront his own father? Over the way he was treating her? Two hard-headed, stubborn men clashing never resulted in anything good. The last thing she wanted was the two guys in her life fighting, but the way Mike was sticking up for her was making her body tingle. This is how much he loved her. That he was willing to fight his own father!

"I don't want you two arguing. It's fine. Really. I'm a grown woman. I can handle myself."

Mike looked off to the side, seemingly conflicted by the thoughts which were running through his mind. He suddenly pulled out his phone.

"What are you doing?" Kelly asked.

"Setting my alarm so it goes off every two hours. The last thing I want to do is let the snow pile up for ten hours again. I'm going to keep it manageable."

She couldn't help but smile. "You know, sometimes you feel more like my husband than your father does."

He peered over at his mother. "What?"

"Yeah, you really do. Sometimes Dad feels more like my son and you feel like my husband. It's funny. I never have to ask you to do anything. You just do it. I...I shouldn't complain though..."

"No, go ahead," Mike told her.

"No, it's not right," she said while gazing down at the table. "I have a great life and whining just makes me seem spoiled. I have it so good that I have no right bitching about stuff."

"Mom, it's good to get things off your chest. Just let it out. Hey, I feel better after what I just told you. That was eating me up for the past two days and now I feel a lot more relaxed. It's good to get things out of your system."

She took a deep breath before looking up. "Okay, do you remember when you went to Steve's parent's beach house for a week back in August?"

Mike nodded.

"Well, it rained for two straight days after you left. I mean, it poured. Like, nonstop. And then it was two

straight days of sunshine and the grass grew like crazy. It's Saturday afternoon and I just got home from the office. We updated our system and it was a mess. It took like five hours but we finally managed to figure it out. They wanted to get the updates in while we were closed, and of course it ate up the majority of our Saturday which sucked. Anyway, you weren't coming back until Monday, and by now, the grass was really long. I came home to find your father lying on the couch watching TV."

He gave his mother his full attention as he allowed her to vent.

"I made a comment asking him if he planned on cutting the grass. Now, listen, you know me. I'm not some trophy wife. I'm not above doing manual labor. I've helped you drag branches out to the road and we repainted the deck by ourselves two summers ago."

"I know, Mom," he smiled, "you're not one of those girls."

"And call me old-fashioned or whatever, but I still feel like certain work should be done by men, while other work belongs to women. Now, I don't have a problem with men helping women and women helping men, but I wouldn't want to live with a guy who does all the housework while I do the yardwork. It wouldn't seem right to me."

He wasn't sure where she was going with this.

"Dad hasn't done any of the stuff he should be doing around here in years because you take care of it! It's strange to me, you know? That he's like that. Why wouldn't a man want to take care of his house? You want to know what he told me when I asked if he was going to cut the grass?"

"What?" Mike asked.

"That he was tired. He hadn't done anything all-day and he was tired! And then he told me I should do it. He always does that! He's so condescending toward me because he makes more money. It's ridiculous! We don't live paycheck-to-paycheck. We could absolutely get by on only my salary, but he treats my job like it's a hobby or something. I work to contribute! Not to pass the time!"

He patiently continued to let Mom get her frustrations out. Something told him this was years in the making.

"And you know when you offer to do something but you really don't want to? You're just throwing it out there to be nice, and then it completely backfires and the person takes you up on your offer?"

Mike smiled. He knew all about that.

"Well, I told him I would cut the grass and he said okay!"

His smile quickly faded. "Wait. He actually let you cut the grass?"

"It's like a ninety degree day in early August and I'm outside pushing the lawnmower around, while my husband is drinking beer and lounging around on the couch," she continued. "I'm not some princess. I can do stuff. If Dad was hurt, or sick, or anything like that, then I would've have cut the grass without even asking. But he wasn't! He just let me do his work!"

The teen wasn't happy. "Why didn't you say something to me when I came home? I would've straightened all of this out back then."

"He's never going to change," she informed her son. "And you want to know what's been driving me even more nuts over the past few years? He keeps talking about how good-looking and in shape he is!"

He started laughing.

"He does!" Kelly shouted. "It's crazy! I'm in bed the other night and he's standing in front of me, flexing."

"Flexing?"

"Yeah, flexing," his mother rolled her eyes. "And then he told me he might start hitting the gym again because he wants to get his abs back. His abs back! He has a giant beer belly!"

This was nothing new to Mike. His father had a long history of overconfidence. He could still recall the first time he beat him in one-on-one basketball in the driveway when he was in the fifth grade, only for Dad to start complaining that his back was hurting. He never lost to his father again, but he always had some kind of excuse ready. He just couldn't accept the fact that his ten-year-old son had surpassed him athletically.

Kelly's face promptly changed. "Oh my God, I never realized this until just now!"

"Huh?"

"I just realized this," Mom smiled. "Dad is living vicariously through you!"

"What are you talking about?"

"Okay, so your father has never lacked confidence. Even back when we started dating he always thought he was the man, but it's become unbearable over the past few years. And it just clicked for me. That's when you started turning into the guy you currently are!"

"I'm not following," he said.

"Think about it," she continued. "You started lifting weights and put on a lot of muscle, and what did Dad start doing? He started talking about how great he looked all the time. And what did your father do once you started helping out around the house and took over the manly duties? He started going on and on about how much he does around here. And what about when you started dating? That's a perfect example! Suddenly, he's talking about how much he loves younger women and how he could date college-aged girls if he wanted to. Because you were dating them!"

"Holy shit, you might be right..."

"I'm totally right!" exclaimed Kelly. "Your father is living through you!"

"Okay, but that doesn't change the fact that he made you cut the grass," he said to his mom. "That's completely unacceptable. I'm definitely saying something when he gets home. I can't wait any longer."

"He isn't coming home tonight."

"Why?" he asked. "Because of the weather?"

"Yeah, the highway is closed," she explained, "and most of the side streets are a disaster. It takes him like forty-five minutes to get home anyway so it's not worth it today. He told me most of his office is staying there tonight."

His annoyed mood swiftly changed. "You know what? Mom, we're going to have a 'you day.'"

"A what day?"

"A 'you day,'" he repeated. "Dad isn't around so you don't have to worry about anyone ragging on you or being a dick. I don't want you to do anything: cooking, cleaning, nothing. You're off today. I got dinner."

"You got dinner?" she asked, blown away. That was the first time she had ever heard that.

"Absolutely. Anything sound good?"

She thought for a moment. "Well—"

"You're having a cheat day, by the way."

"No, there's no way," she shook her head. "I had pizza when you guys got it on Saturday. I totally pigged out too! I can't have another one four days later!"

"It's a 'you day,'" he explained. "You have to pig out. It's part of the rules."

"Well, I mean, maybe... You know what I have been craving lately? Waffles. But not the ones you throw in the toaster. I'm talking about the ones you make with the waffle iron."

"I can do that," he announced.

"You want help?" she asked. "They're a pain to make."

"Mom, what part of a 'you day' don't you understand? You're not doing anything. Now, go do your best impression of Dad and bum around on the couch until dinner's ready. Got it?"

She jumped out of her seat, gave her son a kiss on the cheek, and headed into the family room for some TV time. Hey, maybe she could get used to not having Al around.

Chapter 4 -- A New Man of the House.

Later that same day. 6:40 PM.

Kelly and Mike both looked like they'd been through a war. Syrup soaked dinner plates sat in front of both the family members as they attempted to catch their breath. Forty minutes ago there was a big stack of waffles in the center of the kitchen table; now, that plate was completely empty.

"How many waffles did you make?" she asked.

The high school senior took a deep breath. He felt about five pounds heavier than usual. "Ten."

"We ate ten waffles!?"

Mike nodded. "Yeah, I had six."

"I ate four waffles!?" Kelly shouted. "Those things were like the size of my head!"

"I know," he laughed. "Hey, it's called a cheat day for a reason."

Kelly pulled out her phone in a panic. "Homemade waffles...homemade waffles...let's see here..."

...

...

"Four hundred calories each!!"

Mike's dragged his finger across the sticky plate in front of him before finding his lips. "And it was worth every single one..."

"Baby, I just ate sixteen hundred calories! And that's without all the butter and syrup! God, I'm such a fatass!"

He shook his head. "That's ridiculous. Stop with that shit."

"I am!" she argued. "I probably ate two thousand calories. For dinner!"

"So, you'll eat healthy the rest of the week," he told her, shrugging his shoulders. "And I'm sure you'll be back in the gym whenever it reopens."

She wasn't hearing it. "If I can fit my big ass through the door! This was such a terrible idea! I shouldn't have—"

"Stop."

Kelly paused as a result of being interrupted. "Excuse me?"

"Stop," he repeated. "Stop criticizing yourself and saying bad things about your body. I'm tired of hearing it. This is because of Dad, isn't it? You've been hearing this shit for so long that you actually started believing it. What did I say on Monday?"

She curiously looked at him. "Umm...about me?"

"Yeah, about you."

Her eyes sheepishly hit the wooden table. "That I look good..."

"That you look phenomenal," he corrected her. "I'm not listening to Dad say anything bad about you anymore, and I'm absolutely not listening to you talk down about yourself. It's ridiculous. You're gorgeous. Understand?"

Kelly's eyes didn't move but a smile formed on her face.

"Hey! I asked you a question!"

She glanced up and slowly nodded.

"I want to hear you say it," he demanded.

"I'm not going to say that."

"We aren't going anywhere until I hear you tell me how good-looking you are."

Kelly raised her eyebrows. "Are you kidding me?"

"No, I'm not kidding you. Mom, it's a 'you day.' I want to hear you get a little cocky. Feel a little full of yourself. Start bragging."

She peered off to the side before deciding to entertain her son's nonsense. "Well, I have always liked my eyes."

"Your eyes are stunning," he chimed in. "They sparkle."

She shot him a smile before continuing. "And I guess I always thought I was kind of pretty."

"You're gorgeous."

"I don't know if I would use that word," she chuckled, "but, yeah, I always thought I was pretty."

He waited for her to continue.

"I don't know what else you want me to say."

He motioned his hand, encouraging her to proceed. "Talk about yourself."

"What should I talk about?" she asked. "My big, fat ass?"

Mike let out a deep exhale. "Dad really did a number on you."

"No, baby, he—"

"You know what?" he interrupted his mother again, "Dad isn't here so I'm just going to come out and say it. You deserve way better."

"What?"

"You deserve way better than Dad," Mike continued. "Let's pretend I'm your husband for the next five minutes."

Kelly's eyebrows perked up.

"It's just a hypothetical," he smiled. "The first thing I would do is go into your closet and throw out like half your wardrobe. I would replace that stuff with super tight fitting clothes. All your pants would take you like ten minutes to get into, and then you'd have to pull out the Jaws of Life to get them off."

Her stunned face quickly turned red. She was blushing.

"I'm serious," he went on. "You should feel good about yourself. You should never feel self-conscious or nervous about your appearance. Especially in your own house! Mom, you have an unbelievable body and you should take pride in showing it off."

She didn't know what to say.

"And I've never found any of the girls I've dated to be interesting. They just aren't. That isn't the case with you at all. I love talking to you—about sports, or movies, or politics, or whatever. We have amazing conversations. You're funny, and smart, and super interesting."

Her lips parted as she attempted to say something, but no words found their way out. She was coming up speechless.

"Dad is such a fuckin' idiot. He has this unbelievably sexy, super fun, caring, perfect wife at home, and it's like he does everything he can to avoid you. And the way he talks down to you disgusts me. I'm serious about what I said earlier. I'm not going to stand for it anymore. We're going to have some major problems if I ever hear him disrespect you again."

"Umm—"

"Just the idea of coming home to a girl like you is crazy," he cut her off. "I mean, I guess I do, but I don't come home to you as a wife. I come home to you as a mom. Don't get me wrong, that's still awesome, but the notion of coming home to a woman like you who I could do whatever I want with is insane. I would be on edge all-day."

"Wha-what...do you-you think it would be like?" Kelly stammered.

A big smile formed on Mike's face. "It would be heaven. Mom, you're every guy's dream girl, and I can guarantee you're every husband's dream wife. Well, except Dad who doesn't appreciate what he has for some reason. I would kill to date a girl like you."

"Baby, that's so sweet."

Mike sent a loving smile in his mother's direction. "Well, it's the truth. I just want you to feel good about yourself, so here's what's going to happen from now on. I'm going to start acting more like your husband."

Her smile turned to hesitation. "What?"

"You told me earlier that you think of me more like your husband than your son at times, right? Because of all I do around here."

Kelly nodded.

"Well, since Dad isn't doing his job, I'm going to pick up the slack. It's a husband's job to make his wife feel special. Mom, you should feel good about yourself. Here's a perfect example. Remember on Monday when we had that big discussion about your hair?"

She nodded again.

"Which I still love, by the way," he continued. "Now, if all that dumb shit wasn't coming out of Dad's mouth at the table, I just would've told you that I liked your new hairstyle. I only would've said it looked nice because that's what a son is supposed to do. Don't get me wrong, I honestly like it, but I would've stopped at a certain line. But not anymore."

"Not anymore? What does that mean?"

Mike grinned, "I'm going to start doing Dad's job. Or the job he isn't doing. I'm going to tell you what you really need to hear."

She waited.

"I'm going to tell you how hot you look."

Kelly was taken aback. "Umm...do you think that's appropriate?"

"I don't care," he smiled. "I'm going to start thinking of you less as my mom, and more like my girl."

Her jaw dropped.

"I'm going to tell you how sexy you look if I see you in a great outfit, I'm going to tell you how pretty you are when I see you looking extra cute, and I'm going to give you all the compliments Dad doesn't. I'm going to start speaking my mind around here. Remember last week when you wore that super sexy black skirt to work that showed off your legs? I mean, Jesus, that thing was ridiculous. Guys probably make appointments just so they can see what you're wearing," he laughed. "I had a few things in mind when we were eating breakfast that morning too. Like—"

The alarm on his phone suddenly went off.

"Ah shit. Well, I guess I'm in for another round of shoveling."

"Skip it," Kelly said as she continued to lovingly gaze across the table. "Just forget about it."

"No, I can't," he opposed. "I can't let it pile up again. It'll be a nightmare."

"Let's just keep talking."

He slipped his phone into his pocket and stood up. "I can't. Listen, leave the dishes and I'll clean up when I'm done."

"Are you crazy? I'll take care of it."

Mike shook his head. "Did you forget that it's a 'you day?' You're supposed to be taking it easy."

"I can handle the dishes. It's the least I can do," she said. "And please put on a coat!"

"I'm fine like this," he answered before heading toward the front door in his hoodie. "And don't make me any more hot chocolate! I'm going to puke if I have another cup!"

Kelly smiled to herself as the door slammed shut. Was it wrong she wanted their conversation to continue? Was it inappropriate that she was yearning to find out what was on her son's mind at the kitchen table the other day? She would kill to know his true thoughts on her favorite skirt. Mike was right. Al didn't act like her husband. He acted like a little boy. The real man of the house was her son. He was the one busting his ass to make her life easier. Al wouldn't be caught dead shoveling the driveway, yet here was Mike, going outside every two hours so he could keep up with this monstrous snowstorm. Maybe her affection was being directed at the wrong guy.

Chapter 5 -- It Just Keeps Snowing!

Later that same night. 9:45 PM.

Kelly found herself sprawled out on the couch alone, with her Kindle in her lap, and the TV on mute in the background. She'd changed into a pair of black yoga pants and a purple tank top while her son was shoveling outside. Mike hung out in the family room after he came back inside, but he eventually headed upstairs to his bedroom. Sure, she would've loved for him to stay downstairs with her, but she wasn't delusional. He was a teenager. Of course he'd rather be playing video games or messing around on his computer than hanging out with her. But she needed to thank him again. She needed to remind him just how much she appreciated what he did for her.

She ventured upstairs and knocked on his closed door three times.

"Hang on a minute!"

She immediately smiled. She wasn't a detective, but it didn't take Colombo to figure out what was going on behind that door. Her son was enjoying a little private time. A few light rumbling noises gave way to his voice.

"Okay, you can come in!"

She opened the door and promptly grinned. Mike was lying in bed with his back up against the bed's headboard, his blankets pulled up to his chest, and his closed computer resting on the sheets. And his earbuds were still in the computer jack! It couldn't have been any more obvious what he was doing.

"Whatcha up to?" Kelly playfully asked as she made her way inside his room.

"Just watching TV."

Her eyes shifted to his television where a basketball game was silently playing. "On mute?"

"Umm...yeah, I just...uh...just turned it on."

She smiled as she looked back at her son. "What were you really up to?"

"Watching TV," he repeated. "Like I told you."

Kelly walked over to his bed and opened his laptop. "I need to check something for work and my computer is acting up. Can I use yours for a minute?"

"What?"

"Can I use your computer for a minute?" she repeated before handing it to him. "Unlock it for me please."

"Oh...okay." He took a deep breath and typed in his password. The screen said 'incorrect.' He tried again only to receive the same result. "My computer has been acting up lately. It's been doing this thing where it tells me my password is wrong, but if I restart it, then it allows me to type in the password when it starts back up. I don't know what's wrong with it. So, just let me restart it—"

"Stop!" Kelly shouted. Her son's finger immediately froze, hovering over the power button. "That's the worst excuse ever."

"What? What excuse?"

"Are you serious?" she laughed. "Do I look like I was born yesterday? Sweetheart, it's fine if you were watching porn."

"I wasn't watching porn!"

A big grin grew on her face as she hopped up onto his bed. Her back joined the headboard as her leg was now only a few feet from his. "Baby, everyone watches porn. There's nothing to be ashamed of."

"I wasn't watching porn!" he repeated.

She placed the laptop between their legs so it was directly in the middle of them. "Unlock it."

He let out a long exhale. "Are you seriously going to make me do this?"

"Unlock it."

He slowly typed in his password before painfully pressing the enter key. The computer unlocked.

Just as Kelly expected. The media player was up on the screen, and a rather graphic image was paused in HD quality. An extremely sexy brunette in her mid-to-late twenties was lying on her back in a bed. She was tight, toned, and tanned, with a hint of abs showing, and she possessed the best set of breast implants Kelly had ever seen. On the outskirts of the screen was a very skinny man with an enormous penis which was partially inside the porn star.

Kelly turned her head to see her son shyly looking off at the wall. "Baby, what did I just say? Everyone watches porn. I watch it too!"

He glanced at his mother. "What?"

"I watch porn too," she smiled. "I'm human after all."

"You...you watch porn?"

"Well, I prefer to read it," she told him. "That Kindle you bought me for my birthday a few years ago was the best gift ever. I ended up getting into erotica and it's amazing, but I still watch porn from time to time as well. I usually save that for when I'm looking for something quick."

Mike was stunned.

"What? Is that surprising?"

"Is it surprising my mom watches and reads porn?" he chuckled. "Umm, yeah, it kind of is..."

"Us women can have high sex drives too, you know? And let's just say Dad isn't the stud he loves to claim he is. I've been turned down more times than you can imagine."

Mike's eyes moved back to the frozen porn scene. "He's crazy..."

Kelly did her best to hide her smile. "So, can I check out what you were watching?"

He took a deep breath. How wrong was all of this? How wrong was what he said on Monday night, and how inappropriate was what he told her at the kitchen table earlier, and how out of line was lying in bed with his own mother while a porn scene was open on his computer? He was about to find out...

"Sure."

Kelly unplugged the headphones from the laptop before moving her finger to the screen and pressing play. The video resumed.

The sounds of girlish moans quickly filled the room as the porn stud resumed pumping his rather large manhood into his co-star.

"Oh God! Oh God! Fuck Yes!"

Mike's eyes quickly moved to his mother. How was she going to react to this girl moaning and cursing as a result of being impaled by something the size of his forearm? He had no idea what type of porn she was into. Did she read those goofy BDSM books where some virgin falls for her billionaire boss who just so happens to have a dark side? Or was she into soft, more gentle stuff? And what kind of scenes did she watch? Lesbian porn maybe? It probably wasn't anything too hardcore. She was a woman after all. What if this was too much for her? Well, it turns out Mike didn't need to worry about that. He quickly got the answer he was looking for.

Kelly's left index finger was in her mouth as she softly bit down on her nail. She couldn't help it. Whether she was reading or watching smut, her fingers always found their way between her lips. But it was the actions of her right hand which were catching her a bit off guard. It slowly moved along her neck before sliding down her breast and gently brushing her nipple. She had passed on wearing a bra in the name of comfort earlier, and her rapidly hardening nipples were now clearly visible through the cotton fabric of her purple tank top.

The porn star's moans turned to high-pitched squeals as her male partner began thrusting harder.

"I want that cum, baby! Give me that cum!"

Her hand drifted down along her inner thigh as her finger stayed in her mouth. She was quickly forgetting where she was. She just couldn't get over how sexy this video was. This girl was flawless. And those moans and whimpers sounded so real. And now she was begging for cum? How naughty was that? Sometimes she wanted to do that. The fantasy of picking up some hot, young guy at the gym, and going back to his apartment for a few hours of fun was something she loved to get off to. She obviously would never do it, but hey, that's why it's called a fantasy. And right now, she wanted nothing more than to trade places with the girl on the screen.

Mike's body was still buried under the covers as he cautiously readjusted his erection and tucked it into the waistband of his athletic shorts. Where was Mom's hand going? What started as gently touching her inner thighs, had suddenly turned into strong rubbing. It was like she kicked it into high gear the second she heard one of his go-to porn stars begging for cum. This was one of his favorite scenes and he knew exactly what was coming next. They were seconds from the big finish and his attention was solely locked on the last blonde he ever would've imagined being in his bed. It was on his mother.

The male stud pulled out and gave his large cock a few strokes while it hovered over the brunette's shaved pussy. A large, thick shot of white cum propelled from the head of his penis and slammed into her cheek, leaving a streak of fluids along her breasts and flat stomach. She stuck out her tongue and the second shot promptly landed on it, while the next few spurts of semen added to the mess already collected on the rest of her tan, toned body.

But Mike didn't need to see any of the action to know what was going on. He'd cum countless numbers of times to this exact cumshot. He'd decided to pass on watching one of his favorite porn scenes. How could he when his eyes were transfixed just a few feet to the right? The teen's jaw may as well have been on the floor. He'd never seen anything like this.

His mother's right hand was rubbing her pussy through the outside of her yoga pants. He never would've guessed that this girl being covered in cum would be the thing that sent Mom over the edge. The stud shook his cock multiple times which resulted in small specks of semen landing on his co-star's skin.

"That's so hot..."

His eyes bulged. Did that really just come out of Mom's mouth? He wanted in on this! He wanted to listen to her be bad!

"What's hot?" he quietly asked.

The male on the screen moved to the side of his co-star and raised his penis to her mouth. She swiftly accepted the still dripping head between her lips, cleaning him off as the camera pulled back to a wide shot. Her flawless stomach and perfect breasts were covered in cum, and a faint trail of fluids were dripping from her cheek as she bobbed on his dick.

"Everything..." Kelly answered with a moan.

The video faded to black.

His mother's finger was still in her mouth and she was continuing to rub herself through her pants. Should he say something? It'd probably be best to just be quiet, right? The last thing he wanted to do was disturb whatever fantasy she was lost in. She was in his bed! His mom! He still couldn't get over it!

"Do you have any other videos?"

He took a deep gulp. "Yeah, I do." He debated with himself for a moment before deciding to hesitantly go for it. "Do you want to watch some?"

"Mm-hmm..."

Mike attempted to control his excitement. He pushed his sheets down to his waist, exposing his white tank top, before closing the now ended video and pulling up his porn collection.

Kelly's stopped touching herself and leaned toward the screen to take a closer look. "This is ridiculous."

His stomach dropped. He was busted! Mom finally snapped back to reality. She finally realized what she'd done and he allowed her to do it! He was screwed! And what if she told Dad? He'd really be fucked then! God, he knew this was a bad idea!"

"Look at this..."

He couldn't even open his mouth. He cared about this woman more than anyone in the world and he let her play with herself in front of him. What kind of son was he?

"Baby, your backpack is a mess, you have papers falling out of every folder and binder, and nothing is organized at all, but look at the screen! Look at this folder! Everything is labeled perfectly!"

Mike breathed for the first time in ten seconds. And then he started to laugh. Mom definitely wasn't wrong.

"Well, someone has a thing for big butts," she smirked as her eyes journeyed the vast array of meticulously labeled porn videos. "But I think we already knew that."

He shot her a smile before scrolling down to allow her to read more of the titles.

"Do you have any favorites?" she asked.

"I mean, the one we just watched is definitely a favorite of mine."

A big smile formed on her face. "That was really hot. That girl is so sexy."

"Really?" he laughed.

Kelly raised her eyebrows. "What, you don't think she's hot?"

"No, she's definitely hot," Mike told her, "I just didn't expect to hear something like that from you."

"Baby, all girls are into other girls. I found a lot of those women you showed me on Dad's phone the other day to be really sexy. And the girl we just watched is stunning. Her boobs are incredible."

"They're fake, Mom."

She nodded, "I know, but they still look amazing. And the rest of her body is nuts too. I would kill to look like her."

Suddenly, Mike wasn't in his bedroom anymore. Now, he was on the bed in the scene they'd just watched. He was the porn stud and his mother was lying next to the smoking hot brunette he'd jerked-off to God knows how many times. His dick was inside Mom as he watched her lean over and make out with his favorite porn star. The two began to passionately kiss as he started to pump harder.

"Baby?"

Three more deep strokes inside Mom and he ordered the two girls down to their knees. They instinctively pushed their faces together, eagerly sticking their tongues out to accept his seed. Rope after rope fired onto the pretty faces of his two dream girls as he listened to them giggle and beg for more. His mother quickly reached her mouth out to clean him off before moving back to her own porn crush and kissing her.

His fluids were being swapped by two women he never imagined having a shot with and his cock was still rock hard. The look in their eyes said it all. They were both ready for round two.

"Baby!"

He snapped back to reality.

"You okay?" Kelly laughed. "You kind of zoned out for a minute."

He rapidly blinked in an attempt to clear his head. "Yeah, I'm good."

"So, do you have any favorites?" she asked again.

"Well, I have two videos I really like."

He glanced at his mother to see her waiting for him to continue.

"The first is an older girl. She's probably in her forties. She's really, really, really hot though. I mean, are you more into older women? Listen, you don't look old, but you would be a MILF if you were in porn. I don't know how women are. Do you girls like watching someone who kind of looks like you? I mean, I don't want—"

Kelly started laughing which put an end to her son's rambling. "And what's the other video, sweetheart?"

"She's a younger girl. They're both blondes and on the thicker side. Do you have a preference?"

She was screaming on the inside! His favorite porn stars had her body type!

"Or we could try something else," he continued. "I have more scenes with the girl we just watched."

"You pick one," she smiled. "And kick those sheets off. Get comfortable. I don't want to be the only one enjoying myself."

He pushed his bed sheets away with his foot before finding his favorite porn scene of all time. The girl wasn't a great performer. In fact, she was pretty lame when it came to the lack of effort in her scenes. It was her look that drove him nuts. He double-clicked on the video and watched it engulf the screen.

Cheesy porn music flowed from the computer speakers as Kelly's eyes hit the monitor. The camera started at a pair of black high heels before very, very slowly beginning to work its way higher. Mike wasn't lying. This girl wasn't fat, but on the other hand, she wasn't skinny. She didn't look like the women her husband claimed to love, and her legs weren't as fit as the girl they'd just watched. The camera continued to rise as they passed her black bikini bottoms and hit her midsection. She had a voluptuous figure but there was definitely some meat on her bones.

Her eyes widened once the cameraman hit this girl's chest and she temporarily lost her breath. Kelly was always proud of her bust, but she didn't have anything on this porn star. And she could immediately tell that she was all natural—even with her black bikini top on. Her body was something else and Kelly was finding herself growing a little jealous. Maybe an extra trip to the gym every week could get her looking closer to this girl. And maybe—

"Oh...my...God..."

Mike closed his eyes and he said a quick prayer in his head. He was hoping this wasn't going to backfire. Mom just gasped and he had no idea what she was going to do next.

The camera captured the sexy blonde's face before pulling back to observe her beginning to seductively dance in front of a white backdrop. Kelly's eyes couldn't leave the screen. This girl had her in trance. The scene cut and she now had a bottle of oil in her hand and slowly began to drizzle it on her hourglass frame. But it wasn't her body that had a stranglehold on her attention. It was something else.

This girl had the exact same pixie haircut she did.

"You-you like this girl?" Kelly asked with her eyes locked on the blonde who was dancing in front of her.

"I think she's the sexiest girl to ever do porn," he instantly answered. "At least when it comes to her looks."

This was it. They were officially at a crossroads and Kelly needed to make a decision. As strange as it may sound, watching porn in bed with her son while she touched herself, didn't seem overly sexual. It was just

fun. She had a rather dull, uneventful sex life with her husband, and this was something unique and outside the box. Well, at least while they were watching the brunette earlier. This changed everything. This girl had a striking resemblance to herself and her son was sending a clear message. He wasn't joking about the things he'd said over the past few days. He was very serious.

"Can we skip ahead?"

Mike curiously glanced over at his mother. "What?"

"Can we skip ahead in the scene?" she clarified. "If that's okay with you."

"Oh...yeah...totally. Umm...is there anything you want to see?"

"Doggy," she instantly answered.

Mike tried not to scream. His hand bolted to the computer and skipped ahead until he found the two porn stars going at it doggy style. The busty blonde was all oiled up by this point, naked with the exception of a pair of black high heels, and there was a white mattress in the room. She was on her hands and knees while her co-star was doing what every other red-blooded male on the planet would be doing in his situation—he was hammering into her like his life depended on it.

His eyes shifted away from his computer and followed his mother's right hand. It slid down her breasts, along her covered tummy, and disappeared under her black yoga pants. He was becoming lightheaded.

Kelly wasted no time slipping her fingers under her panties and finding her clit. Is this what her son wanted to do to her? To oil her up in a pair of high heels and drive into her like this porn stud? Her focus quickly moved to her son's bicep before finding the screen once again. Mike was in even better shape than the guy in the scene! Was wanting her muscly, hunky, sexy son to have his way with her really that outlandish of a fantasy? At the end of the day, it was just a fantasy, but it seemed so real at the moment. And that probably had something to do with the stud who was lying just a few feet to her left while her index and middle finger circled her clit.

Mike couldn't take it anymore. He lifted up his waistband and allowed his cock to pitch a tent in his athletic shorts. His hands quickly wrapped around his hidden manhood and he slowly began stroking.

Mother and son, separated by mere feet in bed, masturbating to the same porn scene. Neither would've dreamed this scenario a possibility just forty-eight hours ago, but circumstances were rapidly changing, and so were Kelly's thoughts about her baby as her eyes shifted from the screen to his lap.

"Oh my God..."

He stayed locked on the computer. Was Mom reacting that way because the male actor had just grabbed a handful of his co-star's short hair and snapped her head back, or was she looking at him? He had to know. His head slowly turned to see her with her mouth open as her hand feverishly fluttered under her yoga pants. She was staring directly at his bulge.

His hand found the base of his cock and paused before slowly inching to the head, his fingers wrapped around the polyester fabric of his gym shorts.

Mike heard his mother whimper.

The index finger on Kelly's left hand found her mouth once again while her right hand was doing its damndest to send her over the edge. Screw the porn scene. Was there even a computer in the room anymore? The towering erection under her son's shorts wasn't anything like his father's. Maybe it was his big biceps or his lean frame that emphasized it. Or maybe her mind was playing tricks on her. Or maybe, just maybe, it really was that big. Maybe it was perfect just like every single other part of him. And just like that, Kelly's mind began to drift...

There was nothing like doggy style. Nothing compared to the feeling of being at the complete mercy of a man. But Al and his low sex drive, fat stomach, and awful stamina, wasn't the guy controlling her—it was Mike.

She was bent over the edge of a bed, naked, oiled up, and in a pair of black high heels. A strong, dominant hand swiftly gripped her petite arm and grabbed her attention. It belonged to an eighteen-year-old stud who already had his throbbing cock rubbing against the lips of her moist pussy. To a guy who fantasized about her and raved over her looks and personality. To a man who could give her exactly what she needed—and that was a hard, rough, loving pounding. She needed to be dominated by a man who respected her. She needed to be passionately desired by a guy who craved her. And as she felt her son's large manhood pierce her tight pussy, her world instantly changed.

Every rough pump sent a chill down her spine. She felt parts of her insides being touched for the first time. Parts Al couldn't dream of hitting. Fingers began running through her short blonde hair as she braced herself. He was going to do it. He was going to do what she wanted because he was perfect. He knew every single thing she needed without even having to be told.

Kelly's head was snapped back by her hair.

She found herself gazing up into her son's eyes as he ravished her. Sweat dripped from his wavy brown hair and landed on her face. She wanted to taste it. She wanted to eat up every part of him. Al was just a guy in her past life. She'd moved on. She'd found someone better who loved and cherished her, and all he wanted to do was show her each and every day.

"OH FUCK!!"

Mike's hand had been locked around his cock, frozen, for the past twenty seconds. Mom's soft, seductive moans had turned to loud whimpers and borderline screams, and now she was having an orgasm two feet away from him! Her eyes were closed and her body was shaking and quivering, and he had no idea what was going through her mind. Was it the porn scene? Was it Dad? Was it him? The one thing he knew for sure was that he couldn't continue to play with himself while she was in this state. It didn't seem right.

Her shrieks turned to light whimpers as she slowly came down from her high. "Oh my God... Oh my God... Oh my God..."

Should he say something? Should he do something? He never had a girl masturbate in front of him, let alone someone he was related to. What was his next move?

Kelly slid her fingers out of her yoga pants with an euphoric smile. Both her hands found their way to her chest as she gazed over at her son's handsome face. Her eyes slowly moved down his muscular frame until they hit his sizable bulge.

"Baby, do you need some help with—"

Suddenly, they both turned and looked at the nightstand. The alarm on Mike's phone was going off. She reached out and turned it off before looking back at her son.

He didn't know what to do. This had gone too far as-is and he needed a moment to think. "I-I need-need to shovel the driveway."

"Leave it," she told him with a grin.

"I-I can't. I can't let it back up."

"Just leave it." She pointed at his laptop. "Let's watch some more."

He hopped off the bed and turned his back to his mother, tucking his harder than ever cock into his waistband. "I gotta take care of the driveway."

She huffed before finally nodding her head. Part of her wanted him to stay in bed and experience the same pleasure she just had, but a bigger part of her respected how he took care of his business. "Okay, but find your boots in your closet. I know they're in there."

He shuffled to the other end of the room and opened his closet door before re-emerging with a pair of black boots.

"I see your jacket too! The navy blue one!"

He pulled his coat off a hanger and put it on. "Happy?"

"Very," she smiled. "Make sure you get some gloves and a hat out of the downstairs closet too!"

"I know where they are..." he groaned.

She smiled while watching him move toward his bedroom door. "Thanks, baby!"

He raised his hand in the air to acknowledge her appreciation before vanishing into the hallway and trudging down the steps.

Kelly wasn't sure what she just thanked him for. Was it for shoveling the driveway again, or the best

orgasm she had in the past five years? Why couldn't it be for both? She reached out and started scrolling through the rest of his porn collection. She was in the mood for round two...

Chapter 6 -- Appreciation.

One hour later...

Mike jogged up the stairs and hurried into his bedroom, closing the door behind him. It took an hour to clear the driveway this time despite it snowing harder than ever. He'd never felt his adrenaline pumping like this before. It was like someone injected speed directly into his bloodstream as his orange shovel effortlessly slid along the frozen blacktop. He needed to watch that same porn scene which sent his mother over the edge. He needed to let the porn star's amazing body get him worked up before allowing his imagination to take over. Sure, it was just pretend, but tonight he was going to fuck his mother.

Part of him was happy that his alarm went off when it did. Was Mom going to offer to help him? And what exactly did that entail? It was probably for the best. Jerking off in front of his own mother wasn't the most normal thing in the world, but another part of him kind of wanted that. Sure, it was the deviant, perverted side of him, but how awesome would that be? Whatever. It didn't matter anymore. That was a once in a lifetime thing and he missed his chance.

He ditched his shirt and found his laptop still lying on his mattress as he hopped up onto his bed. He opened the screen and unlocked his computer before pulling up the same scene he watched just over an hour ago with Mom. His earbuds slipped into the headphone jack and he softly smiled. God, was he ready to explode.

Knock...knock...knock...

His head snapped up as he peered at his door. "Yeah?"

It opened and his mother peeked in. He could see she was wearing her black, silk bathrobe which was the usual for when she got up at night. He gave her a smile and waited, eager for her to leave so he could get down to business.

"Done already?"

"Yeah, it slowed down a bit," he lied, not wanting to admit to clearing the driveway twice as fast because he watched her cum in his bed an hour ago.

She nodded before disappearing from his room.

"Hey, can you shut the door!?" he yelled. The sounds of footsteps hurrying down the stairs was the only answer.

He was exhausted. All he wanted to do was jerk-off, go to sleep, and get a good night's rest before having to deal with more snow in the morning. And he kind of tweaked his back about ten minutes ago. He slowly rolled onto his side in an attempt to get out of bed when he suddenly froze. Footsteps were rushing up the stairs.

He scooted up, his back resting against the headboard as he waited for his mother to pass his room on her way to her own. She would at least be able to shut his door for him. But before he could ask for that simple favor, his door burst opened as a smiling blonde made her way inside, but she had a little something extra with her.

"Are you serious?" Mike laughed.

"I think you deserve it," Kelly smiled. "If you want it that is."

"Oh, I want it." He watched his mother stroll over to the side of his bed and hand him one of his dad's twenty-four ounce cans of beer. "Now this is something I could get used to."

"Well, I think the man of the house is entitled to a beer after a hard day's work."

Man of the house? He really was the man of the house, wasn't he? He liked having that title. He loved knowing Mom relied and counted on him to get things done. A simple thank you and a hug from her sent electricity through his body. All he wanted was to see a smile on her pretty face.

He took a swig of his beer before flashing Mom a smirk. "I could get used to this husband thing," he sarcastically stated.

"Well, being the man of the house comes with a few more perks as well."

Mike took another sip before his eyes drifted toward the sound of her voice. His can of alcohol instantly dropped into his lap. He scrambled to pick up his drink which was leaking onto his athletic shorts, before hesitantly glancing back up. He couldn't possibly be seeing this.

His mother's hand had found the belt on her bathrobe and given it a gentle tug. The smooth, silky material parted and she wiggled out of her gown. It'd hit the floor and his beer can promptly fell to his body. He'd never been so flustered by anything in his life.

Mom was wearing a Lace Plunge Teddy. The black lingerie was a gorgeous one-piece, with scalloped trim carving the edges of the outfit, including the material which dipped deep into her large cleavage. The inner halves of her big, creamy breasts were on full display as the nylon material finally merged just above her belly button. The sleeveless garment was partially see-through, with darker patches of flowery designs hiding her most intimate of areas. Every inch of her flawless legs and toned thighs were exposed to the bedroom air. Mere inches of snug fabric was all that was protecting her sex from his enamored eyes.

She slowly turned, revealing two thin straps which intersected across her back and ran over her fit shoulders, keeping her outfit up. But as amazing as Mom looked, it wasn't until his eyes moved further down that he experienced the greatest moment of his life.

The black nylon narrowed and turned into a thong.

Mike had fantasized about his mother's ass for years. How couldn't he? It was perfect. Few things made his day like watching her strut into a room in a pair of tight yoga pants, but recollections of her clothed body were drifting from his memory. They were being replaced by real, living experiences. He didn't have to imagine what her butt was like anymore. He was looking at it.

Big, round, and oh so perfect. That thong backside belonged on a poster in the bedroom of every man's room on the planet. Where did her perkiness come from? It had to be a result of her consistent gym-going habits, right? All those squats and Bulgarian split lunges did wonders on her lower body, and he was here to marvel in all its glory.

Her hips were sexy and shapely, her legs fit and strong, and her flat stomach only aided her impressive bust as she turned to face him again. This was what his amazing mother looked like under her clothes? Like a goddess. What was Dad thinking? He should be worshiping this woman! She was so kind, generous, and smart, and now she had this amazing figure and deviant sexual side he never knew about. Mike was quickly realizing just how in love with this angel he truly was.

He didn't even know where to begin. "I don't know what to say..."

Kelly had a few partners before Al so she wasn't some naive, inexperienced girl. She knew how to read men and could tell when they were being truthful with her or not. Her husband's disgust wasn't something that went unnoticed. This teddy was originally a surprise she'd purchased for their anniversary a few years ago. Their sex life had been on a rapidly moving downward trend and she'd hoped it would help to pick things back up. It didn't. Al was fairly indifferent to what she was wearing, they had mediocre sex, and things only continued to grow worse after that. She could still remember the look on her husband's face when he first saw her in this lingerie. As disinterested as Al was, the excitement coming from Mike couldn't be any different. He may as well have been drooling.

It'd been years since she felt a pair of eyes gaze at her this way. It wasn't just a sense of admiration either. There was raw, primal lust being sent in her direction. This was different from Monday in the kitchen. Mike felt like a teenager to her then. Sure, he was a man, and he acted like a man, but he was still her little boy. A lot had changed in the past forty-eight hours, however. The last thing the guy staring at her qualified as was a boy. Mike was a stud. Wide shoulders, chiseled biceps, and rock hard abs, not to mention that handsome face and sexy hair. How many cheerleaders dreamed about dating her son? How many teachers had depraved thoughts when he walked into their classrooms? And now that stud's eyes were locked on her in ways no one, including her husband, ever had.

But it was more than shallow attractiveness. Was Mike sexy? Absolutely. He was extremely handsome. And did part of her love the idea of giving back to him for everything he did around the house? Without a doubt. But they shared a deeper connection. The way they talked, and laughed, and smiled at each other was unlike anything else in her life. She'd never experienced the level of comfort they shared with anyone else. She could be completely out of her element, surrounded by strangers, but the second Mike walked into the room, suddenly, she was at ease. Her son's presence created a certain relaxing vibe. It was intoxicating to be around. It also happened to be the exact opposite of how Al made her feel.

Kelly knew she should feel shy about what she was wearing. If she was being entirely truthful, she wasn't

exactly the most confident woman in the world. She wore yoga pants for comfort, not because of how they looked. The guy gazing at her had sent her self-esteem through the roof. She'd never felt sexier than she did at this very moment.

"I thought maybe I could help you out a little bit..."

His heart was on the verge of bursting through his chest. "Umm...yeah, totally. That would be...uh...awesome."

She couldn't get enough of him. His strong, masculine aura, and the way he was stammering like a ten-year-old boy at the same time. Everything he did made her giddy.

She slowly spun again, allowing him to silently worship the physique she worked so hard to maintain. Kelly was lost in a world of lust. In a world of passion and desire. In a world where she was admired and respected. In a world where Al didn't exist.

"You're so beautiful, Mom."

And what that simple statement, everything changed. Kelly snapped back to reality.

She wasn't a goddess; she was a receptionist. She wasn't all alone with some passionate admirer; she was in a high school kid's bedroom. She wasn't some college-aged seductress; she was a forty-two-year-old mother. And oh yeah, the guy sitting in front of her wasn't her husband; he was her son.

Panic immediately set in for the blonde. She needed to leave. She had to escape and try to understand what caused her to do something so outlandish and irresponsible. Her hands scrambled to retrieve her bathrobe from the floor as she quickly covered her trembling body. She didn't want to look at her son. She was too embarrassed. Kelly turned to the door and took the first step out of this nightmare.

"Wait!"

Her right foot hit the hardwood floor before her left foot extended and cut her remaining journey in half. Just two more strides and she would disappear from sight. She would vanish into the hallway and attempt to regroup.

"Mom!"

Two feet separated her from freedom. The open door was screaming for her to run through it. Flashing lights were pointing at her escape as her foot sailed over those mere twenty-four inches of wood flooring. She was there!

"MOM!!"

And then she froze.

Why wasn't she moving? Why was she seemingly stuck under her son's doorframe? All she had to do was take a right or a left, it really didn't matter. Any direction liberated her. But instead of running to safety, Kelly reluctantly turned and faced his bed.

"Are you okay?" he worryingly asked.

Was she okay? No, she wasn't okay. In fact, she was the furthest thing from okay. Her lips parted in an attempt to explain what a mistake she'd made. How revealing herself in such a sexual manner was something she couldn't possibly apologize enough for. She needed to say sorry for not only putting herself in a terrible situation, but for dragging him into it as well. There were a million things on her mind but she couldn't get any of them out. All because someone spoke up first...

"Did I do something?" Mike questioned.

Her eyes were locked on the floor. Did he do something? Of course he didn't do something. Her little angel was perfect. He was just innocently lying in bed when she turned his night into something out of a preposterous erotic novel. And what about earlier? All her poor son wanted to do was masturbate, and she barged into his room before eventually orgasming on his bed. What was wrong with her? Did she fall and hit her head? She wasn't acting like herself.

"You didn't do anything."

"Because you kind of freaked out," he hesitantly told her. "If I made you uncomfortable or—"

"It's not you," Kelly interjected, still staring at the floor beneath her. "I just made a really big mistake."

How was he supposed to convey his true feelings? The last thing Mike would label this situation as was a mistake. The past two minutes of his life were permanently tattooed on his brain. He would never forget this moment. Every flawless inch of her body, every flutter of her blonde hair when she spun, and every spark he felt deep inside his being as a result of it all. Tonight would stick with him until the day he died.

It suddenly clicked for him. "Is it because I called you Mom?"

She shook her head, "No."

"Because you freaked out right after I said Mom. I can call you something else if you want. Like, Kelly."

"No, sweetheart—"

"Not Kelly then!" he urgently stated. "How about this? Pick a name you want to be called and I'll refer to you as that."

She finally looked up. Being called 'Mom' wasn't why she was unraveling. Well, it kind of set the wheels in motion. It reminded her what she was: a mom. That one word wasn't causing her stomach to churn, however. It was the entire situation.

"I...I...Jesus, I can't believe I did this!"

How far away was he? Ten feet? It felt like a mile as he watched a look of dread sweep across his mother's face. Nothing in the world felt like this. Mom should never be sad. She should never be stressed, or upset, or angry. He needed to change this. He needed her back to feeling good about herself, not wallowing in a pit of self-misery, brought on by nothing but her own guilty conscience.

"Mom, relax..."

Kelly's body was shaking once again.

"Mom! Please, relax!"

She took a deep breath in an attempt to calm herself. Her heart rate slowed but she was still on the brink of a panic attack.

"Why did you come in here?" Mike asked.

"To...umm...to help you out..."

He was having a hard time hiding his excitement at the sound of those words. "To help me out. To give me something other than porn to look at, right?"

Her eyes swiftly hit the floor once again. It was even worse than she thought. "Umm..."

The large tent pitched in Mike's athletic shorts showed that he was more than ready to go. He was under the impression this was Mom's plan. She got off earlier thanks to his porn collection and perhaps his presence in bed with her, and now she was returning the favor, wasn't she? That's why she was dressed in this amazing lingerie. So he could masturbate to a living, breathing woman, and not some girl on a computer screen. So why was she hesitating?

"Am I wrong?"

Kelly's feet slowly began shifting on the floor, like a nervous toddler who couldn't decide between a lollipop or a pretzel. "Well..."

"Did you come in here for a different reason?"

She peered up again at the eager jock lying in bed. He just looked so different from his father. Not only his body, but the excitement in his eyes. He was hard from just looking at her! When was the last time that happened with Al? Her husband seemed like he had other girls on his mind whenever they were intimate, and the porn they would occasionally play on the TV while they were going at it usually captured his attention. Sometimes she felt like a sex toy to him. Like a warm, wet hole without any emotions or feelings. But that wasn't the case with Mike. He made her feel special. He made her feel wanted and desired. The expression on his face as his eyes continued to gaze at her from afar wasn't forced. He really was enamored with her. None of that was going to help what she was about to say though.

"I was going to see if you wanted a...a...oh my God, I can't believe I'm going to say this! I came in here to see if you wanted a—" Kelly took a deep breath while looking back down at the floor. She'd come this far. One word wouldn't kill her. "If you wanted a...blowjob."

Ping.

Her head immediately perked up to see the ice cold beer can now placed on the nightstand. The ringing sound was a result of her son roughly setting it down on the wood. And as her attention drifted toward the bed, she soon realized why he was in such a hurry.

Mike slipped out of his shorts and tossed them to the floor. He excitedly smiled at his mother, in just his boxers, and a harder than ever cock hidden beneath the red cotton fabric.

"I totally want a blowjob!"

"No, baby—"

"So, how do you want to do this?" he frantically jumped in. "We could do it on the bed, or I could go grab a chair if that's easier, or we could go downstairs on the couch, or—"

She held her head out which caused him to cut his fantasy short. "Honey, we can't do anything. I just told you that."

Mike wasn't following. "But you just offered me a blowjob."

"No, I didn't offer you that," she told him. "I said I was gonna offer that. Before I realized what an enormous mistake it would've been. Listen, sweetheart, I don't know what got into me. Watching porn with you, and touching myself, and now wearing this. I'm not acting like myself."

"I love this version of you," he proclaimed with a big smile.

She shook her head while letting out a light chuckle. "It's not appropriate for you to see me like this."

Mike was in a conundrum. On one hand, his mother, who was the sexiest woman on the planet in his eyes, had been acting like a horny high school girl over the past few hours. He watched her cum two feet from him earlier! And he knew what was under that silk bathrobe—the most amazing lingerie he'd ever seen. How often did chances like this come along? When was the next time Mom would be this flirty with him? Probably never. All the stars had aligned. Dad wasn't home, he'd spent all day shoveling and taking care of the house, and now Mom wanted to thank him.

But she was still his mother. Sure, she was sexy, and smart, and pretty much perfect, but she was still Mom. The idea of pressuring her into doing something she was uncomfortable with crushed him. The last thing he wanted was to push the envelope, only for her to experience a meltdown tomorrow when she reflected on what happened in his bedroom. It was a fine line. She had to be one hundred percent on board with the idea of doing something sexual with him, and she couldn't be pushed into doing it. This wasn't some eighteen-year-old classmate. This was his mom. He couldn't risk the possibility of losing her.

He was going to give it a shot. "Sit on my bed for a second."

Her eyes widened. That probably wasn't the best idea at the moment.

"Just sit on the end of it," Mike told her. "So we can talk this out."

Kelly timidly approached his bed and took a seat on the end like he instructed. His towering erection appeared even larger from her new point of view. She didn't know what that kid was hiding under his boxer shorts, but it didn't look anything like his dad.

"First off, I would never pressure you into doing anything," Mike started. "You know that. You mean the world to me. My own pleasure and everyone else's best interests are a distant second to making you happy."

She shot him a smile before peering down at the bedspread.

"Now, with that being said, I don't want you to hold back. Mom, if this is something you want to do, then I'm all for it. I can't even put into words how much I'd love it. But if this is something you are one hundred percent against, then you should go back to your room right now. The last thing I want to do is negatively change our relationship."

"But this would change our relationship..." she sheepishly added.

"For the better!" he countered. "Listen, I love you at an incomprehensible level. I really do. I've meant every single word I've said over the past few days. I think Dad is batting way out of his league. You're an amazing person, and wife, and mother, and everything about you drives me crazy. I can't get enough of your laugh, and your smile, and your amazing personality, but, Mom, this side I just saw of you blew my mind. I always knew you were gorgeous, but I didn't know just how sexy you really were until I got a good look at you. The lingerie you're wearing puts every model I've ever seen to shame."

"Please..."

"I'm being serious!" Mike firmly stated. "You're one of the most beautiful women alive, and if Dad is too fucking stupid to tell you that, then I'm going to."

"Listen, Mike—"

"I want you as more than just a mom."

Kelly closed her eyes and attempted to process what she'd just heard. This was all her fault, wasn't it? She would be in bed right now if she was a good mother. She never would've masturbated in front of her son, she definitely wouldn't have worn lingerie, and she wouldn't be sitting on his bed if she was a proper parent. So why wasn't she on her way to her bedroom? Deep down, did some perverted part of her feel the same as Mike? Was she so deprived of sexual attention and satisfaction that she was turning to her own flesh and blood?

Her blue eyes soaked in the stud lying in front of her. They say tall, dark, and handsome is every woman's weakness. Well, that was exactly what she was gazing at. Throw in charming, funny, caring, athletic, and intensely masculine, and you had her son. And now she knew he loved her at an entirely different level than she previously realized. Was showing him just how much she loved him back really that wrong? Was appreciating him in her own special way some kind of sin? Al wasn't coming home tonight, so maybe she could lose herself in a fantasy world for just a few minutes. Wasn't that what she did every time she read erotica? She was imagining a life with a different husband. A husband who passionately loved her and treated her in ways Al couldn't imagine. So what was wrong with having a real replacement for just one night?

"Your father can never know about this."

Mike's head nearly exploded. "Wait...we're gonna do it?"

She discarded her robe and tossed it to the floor before hastily crawling toward him. All her hesitation vanished. Her reluctance seemed to melt away. There was no more fighting her true feelings. She wanted this. She wanted her affection to be appreciated by someone who loved and cherished her, and tonight, with the snow continuing to pile up outside as the temperature dipped below zero, she no longer cared if that person was her son.

Kelly knelt between his legs and slipped both of her hands under the waistband of his boxers. One swift tug later and they were down around his knees. But something was preventing her from sending his underwear off to the floor. Something had caused her to freeze like a deer in the highlights. A rather large something...

"Wow..."

Mike had never been harder. Everything was moving so quickly. One second Mom was stripping for him, the next she was trying to run out of his room, and now she'd yanked his boxers down without even asking. Her heaving breasts were on the verge of falling out of her teddy as she knelt between his extended legs. Her short blonde hair appeared even sexier, her youthful skin was glowing, but a certain something was strangling his lust like nothing ever had.

Those sparkling blue eyes were bulging.

Kelly's focus had yet to move from the towering penis just a few feet away from her. How was Mike related to his father? He didn't look anything like Al. In fact, he didn't look anything like the handful of guys she'd been with before getting married. Her son was big and thick. His impressive size was only emphasized by those ripped abs which were creating quite the muscular backdrop. Masculine veins ran the length of his girthy shaft, and two big balls rested on the blankets below. His pubic hair was trimmed and set an inviting atmosphere.

She finally gathered herself and threw his boxers to the floor. Her tongue instinctively wet her lips as she shifted to her stomach, her mouth now just inches from her son's most prized possession. Kelly didn't feel like a forty-two-year-old woman anymore. Suddenly, she was back in high school. She was lying on her

boyfriend's bed, her legs playfully raised in the air behind her, as she was about to do maybe her most important of girlfriend duties. Maybe she looked at Mike as her husband from time to time, but tonight, he was going to be her boyfriend.

There was something she wanted to get out of the way before she went into girlfriend mode. The way Mike had been talking about his father had yet to leave her mind. He seemed as disgusted with Al as she was, and she wasn't going to pass up the opportunity to stroke his ego. After all, he deserved it.

"Can I tell you a secret?"

Mike anxiously gazed down, still wondering if he was in a dream. Mom was in lingerie, sprawled along his bed, with her face just inches from his cock. If this was a dream, then he had no desire to wake up.

"Sure," he said.

Her eyes started at his balls, ran the length of his dick, momentarily stopped at the large head which had a shine to it thanks to the precum leaking from the tip, before moving to his handsome face. She was about to send his confidence through the roof and she couldn't be more thrilled. She couldn't get enough of seeing him happy.

"You have to promise to keep it between us," Kelly went on, loving the building lust on his face as she teased him. "No one can ever know."

"I promise."

"Are you sure?" Her pinky finger extended and was met by her son's as they laughed over their childish guarantee to keep their pact. "Okay then..."

Her hand moved down to his balls and the tip of her index finger gently grazed across the base of his fat shaft. She pressed into it with slightly more force and a whimper immediately escaped from his lips. She caused that! Knowing that she made him moan was empowering. Her little angel could experience the pinnacle of pleasure if she wanted him to, and Kelly was more than ready to take him on that journey. There was a little more teasing to be done, however.

The nail of her finger traced along his girthy meat as she lazily moved upward at a leisurely pace. "You're so much bigger than Dad..."

Mike felt a lit match drop down his throat. Everything was hot. In fact, it was burning. Why did hearing that fill him with so much delight? Was it Freudian? Did finding out that he had a bigger dick than Dad tap into his caveman DNA? Did some part of him want to claim his mother for his own? He didn't have the answers to those questions, but knowing that he wasn't only bigger, but so much bigger than Dad, did something to him he couldn't explain. He'd never felt better about himself.

Her fingernail continued its rise up his manhood before stopping about seventy percent of the way up. "This is your father."

Mike gulped.

She casually worked her way to the throbbing head of his meat with a smile. "And look at all this extra room I have to play with..."

He attempted to swallow again but his mouth was dry. His cock was being worshiped by his mother! His own mother! If there was such a thing as Zen, then he was experiencing it.

"But that's not even the craziest part," Kelly went on, her finger finally finding the tip of his dick and collecting a sample of his juices. "Baby, you're so much thicker."

He watched her finger move to her mouth where it slipped inside. She explored the taste for a few moments before her face lit up.

"And tastier too!"

Well, it was official: he'd died and gone to heaven.

She gazed past his cock and at the face of the energetic guy who still had his back against the bed's headboard. "It's time I start thanking you properly."

"You do thank me."

"I thank you like a little boy," Kelly told her son. "I say thanks, give you a hug, and bake you cookies and pies to show my appreciation. Those days are over. It's time I start treating you like a man, because, baby, that's what you are. And a man doesn't want desserts. He wants a nice, long, relaxing blowjob..."

And with that, Mike's relationship with his mom completely changed. Their mother/son dynamic had survived flirting, masturbation, and even lingerie, but it couldn't endure those pouty lips planting a big, wet kiss on the side of his rock hard erection. She was still Mom, and she would be Mom until the day he died, but she was more than that now. Another loving kiss on his dick only reinforced his new feelings. He was crazy about this woman. His days of dreaming and fantasizing were over. He needed everything she had to offer.

Kelly was lost in another world as she ran out of room to plant her kisses and instead wrapped her lips around the big head of his cock. Her tongue instantly exploded with the favor of his sweet pre-seminal fluid. Her desire to please Mike was unlike anything she'd ever felt before. Her mouth was going to take him to the apex of bliss. To the peak of sexual satisfaction. Whatever experience he had with high school girls was going to be a distant memory by the time she got through with him.

The back of his head pressed against the wood behind him as his eyes closed. There were no hands, no gagging, and no struggle at all. All he felt was a warm, wet mouth, effortlessly gliding up and down on the top half of his cock. But there was more than that. Maybe not physically, but emotionally. He could feel her love. Maybe they were caught up in a moment, maybe one of them would wake up tomorrow and regret what had taken place, but no matter what the future had in store, there was no denying the passion that was flowing throughout the room.

Her blowjob was abruptly interrupted by two strong hands gripping her head. He wasn't actually going to do what she thought he was, was he? The last BDSM novel she read took her on a wild ride when it came to what she thought she knew about inside the bedroom. Jen, a married mother of one who is stuck in a sexually unsatisfying marriage not all that different from her own, falls for her mysterious, successful neighbor, Ryan, who'd just moved in next door. The story opened her eyes to so many things she never knew about—collars, leashes, choking, bondage, submission, and how erotic giving into a powerful man could be. Kelly felt herself in the words she read. Every page brought her closer to Jen, a completely fictional character, who somehow shared key parts of her life. The biggest difference was Jen had a daughter, not a son. She had to deal with temptation at the gym and from the guy next door. Kelly didn't have that. She had her own stud right down the hallway. And those powerful hands which were intertwined through her blonde hair quickly made her realize that she was about to have a lot more in common with Jen than she'd ever imagined. The female protagonist in the story discovered an alpha male lived just one house over, but unlike Jen, Kelly didn't need to go in search of her dream man. He was right in front of her.

Those hands held her in place as his hips left the mattress and began pumping into her mouth. Not only did Mike look nothing like his father; he didn't act like him either. This aggressive, take-charge attitude wasn't something she was familiar with. Al had an undeserved cockiness to him. Mike didn't. Her son had a merited confidence and passion she longed for in a man. He took her mouth and claimed it! He didn't ask, or beg, or slowly work his way in—he just went for it.

Spit flowed down the sides of his cock as he continued to use his mother's mouth. Sensibility had been replaced by unbridled lust. This wasn't his girlfriend, it was his mom, but she didn't feel like that at the moment. His hips came to a rest as he quickly thought better of what he was doing.

Kelly's mouth slipped off his thick meat as she gazed up at him. "That was so fucking hot..."

Could he possibly love this woman more than he already did?

"You like when I choke on your big cock?"

Well, scratch that. He loved her even more than he thought.

"I wanna hear it, baby," Kelly begged. "Tell me how much you love it."

"I fuckin' love it," he grinned down at her. "Those pretty lips look perfect wrapped around my dick."

"But what about when you make me gag? Like a good girl."

The childish inflection to her voice was causing his cock to throb in ways previously deemed unimaginable. This was his mom? This amazing woman had a slutty side to her? She didn't just like to choke on his dick, she wanted to talk about it!

"That mouth belongs to me."

She felt her insides flutter. "What?"

"That mouth belongs to me," he repeated, lost deep in a world of fantasy and dirty talk. "Every part of you belongs to me. Now give me that fuckin' throat."

Kelly had left reality a long time ago, but she was officially the star of her own novel now. Her son wasn't some dark, cryptic, fictional character. He was a real human being. He was kind, sweet, and thoughtful, but he had a side to him she never knew about until tonight. She was being held in place like a rag doll. Her throat was being used for this stud's pleasure, and the sloppy gathering of drool and phlegm which had collected on his thighs was evidence of that. Her previously uncharted submissive fantasies were being thoroughly explored. All she wanted was for a powerful man to give her orders, and that was exactly what she had.

His hands released her from his hold as he ended his frantic movements. "Suck my balls."

She eagerly followed his orders. Her mouth moved in front of his testicles before pausing to relish in the masculine scent gushing from his pores. Was she really doing this for him anymore? All he had to do was exist and it made her feel like more of a woman than she had in decades. It was an energy she needed in her life on a daily basis.

"This is for unloading the dishwasher..." she smiled before her puckered lips kissed his left testicle. "And this is for shoveling the driveway..." she told him, her tongue extending to run along his right nut. Her mouth opened to shower both of his balls with as much love as possible. "And this is for being my favorite person in the world..."

Electricity ran through his body as both his testicles were drenched with adoration. Warm, wet affection glided across every inch of his ball sack, and his hands had a firm hold of his bed comforter in an attempt to hang on to this roller coaster of pleasure. Mom's feet were playfully wiggling in the air as she laid along his bed and sucked his balls. Her big, perky ass created quite the backdrop when he gazed past her pretty blonde head. Why couldn't Dad live at his office? He wanted this all the time. Every day should end with his amazing mother in lingerie, sucking his cock in bed. Life was so peaceful and carefree at the moment. Her warm mouth and wet tongue created the ultimate sense of relaxation.

"That feels so good..."

Her lips left his sensitive sack as her hand wrapped around his imposing cock and slowly stroked. "Good. That's the point. For you to feel good."

"I want this all the time."

Reality no longer existed for Kelly. Just like her son, she was off in a world of fantasy. "Of course, sweetheart. Whenever you want."

His eyes closed as he imagined a life where that was a possibility. "What about when you get home from work tomorrow?"

"If my baby wants a blowjob, all he has to do is ask," she smiled before lowering her mouth to his balls to pay them some more attention.

"And what about at dinner?"

Her tongue moved to his shaft and gave his thick manhood a long lick. "You just give me a little tap on the shoulder and I'll meet you upstairs."

"I don't want to meet you upstairs. I want my cock sucked at the table. In front of Dad."

Kelly perked up after hearing that. She was suddenly back in the real world. "What?"

Mike had yet to join her back on Earth. "I want Dad to see you with a real man. Let that asshole play with his little dick while you take care of me."

And with that, she left reality once again but didn't wander off into her own fantasy this time. Instead, she joined her son's. "You want me to suck your big cock in front of Dad? He would be so jealous."

He grabbed her head and roughly pushed it down on his dick as he began pumping his hips into her mouth, aggressively fueled by the idea of putting Dad in his place. "Fuckin' right he would," he grunted through clenched teeth, his lower body feverishly thrusting upward. "Show him what a fuckin' idiot he is for not appreciating the perfect woman he has."

Kelly couldn't recall the last time she was this turned on. Someone needed to stand up to Al, and the idea of Mike doing it was so hot to her. Not that she could convey her thoughts at the moment, however. Her mouth and throat were a little too busy for that.

His hips came to a stop and Mom's neck immediately took over, rapidly bobbing up and down on the length of his towering pole. She was clearly as into this as he was.

"Maybe I'll swing by your bedroom some night," he said. "Pay you guys a visit before you two go to sleep."

Kelly's speed increased as she attempted to suck her son's soul out through his cock.

"Pull your sexy ass out of bed and bend you over the side of it."

Her throat opened as wide as possible as she inched toward the base of his penis. Any concerns her gag reflex was voicing were promptly disregarded. She needed to swallow every part of this stud. She pushed through the last roadblock and felt her nose press against his pelvic bone. Her head instantly recoiled in an attempt to send oxygen to her deprived lungs.

Mike was dumbfounded.

Both her hands wrapped around his soaked manhood and firmly stroked as she gazed up at him. "So, you were bending me over my bed..."

He'd yet to move. He couldn't believe that had really just happened. She deepthroated him!

"Baby, what happens next?"

He locked onto her blue eyes as they grinned at each other. He couldn't get enough of her. "I wanna ruin you for him."

Her hands froze. "What?"

"I don't want Dad to be able to feel you. I wanna stretch that tight little pussy out. I'd make him look you in the eyes while I do it too. Have his dumb ass sit there and watch his wife getting worked the fuck out by someone he can't compete with."

She gasped before her hands started moving again. "Oh my God, baby..."

"You wouldn't be walking right after I got done with you," he grunted, his eyes passionately entranced on his dream girl. "That big ass bouncing around while I make you feel things you didn't know were possible. Get a little rough with you."

"I don't know if I could handle that..."

"You were built to get fucked by me," he firmly rebutted. "I'd grab a handful of that sexy short hair and move my head next to yours. So we can both look at that fuckhead's face when he realizes you belong to me now. That you have a new man."

Kelly's mouth joined her right hand around his cock, but her left hand had slipped away. It dashed along the sheets and inside her teddy where it quickly found her clit. For the second time in so many hours, she was playing with herself in her son's bed.

"That you're my girl," he added, now watching Mom suck his cock and play with herself at the same time.

He had no idea speaking this way about Dad would cause her to touch herself. It wasn't exactly a hard thing for him to do. These were his true feelings. But how much power was coming along with what he was currently experiencing? His words were this impactful? He could send her into overdrive with his imagination and a little help from his voice? Sure, her fingers were aiding her along, but she wouldn't be touching herself if it wasn't for him. He had a different mission now. He needed to make her cum.

"You think he would like that?" Mike asked. "Hearing the sounds of me slamming into that amazing ass from behind? Knowing that his perfect wife's insides are being rearranged to fit my big cock? Realizing just how fucking useless he really is?"

Kelly began going at his dick and her clit even harder.

"And after you cum all over my cock like a good girl, I'm gonna finish deep inside you. Then I'm going to order Dad over to the edge of the bed and stick his head right next to your ass so he can have a ringside

seat to show. And you know what he's going to see?"

Her mouth left her son's cock as her fingers rubbed herself more frantically. "Wha-wha-what is-is he gonna see?"

Mike stared directly into her blue eyes. "I'm slowly going to slide out of you, and Dad's going to watch a river of cum pour out."

Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as a wave of heat burst through her insides. She always needed a vibrator to experience something this strong. Even the fun she had in bed with Mike earlier didn't rival this. Was it his voice? Or maybe it was his masculine cadence? Or what about the taboo of it all? Who was she kidding? She knew what it was. It was the idea of her son showing Al who was boss. It was the fantasy of her favorite man in the world claiming her as his own. It was knowing her baby loved her as much as she loved him.

And then Kelly erupted.

Her head jolted forward and her mouth clamped around the skin on her son's thigh. She couldn't control herself. Her body spazzed as she temporarily lost the ability to control her limbs. The fingers on her right hand were in a desperate struggle to maintain their grip around Mike's erection as her teeth bit down harder. She longed for her son's fantasy to be a reality. For him to stroll into their bedroom one night and show his father the proper way to treat a woman you love and respect. For Mike to bend her over her bed and unload on her like the porn stud from the video they watched earlier. And the look on Al's face would be priceless. The realization that the only man who had a chance at stealing her from him had done just that. In her fantasy, of course...

One last shock wave sent an electric flare surging both inside and outside her body. Everything from the hairs on the back of her neck, to the skin on her toes, to the depths of her stomach felt that powerful energy. The overwhelming sensation caused her teeth to break the tender skin on his thigh as she uncontrollably twitched and shook.

Kelly finally gathered herself after what felt like hours of being slouched over her baby's leg. She was still tingling but it was manageable as her head lifted to find his face. He couldn't look more thrilled.

Her eyes moved down to his thigh and she instantly gasped. "Oh my God!"

"It's fine."

"Baby, you're bleeding!" she panicked. "Because of me! Oh my God!"

"Mom, it's fine," he attempted to calm her. "Seriously. It's not a big deal."

She embarrassingly looked away. "I can't believe I bit you. I need to get a Band-Aid and—"

"You came so hard. Like a good girl."

Her head snapped back to the stud sitting in front of her.

"I don't remember telling you to stop, by the way."

She used her hand to wipe the blood off his leg before matching his grin with a smirk of her own. "You don't remember telling me to stop doing what?"

"To stop sucking my cock."

"I should always be sucking your cock, shouldn't I?" she playfully asked.

"Fuckin' right you should."

Kelly moved her mouth back to his throbbing erection and began placing gentle kisses on it once again. "I'm so sorry for biting you."

Mom could've done whatever she wanted to him. He could care less. "It's fine."

"Things are going to be different from now on," she told him between soft kisses and wet licks. "You get whatever you want in this house. If you want a certain meal, you just tell me. If you want a dessert, I'll make it. And if my baby wants his balls drained, all he has to do is ask."

Mike closed his eyes and smiled. Could life get any better than this?

"I don't want those cute girls at school doing it for you. You come to me, understood? I'll take care of every little need you have."

"Those girls can't compete with you anyway..." Mike groaned as a result of her mouth moving closer to the head of his penis.

Those words sent Kelly over the edge again. Her slow teasing was replaced by rabid lust as she engulfed her son. She had one goal and that was to make her stud explode. To experience an orgasm stronger than anything in his life, because thanks to him, she still had butterflies in her stomach from her own climax. All she wanted to do was give back.

Mike couldn't hold back any longer. "I'm gonna cum..."

Suddenly, the warm, wet feeling left his dick. That tight hand did as well. He was so cold and lonely as he opened his eyes to find Mom timidly peering up at him.

"Umm...baby, can I tell you something?"

He slowly nodded. The last thing he wanted to do was ruin this moment. He was so close to cumming before everything abruptly came to an end.

"Well, it's kind of a fantasy," Kelly quietly admitted. "Actually, I don't know if that's the best word for it. Like, I've never had any interest in doing it with your father. In fact, he's wanted to before but I've always said no. The idea of him doing it sickens me."

His hand clenched the bed comforter and roughly squeezed. Even the most distant thought of Dad doing something to Mom that sickened her filled him with rage.

"I've read a few books that have it, and I've seen some porn with it too..." she faintly went on, "and like I said, I don't want to do it with your father. You're a different story though. The thought of you doing it to me turns me on."

He intently waited.

"You have to promise you won't laugh at me. And that you won't think of me differently either."

"Of course I won't," he reassured her.

She held her pinky out again. "Promise?"

He met her finger with his own. "Promise."

"What would you think about cumming on my face?"

Mike's eyes immediately lit up.

"Really?" Kelly asked, picking up on her son's excitement. "It's not weird to you?"

"Weird to me? Mom, that's the hottest shit ever! Absolutely!"

She excitedly peered down at his rock hard erection before turning her attention to her surroundings. "How should we do this? Should I lay down, or—"

"How about you get off the bed and kneel on the floor?" he cut her off, taking over the situation, "and I'll stand in front of you."

Kelly instinctively bit her lower lip. How hot did that sound? Not just the idea of getting a facial from her son, but kneeling in front of him? He was going to be standing over her with his big, powerful frame. He would look like an even bigger stud from her spot all the way down on the floor. She frantically jumped off the bed and dropped to her knees.

"Heads up."

She looked back to see a pillow sailing in her direction. She caught it and placed it under her knees. "Thanks, baby."

Mike was all smiles as he rolled out of bed. His thigh was still stinging but that was the furthest thing from his mind. Every step closer to Mom caused his dick to get even harder. Every inch nearer made his balls

tighten. He finally came to a stop directly in front of her, his big dick casting a shadow down on his own mother who was gazing up at him. It was every one of his fantasies rolled into one.

"Listen, Mom, you need to make sure you keep your eyes shut. It'll burn if it gets in there."

Her brow furrowed after hearing that. "How do you know that?"

"Let's just say this isn't my first time..."

"Wait...not Stacy!?" she shouted, surprised. "Really!?"

Stacy was a classmate he dated all throughout last year before her family moved away over the summer. She was cute, perky, blonde, and just so happened to love receiving the one thing Mike couldn't get enough of giving—facials.

"Stacy had a bit of a dirty side to her," he laughed.

Kelly couldn't hide her competitiveness. Ex-girlfriend or not, she wanted to be the best her son ever had. "Did Stacy ever beg for you to cum on her face?"

"Maybe..."

Her lips gently pressed against his leg, slowing working up his thigh—stopping to give a big kiss to the cut she caused with her teeth, before coming to a rest just a mere inch from his balls. She peered up and smiled at the big dick towering above her.

"Did she ever worship your cock?" Kelly asked.

"Not like you."

"Did she ever cook for you, and clean for you, and love you the way I do?" she continued, her mouth watering from the juicy piece of meat she was teasing herself with.

He smiled down at the loving pair of sparkling blue eyes which were gazing up at him. "Absolutely not."

"I bet I know another thing that cute girl never did. She never asked you to fuck her mouth, did she?"

His hands swiftly extended from his sides and grabbed onto her blonde hair. His throbbing cock maneuvered into her welcoming mouth before roughly pumping into her throat.

She was right. Stacy never asked him to do that. He had a feeling Mom had a lot of years of sexual frustration built up. Dad was an asshole who was out of shape, undeservedly overconfident, inattentive, and from what he heard—a dud in bed. Was she living out some fantasy from the books she read? This was his mother and she down on her knees, acting like some girl straight out of his porn collection! Dirty talk, telling him how hot it was when he fucked her mouth, and now asking for a facial? And what about when he shit-talked Dad? She started playing with herself until she came, and she bit his leg because she lost all control! She was a bundle of sexual energy that needed to be attended to, and he had a few plans on how to take things to the next step.

His left hand remained on her head as he pumped into her mouth, but his right hand slid down to her shoulder. His finger slyly slipped under the one of the straps holding her sexy lingerie up, and slowly moved it to the side. Mom immediately pulled back and yanked it into place.

"I don't think so."

Spit dripped from his glistening cock and fell to the hardwood floor below. They silently stared at one another, each knowing what the other wanted, but refusing to give in.

Mike finally broke the ice. "Why not?"

"Because that's too much."

"Too much?" he laughed. "Mom, you're giving me a blowjob..."

"I don't want you seeing me naked."

He gazed down at her pretty face, still not believing they had to go over this again. "Will you stop with that shit?"

"But I don't..." she whined. "I don't look like your girlfriends."

"Exactly. You're way hotter."

Kelly rolled her eyes.

He wasn't giving up that easy. "I'm being serious. Hey, I'm not Dad. You're a perfect ten in my eyes. Remember?"

She shyly looked away, failing in an attempt to conceal her smile.

"A quick peek," he said. "We both know Stacy didn't have anything like what you're working with. Believe me, you have nothing to be embarrassed about."

She turned back to her son who was still rock hard and eagerly waiting. "I'm not going to look like some perky eighteen-year-old! And I'm not going to be like one of those porn girls either!"

"I know. I want you raw and natural. I don't want you enhanced, or changed, or anything other than your true self. I want every ounce of your real, perfect, unblemished beauty."

Her hand instinctively bolted for the strap on her shoulder. His words had a certain power over her. The way he expressed his true feelings made her feel alive. There wasn't an ounce of deceitfulness to anything that came out of his mouth. To the rest of the world, she was a forty-something, past her prime, invisible woman who may as well not exist. But to her son, she was everything. She was sexy and desirable, but also smart and caring. Her reluctance stemmed from her fear of letting him down. What if he was disappointed with what he saw? Sure, she could outdo those young girls in the oral sex department thanks to her decades of experience, but the sag and aging of her skin was something she couldn't hide. But the look on his face was too captivating. He wanted her so bad. And just like every mother on the planet, she desired nothing more than to make her little angel happy.

Kelly slipped her left strap down and the right followed. She took a deep breath before lowering the material below her breasts, still covering her tummy with the black lace. She may be brave, but she wasn't crazy. There was no way Mike was seeing her stomach!

Without thought, his hand wrapped around his cock and began stroking. "Holy...shit..."

What in the world did she have to be embarrassed about? It was no secret Mom was a busty gal, and while her lingerie didn't leave much to the imagination, seeing her topless was something else. Big, round breasts with large areolas and small, erect nipples. Did they have a little sag to them? Absolutely. It was the perfect amount. Mom had big, natural tits, and he always preferred that to those porn girls with giant implants which defied gravity. This was the hottest woman alive, completely natural, and all for him. He quickly slowed the pace of his strokes to prevent himself from cumming.

Kelly pulled her straps back up.

"Wait!"

She gave him an unamused glance. "You said a quick peek!"

"I gotta see those again. You're so fuckin' hot."

Her attitude suddenly did a one-eighty. Hearing him talk that way made her crazy. This stud was constantly on edge for her, wasn't he? What was wrong with giving him what he wanted?

She playfully lowered her straps again, pushing her still covered breasts together as she glanced up at him—pouting her lips and flashing her eyelashes. Teasing him was fun. The hand gripping his manhood began moving faster and only encouraged her to really dial up the dramatics.

"Look over at the bed."

Mike turned his head to observe a messy comforter on an otherwise empty mattress.

"Imagine Dad is sitting right on the end of it," she told him. "Watching what's going on."

He looked back to find her staring up at him. "Why?"

Kelly allowed the delicate lace to fall below her breasts once again. "Because you're gonna show me who I belong to, and, baby, I want a big load."

She leaned forward and slapped his hand away from his dick. "And that's my job. No more of that in this house. If you want your big cock played with, you come and find me."

With both her hands now wrapped around his manhood, her lingerie fell down to her belly button, leaving everything above to be soaked up by his lustful eyes. His focus quickly turned to her exposed tummy. Even her stomach was fit. Every inch of this woman was a masterpiece.

"You're so perfect."

It didn't take long for her to figure out what had happened. She'd gotten so caught up in the moment that she allowed her outfit to fall significantly lower than planned. And what was she met with? Another compliment. Her son was the polar opposite of Al, and now it was time to give him something her husband could only dream of.

She frantically stroked him, her eyes never wandering from his handsome face. She watched his head tilt back and knew they were almost there. Moments from now she would have her son all over her face.

"Close your eyes, Mom."

She followed his orders just in time to feel the first burst of cum slam into her nose, sending semen exploding in every direction. The next powerful shot sent the swooping hair over her right eye flying back, leaving a trail of fluids running the length of her smiling face. Her mouth eagerly opened as eruptions number three and four painted her right cheek.

Should she have expected anything different? Of course this stud came like this. Everything about him was big and powerful, and the cum he was using to mark her was no exception. And just like that, the next thick shot hit the top of her forehead before running directly down the middle of her face, sliding off her nose, and puddling on her outstretched tongue. She continued to feverishly jerk his manhood as cum fell from her chin and collected on her breasts. Not that she minded. It wasn't like he had a limited supply.

Kelly quickly swallowed before opening her mouth once again.

His loud moans were replaced by light panting as she brought the head of his dripping cock to her mouth. She quickly engulfed him, greedy for more of his sweet taste.

"Holy shit..."

She pulled back and reluctantly allowed him to escape from her mouth. "Can I open my eyes?"

"Yeah."

Kelly was met by a big smile when she did. "I'm covered, aren't I?"

"You better believe it."

She jumped to her feet and hustled toward the door before a loud whistle caused her to stop. Mike wanted her to walk slowly so he could trail a few feet to her rear. All she wanted to see was what he did to her, but showing off her butt a little more wasn't the world's worst detour.

They finally made their way into the upstairs bathroom where her reflection caused her to shriek.

"Oh my God!"

He couldn't get over what he was looking at either. That was his cum, and that was his mother! Something about that combination sat very well with him. It was a sight he could certainly get used to seeing in his life.

"More than Dad?" he asked.

"So much more," she answered, her focus still solely locked on the mirror. "It's everywhere."

"Well, that's what your sexy ass does to me." His hand found her butt cheek and gave it a firm squeeze, before the sound of his palm slapping her backside echoed throughout the bathroom.

Kelly jumped but didn't turn back. Instead, her eyes found his face in the mirror. He was confidently staring right at her.

His mouth moved to her ear. "You need help getting cleaned up?"

"I'm okay," she answered, still gazing at his reflection, surprised by the fact he slapped her ass with so much aggression. She shouldn't have been after everything they'd been through, but she was.

"You sure? Cold water works best for your hair. I can give you a hand if you want."

"I'm fine, baby."

He nodded before whispering into her ear, "Okay. Goodnight, gorgeous."

Before she could open her mouth to wish him good night, he smacked her on the ass even harder than before. Her eyes trailed his body in the mirror as he strolled out of the room and disappeared into the hallway.

Her fingers immediately scooped a large wad of cum off her cheek and slipped it inside her mouth. She gulped down his seed before smiling at her reflection. She'd always loved her son as a boy and a person, but she'd come to a realization over the past twenty minutes.

She was in love with him as a man.

Chapter 7 -- Second-Guessing.

The following day. Thursday. 6:25 PM.

"What a fucking nightmare."

Kelly was busy preparing dinner at the kitchen counter while Al continued to bitch about his awful night at the office from his spot at the table. She didn't have a problem listening to him vent, but he was approaching fifteen minutes of nothing but complaining. It was getting old.

"How the hell are you supposed to sleep in an office chair?" he asked. "Sure, we have a few couches in the office, but guess who took those?"

...

"Guess!"

She zoned out there for a second. Slicing tomatoes was somehow more enjoyable than listening to her husband rant. "I don't know. Who?"

"The fuckin' broads," he told her. "Of course they did. Heaven forbid the entire world doesn't stop and cater to you women when something goes wrong. You know, I've had it with this equality bullshit. You guys only want equality when it works in your favor. You shouldn't get paid as much as us. Who's the first negotiation for in a hostage situation? Women and children. Who gets off a sinking ship first? Women and children. Who stays at home while men get sent off to war? Women and children. Who gets the couches while the rest of us have to sleep in fucking chairs? You guessed it."

"That's lovely..." she sarcastically muttered under her breath.

"There should be a tax on being a chick," he continued his tirade. "It's the cost of livin' on easy street."

She wanted to put her knife through his skull.

"And then—"

The sound of footsteps put an end to Al's latest objection against feminism. He turned to see his son walk into the kitchen with his basketball bag over his shoulder.

"Hey, Mike."

"Hey, Dad," he uncomfortably greeted his father. "Mom..."

"Hey, baby!" Kelly shouted, eager to show off her outfit for her son. He didn't come home after school, so her anticipation had been building for hours. The gray yoga pants and tight-fitting white t-shirt she was wearing were no mistake. The days of not caring how she dressed around the house were long gone. Now, she always wanted to look sexy for Mike, but she quickly turned back to the countertop after Al shot her a curious glance. She was never good at hiding her excitement.

"When did you get home?"

"Twenty minutes ago," Al answered his son. "I can't believe they made you guys go to school today. The roads are still shit."

The teen shrugged his shoulders. "You know how the school is. You need any help, Mom?"

"I'm fine, sweetheart!"

Mike nodded before slipping out of the kitchen and disappearing into the family room. Like usual, Al went right back to his number one concern—himself.

"I thought we would at least get out early today. It's ridiculous we had to stay until five. I've had it with that place!"

She calmly set her knife down on the marble counter and headed toward the hallway. She needed to get away from this enraging man. "I'll be right back."

"Don't take too long. I'm starving."

Every little snide comment that came out of his mouth made her blood boil. Women should get the couches. Why? It's called chivalry. God knows how clueless he was when it came to manners. But as infuriating as the man in her kitchen was, the guy lying on the sofa in her family room was the complete opposite.

She approached the couch and reached for Mike's feet. Instead of joining him and resting his legs on her lap like always, he squirmed away and quickly sat up straight.

"Something wrong?"

He silently shook his head, his eyes remaining on the TV.

"Can I sit?"

"Sure..."

Kelly sat next to her son and watched him immediately wiggle as far away as possible from her body. Something definitely wasn't right.

"Baby, what's wrong?"

Her question went unanswered.

"Baby!"

He finally looked her in the eyes for the first time today. "We made a mistake."

"What?"

"Yesterday," he clarified. "We made a mistake. A huge mistake."

She swiftly shook her head in protest of his opinion. "No, we didn't."

"Yes, we did," he quietly argued. "It's my fault. You would've left my room if I didn't talk you into staying. I'm sorry and I just want to pretend nothing happened. Okay?"

She couldn't believe what she was hearing. "Last night was the furthest thing from a mistake."

He checked the room to make sure Dad hadn't wandered in before turning back to his mother. "I need you as a mom. Forever. Something bad is going to happen if we have this type of relationship. And then what? All I'm going to have is Dad. I wouldn't trust Dad with my laundry. But you know who I trust? Who I would trust with my life? You. I can't risk losing you."

"I'll always be your mom."

"You don't know that," he told her. "Most people aren't on great terms with their exes after breakups. What if something happens? What if there's some kind of resentment between us? I can't jeopardize that becoming a possibility."

Kelly had been over the moon since she woke up this morning. Eight hours of leaving voicemails and notifying clients of their rescheduled appointment was enjoyable because of what happened last night.

She finally felt loved. Her first real disappointment of the day came when Al arrived home, but listening to her son speak was absolutely devastating. All her dreams and fantasies were swiftly crushed. She'd received a big dose of reality.

She searched for something to say but his attention was back on the TV. It was obvious he was attempting to put an end to their discussion. Instead of fighting him more, she shuffled off to the kitchen, depressed and dejected. There was only one man in her life and she was naive enough to believe her son had replaced him. Her man was annoying, selfish, and most likely eager to talk more about himself. Her man was sitting at the kitchen table, probably with a crude comment waiting for her when she entered the room.

Al was her man and she better get used to it.

Ten minutes later...

"I don't know why we live here. We should move somewhere warm."

Ten minutes later and Al was still complaining. Even her homemade chicken tacos couldn't shut him up. Yep, this was her life.

"Maybe we should look into Florida."

"What about hurricanes?" Mike asked across the kitchen table before taking a big bite of his dinner. "They're way worse than snowstorms."

"Okay, maybe California."

"Earthquakes," he countered his father's suggestion again. "And isn't it supposed to break off into the Pacific Ocean or something?"

"Yeah, in the movies," Al laughed. "Shit, I would take an occasional earthquake over five months of freezing my ass off. And—"

He suddenly stopped talking as he reached into his mouth and retrieved something. A small black piece of meat was being held up between his thumb and index finger as he looked over at his wife.

"What's this?"

Kelly's eyes peered at his hand. "It looks like chicken..."

"On what planet does this qualify as chicken?" he asked her. "I almost cracked my tooth on it."

"It's crispy," Mike jumped in. "It's better that way."

His head snapped to his son. "Better that way? You think it's better that way because you've experienced eighteen years of overcooked food. Shit, you'd be dead by now if you didn't like burnt chicken."

Mike took another bite of his taco, wholeheartedly enjoying his meal.

He looked back at his wife. "This is ridiculous."

"Excuse me?" she asked.

"This shit," he told her, shaking his hand to emphasize what he was referring to. "I'm tired of busting my ass at work all-day, only to come home to burnt shit. I slept in a fuckin' office last night! I can't even get an enjoyable meal? Kelly, I'm sick—"

"Shut up."

Al's eyes squinted at his wife. Her mouth hadn't moved and that didn't sound like her voice. That comment couldn't possibly have come from who he thought it did. He slowly turned to his son. Mike was glaring at him.

"What did you just say?" Al asked.

"I told you to shut up," Mike firmly told him.

His body began to shake. Now his son was disrespecting him in his own house? He must've picked up on this from his mother! He knew he was too lenient around here!

"You better watch your mouth before I—"

"No, you better watch your mouth," his son cut him off. "Things are going to change around here starting right now. I'm done listening to you talk down to Mom. If you don't have anything nice to say, don't say anything at all. Understood?"

"Who the fuck do you think you're talking to?"

He was done attempting to be nice. It was time to set Dad straight. "I'm talking to an asshole who doesn't realize how good he has it. This chicken is grilled. Do you know what that means? It means Mom cleared the back deck on her own because I didn't shovel it, grilled this chicken instead of baking it because she knows we prefer it that way, all so we could enjoy our dinner a little more than if she threw it in the oven. I can't possibly make this any more clear for you. If I ever hear you be nasty or disrespectful to her again, then you're going to have to deal with me."

There was an unmistakable look of shock on Al's face. He couldn't believe he was being spoken to this way. "Is that right? And what are you going to do?"

"I'm gonna put your head through the fuckin' wall."

Al immediately stood up and Mike wasted no time in jumping out of his seat as the two exchanged glares from across the table. Kelly hurried to her feet in an attempt to calm her two men.

"Please stop!" she begged. "Just sit! Please!"

"You put him up to this shit, didn't you!?" he shouted at his wife.

Mike didn't give her a chance to answer. "She didn't put me up to anything. I've bit me lip around here for far too long. I'm done. You're gonna be picking your teeth up off the floor if you're nasty to her again. This is your final warning."

"This is-this-is fuckin' ri-ridiculous!" Al stammered, his fist slamming down on the table. "This is my house! I won't be spoken to this way!"

"And you won't be if you treat Mom properly," Mike calmly told him, "but there are going to be consequences if you don't."

His blood was boiling. His son needed to be slapped upside the head, but if Al was being honest with himself, he wasn't sure he could dish out the punishment this punk needed. Mike had grown quite a bit over the past few years.

"I'm going to the bar!" he announced. "I'm gonna get some real food, and spend time around people who don't treat me like shit!"

Al stormed out of the kitchen before slamming the front door closed behind him. Mike calmly sat in his seat and scarfed down the two tacos on his plate in front of his stunned mother who was still standing with her mouth agape.

He stood up and briskly moved past her before placing his plate in the dishwasher. "Dinner was great. Thanks."

"Wait!"

He froze just in front of the hallway entrance. Mike wanted to get out of there. He stayed true to his word, stood up for his mother, and now it would be best to go to his room, but her soothing voice caused him to halt. He turned to see her rapidly approaching.

Before he could process what was happening, he was pushed against the wall and his neck was pulled down to his mother's level courtesy of two handfuls grasping his t-shirt. Plenty of things had taken place over the past twenty-four hours, but this was uncharted territory. Mom kissed him.

He quickly pushed her away in an attempt to break off their embrace, but Kelly wasn't standing for it. She pinned him against the wall once again and lunged for his lips. He needed to understand her appreciation. Her love was so desperate to be accepted by a man who truly deserved it. Al didn't love her. At least not at the level she needed, and deep down, her love of her husband had faltered as well. A certain someone came along and stole her heart eighteen years ago, and her adoration of him only grew with each passing day. A boy entered her life who she would never tire of. An angel became the center of her world and her feelings toward him would never waver. Mike was the man she needed in her life.

Her lips met his cheek as he turned his head away. How many years had she felt rejected? For how long had her love gone unreturned? She wasn't going to allow this opportunity to slip away. She had one chance to save her life, and she refused to stand by and helplessly wait. She was going to take action.

Once again, Kelly attempted to move her mouth to his lips but was firmly pushed away this time. Mike quickly scrambled upstairs, leaving her all alone in the kitchen. It couldn't end like this. Last night was more than uncontrollable lust. It wasn't just two people who were attracted to each other on a physical level. She experienced a deep emotional bonding—deeper than anything she'd felt in her life, and she knew Mike felt it too.

She took a step toward the stairs because freezing. Maybe her son was right. Maybe this was wrong. Maybe she was acting on her own selfish desires and not putting her baby first. But what about all the things he said to her last night? About how much he loved her, and how the girls at school couldn't compare to her, and how disgusted he was with Al. And what was going to happen if she gave up? Things couldn't go back to normal. Those twenty minutes in his bedroom changed everything. She didn't want Al, or to start dating again, or anyone else. She wanted Mike!

She hustled up the steps and down the upstairs hallway until she was outside his door. Her attempt to barge in was put to a stop courtesy of a locked doorknob.

"Please open up!" she called out while knocking on the wooden door. "Please, baby!"

Her pleas were met with silence.

"Mike! Please!"

The handle unlocked.

She pushed inside and found her son standing there. He was still wearing his black basketball shorts and sweaty white t-shirt, and his face appeared to be even more exhausted than his body. The past twenty-four hours had taken more out of him than she previously realized.

"Please talk to me!" Kelly implored.

He silently turned and walked back to his bed. He retrieved a notebook from his backpack and took a seat on his mattress, his back resting against the headboard.

"Why won't you talk to me?"

...

"Michael!"

"Because it'll only make things worse," he finally answered, refusing to peer up from his homework.

"No, it won't! What you did downstairs was amazing! The way you stood up for me!"

"I did what I said I was going to do," he told her, still refusing to look her in the eyes. "It doesn't change anything though. Last night was still a mistake."

She rushed to take a seat on the end of his bed. It was funny in a weird way. Last night she was the one who needed to be talked into staying in his room. And now look at things. She had to beg to be allowed in.

"Remember what you told me yesterday? How you want me as more than a mom."

Mike took a deep breath.

"What happened to that?" she asked. "How can everything just change?"

He reluctantly glanced up, catching those blue eyes which were begging for his embrace. "I already told you. I didn't think things through last night. It's my fault we're in this situation."

"It's not your fault! And it's not a situation! Baby, it's what I want!"

"Mom—"

"And I know it's what you want too!" she cut him off. "What happened last night was real. It was more

than just a moment. I spent the first twenty years of my life looking for the right man, and I've spent the past twenty-two regretting the one I picked. But then I realized something. My dream guy has been in my life for the past eighteen years. He's sweet, and caring, and strong. He's aggressive, and passionate, and smart. He's perfect and he loves me more than anyone in the world!"

He peered down at the blankets on his bed.

"He's you!" Kelly told her son. "I don't want your father and I don't want to try to find another guy. I wouldn't be able to! All I would think about is you. How amazing you are, and how much we click, and how perfect we're for each other. Baby, I believe in soulmates. Everyone has a person out there who is their ideal match, but there are a lot of people in this world. You don't run into that special person every day. Except, I do. I see you each and every day. I know what I have. I have my perfect guy and I don't want to let you get away!"

"And what if something goes wrong?"

She swiftly shook her head. "It won't. It can't. Our love is too strong."

"But it could..."

"Then we'll deal with that if it happens," she said. "There's a risk that comes along with love. Sometimes things can happen and people change. I can promise you this, however. I will ALWAYS be your mother. No matter what. You'll never lose me!"

Mike took a moment to think. He'd never been so conflicted. On one hand, he had the ultimate woman giving himself to him. On the other hand, it was his mother. The fear of losing her was outweighing his sexual lust, but he couldn't tell her that. Not again. The devastation on her face after their conversation in the family room earlier almost killed him. He rolled off the bed and headed toward the door.

"I need a minute to think."

"Baby!" Kelly called out.

He stopped and looked back. Sunlight radiated from his window and cast an angelic glow around his mother. The clouds on this overcast day had parted just in time to show this amazing woman in her truest form. Her wishful face, her immaculate body, and everything inside that beautiful head of hers had his heart.

He was done fighting himself.

Mike walked back to his bed with a purpose, before he firmly placed his hands on the sides of her face and kissed her.

He no longer cared that she was his mother, that Dad was on his way to a bar to get drunk because of him, and all the potential problems which could arise from them taking this step together. He was positive about one thing—he wanted her.

The sensation of Mom gently pushing on his chest caused him to end their kiss. Two dazzling blue eyes were gazing up at him, a million different words dancing in her pupils, and he wanted nothing more than to read every single one of them.

"I want you inside me," Kelly panted.

He urgently pulled her to her feet and roughly turned her body. She was sent flying over the end of the bed, her stomach and chest pressed against his blankets as her feet remained on his hardwood floor.

"I want all of you," she continued, her head turning to observe the aggressive look on the stud's face behind her. "I want everything your father can't give me. Show me who I belong to."

Moments later her yoga pants were yanked down and her panties swiftly followed. There were no words, or smiles, or any of the witty banter they were so accustomed to. The right side of her face was resting against his bed, enabling her to watch her son step out of his clothes. He was already rock hard.

The lust flowing through the air was so palpable that both of them could reach out and touch it. Kelly wouldn't trade places with anyone in the world. Bent over the edge of a bed while her stud son drooled at the sight in front of him? Yeah, that was as perfect as things could get. He was so naturally aggressive. She'd seen it on the football field and basketball court for years, and last night in his bedroom only reaffirmed her feeling. God, how amazing was this going to be? He was already everything Al and her ex-boyfriends weren't outside the bedroom, and he was going to be even more incredible inside it.

That big, creamy ass was wiggling at him. Her pussy was a sliver with small, trim lips. She looked so tight. Tight and eager to be stretched and readjusted to fit him and only him. He couldn't wait any longer. His left hand gripped her hip as he guided his throbbing erection into the one place he never imagined journeying into. The fat head of his cock was met by the cool sensation of her moist vaginal lips before he entered. She was already wet! She was dripping and they hadn't done anything other than kiss! He needed to give her what she wanted. He couldn't let her down.

Mike pushed inside, and they both simultaneously gasped.

The unbelievable smothering feeling he was experiencing was set to the side to focus on the task at hand. Pushing past her labia and sliding inside her vagina was magical. Her heat and wetness were swallowing him. She was a bowl of warm, thick syrup that was gripping his manhood. This was home. This was the big, comfortable hug that was missing from his life. But tonight wasn't about him. It was about Mom. She was the one with the asshole husband and the shitty sex life. All his amazing mother did was worry about making his life better, and, well, tonight was going to be about one thing and one thing only—returning the favor.

Those few moments of anticipation were excruciating for Kelly. In reality, she'd been on edge all-day, but those handful of seconds from when her panties were sent down around her ankles, to when the head of his pulsating cock rubbed against her entrance, had sent her into overdrive. Her body turned into one big itch, but she didn't have any hands. The only person who could help her was the guy with his grip locked on her curvy hip. She needed to be filled. She needed that void to be satisfied.

The first inch sent an electric shock throughout her vagina. The next inch resulted in small tingles spreading from her abdomen to all her extremities—from her fingers, to her toes, to her ears. Every part of her body was alive as he slowly pushed in further, sending another tidal wave of pleasure to wash over her being. And then it happened. He moved deeper and Kelly experienced a fullness that collapsed around her mind.

Everything disappeared. Where she was, who she was with, and the current state of her marriage vanished. Her thoughts ceased to exist. Only one thing mattered in the world she'd been taken to—that itch. And every movement forward from her son resulted in new parts of her being scratched for the first time. But just like that, her utopia disappeared.

Mike pulled out.

The emptiness was back. The cold, desolate feeling was creeping and crawling all over her skin. Her eyes opened and she saw Al. She saw the nightmare of a man she called her husband. She blinked but he was still there. Why couldn't he just leave? Why did he have to ruin everything? Why—

Her eyes suddenly rolled into the back of her head.

He didn't wiggle inside her this time. He didn't tease her like before. No, he made her feel every inch. That big, fat cock pushed deep inside and marked its territory. Every previously unexplored bump and ridge of her vagina was being claimed by its new owner. And just when Kelly didn't think life could get any better, she was proven wrong.

The first few thrusts were exhilarating. It was an intense sensation of queasiness. A pleasurable feeling which bordered on nausea. She was on a roller coaster. That feeling of climbing to a top of a peak, only to slowly tip over the edge and shoot down was engulfing her. The stomach drop that accompanied her favorite amusement park rides was being replicated by the jock to her rear. This wasn't like her vibrator or her dildo. It wasn't even like the vibrator her friend gave her for her birthday with the G-Spot attachment. This was real. It was a rock hard, living, breathing piece of meat, attached to the greatest person in the world, expanding her insides in previously inconceivable ways.

His right hand joined his left as he firmly gripped both of her hips. Her big, perfect ass was bouncing and jiggling each and every time his pelvis slammed into her plump backside. The only thing more enjoyable than that sound were the moans and shrieks coming from Mom's mouth. There was no way she'd ever felt anything like this before. She bit down on his blanket in an attempt to find something to counter the pounding her lower body was receiving. He had an idea on how to really take her to cloud nine. This angel deserved her own personal slice of heaven, and he was hell-bent on giving it to her.

"Get up on the bed. Shirt off first."

The emptiness was back and Kelly was desperate to be filled once again. She scrambled to remove her t-shirt and bra and the big smile she was greeted with filled her with excitement. This needed to continue! Whatever the reason for this little break needed to end! She hurried up onto the bed and impatiently waited for him to join her. She was up for absolutely anything at this point. Whatever he told her to do,

she was doing.

"On all fours."

She was shaking. The authoritative tone to his voice made her quiver. He was so in control. He was so dominant and confident. His poise put her at ease. It allowed her to relax and completely free herself.

She got on all fours and waited as he hopped up onto the bed to join her.

"Let me see one of those pillows."

She looked back, confused. "Why?"

"Just let me see one."

She handed a pillow back to him and he folded it in half to double its height, before placing it on the mattress, under her tummy. Well, this was certainly strange. A pillow had never been incorporated into her sex life before, but at the same time, she'd never been with a guy like this either.

"Put another pillow under your face."

Kelly reached out and pulled another cushion under her head. She was still on all fours, but now there were two pillows underneath her suspended body. It was a curious picture.

"On your stomach now."

She was done asking questions. She laid down and allowed her face and body to rest against the soft cushions strategically placed under her. And then it was back! The head of his penis was inside her again! But this time it came with a little extra something.

Mike slid inside his mother before lying on top of her body, his head directly to the side of hers.

One hundred and eighty pounds of muscle smothered her frame. She was pinned against his mattress, the only exception being her slightly elevated head, and her even more raised midsection. His hands wrapped around her forearms and pressed her arms into the sheets. And then the bliss returned.

He was grinding into her. Not thrusting, or pounding, or mercilessly teeing off like she fantasized about God knows how many times. His pace was strong but controlled. His hips seemed to have a circular motion to them as he worked his way around her insides. There was something she couldn't quite put her finger on...

And that was a good thing, because her son put his cock on it.

"Oh my God!!"

She'd reached her G-Spot before with a little help from her previously mentioned vibrator attachment, but the realization that this magical part of her could be stimulated during sex was earth-shattering. Her arched back created the ideal position for him to move inside her at a perfectly situated downward angle. Every pump brought her closer to orgasmic bliss. Every movement made her crave her baby even more. Kelly was realizing what a life with her son would be like, and she wanted more of it.

"This is my pussy."

She almost screamed! His mouth was pressed against her ear and he was talking dirty to her! He certainly wasn't wrong, was he? There was something about hearing those words escape from his lips that made her tingle. He wasn't just dominant in his actions, but he was in charge vocally, and she wanted nothing more than to be his submissive plaything.

"Is-is-tha-that right?" she stammered, growing closer to an impending explosion deep inside her boiling hot body.

He lightly clamped down on her earlobe with his teeth. His grunts and groans were growing louder as sweat dripped from his thick hair and collected on the side of Kelly's face. She needed every ounce of fluid he had to give. Spit, sweat, she didn't care. She needed it all.

His teeth released their grip on her ear. "My pussy," he grunted, giving her a firm thrust in the process. "I'll kill Dad if he ever touches you again."

Everything was sweltering. It wasn't a slow boil either. The volcano which was her vagina had dramatically

erupted. The combination of his cock touching all the right places and what he said caused her to explode. She'd never cum without playing with her clit before. He would kill his father if he ever touched her again!? He really just said that to her? Maybe it was the heat of the moment, but she'd never been more turned on from anything in her life. She felt so protected and desired. Mike stuck up for her, put Al in his place, and claimed her for his own. It was all too much.

She lost control of her limbs and began to shake. All the warmth in her body collected in her abdomen as she exploded, not just internally, but externally. For the first time in her life, she squirted.

Mike never held up for a moment. His hands continued to helplessly pin Mom's arm against his bed as he remained inside her. Deep, passionate, loving strokes had taken her to this world of sexual satisfaction. And she was doing something his ex never had—she squirted. Her already perfect pussy was now pulsating and gripping him even tighter as she came all over his cock. It was an indescribable level of power. The sounds and screeches pouring from her mouth while her fluids coated his legs and bed made him feel like a king. And who was his queen? No one other than the most perfect woman alive. And that woman was still shaking under his hold.

His mouth moved back to her ear. "You're mine forever."

Kelly was convulsing. Twenty-five years of sexuality and she finally freed herself. It was over. No one else had a chance: not Al, not the guys who hit on her at the gym, and no other person in her life. She would never look at another man in a sexual manner again. She was owned.

Forty seconds later and she was still gasping. A million different pins were being pricked into her skin. "Oh my God... Oh my God... Oh my God..."

"Flip over."

Her son slid out of her before she could turn her head to look back. She wasted no time in following his order. Whatever her man had planned next, she couldn't wait to join him on the ride.

He tossed the folded pillow off the bed and smiled at the soaked sheets below him.

"I'm sorry about that."

"Nothing to apologize for," he noted. "It's fuckin' hot."

She bit her lower lip before gazing up at him, her back lying flat on the bed. "My baby still needs to cum..."

He took a moment to soak-in the perfection his eyes were gazing at. Her pubic hair was shaped in a trimmed landing strip. His mouth lowered to her pussy to sample her juices. Sweet citrus coated his tongue before his mouth moved to her lower abdomen and began showering her tummy with kisses. Her legs playfully fluttered in the air as his warm, masculine mouth moved to her breasts and sucked on her sensitive nipples. Her neck was next in line to be met by his affection and her legs extended straight toward the ceiling as a result. Every kiss felt like a hug. Like a warm blanket being wrapped around her soul.

Her knees were bent back to her chest as her legs rested on her son's wide, athletic shoulders. His mouth made its final journey—to her mouth, as his cock now slid along her soaked vaginal lips. She couldn't wait any longer. Her hand slipped out from her side and guided him back inside her as their tongues continued their taboo dance.

She felt so small and innocent under the shadow of her big, strong son. He pulled back and slowly pumped inside her, but something didn't feel right. He was too far away. She needed to touch him. She needed to taste him.

Kelly propped herself up by her elbows and immediately watched her man lean in toward her. Her legs were still on his shoulders as his slow pumps turned to loving strokes. But as amazing as it felt to have him back inside of her, it was his touch that mattered most. Their foreheads were pressed against each other. They were gazing in one another's eyes. Sweat dripped from his face and melted into her skin. They were joined. They were connected. Two beings had become one.

Mom was right. Soulmates do exist, and he just found his. "I love you so much."

She instantly kissed him. Her words weren't needed. She could show him just how much she loved him with her actions.

His pace increased as he broke off their kiss and connected foreheads once again. He wanted to stare into

her eyes, but he needed to look past that. He needed to explore every thought and idea in her amazing mind. He was going to learn everything about her: her favorite movie, her first concert, and what she was like back in high school. There was forty-two years of history to explore, and he wasn't going to skip a single page.

He couldn't last any longer. She seemed to be squeezing him now, mutely demanding what he fully intending on giving her. He took one last deep gaze into those sparkling blue eyes and let go.

Mike came inside his mother.

Deep, rough growls filled the bedroom as he experienced the most powerful orgasm of his life. His cock was being tightly snugged in a pulsating glove of heaven. There was no coming back from this. He couldn't do without her. There was going to be one woman in his life from this moment forward, and she was being filled with his incestuous seed. Burst after burst exploded from the tip of his cock until he finally finished.

He kissed her again, leaving both his cock and his cum deep inside her as he did. After another minute of deep embrace, he pulled out and watched his semen drip from her vagina and join the mess of fluids which were already on his sheets.

Mike made a promise to himself at that very moment. Whatever it took, he was going to give his mom the world.

An hour later...

The bed sheets had been replaced and both Mike and Kelly had cleaned themselves, and now she found herself in another position for the very first time. She was snuggled in her baby's grasp, his strong arm wrapped around her as they slept in his bed. The world was so quiet and peaceful with Mike. Everything with Al was loud and vile. Not with her son though. Was this even better than the sex? Perhaps. Having the love of her life firmly hold her while he peacefully slept was a hard feeling to match. But then her utopia was interrupted.

By the sound of the garage door opening.

She attempted to wiggle out of his hold but it was too strong. "Baby, wake up..."

...

"Mike."

...

"Michael!"

His eyes snapped open and he swiftly smiled. "Hey, beautiful."

She returned his smile with one of her own before getting back on track. "I need to go."

He responded by pulling her even closer.

"I'm serious!" she protested. "Your father's home!"

The sound of the garage door closing caused him to free her from his grasp, but not for the reason Kelly expected.

Mike hopped out of bed and tossed Mom one of his t-shirts. "Stay here."

"What?"

"Stay here," he repeated, stepping into a pair of athletic shorts. "Don't leave this room until I come back."

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to talk to Dad."

Kelly gulped. She didn't like the sound of that. "Sweetheart, that's probably not the best idea at—"

"I'm telling him that it's over between you two."

Her jaw dropped.

"That's what you want, isn't it?" he inquired. "To leave him?"

"Well, yeah, but—"

"Mom, you're my girl now," he told her. "Your days of worrying are over. I'm going to sit Dad down and explain the situation. I'll leave out what happened over the past few days, obviously, but I'm going to tell him you want a divorce."

She couldn't believe it. It was actually happening.

"I don't know how he's going to react so I want you to lock the door when I leave. Don't come out and call 911 if you hear anything happen."

"Oh my God, baby, please don't do anything like that!" she pleaded.

"I have no plans to. I just want you to be aware. Your life is going to change starting tomorrow. It's just going to be us. Dad is going to be out of your life, and you're going to come home to a guy who can't wait to see you. There isn't going to be anymore criticizing and complaining. Every day is going to be better than the last. I can promise you that."

It was exactly what she wanted. "Okay!"

The sounds of footsteps climbing the stairs caused both of them to look toward the door. Mike mouthed 'I love you' before opening his bedroom door and taking a step out into the hallway. He turned to see his father.

"We need to talk."

Kelly could only hear mumbling coming from her husband.

"Downstairs," said Mike.

Loud footsteps sounded along the hallway until they eventually began descending the steps. Her son sent another loving smile her way before closing the door and following his father down to the kitchen.

She slipped into his t-shirt and hurried to lock the door. She made her way back to her son's bed with a big smile. It was like she was still in his hold. His shirt had his scent all over it. It was a big hug even when he wasn't there. Her baby saved her life. She never would've pulled the trigger on her own when it came to leaving Al. She still would be married to him twenty years down the road if it was all on her.

But not anymore.

Kelly didn't know what the future had in store. Would they stay in this house? Would they get a different place? Would they move to the other side of the globe? She honestly didn't know. She did know a few things for certain though: she was never leaving her son, they were going to grow old together, and the rest of her days were going to be spent with the love of her life.

She smiled up at the ceiling. She'd found her man.

A Special Gift for Ms. V

by [mt44](#)©

Two quick notes.

- A HUGE thank you to lgustsmio for not only editing this, but for the many suggestions/recommendations he provided. Your work is greatly appreciated.

- For the e-mails I'm receiving regarding my open stories. I absolutely plan on continuing them. I just have a hard time finishing things I start sometimes. Finishing those up are on my list of things to do next.

Chapter 1 - Differing Tastes.

"You're such a fuckin' idiot."

Phil shook his head at his friend's comment. He couldn't believe it had been fifteen minutes and they were still arguing over something so dumb. It was midway through the third quarter of a 45-45 shootout, except no one in the room was even watching the football game at this point.

"I'm talking about like a mentally challenged level of idiocy," Dave continued.

"Because I have a different opinion than you?" Phil asked.

"No," Dave told him, "because you have an opinion that you can't have."

Phil turned and looked at Mike who was sitting in the recliner next to the couch that he was currently sharing with Dave. "You believe this shit?"

"I'm with Dave bro," Mike told him. "Sorry, but you can't have that opinion."

"Jesus Christ," Phil groaned, "it's not my fault they suck."

The annoyed look on Dave's face grew stronger as he turned to look at his friend again. "If you say The Rolling Stones suck one more time, I'm gonna punch you right in the fuckin' head!"

The three boys had been friends from the moment they first met in the fourth grade. Bonding over a mutual interest in sports and inappropriate jokes sparked a relationship that had lasted into their senior year of high school. Their classmates usually got fed up with Dave and Phil's constant debating and arguing. Sports, movies, music, women...it didn't matter, there was always a discussion about something. But to Mike, it felt like home. It probably had something to do with his mother's constant need to pick apart every little thing both he and his father did. And with his

friends, a television advertisement for a fashion show would lead to a thirty minute argument over thin vs thick women. A bad shooting performance in an NBA game would turn into a twenty minute shouting match because Phil claimed he was a better shooter than a professional basketball team's all-star Small Forward. All the while Mike would just sit back and let it play out. Just like he did at home.

"Ok, I'll admit they aren't terrible," Phil conceded. "They aren't good, but they aren't terrible. I mean they're better than the shit you played for me last week."

"What did you play for him last week?" Mike asked.

Dave shook his head. "You don't want to know dude."

Mike laughed as he looked at his buddy. Out of the three of them, he and Dave were the closest of friends. The two were often asked if they were related because they could pass for brothers. Both had brown hair, brown eyes, and were in fantastic shape from their years of playing football and basketball. Phil on the other hand had blonde hair and blue eyes, but was of a similar physical build as his friends. The teens were all tall, lean, muscular, and standouts on their high school's varsity football team.

It was Saturday evening and the three of them were at their friend Jake's house just like they always were. Hell, they spent multiple weeknights and almost all of their Saturdays in their friend's basement, watching whatever the must see sporting event was for that particular evening. Jake was never home on the weekends but the three classmates would come over anyways...but we'll get to that later.

Dave could see that Mike was waiting for him to continue. "Ok, brace yourself...he told me that Led Zeppelin is a garbage band."

Mike looked at Phil. "Dude..."

Phil immediately went on the defensive, prepared to defend his opinion against the oncoming gang up. This is exactly how it always happened. Mike would stay out of it for as long as he could, but ninety-nine times out of a hundred he would ultimately join in and take Dave's side. He had seen this play unfold thousands of times.

"I listened to like four songs," Phil began, and that whiny faggot just droned on and on about wanting a woman to stay loyal to him in every single one of them...it was draining."

"What songs did you play him?" Mike asked.

"I started with 'How Many More Times'," Dave answered.

"Great song," Mike announced.

Dave dismissively looked at Phil before turning his attention back to Mike. "No shit, right? But

guess who didn't like it?"

"It was over eight minutes long!" Phil exclaimed. "Who the hell makes eight minute songs?"

"Talented musicians," Dave answered.

"More like self-indulgent blowhards..." Phil groaned.

"I forgot. If it's not a song about bitches and money, than Philly boy doesn't want to hear it," Dave laughed.

Phil rolled his eyes. "You mean fun, cool songs you want to party too? Excuse me for wanting to have a good time. I'd prefer not to listen to some sissy moan about a woman not being true to him."

"What about The Stones then?" Mike asked. "Most of their songs are jams. You're telling me you can't party to some of their stuff?"

"Maybe if I was like 50 years old," Phil chuckled. "I can't believe I have to take shit from you two every time we discuss music. You guys have the musical taste of my parents and I listen to shit that people our age do, yet somehow I'm the one who gets attacked."

"Just because it's popular doesn't mean it's good," Dave told him. "What was that song you played for me last week? You know the biggest song of the year until a new rap song comes out new week and everyone forgets about that trash?"

"It was called..."

"I remember now!" Dave interrupted. "So get this Mike. And if it happened like once or twice, I would be able to look past it because it's just awful rap music after all. But this shit happened like forty times. So guess what this rapper rhymed the word 'nigga' with?"

Mike looked at his friend. "No idea."

Dave paused a moment before revealing the answer. "Nigga."

"He rhymed 'nigga' with 'nigga'?" Phil laughed.

"Yep," Dave smiled. "He rhymed 'nigga' with 'nigga.' Poetry, right bro? Led Zeppelin couldn't possibly come up with something that creative."

"Like that Rolling Stones song that's about a white slavemaster fucking his young, black, female slaves," Phil asked. "Poetry like that?"

Mike spoke up in defense of his friend. "Brown Sugar is a jam dude."

"Jam or not, the lyrics are fucked up," Phil said. "All I'm saying is that rock n' roll has just as many

senseless and vulgar themes to it, but for some reason it doesn't get the shit that rap and hip-hop does."

"Because when a group of uber-talented musicians get together and create a piece of music from scratch, they're given more liberties than some dude who is just making guttural noises over a computer generated beat!" Dave passionately yelled at his friend.

Phil had a baffled look on his face. "According to whom?"

"According to me," Dave smiled.

All Phil could do was shake his head. He was never going to change his stubborn friends' minds. "You know what," he told him, "I'm open to giving The Stones another chance. Zeppelin I can't because they're just so fucking terrible. But The Stones at least have some kind of hope. Pick one song."

"You know part of me actually shudders inside every time you say Led Zeppelin is terrible," Mike told him with a wince.

"The truth hurts sometimes buddy," Phil smiled.

Dave pondered the situation for a moment. "One song huh? One song..." He turned to Mike. "What would you go with?"

"No question for me," Mike answered. "I'd go with the ultimate Stones jam."

" 'Bitch'?" Dave asked.

"Gotta go with 'Bitch'," Mike smiled.

Dave wirelessly connected his phone to the basement's surround sound speakers and opened his music app. Seconds later the room filled with the sound of Mick Taylor's powerful opening riff.

Chapter 2 - Love, It's a Bitch.

Claire stood at the kitchen counter and slid a pile of chopped up pineapple into a plastic container. She placed it off to the side before moving her attention to the watermelon that was next in line to feel the acute edge of her razor sharp chef's knife. If you would have told her five years ago that she would be spending her Saturday making fruit salad for her son's friend, while her son was having his weekend visitation with his dad, she would have told you that you were crazy. Five years ago her relationship with her husband was great. Al was the loving, caring, charismatic guy she had fallen in love with when she was just a nineteen-year-old college freshman. But the man she loved changed. She couldn't pinpoint why, and still to this day she couldn't explain it, but he changed. The fun, spontaneous, exciting husband she once had, became cold and distant.

Claire wasn't a demanding wife. She didn't nag and complain about things. She was more than

happy to do "wifely" duties like cooking, cleaning, and whatever Al wanted in the bedroom...the whole nine yards. Life definitely became easier once her son turned fourteen however. He suddenly didn't have a problem helping out around the house. Claire would arrive home from her real estate secretarial job to find the dishwasher unloaded, the laundry folded, and the grass cut. Jake really was the perfect kid. Bright, personable, athletic, and helpful. And as far as she was concerned, she had a perfect husband to match. Life was as good as you could get, for Claire.

But then the deep, long conversations with Al became short and abrupt. The jokes and nonsense that always made her laugh suddenly ceased to exist. The enjoyable sex just evaporated. It was like creatures from another planet had kidnapped her husband in the cover of darkness, and replaced him with an android programmed to replicate basic human emotions. At first she assumed he was having an affair. For months she snooped around, trying to find out what was happening but he turned out clean. So she decided to setup an appointment at his Doctor's office for a checkup. Everything came back normal. Normal testosterone levels, no medical issues...perfect. Claire never imagined she would be disappointed to find out her husband had a clean bill of health, but that was exactly how she felt. Disappointed. If it wasn't an affair and it wasn't health related, then what was causing him to act like this?

This went on for years and Claire eventually grew to accept it. Having Jake around made things easier for her, but even if he wasn't around, she probably would have continued to live her life the way it was. She was an easy going girl. Sure she wasn't happy, and her marriage was about as far from perfect as it could possibly be, but she had agreed to '*for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and health, until death do us part...*' Except Al apparently didn't feel the same way. And three years ago he made that perfectly clear.

"I'm filing for divorce today."

Claire looked up from her morning coffee with a smile on her face. Maybe his sense of humor was finally coming back.

"Great," she laughed, "now I'm finally free to date Johnny Depp."

"I'm serious Claire," Al told her with a straight look on his face.

She waited for a crack to appear. A smile. A grin. She would settle for a wink. An eyebrow raise. A noise of some kind...just something to let her know this was a joke.

"I don't want it to be messy. I think you should stay in the house with Jake and I'll find my own place. The mortgage is paid off so that's not an issue. We don't have any debts or major bills or anything, and neither of us are the vindictive type so I don't see any reason for fighting over things. I'll obviously still help you out with bills and stuff for Jake. I think we just need to go our separate ways and start over. This isn't working."

"Why?" Claire asked.

Al gave her a curious look. "Why what?"

"Why isn't this working?" the blonde wife asked again. For many long months she had been trying to figure out why their marriage wasn't working. It was too late to do anything about it now, but she still wanted an answer. And as unhappy as she was, this was the only life she had ever known. It felt too late to start over.

Al just stood up and walked away from the table.

Claire sank into an immediate depression. It didn't start when the divorce was finalized, it didn't start the first time she dropped Jake off at Al's new apartment, and it didn't start when she saw Al's new girlfriend on his Facebook page...it started the moment her husband walked away from that oak table they had shared thousands of meals, and laughs, and stories, and emotions over. That kitchen table symbolized their life together and her husband just stood up and walked away from it.

She stopped caring about things. Her work suffered, her body suffered more, but her mind suffered the most. She constantly felt exhausted despite not doing anything. She stopped going to the gym, stopped eating healthy, and stopped checking up on Jake's schoolwork and activities. She just felt overwhelmed all the time. Her weight ballooned from one hundred and thirty pounds to one hundred and eighty pounds. But the worst part was she didn't even care. She had no desire to impress anyone. The most confusing part of it all was when she saw Al's new girlfriend. She wasn't some hot, little twenty-two year old with a slim waist and D cup breasts. She was two years older than Claire, significantly less pretty, and she had love handles Claire never would have dreamed of having at the time of their divorce.

So if it wasn't Al's hormones or mental state and it wasn't her own looks...that left just one thing. It had to be her as a person. Was she that unappealing to be around? She had always been under the impression that people enjoyed her company. She was mostly an introverted bookworm. She was much happier to curl up on the couch with her Kindle than to be out socializing at some party. But that didn't mean she didn't like to have a good time. She still liked to go out and have fun, but Al always bitched and complained whenever they did. The more Claire tried to figure all of this out, the more confused she felt, and the deeper she sank into that terrible physical and mental state.

Two years went by before Jake said something. In fact, it was almost one year ago to this very day that he finally spoke up.

"I can't see you like this anymore."

Claire was sitting across from her son at their granite kitchen table. She had ended up ditching the oak table a few months before. It was full of too many memories.

"Like what?" Claire asked. There was an open pizza box on the table between them.

"He didn't deserve you."

"Deserve me? Who didn't deserve me? What are you talking about?" Claire asked her son.

"Dad. He didn't deserve you."

Claire gave her son a scolding look. "Don't say that about your father."

"It's the truth though," Jake continued. "You know that I love dad, but he really changed towards you for some reason. And I hated it. And part of me was relieved when you told me that you guys were getting divorced. I wanted you to be free from him."

This was news to Claire.

"But instead of freeing you, it just dug you deeper into some kind of hole. It doesn't make sense mom."

"It's more than that," Claire groaned.

"Tell me then," Jake said as he pushed his plate off to the side to give his mother his undivided attention. "You don't think getting this off your chest might help?"

Maybe it would help. It had been four years since the divorce and she had never talked to anyone about it. To be honest, she wasn't even sad about it anymore. Sure, part of her did, and would always still love Al. But what bugged her most was never knowing what was the reason for all of this. It was like reading a long novel but the author deciding to leave the ending open. Some people looked at that as creativity, but Claire saw it as laziness. She put the time in, so she wanted some answers. And Al never gave her those answers.

"It's just something you can't understand until you're older," Claire told him.

"Bullshit!" Jake strongly responded. "Dad gave me that same BS line."

Claire raised her eyebrows. "You talked to your father about this?"

"I did," Jake answered. "You need to move on from this and I want to help if you need it. Mom...I don't want to see you like this anymore."

"It's just...I...we spent twenty years of our lives together. He's the only man I've ever been in a real relationship with. From nineteen to thirty-nine it was just us and then us and you. And now here I am, a forty-three year old divorced single mother who's expected to just suddenly move on. But move on to what? I don't know how to not be with him."

Jake intently listened.

"I know that I've wasted the past four years of my life in this rut, but I didn't know how to get out of it!"

Claire felt herself becoming emotional.

Jake continued to just let his mom get it out.

"Your father was such an amazing man, and then something just changed in him and I don't know what!" she continued. "For years I tried to find out, and still to this day I don't know what I did!"

"And why do you think it's your fault?" Jake asked.

Claire looked into her son's eyes through her own watery ones. "Are you saying that it's your father's fault?"

"Why does it have to be someone's fault?" Jake asked again. "Don't people sometimes just grow apart? Listen, you couldn't have possibly enjoyed those last few years with dad. I know I didn't and he wasn't anywhere near as cold to me as he was to you. Something is still different in him. I honestly don't know what it is but he isn't the same person I knew for my entire childhood. So he's gone now, and you're free from that black cloud that was constantly raining on you. Mom, you're smart, and intelligent, and funny, and beautiful, and a total catch. You should be enjoying yourself, not dwelling over a part of your life that is never coming back."

Four years ago, in almost the same exact spot in the kitchen, Claire felt herself sink into a deep depression. Whatever that burden was she couldn't get over, she suddenly felt it fade away. Her son was right. The past was the past. Why dwell on something she couldn't change? She changed her life at that very moment. She found her long unused gym membership card, restocked the refrigerator and pantry with clean, healthy food, and started doing the things that made her happy again.

Now here she was. A year of hard work, healthy eating, and an enjoyable, fun lifestyle had Claire Vetter feeling like an entirely different woman. The forty-four year old mom looked better than she had at any point since her mid-twenties. Sure she didn't have the perfect body of her college days, but she looked great compared to most women her age. Her legs were toned, her butt was big, but perky, and her impressive bust helped accentuate her now much slimmer figure. Her new outlook on life helped wash away the rapidly growing wrinkles and crow's-feet on her face and brought back the fresh, youthful skin she had always been so thankful to have. Her long blonde hair was flowing, and she could see the reflection of her bright blue eyes in the chef's knife she was using to finish slicing up the fresh watermelon she had bought earlier in the day.

Claire found herself in the kitchen on this Saturday evening mixing watermelon, pineapple, and cantaloupe together to make a big bowl of fruit salad for her son's friends. It was strange how things had just started happening. A few years ago their basement had basically turned into the boy's hangout. They were sports fanatics and that was where they gathered together to watch the games. Claire never had a problem with it. Even during her depressed days she still enjoyed having them around. She had known all of them since they were kids, so suddenly not seeing them anymore just wouldn't feel right. But now that she was out of her funk, she adored having them around. She would never admit it to them, but when they started coming over to watch games together while Jake was at his dad's for the weekends, she loved it. She enjoyed having men around. Guys to cook for and take care of. And young men just had a certain energy you couldn't find anywhere else. It wasn't sexually energy, even though Claire did feel that at times, but it was more of an excitement.

They were just over to watch football or basketball or whatever game was happening, but there was always a feeling of unlimited possibility. It was hard for her to describe. A few weeks ago when Jake told her he decided on attending a local college and he was going to stay at home, she was extremely relived. She didn't want to lose her little boy. But at the same time, there was a different feeling when it was just his friends around. A different vibe. She loved cooking for and looking after her son, but she really loved doing it for his friends.

As Claire barely managed to open the basement door with a big bowl of fruit in her right hand and three smaller bowls in her left hand, she was immediately hit by a wave of sound. A powerful lead guitar perfectly complimented the smooth rhythm guitar that flowed through the air. The deep, sultry, sexy sound of a saxophone quickly joined in before being paired with the broad tone of a trumpet. And just when you thought it couldn't get any better, the gorgeous voice of Mick Jagger jolted you back. Sure he wasn't Freddie Mercury or Steve Perry, but Mick's voice oozed a certain sexiness that Claire couldn't get enough of ever since she was a little girl. She could listen to that man sing names out of a phone book. And while Mick had the voice, Keith Richards had her heart. At least the sixties version of Keith did. Give her a time machine and send her back to 1969, and Claire would have turned that man's world upside down. She would have done bad, bad, bad things to her favorite guitarist.

Nostalgia ran through her every time she listened to The Rolling Stones. The most recent memory would be when she convinced Al to get them tickets to see the band in concert three years ago for her birthday. She could still remember looking around and seeing other couples dancing, singing, and enjoying the music, all the while Al complained the entire time. The band members were too old, it didn't sound like it did on the albums, Mick Jagger was running out of breath too much...it was a miserable experience. She preferred to think back to the memories from her high school days. The countless days of coming home from school and listening to *Sticky Fingers* on her Walkman until the wee hours of the morning. Sure, most of her classmates were listening to Madonna or U2, but Claire was listening to the unmatched classic rock sound of the late sixties and early seventies. They sure don't make 'em like they used to.

Chapter 3 - Guess Who Likes The Stones?

"He's feeling it a little bit!" Dave yelled over the blaring music with a smile.

Phil was feeling it a bit. His buddies had tried playing him Rolling Stones songs before, but this time he was starting to appreciate it a bit more. This was a mix of blues and rock that created a unique sound. He would never admit it to either of them, but he could see himself getting into The Rolling Stones. He would never be a fan, but this was at least tolerable.

"It's alright I guess," Phil stated with an unimpressed look. He wasn't going to openly concede to these two anymore today.

"Alright?" Mike asked. "Just alright?"

Phil nodded. "It's not Wu-Tang or anything but it's ok."

Mike rolled his eyes. "Jesus..."

The music suddenly stopped.

"What the fuck dude!?" Mike shouted as he turned to Dave, wondering why he had paused the tunes.

Claire was standing at the foot of the stairs with her hands full and a smile on her face. "Am I interrupting something?"

"Not at all Ms. V," Dave smiled.

Dave had a longtime crush on his friend's mom. It wasn't just a physical attraction like most teenagers have to sexy, older women. It was something more than that. He would doubt Claire would ever admit to it, but they seemed to have some kind of connection. Everything either of them said, the other found to be genuinely hilarious. Her sense of humor and playful personality was the complete opposite of most older women's bland, dry personas he had encountered. In fact, he was the one who encouraged Jake to talk to her about how she was feeling last year. It killed him to see this beautiful, funny, charismatic woman, turn into a shell of her former self. As bizarre as it may sound, seeing her finally snap out of her funk was one of the happiest moments of his life. It would probably rank behind the night he lost his virginity to Jessica Winds and in front of the game last year when he threw six touchdowns against North Park in the playoffs. He had a major soft spot in his heart for Ms. V.

The three friends watched as the mom walked towards them and set the bowls down on the table in front of the couch. Her tight, black yoga pants showed off her fit lower-body, and her gray New York Yankees tank-top displayed her toned arms and shoulders. Her long, blonde hair was messy and unbrushed, and she went light on the makeup like she did on most Saturdays. She felt a sense of comfort around these three. There was a feeling she could just be herself around them and not have to worry about dressing up or looking pretty. Claire would never go to the store or to a friend's house looking the way she currently was, but for some reason she felt comfortable looking like this around her son's friends.

"I hope you boys are in the mood for some fruit," Claire smiled.

Dave was always in the mood for whatever Ms. V had to offer. Food, conversation, her body...ohhhh the things he would do to that body.

"Looks great," Mike smiled. His eyes slowly moved from her butt, up the length of her body, until they finally reached her pretty face.

Phil leaned forward and began scooping some of the fruit salad into a bowl for himself. "Thoughts on The Rolling Stones Ms. V?"

"Greatest band ever," the mom responded.

As if Dave couldn't love this woman more than he already did.

"You gotta be kidding me," Phil laughed. "You too?"

"Ms. V knows what's up," Mike smiled.

Phil shook his head. "Of course," he groaned, "she grew up with this shit."

"Hey!" the mom snapped with a not so playful tone to her voice. "I did NOT grow up with The Rolling Stones! Jesus, how old do you think I am?"

"What? They're an eighties band...right?" Phil asked.

Dave and Mike both shook their heads.

"This is who we've been arguing with?" Mike asked. "A guy who thinks The Stones are some fuckin' eighties hair metal band?"

"Does this sound like hair metal to you?" Dave asked Phil as he pressed play on his phone and resumed the music.

Claire had forgotten just how much she loved this song.

"Come on Ms. V!" Dave smiled, "let's see some of those moves."

The mom immediately shook her head. "There's no way."

"Oh come on," he whined again, flashing that knee-weakening smile of his.

She wasn't sure if it was his persistence, or if Bobby Keys' saxophone was the culprit, but Claire soon found herself gingerly moving to the music. Comfortable or not, alone in the basement with these three was probably not the best place to get her boogie on.

"Get over here."

Claire turned towards the voice to see Dave now standing next to her. She suddenly felt his hand on hers. The teen pulled her away from the table and led her to an open space in the carpeted basement. She quickly followed the charismatic football star's lead as he began to move and groove to the sounds that were pouring out of the speakers.

Claire never believed in the idea of a "good" or "bad" dancer. Who's to judge what's good or bad when it comes to moving your body to music? If you were having a good time and gave out a confident vibe of knowing what you were doing, people usually interpreted that for skilled dancing. Hell, that's what it looked like every time she saw Mick Jagger dance. Aimlessly wiggling his hips, jerking his body and head from side to side, it looked like he was having a seizure on stage half of the time. But if you asked anyone who watched Mick Jagger in concert whether or not he was a good dancer, the answer would always be yes. And whatever that certain thing is Mick has, this kid had it too.

"Sometimes I'm sexy..." the teen mouthed as he gave her a spin before shaking his hips. Confidence oozed off of him and Claire ate it up. Thirty seconds ago she had told him that there was no way she would dance. Now she was wiggling her hips right along with him.

Jim Price's trumpet kicked in with two powerful blows that Claire instinctively shook her butt to.

"Woah!" Dave shouted with a big smile in response to her loosening up.

Claire strutted towards the stairs before turning back to see all three of the friends eyeing her every move.

"Where you going?" Dave yelled as he shook his shoulders at her, still feeling the song as it made its way to the chorus again.

Whatever the hell that move was called, he definitely made it work as Claire continued to smile

while watching him. She took two playful steps up the stairs, still moving to the music before leaning over the railing to look into his eyes.

He reached into his pocket, pulled out his phone, and lowered the sound of the speakers.

"I have to go over to my parent's house for a while," she told the group of friends.

"We can leave," Mike said.

"You guys are free to stay as long as you want," she smiled. "I trust you. Just lock up when you leave, ok?"

"Will do Ms. V!" Dave replied before raising the sound of the speakers. "It's a shame you couldn't keep up with me!" he yelled over the now almost deafening sound.

Claire responded with a smile before giving him a playful shake of her hips. She quickly jogged up the stairs with a big grin on her face. She wasn't a tease, but she did love to flirt. And she wasn't necessarily flirting with these guys. Well, maybe she was a little. She didn't really know what she was doing exactly. Claire just loved knowing she had a group of guys who were looking out for her. And on the plus side, she now knew what she was going to be listening to on the car ride over to her parents.

"I fucking love that woman," Dave said as he faintly heard the sound of the basement door shut.

"Huh!?" Mike shouted, unable to hear his friend over the sound of the music.

Dave turned the song off and walked back to the couch by his friends. "I said I love that woman."

"Right..." Phil laughed.

"I'm serious dude," Dave firmly told him, taking a seat back in his original spot.

"Get in line bro," Mike chimed in. "I got dibs on that."

"Seriously though," Dave said, "you think Jake would lose his shit if I asked her out?"

Phil and Mike both looked at Dave, waiting for him to make some kind of joke.

"Wait...you're not kidding?" Mike asked with a laugh. "You want to ask Ms. V out?"

"Yeah, I mean, why not?"

"Umm..." Mike continued to laugh. "I don't know...maybe because she's Jake's mom and we've been friends with him since the fourth grade. Not to mention she's like, twenty-five years older than you."

"Just hear me out..." Dave started, much to the chagrin of his two friends. "So she got divorced back when we were in middle school. That's like five years ago at this point. And I've never seen her with any kind of boyfriend or anything. Who knows, maybe she doesn't want to date. But if she does, wouldn't Jake rather her date someone like me, over just some random scumbag she met at a club or a bar or something?"

"You think Jake would prefer his mom dated a scumbag he already knows like yourself?" Mike smiled.

"This is such a ridiculous discussion," Phil stated, shaking his head at the absurdity of what he was listening to. "A forty-something year old mom is not going to date a fuckin' eighteen year old high schooler."

"Says who?" Dave asked.

Phil had a confused look on his face. "Umm...I don't know...how about society?"

"Bullshit!" Dave said. "Keep it up and I might be paying your mom a visit."

Phil rolled his eyes.

"Ms. V has a perfect ass, but Phil's mom has that big, giant ass that I love," Mike laughed. "I wouldn't mind getting a piece of that."

"You guys are assholes," Phil chuckled.

"Let me hear it Phil," Dave smiled. "Is it ok if I stay out late tonight, Dad?"

"What?" Phil asked.

Dave repeated himself. "Is it ok if I stay out late tonight, Dad?"

Phil hesitantly started. "Is it ok...if I stay out late tonight..."

"Dad..." Dave smiled.

"Is it ok if I stay out late tonight, Dad?" Phil finally finished before suddenly realizing what he just said. "Go fuck yourself!"

Dave and Mike burst into laughter. "Music to my ears hearing Phil refer to me as his dad," Dave giggled.

"Seriously dude, fuck off..."

"Hey!" Dave jokingly snapped at Phil. "If you use that language in this house one more time, you'll be spending the weekend grounded in your room mister!"

Phil rolled his eyes with a laugh.

"I don't want to burst your bubble dude, but I could get Ms. V if I wanted," Mike said to Dave.

Dave laughed. "Wait...you're being serious? Dude, did you not see what just happened? We have this chemistry with each other."

"Chemistry my ass..." Mike groaned.

"I gotta be honest with you two," Phil said, changing the subject to something that had been on his mind for the past few minutes. "If Ms. V was dancing to Led Zeppelin, I'm pretty sure I could get

into it."

"Fuck dude," Dave laughed, "if she was dancing to Bob Dylan I'm pretty sure I could get into that too."

"Easy now," Mike told him, "no amount of sexiness could possibly make Bob Dylan listenable."

The room erupted with the sound of Mike and Dave's laughter.

After a few moments, Phil turned his attention back to his friends. "Who the fuck is Bob Dylan?"

Chapter 4 - A Game and a New Friend.

Claire pulled into her driveway at 9:27PM. Her parents had finally bought smartphones but had no idea how to work them. It took forty minutes to get her dad to successfully send a text message which was actually twenty minutes faster than Claire had expected. The lights in the house were off when she arrived back home, but the front porch light was left on, just like she would have wanted. She made her way up the pathway to the front door, let herself in, kicked off her flip flops, and eagerly made her way towards the kitchen. For the past few hours, all she wanted to do was pour herself a big glass of red wine, grab her Kindle, and resume the story she had started reading last night. John Sales was a door-to-door salesman (ironic that his last name is Sales, isn't it?) and he had just met the newly single Tina Rickens. Tina's story wasn't all that different from Claire's and John was a smooth-talking, good looking younger man. The story was right up her alley.

She dug around the refrigerator for the bottle of Zinfandel that always seemed to roll to the very back. She finally found it, grabbed a wine glass, and walked over to the kitchen table. Her day was officially over.

There was an envelope lying on the granite table top labeled "Ms. V."

"What the hell..." Claire quietly muttered to herself as she set her wine supplies down on the table. She picked up the envelope. It was sealed.

What in the world could this possibly be? It had to be from one of her son's friends. No one else had been in the house since she left. At least not that she knew about. Maybe it was a thank you for letting them use her house all the time and eating all of her food. She found herself eager to see what it was. She tore open the envelope like a little kid unwrapping a present on Christmas. Inside was a white three inch by five inch index card. Claire had a pile of index cards on top of the microwave that she and Jake used for leaving notes to one another about their whereabouts. If someone was going to the gym or over to a friend's house or wherever, a note was always left on an index card and placed on the kitchen counter. It looks like someone had done the same for her. She flipped the card over and raised it to her face.

Up for a game Ms. V? If you win, you'll get a very special prize. But don't count your chickens before they're hatched. This game is tougher than it looks.

There's a clue on the bottom of this card which leads to another card placed somewhere in the house if you can solve it. On that card will be another clue that leads to another card. You get the picture Ms. V. Solve the clues, get to the end, and a very special reward is waiting.

How's that sound Ms. V? Wanna play?

Clue #1 - Everyone in your life thinks you want this, but I know better. To find the clue, you won't need a sweater.

An ear to ear smile grew across Claire's face. Wine and a novel now seemed like a distant memory. She put her glass back in the cabinet, placed the bottle of Zinfandel back in the fridge, and turned her attention to the index card. This was going to be fun.

Ten minutes passed with Claire mindlessly wandering around the house, checking in drawers, under cushions, really everywhere she could think to look. She decided to stop and take a seat back at the kitchen table to think it out. *Everyone in your life thinks that you want this?* What's something everyone thinks she wanted? A man maybe? It wasn't necessarily normal for a forty-four year old woman to be single, and not looking for a relationship. Well that wasn't exactly true. Claire had tried dating over the past few months. There was that hotshot real estate agent her boss had set her up with back at the start of the summer. That was a fun dinner of listening to him talk for over an hour about how amazing he was. Every time he asked her a question, Claire would start to answer but before she could continue, he would jump back in and tell another story about himself. Or there was the guy Claire met on the forty plus dating site. He wasn't as bad as the real estate agent, but he did tell her he loved her halfway through the chicken salad she was enjoying. But they all paled in comparison to the college kid Claire had bumped into while in the checkout line at the grocery store. That's wasn't an expression, her shopping cart literally bumped into him which caused the two to spark up a conversation. She skipped the normalities of a first date, went over to his apartment later that night, and had the least satisfying sexual experience of her entire life. That stuff about younger guys having unlimited stamina and a never-ending sex drive apparently didn't apply to this kid. It was three pumps and he was toast. And not only that, but he had no interest in taking care of her and he made that perfectly clear when he told her it was time to go. She actually sent him a text later that week to see what he was up to. To be honest, Claire kind of liked him. He was funny, interesting, and somewhat charming. And the first time with a new partner can be rough. It takes a while to learn someone's body and maybe he had been nervous. She was willing to give him another chance. But when he responded with "craving some more of this dick?", Claire knew this kid was a lost cause. All she wanted was a fun, funny, intelligent guy she could have a conversation with. And if he could give her the occasional good fuck and go down on her from time to time, hell, she might even be up for making him her boyfriend. *Everyone in your life thinks that you want this?* Claire got out of her seat and made her way to the stairs.

"What I need is a pillow," she managed to get out over the sound of a loud yawn as she ascended the steps. What she really needed was someone she liked to bend her over, give her a much needed pounding, and then tuck her into bed so she could get a rejuvenating ten hours of sleep. But from an early age Claire had been told she was a big dreamer. Apparently those unrealistic aspirations still hadn't gone away.

She stopped in front of her son's room. His door was open and his bookshelf was staring back at her. Unlike herself, Jake wasn't a bookworm. In fact he hated to read. Jake was a movie buff. And his bookcase was all the evidence you needed to prove that. Row after row of DVDs and blu-rays filled the shelves. Her eyes peered as she entered his room and approached the endless number of movie cases. *Everyone in your life thinks you want this, but I know better. To find the clue, you won't need a sweater.* Her eyes moved from left to right as she processed the movie titles in her brain. Nope, nope, nope, nope, stop! Maybe...Claire pulled a box set off of the shelf. *The Complete Quentin Tarantino Collection*. Now Claire wasn't much of a movie fan, but she did like one director in particular...and that man was Quentin Tarantino. And one of his titles would fit the hint on the index card perfectly. That was assuming the movie was even included in this set. Tarantino wrote it but didn't direct it so Claire had her fingers crossed. It was one of her favorite movies of all-time. She considered it to be the nineties version of *Romeo and Juliet*. Well, maybe slightly more violent. Ok,

maybe like a thousand times more violent. She opened the foldout case in which the DVDs were stored and saw an index card taped to a disc on the far left of the box. She raised the index card and smiled. *True Romance*. Bingo. She removed the scotch tape from the card and flipped it over to read its' message.

Congrats Ms. V. One down and who knows how many to go...

Clue #2 - I'm a fan of the explorer who went by the name of Will Mattery, these clever little things would sure help keep the lights on in that spooky, old cattery.

That might have been a reach...but maybe a reach is all you need...

Claire couldn't help but laugh. A reach was an understatement for that one. *These clever little things would sure help keep the lights on in that spooky, old cattery?* It had to be some kind of light or candle or something. *Maybe a reach is all you need?* What did that mean? She found her mind starting to drift. This was such a dumb, simple thing she was doing. Yet this is the exact thing she loved. Someone took the time to come up with these clever little rhymes and create a game for her without even having to be here. Claire didn't need constant attention, she didn't need someone buying her things or making her stuff, but what she needed was a connection at a level that was more than just physical. She would have killed to come home someday and had this little index card game setup for her by her husband back when they were married. And to be honest, if she had the choice between jewelry, or flowers, or chocolate, or whatever kind of materialistic things it is that men think women truly want, she would have taken the little card game, or a picnic, or a cute, fun, completely free activity any day of the week instead. And as catty as it sounds to say, she didn't want to have to tell her partner that. Because then the thoughtfulness of the gesture wasn't there. She just wanted a guy to do it. And apparently she found a guy who knew that. Even if she didn't know anything other than the fact she was twenty-six years his senior.

Speaking of cattiness, Claire still needed to figure out how to keep that cattery lit. Directly next to her son's bookshelf was a desk. And on top of that desk was a shoebox. Claire didn't make a habit out of looking into her son's room, but she couldn't recall ever seeing that box on his desk before. She reached out and removed the lid to see a white index card on top of a pile of miscellaneous items. When she pulled the card out, a pack of AA batteries joined along thanks to a hefty amount of scotch tape.

"Keep a cattery lit...with batteries," Claire laughed to herself as she rolled her eyes. She flipped over the index card.

Impressive Ms. V. Let's be honest here. We both know your son would still be on clue #1. I'm just kidding...kind of...

On to the last and final clue.

Clue #3 - You're so close to finding your special gift, all you need to do is give a few things a lift.

Good luck Ms. V and enjoy your new present.

As much as Claire didn't care about gifts and presents, she couldn't help but feel excited. Maybe it was more of the mystery of what it is, or the game that it involved, or maybe her girly side was coming out, but she couldn't wait to find out what her reward was. She stuck the pack of batteries into her pocket and thoroughly explored her son's room, this time coming up empty. *All you need to do is give a few things a lift?* That could involve every part of the house! After what felt forever, she decided to look at her phone. 11:41PM. She had found the few two clues fairly quickly but had now spent close to ninety minutes scouring the house for clue number three. She finally decided to throw in the towel at 11:45PM. Jake didn't get home until the afternoon on Sundays so she would try again when she woke up in the morning. She marched back up the stairs and into her bedroom before tossing the pack of batteries onto the mattress and plopping down beside them.

"Fuck..." Clarie groaned as she realized she had been wearing this tank top all day. It would feel gross to lay in it for another eight or nine hours but she was way too lazy to take a shower tonight. "Ahhhhh!" she loudly moaned as she rolled off the bed and stumbled across the room towards her dresser, more than ready to call it a night. As she dug around her dresser drawer for a comfortable t-shirt, it suddenly clicked in her head. *All you need to do is give a few things a lift...* A lift? She began to riffle through her t-shirt drawer, digging all the way to the bottom but coming up empty. She did the same for her drawer of jeans and athletic shorts but similar results followed. She closed her eyes and took a deep inhale before slowly letting the air escape from her mouth. She turned her attention to the top drawer where she kept her bras and panties and opened it. Claire began exploring the wooden drawer until her hand hit a piece of plastic. It wasn't a little piece either. It was a big piece which almost felt like a container or a holder of some kind. She proceeded to pull it out, watching thongs and panties slide off from whatever the emerging object was until it finally came into view.

"Oh you gotta be kidding me..."

She would be lying if she didn't admit to feeling excited. Sure, a larger part of her felt embarrassed. Embarrassed that one of her son's friends had been in her panty drawer, embarrassed about what he had bought her, and even more embarrassed that she couldn't wait to use it. Claire was staring at a "Wireless, Waterproof, Large sized Power Vibrator Wand Massager." It was bright pink in color and the big upsell across the front of the package was "no USB included, because something this powerful needs batteries."

One of Jake's friends had bought her a vibrator. And not just any vibrator. It was a vibrator that bragged about how powerful it was right across the front of it! Was this how his friends looked at her? As some kind of perverted sex freak? An insatiable older woman who just constantly needed to get off? Or maybe they saw her as a pathetic, lonely woman who couldn't get a man? Claire would ponder those questions later. At this very moment, her number one concern involved finding a pair of scissors to open this thing.

She found a pair in her son's room before making her way back to her bedroom with her new toy in hand. She had vibrators in the past but nothing close to this size. She was currently using a bullet vibrator. And while it worked, it didn't pack a whole lot of punch to it. Certainly not what this new thing looked like it had. This "Power Vibrator Wand Massager" looked like it could be used to jump start her car if she needed to. Claire opened the back of the vibrator and erupted with laughter.

There were spots for four AA batteries. Four! She grabbed the eight pack of batteries from her bed and quickly noticed that it had already been opened. In fact, the back had been resealed with tape. She peeled the tape off and saw a piece of paper placed behind the batteries. She pulled it out and unfolded it.

Enjoy your new toy Ms. V. Look at it as a thank you for putting up with all of our shit every week.

By the way, if you need a little encouragement to help you along, I'm always around for my favorite girl :)

A phone number was included at the bottom of the note. This didn't seem like a Phil thing. He was too reserved to pull something like this off. This had to be either Dave or Mike and Claire was surprised to find herself loving every minute of it. The game, the gift, the option to call or text whoever gave her this to "help her along." This was like something out of an erotic novel she loved to read. Except this wasn't fiction. This was reality.

Claire eagerly slid four batteries into the slot and flipped the vibrator over to look at the settings. There were five different levels with one being the lowest and five being the highest. She moved the notch to the level three and hit the power button.

"Holy shit!" she chuckled to herself. The sound coming from this thing took her back to the Saturday mornings of her youth. When she just wanted to get another hour of sleep, but her dad decided spend the morning cutting the grass with that absurdly loud push mower of theirs. If Claire had her way, she would have disposed of their mower the way Peter, Michael, and Samir destroyed the printer in *Office Space*. That lawn mower from hell still owed her dozens of hours of sleep as far as she was concerned. But once Claire got past the sound, an excitement flowed through her. She curiously moved it to fourth level. One thing was clear. This new toy was only going to be used on the weekends and during weekdays when her son was out. Otherwise it was going to make for one hell of an awkward conversation.

She lowered her head and took another whiff of her tank top. She couldn't believe she had actually considered going to bed without showering. Maybe spending all her free time around a group of high school boys was rubbing off on her. Her eyes bolted to the broken plastic packaging which was scattered across her bed. The front panel had managed to stay intact and the word "waterproof" was jumping out at her. She hopped off the bed with a new-found energy and joyfully strutted towards the shower at the end of the hallway with her new vibrator in hand.

Claire had three really good friends in her life. Her bullet vibrator, Jen, who was her longtime friend from college, and the seven spray handheld showerhead she had bought by mistake off of Amazon last year. Her son took a few weeks before he got around to installing it, but once he did, she couldn't believe what she had been missing out on all this time. The seventy-two inch hose worked perfectly for both her showers and her baths, and the center jet flow shot off just the right pulsations to make her forget about whatever stress was on her mind. Claire was a friendly girl. She was always up for making new friends and acquaintances. And if her new pal who she had already nicknamed "Mr. Pink" was ready to live up to expectations, then Jen just might find herself out of Claire's top three best friends.

It didn't take long for Claire to detach the showerhead from the holder after stepping into the tub. She wanted to get herself warmed up, and her best friend was always there for her. She quickly found her clit with the strong jet flow and let out a loud moan. It never took her long to become turned on and she was usually close to orgasm within minutes. Jen loved to remind her about how lucky she was. Often telling her that she was going to put her own husband in a neck brace someday due to how long it took her to cum. And if Claire didn't ease off with the showerhead, then her first, and likely most powerful orgasm of the night wasn't going to be courtesy of Mr. Pink.

She reattached the showerhead and picked up her new vibrator. She decided on level three and started by teasing herself with it along her legs and inner thighs. On level three the vibrations and sensations were strong. Very strong. Level five might just kill her if she wasn't careful. She couldn't wait any longer and hastily moved the vibrating head to her clit.

"Oh my God!"

Claire reached out with her free hand and tried to prop herself up against the shower wall as her knees buckled. She dropped her new toy and tried to compose herself. She hadn't expected that. She knew her bullet was cheap and pretty low in the power department. She had debated buying a new one for years but always put it off. Maybe it had something to do with sharing an Amazon account with her son and not wanting him to see his mother ordering sex toys. Or maybe the showerhead was enough. Or maybe deep down she was holding out for a man. Fuck a man. No man ever did anything close to what she had just felt moments ago. She bent over and picked up her still buzzing toy. She lowered the power to level one, took a deep breath, and went in for another try.

If audio ever surfaced of what Claire Vetter sounded like for the next thirty-three seconds, voice analysts would be debating about it for years. Was she undergoing an exorcism? Was she mentally challenged? Was this the sounds of someone screaming in an unidentified language of some hidden and never before discovered South American tribe? But whatever the sounds would be labeled as, the evidence of Claire sitting on the tub floor while streams of hot water poured onto her body courtesy of her former best friend would be all you really needed. Her eyes were closed. Her breaths were short and rapid. Her heart was still pounding. Her ears heard the sound of Mr. Pink continuing to buzz before her now opening eyes processed it. She had never cum like that. And as much as she would like to credit Mr. Pink, a certain someone had a little to do with it as well. Dave had been on her mind for the entirety of those thirty-three seconds. She wasn't positive why. She wasn't even sure if he was the one who had given her the vibrator. Maybe it was the dancing earlier in the day or the muscle shirt he was wearing. Who was she kidding? This wasn't exactly the first time she had thought about one of her son's friends. But Dave coming into her mind during her personal time was becoming a reoccurring thing. And the idea of him giving her this toy was working her up again. She stood up, turned off the water, grabbed a towel, and wrapped it around herself before walking back towards her bedroom...with a now silent Mr. Pink in hand.

It was 12:30AM and Claire was lying in bed. The forty-four year old mom was wearing a pair of soft, black cotton panties and a plain, red tank top with spaghetti straps. It was her normal sleeping attire. Except on this particular night, Claire was no longer feeling tired. In fact, her mind was locked in a vicious debate between reason and her own sexual desires. Her blue eyes were focused

to the right where Mr. Pink was resting against her thousand thread count sheets. Just beyond that was her cell phone. And just further to the right was the note that had been in the pack of batteries. She squinted her eyes to read it for the tenth time in the past fifty seconds. *By the way, if you need a little encouragement to help you along, I'm always around for my favorite girl :)*

Claire's mind continued to fight with itself.

"Text him."

"Are you out of your mind? It's one of your son's friends!"

"He's eighteen and you're a single woman. What's the harm?"

"It's one of your son's friends!"

"If your new vibrator made you feel like that, imagine what an eighteen year old jock could do to you?"

...

The voice of reason seemed curious to find out about that as well. Claire picked up her phone and began to type.

"Thanks for the new toy :)"

Thanks for the new toy? Really? That's the best you got? These guys are sharp and witty. How about you try to step up and match them?

She deleted her text and continued to think.

Witty banter over the phone wasn't exactly Claire's strong suit. This reminded her of the dating site she was on a few months ago. How guys would message her with some clever, creative paragraph, and she would just respond with "hey" or "good". It wasn't due to a lack of interest or caring, she just hated having a conversation with someone not in person. To be honest, she hated cell phones and hated texting even more. Claire was sharp in person, but struggled to connect behind a screen. But this wasn't an opportunity she wanted to blow.

"Even though you've devoured thousands of dollars of my food over the years, I think we can call it even after what I just experienced ;)"

Claire audibly groaned after reading what she had typed and quickly deleted it.

That's a good one girl. Accuse him of wasting your money and then tell him you just had a four thousand dollar orgasm. You're a real charmer...

A smile appeared on Claire's face. Flirting 101. If you can't match them with cleverness or wit, then

give them what drives every man crazy. Eighteen or eighty, they're all basically the same.

"I've been a bad girl."

Send.

The innocent slut routine...the key to every man's heart...

Chapter 5 - Retarded Ricky.

Six years ago. Tuesday. 2:07PM.

"Please don't say anything."

Dave watched Ricky and his gang of goons walk away. It wasn't a particularly hot afternoon, but the lack of clouds in the sky caused everyone who ventured out on this summer day to feel the sun's wrath. Dave was on his stomach, his arms propping up his upper-body as he watched the group of eighth graders walking away from him. His head turned to the left to see Mike positioned in a similar fashion.

"Please dude...we're severely outmatched here," Mike pleaded again.

A seemingly innocent three on three pickup game of basketball had turned into a full-fledged fight in the field next to the concrete court at Miller's Park. Dave, Mike, and Phil had made quick work of the first three of Ricky's friends in game number one. But when Ricky and his much larger two friends stepped onto the court for the following game, the physicality ramped up to an entirely different level. Elbows, dirty screens, blatant pushing...apparently nothing was off-limits. Dave and his friends were about to start the sixth grade and had yet to hit their growth spurts. They definitely didn't possess the strong, muscular frames of present day. Their bodies were lanky and scrawny. Phil was battling a strong case of acne and Mike's voice seemed to crack more times than not.

As if Ricky and his crew being in the eighth grade wasn't enough, Ricky Zimmerman should have actually been in the tenth grade. And he would have been big for a tenth grader as-is. No one knew what was wrong with Ricky for sure. He wasn't retarded (even though the nickname "Retarded Ricky" had caught on. This was used exclusive behind his back however. No one would dare call him that to his face), but something was definitely off in that head of his. The school counselors weren't sure what was the cause of his incredible amount of aggression and rage, and they sure seemed to be taking their sweet time in finding out. And Mike and his buddies were the victims of this little experiment. This wasn't the first time they had a run-in with Ricky, but it was certainly the worst.

Dave opened his mouth to yell something but quickly thought better of it.

"Jesus," Mike moaned as he propped himself up higher to check on Phil. "You alright dude?"

Phil was lying flat on his back. His shirt ripped in half and blood running down his right arm. A

painful moan at least let Mike know his friend was still alive. Mike wasn't doing much better himself. Blood was running out somewhere from the side of his neck and his head was pounding. It probably had something to do with that big asshole's fist hammering into it who knows how many times? But as bad as Mike was doing, Dave was in even worse shape. He looked like he had just been in a car accident. There were open cuts on his face, his arms, his legs, and his shirt had been completely torn off. Welts and bruises were already beginning to form on his back. It made sense that he received the worst beating. After several attempts at cheating by Ricky towards the end of a 10-10 tie, Dave hit the game winning shot over the bully's outstretched hand to win the game. There was a decent chance some kind of physical confrontation was going to happen regardless, but Dave's "go fuck your mother" seemed to speed things along.

"Hey you big fuckin' idiot!"

"Oh my God dude..." Mike groaned as he watched his friend take another deep inhale to yell out the next part of whatever was on his mind. They were off the hook but now Dave was just encouraging the crew of older boys to come right back for round two.

The exact thing that had gotten them into this situation was what Mike grew to love most in Dave. He had this unbelievable ability to never think he couldn't accomplish something. Whether it be a fight against six eighth graders, or a twenty point fourth quarter deficit in basketball, Dave always thought that he was going to win. And as the years went by, the countless number of comeback wins and upset victories that had been spearheaded by their all-state quarterback and star point guard was evidence of that. The local newspaper had nicknamed them "The Comeback Kids" after ten come-from-behind wins over the course of their varsity football season last year. It started with a twenty-one point comeback win in their season opener, and ended with a twenty-four point comeback at the state semifinals that they eventually lost in double overtime. But as much as he came to love that attitude in Dave years later, Mike's current self was now hating his friend's inability to accept defeat.

"I bet that sister of yours tastes like strawberries!"

Mike couldn't believe what he had just heard.

"Are you fucking kidding me? Are you trying to get us killed!?"

Mike's eyes quickly moved from Dave, to the sight fifty or so yards away of Ricky's gang hastily moving back in their direction.

"This isn't the movies shithead!" Mike snapped at his friend again. "We just got our asses kicked! Why the hell would you invite them back?"

"We got this..." Dave grinned.

Mike took a deep breath. The one thing they most certainly didn't have was "this." This entire situation was fucked. He was fucked. They were fucked. They could run, but there was no point in doing so. The beating was going to come eventually.

"No one cares about their sister more than their mom," Phil faintly moaned, still lying on his back to the side of Dave. "Maybe he'll go easier."

"I don't think so dude..." Mike groaned as he could now make out the sight of Ricky's face. He was only twenty yards away.

"You could talk shit about my sister all day," Phil said with a cough. "I could care less."

"Your sister is sixteen," Mike said. "Ricky's is four."

A burst of laughter rang out from Phil that continued until Ricky's size fourteen Nike slammed into his kidneys. The kids who were around in the park that afternoon still talk about that beating all these years later. It was unlike anything they had ever seen. And if it wasn't for a pair of college couples that were making their way to the tennis court to play doubles, who knows how far it would have went? Phil ended up with a broken arm, Mike with a mild concussion, and Dave with blood pouring from the majority of the orifices on his body. But even as Ricky's gang scurried away from the twenty-somethings who had gotten in between the teenagers, Dave still had to have the last word.

"Like strawberries you big, dumb, Frankenstein lookin' motherfucker!"

Fortunately for them, Ricky was sent off to a boarding school in the fall and that was the last they ever saw of him.

A day didn't go by without Dave reflecting on that afternoon. Sometimes just for a few seconds. Sometimes for a few hours. Something about that day motivated him. It pushed him to never back down. To never shy away from a challenge. To always show you had the balls to do anything. That day was always the best example of his ballsiness. Until today that was. Today was an entirely different level of balls. Today he may have went a step too far.

"You guys wanna do something?" Mike asked as the three friends gathered around Ms. V's front door. It was 8:45PM and the final football game they had wanted to watch just ended.

"I don't know..." Phil answered with a loud yawn. "I'm pretty beat."

"Tough day?" Mike sarcastically asked. They had a light football practice in the morning before sitting around and watching football on TV for the next eight hours. He wasn't exactly sure what his friend was "beat" from.

"Yeah, I think I'm gonna call it a night," Phil responded, bumping fists with each of his friends before heading towards his car. "Later fellas!"

"Later dude!" Dave yelled out before turning his attention towards Mike. "I think I'm gonna call it a night too."

Mike raised his eyebrows. "Really? Kelly has that party going on tonight. Her parents have a heated pool and who doesn't want to see that body in a bikini...am I right?" he smiled.

He had a point. But there was a different body Dave wanted to see in a bikini even more, and her name wasn't Kelly.

"Maybe next week," Dave said. "Seriously, I'm beat too."

"Scott texted me and told me all the cheerleaders are over there," Mike continued, giving his offer

one last shot.

"Pass," Dave said.

"Guess I'm flying solo tonight," Mike nodded before giving his buddy a handshake. "You locking up?"

"I'm just gonna take a leak real quick and then I'll lock up. Let me know how the party turns out," he yelled as he watched Mike begin to descend the driveway.

"Will do!" Mike shouted back before unlocking his car.

Dave closed the front door and waited for Mike to pull out of the driveway and vanish down the street. He then swiftly made his way to his car, pulled out a plastic bag from his trunk, and went back inside the house. It took him fifteen minutes to set everything up. It was mostly due to his inability to think of a word that rhymed with "battery." But a little help from an online rhyming dictionary solved that. Who ever heard of a cattery anyway?

Chapter 6 - A Step Too Far.

12:35AM.

Dave was lying in bed with one of the movie channels playing on the television. A confused and somewhat perplexed look was on his face, and he was growing more disgusted with each passing second. The plot of this clusterfuck didn't make any sense. Why in a flooded, post-apocalyptic world where every square inch of the earth was covered with water, did every single character have dirt on them? And it wasn't just a little dirt. Faces, arms, hands, legs, backs...everyone was filthy.

Ok, maybe the movie wasn't that bad. The truth was Dave had something else on his mind and the anticipation was making him nervous. Nervousness was a feeling the always calm, cool, and collected high school jock wasn't familiar with. His eyes kept drifting to the cell phone that was laying next to him. The light coming from the TV would occasionally reflect off his phone and catch his eye. So by the twelfth time he thought he had received a text message only for it to have been a reflection, he found himself becoming more and more annoyed at this piece of shit movie.

It's not the movie...Relax...

Maybe Ms. V hadn't texted him because she was busy calling the police. Maybe she was reporting that one of her son's friends had inappropriately invaded her personal space. Was that some kind of criminal charge? Or maybe she was calling Jake? Or maybe she was calling her ex-husband? Or maybe she had already called both of them and they were on their way with baseball bats? Maybe buying a vibrator for your friend's mom wasn't the best idea in the world. Maybe it was a terrible idea. Maybe this "chemistry" of theirs was all in his head. Maybe he was a piece of shit. Maybe this movie wasn't that bad. Maybe...

His phone lit up.

Part of him didn't want to get his hopes up. It was probably just another reflection coming off the TV. But he could have sworn he also felt his phone buzz. But that was probably just one of those phantom vibrations you feel when you are expecting a message. There was no way she was ever going to text him but he might as well check...

"I've been a bad girl."

It was from an unknown number.

Dave immediately unlocked his phone as a rush of excitement washed over him, and created a contact under the name of "Ms. V." In all honesty, he could die a happy man at this very moment. Now sandwiched between Molly from Trigonometry and Nate from basketball, was the woman he had been crushing on ever since he was old enough to jerk off. He had a moment of silence to observe it in all of its' glory. "Ms. V."

Another unfamiliar sense of panic hit him. "I've been a bad girl?" He had planned for a lot of scenarios. This entire ordeal had been weeks in the making. He had stored the vibrator in the trunk of his car and was waiting for the perfect opportunity to hide it. So when Ms. V announced that she was heading over to her parent's house, he couldn't believe his luck. He had the entire house to himself. He had probably run through a thousand different text conversations in his head. Dave knew she would text instead of call. Where was the fun in finding out who he was right away? Plus there was something dirtier and much more sexy about texting. You had an opportunity to paint a picture with your words instead of just your voice. It allowed you to step out from who you truly were. But the one scenario he hadn't planned for was Ms. V starting with something sexual. Maybe she was more on board with this than he thought she would be. He began to type.

"Who's this?"

He immediately erased it.

This wasn't the time to mess with her and he had luckily caught himself before sending the text. She initiated something sexually and his first thought was to make her think she had texted a wrong number. He should know better by this point. He had just done this to Beth from his gym class a few weeks ago. He told her he often fantasized about "furry role-play" right when their dirty texting really started to pick up. Nine very, very, very strange text messages later, Beth was well-schooled on what exactly a "furry" was. He knew he was going to blow his shot but he couldn't help himself. It was just too much fun messing with her. That was until three minutes later (apparently that was all the video she needed to watch), Beth responded with a text that simply said "I'm on board."

But Beth Carr was the exception and countless of other still mad high school girls could attest to that. No, Dave couldn't fuck this up. This was literally his one and only chance. Women in their forties didn't have time for bullshit. At least that was the impression he was always under.

"Bad enough to be tied up?"

Perfect. He hit send and set his phone down next to him on his comforter.

His leg started to twitch as he eagerly awaited her answer. The last time he had felt like this was the day he snuck into the computer room in fourth grade with Jessica Jurek and received his first kiss on the lips. It was an entire day of waiting, and waiting, and more waiting...and then bam! A jolt of electricity his raw, adolescent self had yet to experience. The beginning of this text exchange with Ms. V was making him feel things he thought were long gone in him. What could actually being alone with her make him feel? He needed to forget about that for the time being. He needed to focus. There wasn't going to be a chance at alone time if he wasn't on his game right now.

Minutes went by and still nothing. Maybe he crossed the line? He didn't think that he had, but Ms. V was also of a different generation. A generation that hadn't been desensitized by internet porn and

dirty texting conversations. Maybe this was a little much for her. And while these thoughts continued to race through his mind, a new cast of characters were making an appearance in this disaster of a film. Maybe he should try his hand at writing a screenplay? It couldn't be that hard if this junk had gotten greenlit. And who would have guessed it? These new characters were also completely covered in filth...his phone lit up.

"You wouldn't know what to do with me..."

He felt his cock twitch. She wasn't just up for this! She was completely onboard! He wouldn't know what to do with her? He would know what to do with her! Something this dirty had originated in the smart, caring, blonde head of his friend's mom? This was too awesome.

His phone lit up again and this time he felt it buzz in his hand. She had sent another text.

"Maybe those little cheerleaders think you're hot shit, but I know better."

Dave's leg twitched as his cock started to grow. Who was this woman? He had never even heard Ms. V swear before. He would kill to hear those words come out of that pretty mouth of hers. That sexy, soft voice that always made his stomach flutter. He suddenly remembered the first note he had left for her. "Everyone in your life thinks you want this, but I know better." She was turning the tables on him.

"Gotta think. Gotta come back with something good."

"Those cheerleaders usually aren't walking straight for a few days...I doubt you would be any different..."

He sat and stared at his phone. That had come to him quickly. Seemingly too quickly. It felt like too much. There was some truth in that statement though. Dave wasn't a porn star, but he wasn't exactly that far off. He didn't have some giant porno dick, but could more than hold his own in the bedroom. Rumors had spread around school last year when he started dating the head cheerleader Becky Morrison. Sure Becky wasn't exactly the quickest. And she wasn't the most well-versed. And she certainly wasn't the smartest. But she was the head cheerleader, the prettiest girl in their grade, and Dave was the star quarterback. That was how it was supposed to work, right? Plus Becky was really nice, kind, and different from other extremely pretty girls he had talked to. She didn't have the undeserved sense of entitlement most hot girls had. They actually got along really well and aided by her parent's busy work schedules and her lack of siblings, the couple usually had the cheerleader's house to themselves for several hours each day. Dave had been with a few girls before, but he had never clicked with any of them the way he had with Becky. The sex was amazing. His friend's dad once told him to avoid relationships with really attractive girls because "they put no effort into taking care of you." This seemed like more of a shot at his wife (who was way out of the pudgy dad's league physically), than it did at some useful piece of life advice. That stereotype didn't apply to Becky. She was up for anything and she was always going out of her way to surprise him and rock his world sexually. And fortunately for her, he was up for matching her in every way possible. And once she told one of her cheerleader friends that Dave was a stud, the girls started to come out in droves to get a piece of the star athlete. But that wasn't Dave's personality. He preferred a girl he cared about over a new fling every week. Becky moved away when her father received a job offer in Texas that winter. He still thought about her from time to time and couldn't be thankful enough she had spread those rumors throughout the school. Player or not, what guy didn't want to be known as a stud amongst his peers?

He continued to stare at his phone. Fuck it...he was sending it.

"Those cheerleaders usually aren't walking straight for a few days...I doubt you would be any different..."

It was 12:49AM.

An eternity passed before he looked down at his phone again.

12:53AM.

He couldn't take another minute of this movie. He decided to watch sports highlights for the third time instead.

12:57AM.

What in the world was going on?

"You wouldn't know what to do with me?" from her was cool but "those cheerleaders usually aren't walking straight for a few days...I doubt you would be any different..." from him wasn't?

He re-read his message.

Shit.

Maybe he did go too far. Maybe implying that his eighteen year old classmates couldn't walk properly because he was such an amazing, rough fuck, wasn't something that a single mother in her forties who had known him since he was an elementary school wanted to hear.

1:03AM.

Yep. He blew it. He fucking blew it. He could hear his mom's voice in his head right now.

"You're always taking things a step too far."

"You never know when to call it quits."

"Just like your fuckin' father."

His own voice was coming through loud and clear as well.

"You're an idiot. Just a overconfident, dumb, jock idiot. Guess what shithead? Coming back from twenty-one down at halftime is a bit more realistic than banging your friend's mom. Is this a porno or real life in some small, upstate New York town? What planet do you live on? Who would have guessed it would all play out like this? I don't know...pretty much everyone..."

He held out until 1:10AM. No response. He considered sending another message but if she hadn't responded in twenty-one minutes, that was probably a sign that it was done. Done. Both this conversation and his delusional chances at whatever outlandish fantasy he had been playing out in his mind for almost a decade.

It was over.

Chapter 7 - Two Can Play That Game.

Claire looked down at her phone.

"I've been a bad girl."

That's it. You're officially in whatever game this kid wants to play with you. And guess what? You don't even know who you're talking to! Did you forget that you're a forty-four year old mother? Or that your son just so happens to be the friend of whoever you're texting? Or do you think that it's normal to be sexting with high schooler's at your age? You really are a mess you know?

Claire had never dirty talked in her life. That didn't mean she did it occasionally or she just never did it over the phone or through texting...she had never, ever dirty talked before. Not one time. She had only been with three men in her life. Her first boyfriend was back when she was in eleventh grade. He was a shy, timid guy who seemed somewhat terrified to do anything sexual with her. That was probably for the best though. Personally, she probably wasn't ready to do anything at just seventeen. Her hormones quickly changed the following year and she found herself in a much different kind of relationship with a significantly more aggressive guy. He was a jock. He was strong and muscular and physical. He was just how Claire liked her men and everything she still craved. But he was an asshole. And her taste in being around asshole men changed drastically after that relationship ended when they split to go off to their respective colleges. Roy was aggressive. And being her first sexual partner, she was under the impression that all men were that way in bed. She would be lying if she didn't admit to liking the sex. Maybe that was a bit of a lie. She loved the sex. The way Roy told her what to do. The way he didn't ask for what he wanted sexually. A real man didn't ask for what he wanted as far as she was concerned. A real man took it. And Roy told her plenty of dirty things. He whispered filthy, unrepeatable things into her ear while she was pinned face down against his mattress. And Roy didn't want to hear anything back. He was in charge. As far as he was concerned, Claire was just there to receive whatever he had to dish out. And she couldn't get enough of it. That type of behavior drove her wild in the bedroom. Unfortunately his attitude was similar outside the bedroom and a year later she found herself in a much different type of relationship with Al. Al was a softer, more gentle lover. And he was also a softer, more gentle man. Maybe it's easy to say now since everything with Al had fallen apart, but if she could go back and do it all over again, she would have probably found a different kind of man. She experienced two types of men in her life. Guys who were aggressive assholes both inside and outside the bedroom, and guys who were gentle both inside and outside the bedroom. What she really wanted was a kind, caring guy outside the bedroom, and an aggressive, dominant man inside it.

She had tried to do some dirty, kinkier things with Al throughout the course of their marriage, but he would always accuse her of reading too many of those "dumb, girly porn books" that he complained were putting an unrealistic portrayal of sex into women's minds. To be honest, it wasn't just her novels. Claire had explored the world of internet porn from time to time. Her sex life was decent, and at the time she thought it was better than it really was, but there was always a sense of wanting more. Not when it came to cumming. Al was always good about making sure she got off. But when she finally snapped out of her depression after the divorce, she began to realize what she really wanted in a man. She wanted a nice, funny guy who could make her laugh, and who just so happened to be a complete animal in the bedroom. She wanted a guy who wasn't afraid to call her "a little slut", push her head into the pillows, and make her speak a different language for the following five minutes while he unloaded on her. And then she wanted that guy to be her best friend when they were done. But it seemed like finding that man was quite the task and she began settling for the world of erotic fiction as a substitute. If she couldn't get it in real life, then she would get it from the imagination of some author whose face she would never see. Sure it wasn't the same thing,

and reading those words weren't going to give her that indescribable feeling of being pummeled, but this was the life she had come to accept. Until a few minutes ago that is...

She looked down at her text messages again.

"I've been a bad girl."

Claire had fully embraced her alter ego. She was no longer Claire Vetter, forty-four year old single mother of one. She was now Ms. V. The sexy, flirty, seductive mom of every schoolboy's fantasy. The kind of mom who would pull her son's friend into the bathroom while the rest of his buddies were outside and give him the best blowjob of his young life. The kind of mom that dressed provocatively for no reason other than wanting all eyes on her. Especially the young eyes. She wanted to feel wanted. Desired. Sought-after. She wanted to be like the moms in those corny MILF porn videos she would stumble across on the internet from time to time. The mom who always had a smooth, sharp line in response to whatever the handsome, nervous eighteen year old boy had to say. The mom who made those guys feel things the younger girls couldn't. When it came down to brass tacks, Ms. V wanted to be bad. She wanted to be very bad.

Or at least she wanted to pretend to be bad.

Her phone buzzed.

"Bad enough to be tied up?"

Claire was getting wet. This was a blank erotic novel and she was going to write it. There wasn't a story laid out for her that she had to try to fit herself in. Nope. This was a story she was the author of and she had the ability to shape and style it exactly how she wanted. She didn't know if "tied up" was meant to be taken literally or if it was just a witty line, but it was getting her off either way. In her story, this message was asking her if she wanted to be dominated. And this kid couldn't even begin to imagine how spot on he was. She tossed her phone to the side.

Dave was the one on her mind. She knew it was a possibility Mike or even Phil was on the other end of this conversation, but it was her fantasy and she was going to tell the story. She imagined Dave dressed like he was when she saw him earlier, in a simple pair of athletic shorts and a tank top. Some guys needed to put effort into how they dressed. Dave wasn't one of those guys. Thick traps, ripped arms, and a muscular frame...he could dress in a snowsuit and it would work for her. But this time Dave wasn't in the basement watching TV, he wasn't outside in the driveway shooting hoops with her son, and he certainly wasn't in her backyard playing a worryingly rough game of tackle football with his buddies. No, Dave was standing just a few feet to her left. And he wasn't saying a word. He was just staring. Staring at Claire as she laid on her bed and slowly circled her clit with her index finger. Staring at Claire as she closed her eyes, threw her head back, and quickly became even further lost in a world of fictional lust. She wanted to feel his hand roughly grab her arm and lead her. Position her to his liking before deciding on his next move. She wanted to be used. She wanted to be the woman who made his fantasies a reality. She wanted to be the woman who did things he thought most girls never imagined doing. But when she opened her eyes, he was still just standing there. This was her story. There wasn't anyone writing it for her. She had to do her part to lead him...at least for now.

She stopped playing with herself, picked up her phone, and began typing.

"You wouldn't know what to do with me..."

Send.

In Claire's mind she knew that wasn't true. She couldn't explain how she knew it, but she just did. Dave was too confident, too sure of himself, and too much of a leader to not know what to do with her. It didn't matter that she was already twenty-six years old when he was born. Deep down she knew he was different. He was special. He could teach her a thing or two. Make her feel things she hadn't felt in who knows how long. Claire knew that. But Claire didn't have any reason to act on any of those thoughts. Someone else did however. And that person was Ms. V.

Any difficulty she had flirting over the phone had vanished. A million sexy, provocative lines were riffling through her head. Her only problem was picking out the one which would drive this kid the craziest. A smile grew across her face as she started typing again.

"Maybe those little cheerleaders think you're hot shit, but I know better."

Send.

Claire's smile couldn't possibly be wider. She had even impressed herself with that line. Claire was a fairly reserved woman. But Ms. V? Ms. V was libidinous. Ms. V would wear those high school boys out. Ms. V was sexually insatiable. Claire was starting to open up to the idea of embracing at least a little part of Ms. V's attitude in herself. Maybe she...

Her phone buzzed.

"Those cheerleaders usually aren't walking straight for a few days...I doubt you would be any different..."

That whole thing about Claire embracing her alter-ego? Yeah...she completely forgot about that. What she had for dinner last night? She couldn't remember. What her ex-husband's first name was? Maybe it started with an A? Claire's mind had been wiped cleaned by what she just read. She looked down at her phone again.

"Those cheerleaders usually aren't walking straight for a few days...I doubt you would be any different..."

Dave was muscular and his frame was thick and solid. And while Claire wasn't some petite little girl, she paled in comparison to the size of the well-built jock. It all suddenly clicked for Claire.

Dave reminded her of Roy.

They looked similar. They both oozed charisma and confidence. They were both leaders. Claire finally realized why she had always gravitated towards Dave. It was because deep down, she knew he was everything she had been missing and wanting for the past however many years. Did it really matter that he was twenty-six years younger than her? She finally found a guy that was presumably an animal in the bedroom, yet a total sweetheart outside it. In Claire's mind, Dave possessed all of the amazing qualities in Roy without any of the negatives.

But Dave being a sweetheart outside the bedroom was far back on her list of fantasies right now. His prowess inside it was her priority.

She picked up Mr. Pink, turned him on, closed her eyes, and lost herself once more in a world of fantasy.

She felt a strong, warm hand roughly grip her arm and yank her towards the edge of the bed. It was Dave. No words were exchanged, no glances were given, no consent was needed. They both knew exactly what the other wanted. Claire felt like a doll in the strapping grasp of the hulking athlete. Her body willingly slipped off the bed and soon found itself standing next to her mattress. It didn't take long for that to change. With one firm, aggressive push, Claire's face was sent rocketing towards her blankets. Her son's friend had her bent over the bed with her ass in the air and her face in the sheets. Her arms were instinctively and submissively lounging as far forward as they possibly could against her king-size mattress.

Claire was lying on her back in bed, her neck resting on a fluffy white pillow with her eyes shut. Her left hand ran along her neck and down to her breast where it paused to play with her erect nipple. Her right hand would join in under normal circumstances, but it was currently busy grasping onto a buzzing Mr. Pink. She trailed the vibrator along her inner thighs as she let out a soft moan. A warmth shot through her body and her face suddenly felt flush. Her eyes remained closed as she moved her hips and lower back with the sensations. In reality, Claire had herself on the verge of exploding. But back in her fantasy, she was just getting started.

The sound of a zipper rang out in the seemingly silent bedroom. She didn't need to look back to know what was coming. Her face remained buried in the sheets, her butt high in the air, her toned, long legs towering alongside the bed, and a big smile was on her face. It had been twenty-six years since she heard that sound in the position she was currently in. An almost unbearable anticipation was building in her as she closed her eyes, waiting for that unmatched feeling of the first time with a new partner. Her hands grabbed two handfuls of blankets and braced for what was coming. There it was...

"Ahhhhhhhh..."

Claire let out a loud moan alone in bed. But back in her fantasy? Back in her fantasy she was anything but alone.

...the feeling of Dave's fat cockhead rubbing along her moist pussy lips. It was a feeling that Claire savored. It was a feeling she hadn't felt in forever. Most guys don't have the patience or the self-control to continue the slow buildup when they were this close to what they wanted. But Dave did. Dave knew exactly what she wanted.

"You ready for this big cock?"

Claire opened her mouth to answer with her face still hidden in the sheets. When she finally managed to separate her lips, a stream of saliva came pouring out. She felt like some kind of animal that couldn't control itself. Feeling his strong hand on her hip and his throbbing penis against her pussy rendered her incapable of responding. The time for teasing was over. Claire needed to get fucked.

"Slut."

She gulped after hearing that word escape from his mouth.

This was going to be heaven.

She took a deep inhale to collect herself before opening her mouth again. "Let's see why those little cheerleaders are walking funny the next day," she managed to get out before giving her butt a

wiggle.

Dave slowly began to slide inside her.

"Oh..."

His hips slowly moved forward as his cock continued to disappear.

"My..."

His pelvis pressed against her round, perky butt. He was completely inside her now.

"God!" Claire yelled.

Roy had never made her feel like this. Dave was of decent length, but much more importantly, he was thick. Oh was he thick. And Al hadn't come anywhere close to this. This feeling of fullness was something she had never experienced before. She could feel herself stretching to accommodate him but even the small amount of pain felt good. It really didn't matter anyways. That small amount of pain was completely overshadowed by the immense sense of pleasure.

"You like that?"

She knew it was a rhetorical question. Guys like Dave didn't ask those kinds of questions because they knew what girls like her wanted. She felt him slowly slide his cock out of her, leaving just the head of his penis inside, before slamming back into her again.

Claire opened her mouth but the feeling of being roughly driven into was leaving her speechless. It was that amazing feeling of being pummeled she had missed so much, except this time it felt even better. She never imagined being able to handle a cock this size, but she was so wet and so turned on that it fit perfectly inside her. And just when she thought it couldn't get any better, a strong, warm hand gripped the back of her neck and pressed her face into the sheets. It wasn't a soft push like Al would do when she was occasionally able to convince him to try to get rough with her. It was a helpless feeling of a stronger man doing what he wanted to her. The feeling of being under someone's complete control. And if that wasn't enough, she felt another hand give her jiggling ass cheek a firm slap. All those hours in the gym, all those times she passed up junk food for a healthy meal...it was all for this exact moment. So this dominant male could fully appreciate her body. She didn't even need to cum. Just knowing what she was doing to him was enough for her. But she knew this stud was going to make her cum anyway. Over and over and over again.

She pressed Mr. Pink against her clit. It only took twenty seconds for Claire to cum this time, but it didn't feel like twenty seconds. It felt like Dave had her bent over the bed and was driving into her for hours.

"Ahhhhhh fuck!"

Claire feverishly rubbed the vibrating head against her sensitive clit as she came for the second time in an hour. This time she came harder. Much harder.

When she opened her eyes, the world looked different from just a few minutes prior. Dave was no longer in her bedroom, but it had all felt so real. And she had the opportunity to make it real. Dave wasn't some fictional character from her own personal erotic novel. Dave was her son's friend who just so happened to spend countless hours at her house every week. Maybe it was time for Claire to

stop acting like Claire, and time for her to start acting like Ms. V. And what would Ms. V do in a situation like this when she had some young stud right on the edge? She picked up her phone and powered it off with a grin. She was going to drive this kid wild...

Chapter 8 - Time To Face The Music.

One week later. Saturday. 12:07PM.

Dave had avoided Jake's house all week. Homework, family things, sore from practice...he had used a litany of excuses as to why he couldn't attend their regular get-togethers. The way Ms. V left him hanging had been on his mind all week. Was she disgusted with him? Was she teasing him? But then again, there was no way of her knowing it was him. That had all been part of the plan. This way if it blew up in his face, there would be a way to hopefully kind of let it diffuse on its' own. And that would involve avoiding Ms. V for who knows how long. He did feel bad that Mike and Phil were over at Jake's house without any knowledge of the situation. Maybe things would get weird or uncomfortable between them? Or maybe Ms. V would make a move on one of them and he would miss his chance because he wasn't there? This entire situation had thrown him off all week. There was only one place he truly felt at home. And that was on the football field. Fortunately for him, this ordeal had no impact on his performance in last night's game.

12:08PM.

He was sitting in his car outside of Jake's house. Mike and Phil's vehicles were parked in the street and they were already inside. He had no idea of how to go about this. Should he act like he always did? Playful and somewhat flirty? Would his usual light flirting now be interpreted as him being sexually aggressive? Would she be pissed to see him? Would she be excited? He decided on a game plan. He was going to act like nothing had happened. That this entire game, the vibrator, and the text conversation had all been part of his imagination. Maybe if he played it off, she would just eventually forget about what happened and things would go back to normal. Back to the way they should be. He took a deep breath and opened his driver's side door. He couldn't avoid her forever. It was time to face the music.

Chapter 9 - Not So Smooth.

Claire looked at the clock above the stove. 12:09PM. Her eyes moved down to the gray pot which still had another six minutes before it was ready. She was making broccoli and cheese soup for her son's friends. She couldn't lie, some of it was going to be for herself as well. Sure it wasn't necessarily healthy, but there were much worse things she could be eating instead. Plus, it had been one of her favorites meals ever since her mother first made it for her as a little girl. And the first time her son's friends tried it, they all fell in love with it as well.

12:10PM.

Her eyes had been checking the clock nonstop ever since Mike and Phil knocked on the door. She was almost positive that neither of them was whom she had texted with. For one, she just had a gut feeling. Call it motherly instinct if you will, but she just knew. Plus, it became more obvious when Dave didn't show up at her house the entire week. That hadn't happened in years. No, her decision to cut off their text conversation early hadn't had its desired effect. She thought about texting him every day that week. Actually, on most days she had thought about it constantly. She came extremely close to texting him on Monday night, then again on Tuesday night, and finally once more on Thursday afternoon. That would have been really bad. To text him something dirty while he was at school. But Claire was embracing her bad side lately. And when that kid stepped through

the front door, he was going to get a full dose of Ms. V.

"Hey Ms. V."

Claire turned her head to see Dave leaning against the kitchen counter. She hadn't heard him come in at all.

"Oh...hey...hey Dave."

Oh-uh. Claire felt herself tense up. Just like with most things in life, it's always easy to be cool when you're running through a situation in your head. But here he was. Leaning against her kitchen counter in a black pair of basketball shorts and a gray t-shirt with their high school football team's logo on it.

"I haven't seen you in a while," he nonchalantly told her as he removed a glass from the cupboard and began filling it with water from the tap. "What have you been up to?"

What had she been up to? What had she been up to!? Umm...well let's see. She got a new vibrator. She sexted on the phone for the first time. And oh yeah...she had been cumming non-stop all week thanks to him! But he was acting like nothing happened!

Maybe she was wrong. Maybe it was Mike or Phil. Or maybe...maybe...maybe it wasn't any of them. Maybe someone else had done all of this. Maybe someone knew about the spare key she hung in the garage that just so happened to have a backdoor with a broken lock. Maybe she had completely molded this entire scenario to fit her fantasy. Her fantasy involving Dave. She needed to play it cool.

"Same old," she smiled. "You guys played great last night by the way. Your touchdown pass in the third quarter was amazing!"

She wanted to turn the focus on him until she could think of a way to approach this. She had never planned for him to just act like it was any other Saturday.

"Thanks," the teen smiled as opened the freezer to throw a few ice cubes into his drink. "More luck than anything."

He wasn't lying. His team were already up 35-0 at halftime but they went for the killshot on the first play of the third quarter. He faked a handoff to the running back but when he looked up, the entire left side of the defensive line was in his face. He immediately ducked which sent one of the defenders flying over the top of him before he spun out of the grip of the other lineman. He almost lost his footing but managed to maintain it with two more defenders zeroing in on him. He gave one of them a juke before escaping towards the right sidelines with the last lineman hot on his trail. His coach had been harping on him for over a year now to not force throws. He was always telling him that it was fine to throw the ball away and live to see another day. Dave had been getting better at embracing that, but guys like him could never fully embrace it. There wasn't a throw he truly believed he couldn't make. And as the defender closed in on him as he ran out of space near the sideline, he committed the cardinal sin of throwing the ball across his body, back towards the middle of the field. It was a throw that made every football coach in America sick. A throw that was almost always intercepted. A throw that most high school quarterbacks couldn't dream of making. But Dave wasn't most high school quarterbacks. The ball whistled between the cornerback and the linebacker, and right into Mike's chest. Mike then made the safety miss and took it fifty yards to the house for a touchdown. After celebrating with his teammates, he made his way to the sidelines to

meet with the only person in the stadium who wasn't impressed. His coach. All he could do was shake his head with a grin and give his quarterback a slap on the shoulder pads. Players like Dave didn't come through their school too often. Sometimes you just had to let them be themselves.

An uncomfortable silence filled the kitchen. Dave looked down at the ground as Claire checked the clock above the stove again. There had never been a moment of awkwardness between the two in the nine years of knowing each other. Claire was now positive that Dave was the one she had been talking to. What was more realistic? That he did this and now didn't know how to approach it, or that someone broke into her house and planted all of this stuff? How she had actually considered the latter was now amazing to her. But that is what men will do to you. They will make you think and feel all kinds of crazy things.

"See you around," Dave quickly said before turning and heading for the basement stairs.

He felt like a nerdy teen who had built up the courage to finally say a few words to his crush, only to completely panic when she said "hi" back. He certainly wasn't coming off like a cool, calm guy. He was coming off like an awkward teenage geek. And to be honest, that was how Ms. V was making him feel.

Chapter 10 - All Alone?

"You guys are serious? Really? What the fuck?"

Mike wasn't happy.

"I'm tired dude," Phil moaned before standing up and stretching. It was 8:30PM and he had just experienced an exhausting eight hours of being fed and watching football on his friend's couch.

"When did my friends turn into a bunch of nerds? I'm seriously going to have to go to another party by myself? That shit was lame last week without you two." Mike turned his attention to Dave.
"Hey...hey..hey!"

Dave's head snapped to attention. "What's up?"

"And what the hell is going on with you?" Mike asked with a puzzled look.

Dave responded with a confused squint of his eyes.

"All week you've been weird," Mike continued. "I was terrified you were going to be a mess last night but I guess football's excluded from whatever the fuck's on your mind."

"You have been a little distant dude," Phil chimed in.

"I've just been tired," Dave responded.

"This is ridiculous!" Mike continued to complain. "It's like I'm hanging out with my fuckin' grandparents!"

Phil turned and looked at Mike "Where's the party?"

"Kelly's house again."

Phil pondered the situation for a moment. "You know what...I'm in."

"There we go!" Mike smiled before turning to look at Dave. "And what about you princess? You have a change of heart too?"

Dave shook his head. "I'm gonna sit this one out."

Mike rolled his eyes before looking at Phil. "Alright baby boy...you and me. Ready to roll?"

"After you, honey buns," Phil smiled as he reached out his hand to encourage Mike to lead the way. "Take it easy Dave."

"Yeah," Mike shouted as he started up the stairs, "have a fun night of jerking off bro."

Dave didn't hear that last insult. He had too much on his mind to care about his friend's nonsense. He sat all alone on the couch while the college football post game wrap-up show played highlights of the game they had just watched. Well at least Mike and Phil watched it. Dave was looking at the TV, but his mind hadn't been focused on the game at all.

Fifteen minutes went by without him moving a muscle. He just felt exhausted. It wasn't a physical exhaustion either. It was purely mental.

"I didn't know you were still here."

Dave turned his head to see Ms. V.

Chapter 11 - All Alone???

Nothing about today felt right. Claire always loved when her son's friends were over. Sometimes she would even go down to the basement and watch football with them. She was more of a hockey girl, but she had come to enjoy football over the years. But today was different. Today, instead of bringing the soup downstairs to the boys, she chose to yell down the stairs that it was ready before running upstairs to wait for them to come up and serve themselves. She made up chores to do upstairs and outside throughout the day so she wouldn't run into any of them. Specifically Dave.

She felt almost a comical level of confusion. One second she would regret not making some kind of move on him, but the next second she would regret the entire situation. She regretted ever opening that sex toy. She regretted ever texting that number. Regretted ever fantasizing about Dave. But then her mind would suddenly switch. She would regret not jumping on Dave when he walked in. Regret not dragging him upstairs and having her way with him. Her mind felt like a wreck. She had never felt so conflicted.

But it was over now. Until next week that was when she would have to see him again. Was this going to be how the next year went? Feeling like a victim trapped in her own house while her son's friends were over? All because of some ridiculous sexual fantasy she felt she missed out on? A week ago she had experienced more excitement than in the past ten years combined. It was that unmatched energy of a sexual fantasy of someone you had never been with, but thought someday you could. Her time in the shower and on the bed with Mr. Pink while she texted Dave felt so long ago.

Jake's friends were never messy and always picked up after themselves, but she would still always go down into the basement after they left just to tidy things up. She had a little OCD in her when it

came to that. She walked over to the basement door, opened it, and was caught off-guard by what she saw. As she looked down the stairs into the dark room, the lights from the TV could be seen. It was unlike them to leave the TV on or not pick up after themselves. She walked down the stairs with her mind still going over everything that had happened over the past one-hundred and sixty-eight hours. But her thoughts immediately changed when she saw the back of a head sitting in the middle of the couch. As her small steps took her closer to the piece of furniture, the mystery of who was occupying the seat quickly faded. Her heart began to thump in her chest as she watched Dave sitting in silence with a distant look in his eyes. He was looking straight ahead, unaware she was in the room with him. She had one last chance to bail. She could quietly slip out of the room and wait for him to eventually leave. She took a step towards the stairs. That seemed like the most logical thing to do. Nothing good was going to come out of something like this. But then Claire stopped, took a deep breath, and turned back to look at her son's friend.

"I didn't know you were still here."

She watched him turn his head at the sound of her voice.

Chapter 12 - A Helpful Piece of Advice.

"Go say something to her, kiddo."

Dave turned his head to see his uncle taking a seat next to him. It was the middle of August and just a few weeks before he was slated to start his freshman year of high school. He was sitting at the picnic table in the backyard by himself, with his focus on one of the girls who was attending his seventeen year old cousin's birthday party.

"To whom?" Dave asked, trying to play off what he was afraid his uncle had picked up on. Was his lust that noticeable?

"To that cute little blonde," Uncle Pete grinned.

That cute blonde had caught Dave's eye the moment she first walked into the backyard. He had no idea who she was, what her name was, what she liked to do for fun, what type of music she listened to...but he wanted to know everything about her. A pair of short, ripped jean shorts fit perfectly on her long, tan legs, and the pink tank top she was wearing showed off her slim, fit figure. She had long blonde hair, a pretty smile, and the ability to make a thirteen year old boy reprioritize his life. He didn't know who she was, but from that moment on, he knew he wanted to be around girls like her.

"She wouldn't want anything to do with someone like me," he dejectedly responded.

A baffled look appeared on his uncle's face. "What?"

"If she's friends with your son, than that means she's going to be a senior. I'm gonna be a freshman. It doesn't work like that," he chuckled.

"According to whom?" Uncle Pete asked.

"That's just how it is," Dave answered before taking a sip of his soda.

Uncle Pete shook his head for what felt like an eternity. "I don't know what the hell is going on with your generation. I'm seeing it a lot at work too. Young, attractive girls getting no attention because

all the guys your age are glued to their phones or too scared to approach them. Let's say you go over there and hit on her? What's the worst she's going to say?

Dave pondered the question for a moment. "Umm...no...I guess?"

"Exactly," the uncle continued. "No. And is no the end of the world?"

"I guess not," Dave answered.

"She tells you no and you go hit on her friend. Her friend tells you no and you go hit on her sister. Listen kid, it's a numbers game. You can't win if you don't play."

"What are you two talking about?"

Dave looked up to see his smiling Aunt Karen sitting down across from him and his uncle.

"Nothing," the teen meekly answered.

"Guy talk," Pete told his wife. "I'm gonna turn this kid into a stud."

Karen rolled her eyes. "He's a real playboy, isn't he?" she sarcastically asked her nephew while pointing at her husband.

Dave couldn't help but laugh. His uncle was about sixty pounds overweight, balding, and his big ears and sizable nose weren't exactly helping him out. But his uncle was funny, charismatic, and he had a certain something that attracted people to his presence. His aunt was a knockout and yet here she was, married to a guy that looked like Humpty Dumpty.

"Pretend your aunt is some sexy girl you like," Uncle Pete said.

That wasn't going to be hard...

"And forget that she's forty-three years old for a second..." his uncle laughed.

That wasn't going to be hard...either!

He watched his aunt pick up an empty plastic cup from the table and throw it across the table at her husband's head.

Pete wiped off some soda from the side of his face before turning his attention back to his nephew. Apparently the cup wasn't completely empty.

"...as I was saying...pretend your aunt is a cute girl. Let's hear how you would approach her."

Dave turned his attention to his aunt. "Hi...I'm Dave, nice to meet you."

"No, no, no!" Uncle Pete interrupted. "Every guy who talks to her is going to open with that line. And when you get older, that line is going to turn into 'can I get you a drink?' You need to get her attention. Make her remember you."

"Like compliment her?" the teen asked.

"Maybe..." Pete hesitantly answered. "I mean...try to come with something more. When guys introduce themselves, they almost always follow up with a compliment. You want to stand out. You want to get her attention. You want to be on her mind."

Dave took a deep breath and turned to his aunt once again. "So my friend and I were having an argument that I was hoping you could chime in on."

Aunt Karen raised her eyebrows. "Oh yeah...about what?"

He stuck his index finger out and pointed at her. "About those."

"Huh?" Karen asked.

"My buddy thinks they're fake but I think they're real."

A shocked look spread across her face as she realized what her nephew was referring to. "I uhh...I..."

"Perfect!" Uncle Pete shouted, causing some of the older relatives who were sitting at a table closer to the house to turn and look. "This kid's a natural!"

"A natural?" Karen laughed, looking at her husband. "Are you crazy? That kind of question wouldn't fly with me."

"Yes, it would," Pete argued.

She shook her head. "No, it wouldn't."

Pete ignored his wife and instead looked at his nephew. "Look at the response you got out of her. That's what you want. A reaction. Then you can flip it."

"Flip it?" Dave asked.

"Yeah, flip it," Pete told him. "Right now you got her attention by getting under her skin...a negative, if you will. So flip it. Turn the conversation around and get it to where you want it."

"They're real by the way!" Karen loudly stated. The idea that anyone would question the realness of her breasts was bugging her. She always took pride in her sizable chest.

"Ahhhhh!" Pete smiled while pointing at his nephew. "See? She flipped it for you! Now look at what just happened. You came with something more than the generic bullshit your peers use, and see what happened? Thirty seconds into the conversation and she's talking about her tits! And if that line didn't work and she wants nothing to do with you, then fuck her, right?"

"Hey!" Karen snapped.

Pete laughed. "I'm not literally talking about you honey. I'm referring to this hypothetical woman he's talking to."

Dave waited for the blonde to eventually separate from her friends. When she was alone, he moved in with a line he would eventually look back and laugh at. He told her he had no idea they made women's flip flops in that size. It was a big feet joke. It bombed, but he laughed it off. That was the

last time he ever felt nervous around a girl. His uncle was right. If a woman didn't give him the time of day, then fuck her. And at the end of the day, it really was a numbers game. He was surrounded by millions of women. There was no reason to dwell over one of them.

But he was.

Ms. V was different. He had talked and flirted with hundreds of women over the years, but he never felt nervous around any of them. Yet here he was, sitting on the couch, surrounded by darkness with the exception of the light radiating from the television, his stomach churning.

"I didn't know you were still here."

Chapter 13 - Never Alone.

The knot in his stomach suddenly felt like a boulder. He took a deep gulp before opening his mouth.

"I...I was just...just leaving."

"It's fine," Claire told him. "You can stay if you want. I just thought someone left the TV on."

Dave didn't feel like he was sitting on the couch in his friend's basement anymore. He felt like he was back at his uncle's house four years ago. When he was a nervous, anxious, self-conscious teen. When talking to women was something he just fantasized about, not something he actually did. He thought back to the conversation he had with his uncle. How he had changed his outlook on women that day. How he left that party no longer looking at women as mythical creatures, but instead just as regular people. Ms. V was just a woman. He could do this.

Claire stood there and watched the teenager's eyes shoot past her and focus on something seemingly in the distance. He looked like he was deep in thought, reflecting on things she wasn't privy to. This was her chance to escape. To slip upstairs and wiggle out of this near disaster of a situation. Just keep avoiding him for the next few weeks and things will eventually go back to normal. That was her plan.

She turned and took a step towards the stairs.

Claire paused.

It wasn't her doing. She wanted to slither towards the stairs and up to her room. She wanted to disappear before he even knew what had hit him. But something was stopping her.

There was a hand around her arm.

She turned her head to see Dave now sitting at the edge of the couch, his upper body leaning over the armrest so he could reach out and grab hold of her. His large hand easily wrapped around her petite forearm.

"I'm just gonna head upstairs then..." she told him before attempting to pull away.

His grip didn't break.

"Dave..."

The blank expression on his face remained unchanged.

"David!"

He forcibly pulled her towards the couch and sat back in his seat with his hand still locked around her arm.

Claire gulped but felt her throat struggle to find any saliva. Her mouth was completely dry.

That strong hand yanked her arm again. This time she stumbled towards him, spinning with her butt eventually landing on the knees of her son's friend.

Her mind was trying to process the situation. A week ago she was pretty sure Dave had bought her a sex toy. They then sexted, but she kind of messed things up and confused him. Instead of ending it right there like any responsible adult would do, Claire thought about it nonstop for the next seven days. Dave then appeared weird and somewhat rattled around her when they saw each other for the first time since, earlier today. But here she was. Sitting on his knees because he had pulled her onto him. Either he had a total change of heart or she had completely misread the situation.

"This is wrong," Claire said as she looked into Dave's eyes. "You need to let me go."

He didn't respond. He just stared back at her.

"I'm serious!" she reiterated.

There was no response.

Claire looked down at her arm. There wasn't a hand around it. She had no idea how long ago he had moved it, but she had been sitting across his knees willingly for who knows how long.

She was free to go.

She didn't move.

Claire took another deep gulp and this time managed to find some saliva deep in her throat. Her heart was racing like a schoolgirl who had just experienced having her crush talk to her.

Then the unimaginable happened. She watched him pull out his cellphone and begin to fiddle with it.

Really? I'm sitting on his knees which is beyond inappropriate, and he's looking at his cellphone?

She felt her phone vibrate in her pocket.

She didn't want to engage in this electronically obsessed culture where people had to compulsively check their phones every two minutes. But as Dave put his phone away, she watched his face move its' attention back to hers and wait. She could read him. He wanted her to look at her phone.

She leaned to the side, reached into her pocket, and pulled out her phone. The name of the sender was "Dave?" Mystery solved. Well, whatever mystery that was exactly. She pretty much knew she had been talking to him but entered his contact info as "Dave?" instead of "Dave" just to be safe.

This just confirmed it. As her eyes moved lower to read the text message, her heart suddenly stopped when she glanced at the words.

"Get on your knees."

Her eyes remained locked on the screen as she reread the message several more times.

Get on your knees? Get on your knees???

Claire didn't look at Dave's face. She didn't look around the room. No one was here to tell her what happened next. She had flipped the page of her own story and it was blank. The tale was waiting to be written. She tossed her phone to the cushion on the other end of the couch and smiled to herself.

She slid off of his knees and down to the floor.

Dave was trying to play it cool. He was trying to maintain his composure. But holy shit that had actually worked! He made a move on her and she went with it! And now she was following his orders! As amazing as all of this was, the sight of his fantasy woman down on her knees in front of him was everything he had dreamt about since he was in middle school. Not only was she down on her knees, she was patiently waiting for him to tell her what to do next. He didn't need to think too hard about that. This visual had ran through his mind thousands of times before.

He stood up.

Claire watched her son's friend rise to his feet in front of her. As if he didn't look big enough as-is, he now looked like a giant from her lowly spot on the carpeted floor. It had been a long time since a physical specimen like this had towered over her. It was a feeling she missed. She wanted to reach up and tug at his shorts. She wanted to pull them down around his ankles. She wanted to make him feel things his previous girlfriends had never come close to doing. But before she could do any of that, the teen suddenly stepped forward, his groin now just inches from her face. The sight of a sizable bulge was quickly replaced by a handsome face. He was bent at the waist, leaning down to kiss her with his hands running through her hair.

But he stopped himself.

Out of all the things he wanted to do to Ms. V, kissing her was at the top of that list. It's something most people take for granted. The simple act of lips gently pressing against anothers. And Dave was going to save it. He was going to save that feeling for the perfect moment. Right now he had something else in mind for her.

"You're so fuckin' sexy."

Claire sheepishly smiled and blushed. Sometimes it was the little things she missed most about having a man desire you. Being told how sexy you are. How wild you make him feel. It was something she missed in her single, rather uneventful life. But she had a feeling she was in for a lot more of that in the coming moments.

"So fuckin' sexy," he said again as he shook his head. Seeing her react with that glowing smile lit a fire inside of him. He wanted to see that smile everyday. He wanted to make her feel the way she deserved to feel. And right now, he was going to give her exactly what she wanted.

He leaned back, stood up straight, and pulled his gray t-shirt over his head, tossing it off to the side

on the floor. The look on Ms. V's face said it all.

Claire felt a noticeable shutter in her body as she looked up at Dave. She had seen him without his shirt before, but unfortunately never from the angle she was now. His muscles glistened from the little light the television was sending off. There were so many muscles. She hadn't been around a guy that remotely resembled Dave since her days of dating Roy, let alone gotten intimate with one. And Roy hadn't had the abs this kid possessed. Call her superficial, call her whatever, but Claire had a major, major, major weakness for abs. She couldn't control herself anymore.

Dave watched the mom lunge forward and plant her face into his stomach as her hands gripped the back of his buttocks to maintain her balance. He couldn't help but throw his head back and let out a deep groan as her soft, warm, wet lips began planting kisses all over his midsection. Becky had been the same way. Constantly kissing and feeling his body but he had assumed it was just a younger girl thing. But the sight of his buddy's mom looking exactly like his cheerleader ex-girlfriend changed that thought. He continued to run his hand through her hair as she worshiped his body. He felt her left hand abandon his butt and reach up to explore his pecs and biceps. He couldn't wait any longer. His soft hand that flowed through her hair suddenly turned into a fist that had a firm hold of her pretty, blonde locks. He gave her head a yank back to see a smile on her face.

"I've been thinking about something for a long time," he grinned.

The feeling of Dave having a firm grasp of her hair was doing things to Claire that she couldn't put into words. Whatever had been on his mind for a long time, she would be more than willing to do for him.

"What's that?" she asked with a devilish smile.

He let go of her hair and moved his hand to the waistband of his basketball shorts. "Having those gorgeous blue eyes looking up at me..."

"...with your fat cock in my mouth" she interrupted, finishing his sentence for him. This was her story after all...

The hand on his waistband was quickly joined by both of Ms. V's as Dave looked down at the mom.

Claire slowly slid down his shorts, her hands bringing his boxer shorts down along with them. She felt like a little kid playing some kind of childish game. Sure, she could just yank them down and reveal what had been on her mind for the past few years. But she didn't. She wanted to stretch this out for minutes. For hours. For days. The sight of his trimmed pubic hair gave way to the base of his penis. And that soon gave way to the fat, veiny mid section, and that gave way to more of it, and that gave way to more of the same...Claire began to salivate.

She wasn't a size queen, but nothing turned Claire on more than a thick, fat cock, And when that cock was attached to a jock? Even better. And when that jock just so happened to be someone she liked? Well then...things don't get much better than that.

A hint of his fat, pink head finally appeared. His cock was even more perfect than she had fantasized and she was still to see the entire thing. But that was going to change. That was going to change real soon.

She stopped sliding down his shorts and looked up at him. It took a few moments but his eyes

finally peered down and locked onto hers. She gave him a grin before placing her face above his cock still pinned under his shorts. She could feel it throbbing to be unleashed. Claire knew what she was doing. It wasn't to play out a fantasy for Dave. She was doing it to play out her own fantasy. It had been so long since she had been with a guy like this, that she had forgotten the sound of an stud finally being freed. She closed her eyes and gave his shorts one final tug.

Thud.

Claire smiled.

His cock had sprang out and slammed into the underpart of her jaw. Even with the sound of the TV still on, the noise echoed throughout the room. She could do that a hundred more times and never grow tired of hearing it. It was just so powerful, so strong, and she was adsorbing it. She slowly slid her head back, feeling his meat running along her smooth skin. When she finally no longer felt him, she opened her eyes and her mouth dropped.

The expression Dave saw on Ms. V's face will likely never be matched again in his lifetime. Other woman had reacted in similar fashion to seeing his dick the first time. He wasn't massive, but he was larger than normal. But seeing this older, experienced woman in a state of disbelief, stroked his ego like nothing in his life ever had before. He didn't only have his friend's mom down on her knees in front of him, but she was looking up at his cock like a puppy waiting for its' owner to hand it a treat. He took his dick in his hand and slowly began to stroke it in front of her, not realizing that he was instinctively teasing the mom with the treat she was waiting for.

He took a step forward and rested his dick on her face. Forget about the expression on her face before. Now this was the greatest thing he had ever seen. The middle of Ms. V's face was covered by his thick cock, but her stunning blue eyes glowed from each side of his manhood. And a little further down he could barely make out a smile. Sure, if he lifted his cock he would probably see a big smile, but he was willing to sacrifice seeing that for another few moments of her being covered. Looking down to see his dick run the length of his friend's mom's face was just about the greatest thing he had ever laid his eyes on.

Claire had experienced a number of unbelievably hot things in her lifetime, but she was having a hard time finding one that ranked above this moment. Some women might find it degrading. Some women might find it juvenile. But Claire found it sexy. The warmth radiating from his most precious body part felt like sunlight hitting her face. The pheromones his body was giving off were strong. It was the indescribable smell of a man who was ready. A man who desired nothing more than the woman he was looking at. Claire opened her mouth and began lapping at his large testicles.

Dave loudly moaned.

That sound. Claire couldn't get enough of that sound. To be honest, Claire didn't need to be taken care of sexually. Sure, it made things better when she was and she would never turn the attention down, but she could cum solely from seeing someone she truly cared about orgasm. There was no better feeling than pleasing. To know that she was making someone feel better than anyone else possibly could. To hear the audible feedback escape from their mouth while she was doing it. She couldn't get enough of that. She stuck her tongue out and moved from the balls, sliding it along the bottom of his fat, thick, warm shaft as she made her way to the head. Once she got there, she took him inside her mouth before beginning to slowly bob on his rock hard cock. It was a much more difficult task than she had ever taken on before. Her mouth was being stretched and her jaw was being worked in ways that she hadn't experienced prior. But she wanted to impress. She wanted to

please.

"Fuck..." Dave moaned.

There it was again. That sound. Claire began to bob faster with her right hand now stroking in unison as her mouth worked. Her left hand wasn't concerned with helping. No, her left hand had vanished from the party and was last seen sliding inside her black athletic shorts and matching cotton panties.

The only thing Dave could do was admire the sight he was seeing. Ms. V's purple t-shirt had streaks of wet marks from her spit all over it. That wasn't a problem though. That t-shirt wasn't going to be on much longer anyway. Actually, he wanted it off now. But then again, the last thing he wanted to do was leave her mouth for one second. Her hair was messy from a lack of brushing and she didn't have much makeup on. She had on no lipstick whatsoever and her natural beauty looked amazing even in the relative darkness. But the most amazing part of what he was seeing didn't involve her looks or what she was doing to him with her mouth. It involved what she was doing with her left hand while she was giving him the best blowjob of his life.

She was rubbing her clit. Well she wasn't just rubbing it. She was feverishly rubbing it. Her hand was moving with the celerity of a boxer working a speed bag. And as this amazing blowjob continued, the moans and noises coming from her mouth only increased. She sounded like one of those porn girls who acted like giving a blowjob was the most stimulating experience in the world. Except this wasn't an act. His friend's mom was getting off on sucking his dick.

He felt her mouth stop moving and go limp around his stiff cock as her eyes rolled back into her head. Her shoulders shook for a few moments as he continued to look down in amazement. She just came! She had just orgasmed with his cock in her mouth and he hadn't even touched her. This woman was something else. He gave her a minute to regroup herself. When she resumed the blowjob, he decided to check off another box on his list of fantasies.

"How far can you go?"

Claire didn't answer. Why would she? She couldn't believe that he even had to ask in the first place. She had been so caught up in getting off, that she forgot to show him what he was missing out on by only dating those cheerleaders at school. No one could give head like an older woman and this kid was about to find that out. She pulled her hand out of her shorts and wrapped it around the back of his muscular thighs. Her right hand followed suit.

He looked down to see the mom continue to bob on his cock before slowing her pace and beginning to slide her mouth towards his stomach. Inch by inch he watched himself disappear. It was like a magic trick. A trick that just so happened to involved a warm, wet mouth wrapped around his cock that was tightening and pulsating more and more as it journeyed further. Dave was in a state of awe as her cute, little nose approached his pubic bone.

Claire's eyes instinctively opened as she crept closer to her target. His chiseled v-line that ran from his hips down to his trimmed pubic hair caught her peripheral vision. If Claire was wearing lipstick, that line would be covered in red within the next five minutes. But she had a task to accomplish first. She closed her eyes and pulled herself into him again, fighting back her gag reflex to show this stud something few women could do.

"Oh my fucking...God!"

Her nose hit his body.

She pulled her mouth back, allowing his drenched cock to feel the mild basement air again. It was covered in saliva and spit. The kind of spit you could only get from the back of your throat. The thicker, wetter, sexier spit that proved you were doing something right. The spit she was positive Dave had never felt on his cock before. When she looked up to gauge his emotions, his face told her everything she needed to know. He was in heaven. And it was time for Claire to get a piece of that heaven. It was time to push him over the edge.

She attacked his cock with her mouth and relentlessly inhaled it, trying to suck his soul out in the process. Claire decided to play a game. This was a unique game and she was the only contestant. In fact, she was the only one who knew about it. The game was called *How Long Before Dave Cums*. The timer in Claire's head was set for thirty seconds. It was just her, an imaginary clock, and an eighteen-year-old who was about to experience the best orgasm of his life.

Dave was trying to fight it. He was trying to hold back. He wanted more of this feeling. He wanted more of her wet, warm mouth covering him. He wanted more of her swallowing him whole before changing it up and focusing on just the head of his penis. But the feeling of her right hand rapidly jerking his shaft while her head promptly moved up and down on his first few inches was too much. An overwhelming sensation washed over him as he felt himself lose control.

"Cum...cumming..."

Claire never let up. She never slowed down. She continued to frantically work his dick as her mouth quickly filled with his seed.

Ten seconds later it was over.

Dave fell back onto the couch. His mind was having a hard time comprehending what he just experienced. Now he was having a hard time comprehending what he was seeing.

He watched the mom take a deep gulp before sliding her right hand down under her shorts and begin to rub herself again. Her eyes were closed and her head was thrown back. As her mouth opened to let out a moan, a hint of his cum trailed from the edge of her lips. It didn't take her long. Thirty, maybe forty seconds before a booming shriek rang out in the room. For the second time in the past five minutes, he watched Ms. V make herself orgasm from giving him oral sex. And not even oral sex this time! This last time it appeared she came solely from swallowing his cum. He never would have imagined that this shy, reserved woman was so sexually insatiable. It was time to find out just how insatiable she really was.

Mr. Pink hadn't ever made her feel like that. All the tension and the build-up combined with the complete taboo of what was going on had Claire extremely worked up. Her first orgasm during the blowjob was amazing, but this last one was marvelous. He tasted sweet. It probably had something to do with all the fruit she was always feeding him and his friends. But he didn't need to taste sweet. He could have tasted bitter and it wouldn't have made a difference to Claire. The semen only signaled one thing to her...a job well done. It meant she brought the ultimate pleasure to someone by using her body. The idea was more than enough to get her off.

Her mind had wandered and something suddenly felt different. She looked up to see Dave standing in front of her with her purple t-shirt in his hand. She had been so caught up in reflecting on the past few minutes that she hadn't felt him tug her shirt off. Dave wasn't going to have to worry about unhooking her bra though. She was going to take care of that for him.

Dave was checking boxes off of his bucket list but he wasn't exactly going in chronological order. This fictional list had first been published in his head at the age of nine. Dave had no idea what a blowjob was when he was nine years old so that check was placed on a box much further down the list. No, the first box desired a simple kiss from the mom. But he was still saving that. And while a nine-year-old Dave wasn't completely sure what the purpose of boobs were, he knew one thing even at a young age...that he liked them. And seeing Ms. V's breasts was sitting at number two on his list.

Check another box off.

This woman was perfect. Every inch of her was perfect. Her breasts weren't big and saggy and they certainly weren't small. They were just the perfect size. And they had a perk to them similar to his ex-girlfriend's. Had he expected anything different? Would this angelic woman have some kind of physical imperfection? Of course not. She was perfect.

Claire quickly found herself laying on the couch thanks to Dave playfully picking her up and tossing her onto the bouncy cushions. She loved this feeling of unpredictability. You can't surprise yourself when you're all alone. It took a partner to make you wonder what was coming next. And what was coming next was Dave's warm mouth kissing and exploring every inch of her from the waist up. Her smooth stomach, her sensitive nipples, her neck and the areas behind her ears. She had noticed him avoid one area though. Her lips. Claire wanted to taste him. But before she could pull him to her mouth, the teen slipped out of her reach and moved towards her hips, taking hold of her athletic shorts and giving them a tug with a big smile on his face. She immediately forgave him for not kissing her when she saw the look of appreciation on his face. She loved that he loved her body.

The shorts were gone and Dave was staring at a pair of black, cotton panties. His mouth was salivating at the idea of what was going to happen next. Sometimes you just knew what a woman looked like before you saw her. There wasn't an explanation for it. It was just an instinct. A sixth sense, if you will. Dave could have picked Ms. V's pussy out of a lineup before ever even seeing it. What did it look like? She was going to be completely shaved. The lips were going to be trim and inviting. She was going to taste salty with a bit of sweetness to her. And when his hands began to slide her panties down her toned thighs, he couldn't help but smile. It looked exactly like he imagined. Now it was time to see if she tasted like he imagined.

"I want you inside me."

He'll get around to tasting her later...

Dave pulled her panties down past her ankles and tossed them onto the floor next to her shorts. The voluptuous mom was on her back along the couch while the teen sat at the far end, admiring the view he was taking in.

"Now!" she playfully whined.

She wouldn't have to ask again.

Before Claire knew it, she was turned on her stomach and her son's friend was slowing sliding inside of her. She tried to relax, she tried to keep herself calm so she wouldn't tighten up, but it didn't seem to help. She turned her head back to see Dave spit on his hand and rub it into his cock. As soaking wet as she was, he was still having issues being able to fit inside her. Her eyes rolled

back as she felt the head of his cock finally push through and soon he was slowly working his way inside. He went easy at first, allowing the mom to adjust to his size and primarily to his thickness. But those teenage urges and passions quickly took over.

Claire was being pummeled. She honestly didn't expect it to be so similar to her fantasy. He was just an eighteen year old kid. He wasn't some porn star. The fact that he was already hard again this quickly was a miracle in itself to her. The college kid from a few months ago certainly wasn't able to do that. But why was she still thinking? Why did that dud of a lay from the summer come into her mind? It was time to completely enjoy this. Because who knows...it might be the only time she ever gets to experience it.

Dave was slamming into Ms. V. He had intended to go easy, he had intended to go slow...but he couldn't help it. She looked too good. She felt even better. The mom was unbelievably tight. He always thought older women felt loose. That was what he had always heard. But not Ms. V. Not only was she not loose, she was stretching to accommodate his size. She felt like his past high school girlfriends. Except none of those girls had a body like his friend's mom.

Her perfect ass bounced and rippled with every rough thrust forward. His left knee was on the couch next to the back cushions while his right foot was standing on the carpeted basement floor. His hands were locked around the mom's slender waist as he hammered away. Every thrust resulted in his pelvic bone slamming into butt. Every pump ensued a yelp to jet out of Ms. V's mouth. He slowed his pace to catch his breath. Sure he had cum just prior to this, but if he didn't control himself, this second time wasn't going to last much longer. She just felt too good.

"Mor...m...m...more..."

Claire's arm wildly flung back as she blindly attempted to locate Dave with her head still buried face down in a throw pillow.

How could he say no to that? To the sound of his friend's hot mom incoherently begging for him to resume fucking the shit out of her. It was time to give her what she wanted.

He hammered into her four or five more times before reaching forward and grabbing the throw pillow Ms. V had her face on. He pulled it away and tossed it onto the floor. He then lowered his body, almost on-top of her as he placed one hand on the back of her neck and his other hand on the front of her neck, before turning her head to look into her eyes from merely inches away. Nothing was separating their two bodies now as he had the busty mom completely under his lean, muscular frame. He was fucking her like an animal.

Roy had never done anything like this. Claire's idea of rough sex was being completely redefined. What she had always thought was rough sex was simply child's play compared to what this jock was doing to her. Her body was being suffocated under his weight and all she wanted was more. Her breaths were becoming few and far between as the grip around her neck tightened. But the only thing on Claire's mind was the orgasm she just had. The feeling of helplessness syncing with the feeling of fullness was almost too much. And that was when she felt two vicious thrusts slam into her before a hand brushed the hair out of her face. She opened her eyes to see Dave staring down, his body now still.

"You're fucking perfect."

Claire came. There was no pumping, no thrusting, no choking...nothing physical made her explode. It was hearing those words come out of his mouth. He found her perfect.

He leaned in and kissed her on the lips.

The jolt he felt from having his most sought-after woman pinned beneath him paled in comparison to the feeling of touching her lips. Her moist, soft, juicy lips. He would get reacquainted with them later. Right now he had one last thing he wanted to do with her. Those dirty text messages they had exchanged last week? It was time to make them a reality. He moved his mouth up to Ms. V's ear.

"So fucking perfect," he whispered. "Who knew you were such a bad girl?"

His rhetorical question was followed by three rough thrusts.

"So..."

He roughly pumped into her.

"...Fucking..."

He slid almost completely out of Claire before pausing and waiting for her to think that something else was coming. When her body relaxed, he laid into her again.

"...Bad."

"Bad" had been whispered directly into her ear. So much so that she could feel the heat from his breath tickle her ear canal. Claire was being physically manhandled. It couldn't possibly get better.

She was experiencing an indescribable sense of ecstasy. The kind of feeling you only truly received from either sex or drugs. It was the kind of feeling you can't explain to your friends because it's just something you have to sense for yourself.

Feeling Ms. V's grip tighten around his cock from another orgasm was all Dave could take. She just felt too good to control himself.

"I'm gonna cum."

Claire's body didn't react. She knew that she wanted to taste him again. She wanted to savor every drop of her son's friend before greedily swallowing it all, but her body wasn't allowing her to keep up with her mind. Her body was numb. Her body was exhausted and overwhelmed by pleasure. Fortunately for her, Dave read the entire situation. It was almost like they had a connection...

She felt a hand grab her by the hair and pull her down to the floor. She opened her mouth and accepted his throbbing cock which quickly emptied onto her tongue for the second time in so many minutes.

She swallowed every drop.

If there was such a thing as being "dick drunk," then Claire was currently experiencing it. She would have been sprawled out on the floor at this very moment if Dave hadn't helped her to the couch to lie down. She watched the teen retrieve a blanket out of the closet and cover her with it before resting her head on the throw pillow he had fetched from the floor. She wasn't necessarily sleepy. She just felt exhausted. She felt like she just had run a marathon. A marathon where she just so happened to have cum six or seven times. She heard Dave plop down on the recliner next to the

couch, out of her line of sight. He had to feel exhausted. Sure he was young, but she completely drained him. Twice.

With the exception of the past week, there was rarely a moment of awkwardness between the two. A few seconds of silence passed before Dave spoke up.

"So you wanna go out on a date some time, Ms. V?"

Claire smiled to herself. Kids these days...

The end.

A Thing for Mom

by [mt44](#)©

A big thanks to Todger65 for editing this.

Chapter 1 -- An Oral Problem.

Bounce...bounce...bounce...

Emily stared out the front screen door and gazed at the driveway. 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, ripped...it still cast a spell on her at forty-four years of age. She was a married mother of one and despite her best efforts to improve her body over the past few months, she couldn't replicate the youthful energy 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 brown hair, down to his wide shoulders. 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 shouldn't be lusting after boys twenty-six years her junior. She knew that, but was there really any harm in looking? The older she got; the more she learned to appreciate young men. Their confidence, their bodies, and their attitudes drove her crazy. It was like they felt invincible. And that aura of self-assurance was addicting to be around.

"Hey, Mom!"

Emily smiled and waved back. Yes, that jock shooting baskets on the hoop in the driveway was her son.

As the years went by, Emily found herself gawking at Kevin more and more. Well, gawking might not be the best word. It was more like admiring. He was everything she ever wanted in a son. He was athletic, smart, funny, witty, tall, and oh so charming. It was like he didn't possess a single quality of his father, and that was a very good thing. Tom's lazy, selfish, nasty at times personality skipped her son and Emily couldn't have been more thankful. The truth was Emily never wanted to

end up with Tom and she definitely didn't want to have a child with him. It just kind of happened. A mishap with birth control, a mix-up over whether or not he pulled out, and thirty-eight weeks later Kevin was born. The two agreed to be married to raise their child in a stable environment, and that was that.

Emily wasn't unhappy. Actually, she kind of was. She was unhappy with Tom. They'd been dating for four months when she missed her period and their relationship was on it's last legs by that point. The two didn't have anything in common, they didn't necessarily get along with each other, and the sex was fairly mediocre. Emily was trying to make it work because she was twenty-five and felt like she needed to start thinking about serious relationships. Was this what serious relationships were like? Were they rocky roads and bumpy patches which led to green pastures full of rewarding experiences with your soulmate? But Tom wasn't her soulmate. He wasn't even her friend. He was just a guy she dated for a while and mistakenly got pregnant with. And despite eighteen years of marriage, she never felt like part of a team. She always felt alone in this game called life and Tom was just along for the ride. He contributed financially, but that was really the extent of his efforts. The cooking, cleaning, and raising of their child all landed on her shoulders. But she made it work.

As unenjoyable as life with Tom was, Kevin made things worth living. She knew they'd get along great from a very early age. And her son would never go through a phase of being embarrassed by her or shunning her out of his life. She felt an instant connection with him. And her gut feeling was proven correct as the years passed by. They shared the same sense of humor, had similar personalities, and genuinely enjoyed being around each other. Kevin was basically the kind of guy she wished she had married, but Tom wasn't going to change, and she just had to accept that.

Bounce...bounce...bounce...

God, the things she would do for Tom to have that body...

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

"No thanks, Mom!" the teen shouted back before the basketball raised into the air, flew through the sky, and gently landed between the metal rim again.

It was probably unfair for Emily to want her forty-six-year-old husband to possess her eighteen-year-old son's body. After all, she didn't look like Kevin's eighteen-year-old girlfriend. But, Tom was pushing close to two-hundred and seventy pounds, and at five feet ten inches, he didn't carry it well at all. She felt partially responsible for his weight due to her love of baking and cooking, but he didn't have any self-control or motivation to workout. He would just come home from work, lie on the couch until dinner was ready, eat, and go right back to the couch for more TV until he was ready to go to bed. And don't bother talking about their sex life, because there wasn't any.

At five feet six inches, Emily had worked hard to lose ten pounds in the past six weeks. She was now weighing in at one hundred and fifty pounds and saw a noticeable change in her body, especially in her legs and butt when she wore yoga pants or tight jeans. Really any type of tight clothing made her feel good about her current frame. She ventured down from the cardio machines and into the weight room at the gym over the past three weeks and loved the feel of it. Her body

was leaner and more toned than it'd ever been. Plus, her sizable bust which she'd always been thankful for didn't hurt her appearance either. And her long brown hair and light brown eyes were always an attention getter.

"Hey, Em."

Emily turned around and tried to hide her disgust. It wasn't easy these days. "Hey, Tom."

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

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

"Well, what the fuck, Em? I am."

"Okay," she huffed, "go make yourself something to hold you over then. I'll get started in a bit."

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

That exchange summed up their relationship. She was the cook, the maid, and the mother all-in-one. He was just there. His decent paycheck at least helped bring something to the table. Tom worked in the software department of a large shipping company and loved to use that as the excuse for his laziness. He was 'exhausted' as he'd frequently call it. He wasn't loading heavy boxes onto trucks or delivering them to people's houses, he was sitting in front of a computer all day. She was a secretary at a middle school and basically had the same physical burden at work. She knew what it was like to sit at a desk for eight hours. It wasn't hard. And she wasn't too tired to go to the gym, do laundry, cook dinner, and clean the house. Last night was a perfect example of her frustration.

Nineteen hours earlier. 11PM.

"Tommmmmmmmy..."

Tom's eyes never left the bedroom TV.

"Tommmmmmmmy..."

"Jesus, Em. Come on..."

"Whaaaat?" the mom whined.

"Not tonight," he told her as he picked up the remote and pressed the guide button. "Maybe tomorrow."

"That's what you said last night!" Emily frustratingly groaned from her spot on the bed next to him.

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

Tired. He was always tired. And it blew her mind that she was the one always begging for sex. She was always horny. Not in a crazy, nymphomaniac kind of way. She just really liked sex, and she loved to please. Wasn't that every husband's dream wife? 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 told her as he turned on a basketball game.

She snatched the remote out of his hand, turned off the television, and looked at her husband.

"What the fuck, Em? There's two minutes left!"

"Our sex life is terrible!" she firmly told him. She was done beating around the bush and dropping 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!?"

"It wasn't hard!" Emily told him. "I'm not retarded! I can count to ten!"

"And?"

"Are you cheating on me?" Emily asked.

"Excuse me?"

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

Tom slowly started to laugh. "No, Em...I'm not cheating on you."

"What is it then?" she asked with an aggravated tone. She wasn't finding this as funny as her husband was.

"You want the truth?" he asked.

"I want the truth," she told him.

"You're frustrating."

"I'm...I'm..." Emily stammered, "I'm frustrating?"

"Yeah," Tom nodded.

"Frustrating...how?"

"How do you think?" Tom asked with a somewhat disgusted face.

"Because of how long it takes me?"

He nodded.

She ran her hand through her long brown hair and huffed. "I can't help that, Tom!"

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

She looked off toward the wall and shook her head. "I'm so sorry it takes me a long time to cum and that's such a terrible inconvenience for you," she told him with a far amount of sarcasm to her voice.

"I've never liked going down on women," Tom told her, "and you've always known that. You knew a week into dating I wasn't into that. So, I can't just change. Em, it takes you like forty minutes to get off..."

She stared at him.

"Forty minutes!"

She held her hands out in the air; confused.

"I don't want to be down there for forty minutes!" he told her. "And every time we have sex, you want oral. And I don't want to go down there. I mean, do you want to give me forty minute blowjobs?"

She was glaring at her husband. "You don't take forty minutes..."

"But what if I did?" he asked.

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

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

"I haven't had someone other than myself get me off in close to two years," she said. "You threw in the towel on my last birthday but managed to stick it out the birthday before that. Be honest with me, Tom. Is there a smell or a taste or something?"

He shook his head. "I just don't like doing it. I never have."

"What if we setup some kind of schedule or something?" she asked.

"A schedule?"

"Yeah," she told him. "Like, Monday's you'll go down on me, Tuesday's I'll go down on you, and Wednesday's we'll have sex? And we work a rotation like that?"

Tom shook his head.

"Okay..." Emily groaned. "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?"

Tom's neck was getting sore from repeatedly shaking it.

"Once a week!" Emily huffed. "And I'll suck your dick whenever you want!"

He pondered her offer for a few moments. "That's like one-hundred and sixty minutes...which is two hours and forty minutes...I don't want to lock myself into that."

"A month!" she shouted. "Less than three hours a month!?"

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

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

"What?"

"About my ass," she clarified.

"What the fuck 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 shouted. "Do you remember what you said to me?"

Tom tried to think. "A week ago? Probably not. What did I say?"

"I was getting plates for dinner when you walked past me to get a drink out of the fridge," she told

him. "You really don't remember?"

"A week ago?" he laughed. "Em, 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.

"Jesus, Em, keep your voice down."

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

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

Emily was glaring at her husband.

"What happened to your sense of humor?" he chuckled. "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!"

"You want me joking about your big, fat gut?" she asked.

Tom's face suddenly changed. "What did you just say?"

"Your gut," she asked while pointing at his large stomach. "You want me to talk about that?"

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

"But my ass is fair game?"

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

Part of her thought Tom was joking, but his eyes almost looked puffy. It was like he was about to cry. "You're kidding me, right?"

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

The idea of going down on her for forty minutes was so off-putting, her husband decided to just pass on sex and blowjobs completely. She felt like some horny teenager who just discovered her

sexuality. She was constantly playing with herself. She even kept a small pocket vibrator in her purse to get herself warmed up in the car if she knew she had the house to herself. And when she sought help on the internet; Emily surprisingly found herself in the minority. Apparently the world was full of sex-craved husbands who weren't getting any action from their wives. There weren't too many women out there whose husbands weren't taking an interest in them. It was getting tougher and tougher to control herself lately. One of the few things Tom and Kevin had in common was their mutual joy of not wearing shirts, and she could safely say she lusted after one of those half-naked men much more than the other. She really needed to do something about that...

Chapter 2 -- Ms. H's Ass

"Look at her fuckin' ass..."

Both Kevin's and Matt's heads shot up and immediately turned.

"Jesus Christ..." Matt moaned.

"I heard she ended it with her fiance last week," Zach told 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 with her fiance?"

"That's what I heard," Zach said. "Plus, her engagement ring's gone. 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 laughed. "Dude, she's like forty."

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

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

"Calculus is hard as shit, dude," Zach told him. "Plus, I'm a little distracted..."

Matt looked at his friend. "Twenty seconds."

"What?" Zach asked.

"I'd give you twenty seconds with her."

Kevin immediately shook his head while looking at Matt. "He's not that bad. I would say thirty seconds..."

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

"You're not lasting ten minutes!" Matt laughed as he slapped 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!"

Matt looked at Kevin. "Huh?"

Kevin struggled to remember what his friend was referring to when it suddenly came to him. "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 smiled.

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

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

"She really is," Kevin agreed. "So, anyway, Zach's just tanking in front of her but they're both shitfaced. So whatever's coming out of his mouth is somehow sounding good to her."

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

"Golden shit," Kevin chuckled. "So, they go off into Kelly's brother's room and don't come out for like forty minutes. I gotta give him props."

"Were you in there?" Matt asked.

Kevin gave him a weird look. "Why would I be in there?"

"Then you have no idea what happened!" Matt told him. "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 argued. "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 told him. "Last week my brother came back from school for a few days to visit, and he told me he's done with college chicks."

"What?" Kevin asked.

"He only fucks milfs now," Zach stated.

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

"My brother," Zach said. "He said 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?"

Zach looked at his friend. "He claims that's overrated. That the way a girl fucks is more important than her being young. I mean, shit, I've never fucked an older woman. He would know way better than us."

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

Matt shook his head. "Blows my mind too. Honestly, I can't guarantee 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 before nearly jumping out of his seat. He was waving to Ms. H who was now walking through the lunchroom with a tray in her hand. She suddenly turned and began approaching their table.

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

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

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

"Hey, Ms. H," the table simultaneously greeted the math teacher.

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

"Very hard," Zack smirked.

"Good. You need to do well," she told him.

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

"Umm...it didn't work out..."

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

"It just...umm...he had a hard time committing."

"To you?" Zach asked. "Is this guy crazy?"

The teacher laughed. "He wanted to push the wedding back another year so I decided to end it. It was feeling weird anyway..."

"I'm sorry, Ms. H," Matt told her, "but if I'm being honest, this guy sounds like a big time dumbass."

She shot him a look before turning it to a slight grin. "Guys get weird when it's time to commit. Enjoy your youth boys."

Kevin looked at the math teacher. "Zach doesn't have to worry about that but I guess Matt and myself will. 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 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 gave him a curious look.

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

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

Matt nodded at Ms. H. "We just found out last week. 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 was glaring at his friends.

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

"That's bullshit, Ms. H!" Zach told his teacher. "They're fucking with me! Obviously!"

"It's okay, Zach," Ms. H smiled.

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

"Dude," Kevin turned and told him, "it's 2017. 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 became silent.

Zach looked around at his peers. "They're just kidding, everyone!" He turned back to his teacher. "I'll prove I'm not gay!"

"What?" Ms. H asked with a confused look.

"I'll prove it!" Zach loudly told her. "You wanna go out?"

"Excuse me?" she laughed.

"Let's go out!" he told her. "I'll prove it!"

"I don't think so, Zach," she smiled. "I will however stay after school today to go over your notes. If you don't do well on this test, your grade is in trouble."

A big smile formed across his face. "Is anyone else gonna be there?"

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

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

She rolled her eyes. "Have a good day, boys, and I'll see you after school."

"Oh, I'll be there," he grinned.

She shook her head before walking back toward the hallway.

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

Chapter 3 -- Mom Material.

Kevin moaned with a big smile as he felt a pair of soft, pouty lips kiss his neck. It was 2:17PM and he was where he normally was after school. At his girlfriend's Ella's house.

Ella was one of the 'it' girls at school and seemed like a perfect fit on paper for the athletic teen. He was a standout football and basketball player, she was one of the prettiest and most popular girls in school, so they went out. That's how high school works, right?

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

It started when her dad would give him money for their dates. It wasn't ten bucks here or a twenty dollar bill there. He would slide him a hundred dollar bill to take his daughter out for a movie and ice cream. After his fifth argument with her father over not wanting to accept the money; he finally just started taking it. And that was when the first red flag made itself visible. Kevin wanted to give the change back to her dad while Ella wanted to keep it. It was such a strange dynamic. She had no part in making that money but somehow felt entitled to it. There was no hiding the fact his cute girlfriend was spoiled. Her new car, designer clothes, and lavish vacations were tell tale signs of her life of luxury. And Kevin began to feel himself wanting to relate to someone more of his own class. The idea of dating a girl who had never, and would never have to work a real day in her life was off-putting.

The blonde's mother wasn't home like usual on this sunny afternoon. She was always out shopping or trying new restaurants with her friends. Even when she was home, she didn't seem to care if Ella and her boyfriend were locked away in her room or not. It was like Ella was just a toy for her. Like another one of her cute, little dogs she liked to carry around in her purse. In a way, Kevin felt bad for his girlfriend. She had a dad who was rarely around and a mom who didn't take much of an interest in her personal life. But the more time he spent around Ella; the more of her mother he saw in her.

Kevin let his hand slide down his girlfriend's petite body and inside the back of her jeans. The thin 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 to be honest. She was gorgeous. Her blue eyes and blonde hair were stunning and her soft lips made him tingle. It was time to cut the foreplay short and get into some real action...

Ring...ring...ring.

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

"Answer it," Kevin told her.

"Do I have to?" she huffed.

He gave her a curious look. "Ella, it's your mom. 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."

Kevin curiously looked at his girlfriend; waiting to be informed on the situation.

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

"Oh, shit," he reacted. "Where is he?"

"At the mall," she huffed.

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

"Okay, so, let's go," Kevin told her while attempting to stand up.

Ella pulled him back to her bed. "What's the hurry?" she seductively asked before softly placing her lips on his neck again.

He gave her a light push away and raised his eyebrows. "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 go walk around for a while or something," she told him with an attitude.

"What if the situation was reversed? Would you want him taking his time? Your dad does so much shit for you!"

She let out a deep exhale. "Jesus Christ, you sound just like him!"

"Well, he does!" Kevin stated. "I can't believe you would blow him off like that!"

"Fine! Let's go!"

The twenty-five minute drive to the mall consisted of Ella bitching 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 she was entitled to a shopping spree for her actions. Of course, he agreed.

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

3:47PM.

Emily did a double take to make sure her vision wasn't failing her. Was that really her son's car parked in the driveway? She couldn't remember the last time she came home from work to find him at the house. He was always at his girlfriend's house or the gym or playing basketball or something. She missed this. She missed it so much. Emily used to look forward to the gap of time between her return home from work and Tom's arrival home two hours later. But that went away 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. Emily understood this. She was the same way with her parents when she was a teen. But there was a way 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 had been doing it since her son was in middle school. Emily would arrive home from work, immediately find him, and ask what he wanted to eat. Sometimes the answer would be 'nothing,' but more times than not it was something. And she would make whatever he wanted. But the best part is what happened next. For the next however many minutes; Emily would have her son all to herself. There was a rule in their household. All meals must be eaten at the kitchen or living room table. It was a rule which was rarely followed. Tom constantly ate on the couch and Kevin was always snacking in his room. But over the years, it became understood if she cooked for Kevin, he would eat at the kitchen table. There was no collecting his meal and running off to his room or lounging in front of the TV. They had an unspoken, mutual understanding. 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 get him while he ate, but she got him before it! And on those extremely rare occasions where 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 was going on at school, girls he liked and wanted advice on, his football practices, or just discussions over their mutual interest of professional sports. On those days she felt less like his mom, and more like his friend.

If Emily did a double take in the driveway, then she did a triple take when she walked into the kitchen. Kevin was sitting at the table. There wasn't a laptop in front of him, there wasn't homework scattered around, and he wasn't playing with his phone. He was just sitting there, staring through the sliding glass door into the backyard.

"Baby?"

He didn't react.

Emily took several steps toward her son until she was looking at the side of his stoic face. "Baby?"

...

"Baby!?"

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

Emily let out a light laugh. "I didn't mean to scare you."

"No," he laughed as he took a deep breath, "you didn't. I just didn't know you were there."

"Yeah," Mom smiled as she set her bag down on the kitchen counter. "Everything okay?"

He nodded.

"Want something to eat?"

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

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

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

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

He nodded while letting out a deep exhale. "Okay. How about you?"

She smiled. 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. "Good," she told him. "Remember Mrs. Crawford?"

"Yeah," Kevin replied, "I had her for English back in seventh or eighth grade."

"Well, guess who's pregnant?"

"Pregnant!?" Kevin shouted. "What!? She's gotta be forty!"

"Forty-two," Emily told him. "Fingers crossed, right?"

"Shit..." he shook his head. "For sure. That's crazy."

Emily flipped both slices of bread to allow the backsides to hit the warm part of the pan. "So, you gonna tell me what happened today?"

"That obvious?" he laughed.

"That obvious," she smiled.

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

"What!?"

"Yeah," he continued. "Actually, like...twenty minutes ago."

"Oh my God, baby! What happened?"

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

Emily slid the two sandwiches onto a plate, cut them in halves, and carried them over to the table for her son. She took a seat next to him. "How so?"

"Money wise. At least that seemed to be the biggest reason."

"Well, her dad's worth a fortune," Emily told her son as she watched him take a big bite of his first sandwich, "but you can't hold that against her."

He shook his head and continued chewing until he finally swallowed. "I didn't. It's just...I think her upbringing gave her this crazy sense of entitlement. I find myself really despising her attitude on things."

"Like what?"

He took another bite and gulped it down. "Like today. We're at her house and she gets a phone call from her mom. Her dad's car broke down at the mall and he needed someone to come pick him up. I guess Ella's mom couldn't or didn't want to or whatever, but you wouldn't believe what Ella wanted to do!"

"What?"

"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! Isn't that crazy?"

Before Emily had a chance to interject; her son was proceeding with his story.

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

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

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

"Baby," Emily told her son, "you can tell me anything."

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

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

"What?" Kevin laughed.

Her smile hadn't gone away. "You're growing up!"

"Is that it?" he asked. "The entire time we're in the car going to and from the mall earlier, I couldn't stop thinking about if I had a kid with Ella. Like, would she put herself before it? Would doing her own thing still be her main priority? I know it's ridiculous to be looking at high school girls like this..."

"It's amazing you're thinking like this!" Emily smiled. "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.

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

"Maybe she..."

"I just want a girl," he interrupted, "who has good qualities. Who's kind, caring, and puts others first. All the guys at school are obsessed with the hot girls. Looks matter to an extent, obviously, but they're becoming so much less important to me. 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...didn't...I didn't...mean it...like that!" Kevin stuttered. "Not literally you! I mean..."

The mom attempted to speak but couldn't find any words.

"I...I..." Kevin stammered before folding his remaining sandwich in half, stuffing the entire thing into his mouth, hurriedly carrying his plate to the dishwasher, and placing it inside. He quickly scurried toward the stairs and ran up to his room.

"Thanks, Mom!" he shouted downstairs before shutting his bedroom door.

Emily let out an audible gasp. She just experienced the single greatest moment of her life.

Chapter 4 - Rice Krispie Treats.

The following afternoon...

Tap...tap...tap...

Emily was growing impatient. The clock over the oven was barely moving. Time seemed to inch by on this mild Thursday spring day, but that was a good thing, at least until now. She'd been on cloud nine from her son's comment twenty-four hours ago. He wanted to date a girl like her? He wanted to date a girl like her! That was the greatest compliment a mother could receive. Her son eventually wanted to find a girl to marry and bear his children, who reminded him of her! 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 section of the house. Kevin was home, but he was up in his room, and it was like that stupid clock over the

oven wouldn't move. 4:22PM. Why couldn't it just say 4:25?

Her son's comment had gotten her so worked up last night that she tried having sex with Tom. When he turned her down; she gave him a blowjob instead. She could barely control herself. Sure, Tom didn't have anything to do with the way she felt. The guy down the hall did. But she needed to shower someone with her affection and she certainly couldn't do it with Kevin. She was his mother for God's sake! It was one thing to look, but it was another thing to act, and Emily had no intention of acting on whatever fantasies had been running through her mind over the past few years.

Tap...tap...tap...

4:24PM...

Close enough.

The brunette hurried toward the stove, grabbed an oven mitt, and impatiently retrieved a large, dark pan from inside. She'd been waiting all day to make her son's favorite treat. She needed to show him just how special his comment about her was. It wasn't some slip-up she was just going to breeze past. What he said to her was special, and she was never going to forget it. 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 was struggling to cut through the tasty snack. Three minutes later the squares were on a dinner plate and she floated toward the stairs, eager to see her favorite person in the world.

Knock...knock.

"Come in!"

Emily opened her son's bedroom door to find him seating in his ergonomic gaming chair 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 somehow it was comfortable. She made sure to test it out herself before wrapping it. He had yet to remove his eyes from his television, a video game controller was in his hands, and there was a headset around his ears with a mic running down to his mouth. Even when he looked like a nerd; Emily couldn't get enough of him.

"I made you something..." she smiled as she approached her son.

He finally turned his head and looked at his mother. His smile instantly turned to disappointment. "Oh, what the fuck! You know I'm trying to cut out junk food!"

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

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

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

His eyes shot down to the dinner plate. "Jesus, those look good."

"I added so many marshmallows," Emily laughed. "Like twice what I normally do. Hey, I think you just died."

"What?"

She pointed at the TV.

Kevin turned around to see his character lying on the ground. "Fuck!"

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

"Let's pretend that didn't happen," Kevin responded while giving his focus to the game in front of him.

"No, it's nothing bad, baby," Emily told him. "It was...unbelievable. I just...I just wanted to tell you how much it meant to me."

"I'm not a weirdo!"

Emily laughed. "I know. I never said you were. There's nothing weird about what you said."

Kevin let out a soft chuckle. "Do you have any idea the shit I would get if my friends heard about that? Wanting to date a girl like my mom... Yeah, I think it's a little fucked up."

"It's not fucked up!" she shook her head. "It's adorable! And I want you to know how much it meant to me!"

"Great..."

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

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

Emily looked down and observed his t-shirt. Even with it on she could see his wide shoulders and muscular back. And if she was being completely honest, she wasn't sure her answer would be 'no' to a date invitation from him.

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

Kevin laughed. "Yep."

"You threw a Molotov cocktail at him!?"

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

"Who?" Emily inquired.

"Zach," Kevin laughed.

"How do you know?"

Kevin unplugged the headset cord from his controller which allowed the sounds of his friend's voices to radiate from the television. The mom immediately recognized 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 was pretending to lean in and show me something on my notes, but she was totally putting her cleavage in my face! That slut wanted it!"

Kevin 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.

"Wait...is he a black woman?" Emily asked. "Isn't this World War 2?"

Her son nodded his head while turning back to the game. "Yep. Zach is a black, female Nazi..."

"What!?"

"Political correctness, Mom..." Kevin groaned.

"Your generation is so screwed," she commented. "Now, are you gonna eat one of these or not?"

He reached his hand back behind his head and immediately felt a warm, moist treat press against his skin. Seconds later, he let out of a loud moan.

"Good?" Emily asked.

"Amazing," he answered. "Could've used a few more marshmallows..." he sarcastically teased. He broke off a small piece and held it behind his head.

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

"Come on," he laughed. "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 sounds of video game controller buttons being pressed soon gave way to annoyed grunts and groans. "Jesus Christ, my hands are all sticky now. Look at this shit," Kevin said while reaching his left hand behind him with his face and body still facing the screen.

Emily watched her son hold his hand behind him in the air as his middle finger seemed to separate from the pack. He wasn't lying. She could see a slick shine on at least three of his fingers thanks to the tasty dessert she made for him. She felt her leg begin to shake as the left side of her face twitched. She wanted to do it...

Kevin suddenly felt something wet when he started to pull his hand back toward his body. It was like someone draped a washcloth over it. A warm, wet washcloth which was tightly sliding up and down the length of his longest finger. But when he turned his head to find out what it was, it wasn't like any kind of washcloth he'd ever seen.

His mom had her lips wrapped around his finger and her eyes were locked onto his. It looked like...well, you know what it looked like. He slowly pulled his finger back and observed it. The shiny, sticky glisten had been replaced by wet, sloppy drool from his mother's mouth. Her saliva was running down the length of his now clean finger. As he curled his digits down toward his palm, his index finger gradually began to extend. Inch by inch he moved his arm forward until it was nearly at the entrance of his mom's mouth.

He watched her pouty lips part and accept his sticky index finger into her mouth, letting her tongue slide out and clean the underside of his skin. She never broke eye contact for a single moment.

Emily wasn't totally sure what had gotten into her. It was like years of pent-up sexual lust for her son were suddenly overflowing from her pores. But her motherly instinct also just wanted to clean her baby. His fingers were sticky and her mouth was wet. It was a perfect match. At least that's what she was telling herself...

"Em!!"

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

"Anyone home!?"

Kevin turned back to his television and tried to pretend the last twenty seconds of his life never happened. He suddenly felt another Rice Krispie Treat dropped into his lap before he watched his mom leave the room in his peripheral vision.

Emily hastily moved down the stairs with the plate of desserts in hand. Seconds later she found her husband standing in the kitchen; excitedly looking down at his phone.

"You're home early."

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

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

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

Emily's face lit up. "What!?"

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

"What!?" Emily frantically asked again. "How!?"

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

Her face instantly dropped. "Wait...his ticket? Ticket?"

Tom nodded before raising his eyebrows. "Oh...you thought? No, no, no...I didn't mean it like that!"

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

"No, no, no," he answered. "Well, I am. I only have one ticket! I didn't mean it like, we're going. I meant it like, I'm going."

She peered her eyes at her husband. "Who the fuck words something like that!?"

"Huh?"

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

"Well, I mean..."

"Why don't we do anything together!?" she suddenly shot at him. "We've never even gone on a vacation!"

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

"Who the fuck 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 or basketball game or something," she continued.

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

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

"Netflix..." he quietly rebutted.

"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 answer that question.

She let out a loud, over-the-top 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 slowly looked up and meekly nodded his head.

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

"I work hard," he replied.

She nodded. "I'm sure you do...at your job. But answer me this, Tom. What exactly is it 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 yelled. "The only other person who helps around the house is Kevin! You do nothing!"

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

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

He glared at his wife. "I want an apology for that 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," she softly told him, "I'll make a deal with you. When you stop lying around on your big, fat ass all day while I do everything around here, I'll be sure to apologize for my comment. But until that day comes, I'm done kissing your ass. The blowjobs are done! They're history! I'm not sucking the dick of some guy who can't pull a goddamn vacuum out once in a while!"

"That's..."

"And that shit last week!" she interrupted. "You getting all pissy because I was vacuuming while you were trying to watch a game and you had to pause it? Tom, that made me fuckin' sick! Am I married to a child? You won't even go down..."

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

"I never bitch at you!"

He shook his head. "I need to be at the airport tomorrow at five. Can I count on you for a ride?"

"Yeah," she answered, "of...of course. I'm not like that..."

"We just need to get away from each other for a few days," he told her. "You need some time to

work through your issues."

Emily felt her blood begin to boil again. She was trying to control herself.

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

She took a deep breath. She was repeatedly telling herself to bite her tongue.

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

Emily stormed to the counter and grabbed her keys. "I'm going to the gym!" she told him as her voice quivered; full of rage.

"What about dinner?" he asked.

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

Chapter 5 -- Bubbles.

Friday Night. 11:57PM.

God, did this feel good. Just warm and wet and relaxing...

The car ride to the airport was fairly awkward. Neither Tom or Emily had much to say to one another. That was probably a good thing because Emily was still fuming from their discussion twenty-four hours earlier. The balls on him to ask for an apology! After all the comments he made about her body and particularly her ass! She wasn't even upset about not going to Florida. Sure, that would've been great, but it was his attitude about it that bothered her. It was like he expected her to be happy for his trip. Why? If he was busting his ass all day between work, the gym, household duties, and pleasuring her, then she would be thrilled for him to take a well deserved four day vacation with his friend. But he wasn't. She did one thousand times the work he did, and received none of the benefits. But tonight wasn't about Tom. Tonight was about her.

Candles sparkled through the dark upstairs bathroom as foamy bubbles filled the tub. If she was a celebrity; this picture could be her lasting image. The type of photo they show when a movie star dies. Here was Emily, 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. She was just another underappreciated, hardworking mom who carried the weight of the world on her shoulders. But whenever she felt herself getting upset, she would tell herself, 'four days without Tom,' and immediately smile. What an unhealthy marriage she had. Why couldn't she ever clear her mind? There was always a problem or concern she was dwelling on. Tom was in Florida, Kevin was at his friend's house, and she was all alone. She just wanted to relax...

But she couldn't. The past twenty-four hours hadn't been easy for another reason besides Tom. And that was Kevin. She kept replaying their bedroom encounter over and over in her head. What was she thinking? That was so incredibly inappropriate, but at the same time, she couldn't remember ever feeling that excited. Was her marriage so boring she was just craving excitement? Maybe she should go rock climbing or skydiving then? It couldn't have just been that. It was more than a basic adrenaline rush. She felt a mutual lust in the air. And the way 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 she told

them it felt even kind of good. But every time she doubted herself, she was taken back to that moment in the kitchen when Kevin told her he wanted to date a girl like her.

What if...

Knock...knock.

Emily's head perked up. It was the only part of her not hidden by water or bubbles on this relaxing Friday night. There could only be one person at the door...

"Kevin?"

"Hey, Mom!" her son's voice penetrated through the wood. "Can I talk to you for a second?"

"Umm...yeah, baby. Come in!"

The door opened and Kevin walked in wearing a pair of blue jeans and a basic white t-shirt. That look drove her insane. She watched him turn on the light and make his way over to the toilet before taking a seat on the closed lid which was just a few feet across from the tub. He smiled at her.

"What's...what's going on, baby?"

He continued to smile.

"Baby?"

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

Emily let out a confused laugh. "Hey. So uh...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?"

"Welllllll," he pondered while 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!" he laughed.

"Forty people?" Emily raised her eyebrows. "His parent's were fine with this?"

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

"So you guys...had a party?"

He nodded with a big grin while looking 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 what, Mom, I never tell you 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 while now looking off to the side at the wall. "Like, I really love you, Mom. You're like...fuckin' awesome!"

Emily laughed. "Well, thanks. You're pretty awesome yourself."

"You're like," he started as he looked up at the ceiling again, "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. "It would be like...*The Awesome Mom*!"

She looked down at her bubble filled bath with a dumbfounded expression. She had zero idea what was going on. "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 fuckin' awesome?"

"Umm...okay... Thanks...I guess..."

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

A few moments of silence passed while Emily observed her son just staring down at the floor. "Did this party have alcohol?"

He gave her one, long exaggerated nod with his neck.

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

He paused for a moment before slowly giving her another nod.

Emily took a deep breath. It was all making sense to her now. How did she see it sooner? The rambling nonsense, the confused stares...he was drunk! "Please, please, please tell me someone drove you home..."

He locked eyes with his mom. "If you're *The Awesome Mom*, then I would be *The Awesome Driver*."

"Oh my God!" Emily panicked as she raised her palm to her cheek. "You drove like this!?"

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

"You...you made it!?" Emily shouted. "What the fuck's wrong with you!?"

"Whoa, whoa, relax, Mom."

"Relax!?" she shot back. "You're fuckin' drunk! And you drove like this! How many times have I told you whether it's alcohol or drugs or whatever, that I will pick you up and you won't be in trouble! Oh my God, Kevin!!"

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

She let out a deep exhale. "If you tell me to relax one more time, I'm getting out of this tub and

kicking your ass! You could've gotten pulled over, you could've hit and killed someone...baby, you could've killed yourself!"

"Relax," he smirked.

"What!?"

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

Her hand found its way to her brown hair and slowly ran through it; exposing her bare shoulder to her son. "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 sounds of footsteps thudding down the stairs resounded throughout the house.

What the hell was going on? He drove home drunk? She must have told him fifty times that she would always come 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! Maybe she was too lenient with him? Sometimes she was more like his friend than his mother. Maybe it was time to be more strict and start dishing out some punishment? Something was definitely going to happen tomorrow. She wasn't going to stand for this. Irrational eighteen-year-old confidence was one thing, but this was several steps too far.

"Okay, okay," he smiled as he made his way back into the bathroom.

"You've gotta be kidding me..." Emily groaned.

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

She took a deep breath and reached her hand out; 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 a half full wine glass which had been hidden behind his back.

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

"You got it, Madre," he answered before taking his original seat again.

"I don't think I 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 wasn't saying a whole lot since she was on the verge of having a panic attack, but maybe a few more glasses would do the trick.

"So," Kevin smiled while holding his wine glass, "we were discussing your awesomeness."

"I want to strangle you right now," she told her son with an annoyed tone.

Kevin laughed into his glass before looking back at his mom. "How did you end up with Dad?"

"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 sinking lower into the water. "I met him through a friend of mine."

"And?"

"And what?" she asked.

"And...it was like an instant thing?" he inquired. "You two hit it off right away?"

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

He gave her a confused look. "Never?"

"No," she answered. "I think we both wanted a relationship and tried to force it to work. We're two very different people and some stuff kinda happened so we decided to give it a shot."

"Stuff?"

"Yeah," she quickly smiled before looking down. "Stuff."

"Like what?"

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

"What stuff?" Kevin asked again.

She took a deep breath. "Well, you know..."

His head suddenly perked up from his wine glass. "Oh, shit! Me!?"

Emily softly nodded with an embarrassed titter.

"Oh, fuck!" he shouted. "I never really thought about it. I'm eighteen, you guys have been married eighteen years...holy shit! I was a mistake!?"

"What!?" Emily yelled.

"Yeah! I'm right...right? You guys got married because of me?"

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

"But at the time," he continued, "I was. I can't believe I never saw this before. You and dad never really seemed to like each other. Even when I was younger. You guys have been together this entire time because of me?"

"Well," Emily said while reaching out for her wine glass to take another long sip, "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 your dad," she told him. "It's just...we uh...we're...we're different people. Our personalities clash at times."

Kevin helped himself to a long swig before looking down into his now mostly empty glass. "You're unhappy because of me..."

"Nooooooo! 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 when I think about losing you, it destroys me! Promise me you'll never drink and drive again!"

"I promise..." he quietly told her before staring off to the side. "You're married to a guy you don't like because of me..."

She didn't want him to feel guilty, but it was the truth. She never would've ended up with Tom if not for that unplanned pregnancy. Who knows how her life would've turned out? Maybe she would be married to a great guy without kids? Maybe she would've ended up with an even worse spouse and multiple children? Maybe she would be alone? Whatever the outcome; Emily wouldn't trade it for anything. Kevin made everything worth it.

"I should've told you something else..." she softly muttered.

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

Her jaw dropped. "Blame you? For what!?"

"For being here," he answered. "If I wasn't, you could've lived a different life. A better life."

She became to vehemently shake her head. "My life is perfect because of you! If it was up to me you would live at home until the day I die!"

Kevin began to laugh. "Right..."

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

"What a sad sight that would be," he smiled.

"If I could go back and do it differently," Emily looked at her son, "I wouldn't. I would do it the exact same way. You mean everything to me, baby."

He shot his mom a loving smile before looking down. "You know, sometimes I think I take you for

granted."

"Well, you're a teenager."

"No," Kevin shook his head, "that's not an excuse. 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 second I need her, and sometimes I just expect that..."

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

"No," he told her while looking into her brown eyes, "you don't have to, but you do. 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, the dishes, the cooking...it's all on me."

"Baby," she laughed, "you don't have to..."

"No!" he interrupted. "It's on me. I want you to do whatever you want. If you want to lie around on 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'm going to take care of everything around here!"

Her face had a big smile on it. "That sounds amazing, baby, but you really don't..."

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

Emily thought to herself. "I...I don't know if I've ever had one."

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

She stared at him. "Wait...now?"

"Yeah," he nodded. "Why not?"

"Okay!" she excitedly stated. "Umm...just give me a few minutes and I'll meet you downstairs!"

He shook his head. "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?"

Kevin smiled. "Why not?"

"In the tub!?" Emily asked. Much to her amazement, she watched her son stand up and walk toward her. He picked up two candles from the edge of the tub, placed them over on the sink, and sat down on his newly cleared spot on the white porcelain.

"Move closer," he told her with a smile as he encouraged 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.

Emily felt two strong, powerful hands grasp her shoulders as bubbles continued to surround her. There was her son, just inches away from her, still dressed in his jeans and t-shirt. And he was sitting on the edge of the bathtub, leaning over to give her body some much needed relief.

"How's that feel?" he asked.

She felt his masculine hands sink deeper into her skin and cause her to let out a soft moan. "Amazing, baby."

"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..." Emily softly moaned as the overwhelming feeling of relaxation was making her stress melt away.

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

Her eyes immediately bulged. "What!?"

The feeling of his strong grip on her skin instantly stopped, causing her to turn and look at her son. She witnessed him raise his white t-shirt over his head and toss it onto the closed toilet lid. She instinctively wet her lips with her tongue.

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

Emily was trying her hardest not to reach her wet hand out and run it along his sculpted body. His arms, his chest, those abs...there were so many places to explore. But her other hand was facing an even more daunting task. And that involved remaining rested on her thigh and not playing with herself under the dark, hidden water. She was completely naked and he was sitting just a foot away. They'd never been in a predicament like this before.

"Umm..." she struggled to answer his question. "Well...I uh...umm..." She swiftly noticed his hands sink toward his groin as they unfastened the button on his jeans. "Baby..."

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

She was staring at his body with a deep admiration. It was just so different from her husband's. It'd been close to two decades since she'd been with another man, and she'd never been with one who looked anything like Kevin. Been with a man!? She wasn't going to do anything with her son! 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 asked.

Her eyes shifted from his defined v-line, up along his mouthwatering body, and finally to his handsome face. She slowly nodded.

"Great," Kevin confidently smiled.

Emily placed her hand over her eyes and closed them. The unmistakable sound of a zipper soon gave way to the thud of rough denim hitting the tile of the bathroom floor. Seconds later she heard a foot slip into the water and felt a presence join her in the steaming hot bath.

"You can open your eyes."

Emily slowly lowered her hand before hesitantly opening her eyes. Kevin had his back rested against the opposite end of the tub while his long six foot two frame ran the length of the ceramic. She giggled as she finally noticed his large feet resting on the edge of the tub to the side of her head. Her laughs were cut shorts as she felt a pair of hands grab her foot under the water and begin to softly rub it. As inappropriate and bizarre it was to feel the side of her son's leg pressing against hers, she couldn't remember a more erotic moment in her life. Bathtub or not; Emily was soaking wet.

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

He pretended to visibly ponder her question. "Yeah...well...after..."

"After?"

He nodded his head while locking eyes with his mom. "I'm not done with your shoulders."

Emily felt a tingle shoot through her body.

Kevin slowly raised his hand and gave her a 'come hither' motion with his index finger. It was the same finger his mom licked clean twenty-four hours ago and he had different plans for it tonight.

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

"I'm not asking you," he firmly told her.

Emily didn't realize it but she was biting her 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 instinctively take over and lead the situation. He had an effortless, natural leadership quality she craved. For him to end up in this scenario took an inconceivable amount of bravery. He was in the bathroom with his mom...naked! He knew what he wanted and went for it. Who was Emily 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 while raising her eyebrows. "Okay...you can leave your eyes open, but you're not getting anything more than my foot..."

Kevin let out a soft laugh before shutting his eyes.

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

He wasted no time in reacquainting his hands with his mom's soft shoulders. "Shit...this isn't much better," he complained as his body was once again twisted to reach his mother's upper-back.

She unexpectedly felt two hands sink from her shoulders and slide down her body until they firmly pressed into the sides of her waist. "Baby, what are...oh!!" 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 as her back pressed against his chest. She could feel his flaccid manhood pressing against her lower back as their bodies remained covered by water and bubbles.

"That's better," Kevin smiled before allowing his hands to slide back up the sides of his mom's body and eventually find her shoulders once again. "Feel good?"

Emily opened her mouth but nothing came out. There was confidence and control, and then there was what her son just did. He picked her up and set her between his legs! Like she was his little eighteen-year-old girlfriend! But there was something so sexy about it. Not only could Tom probably not lift her with his weak upper-body, but he would never just do something like that. He would ask. And asking would ruin the spontaneity of the moment. But Kevin didn't ask...he just did it! And now she was snuggled against his chest like his girlfriend as she felt her shoulders being massaged by his strong hands. She was in heaven.

"Good..." Kevin grinned. He didn't need a verbal answer. His mom's body language was coming through loud and clear. "Any plans for your big weekend?"

She slowly shook her head as her eyes remained closed, soaking in the bliss she was currently experiencing.

"I want you to have a great time," Kevin told her, his hands continuing to sink into her shoulders. "Maybe give a few of your friends a call?"

"Maybe..." she softly moaned as she felt a knot loosen just outside her neck thanks to her son's hands. "This feels so good..."

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

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

"Mmm-hmm," he answered with a smirk. "I want you nice and loose..."

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

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

Emily's eyes opened. "What?"

"And then you know what I'm gonna do?"

"Wha...what?" she asked again.

Kevin leaned in and let his warm breath tease his mom's inner ear before dropping his voice to a whisper. "I'm going to fuck you within an inch of your life."

Emily's body shuttered. She tried to say something but couldn't find any words. He didn't just say that to her!?

"You see, Mom," he told her while pulling his mouth back and continuing his massage, "we have this connection with each other. 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...think...think I need?" she nervously stammered with her back still pressed against his chest.

"To get fucked," he firmly answered.

Emily's mouth was completely dry.

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

She eagerly waited for him to finish.

"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 is never going to go by where your needs aren't my number one priority."

Emily let out an audible gasp as she felt her son's cock beginning to grow against her lower back.

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

"Thank...thanks, baby..." she sheepishly smiled.

This had to be a dream. There was no way she was lying in the bathtub, cozying up with her own son while he massaged her, naked, with his cock pressed against her back! And that certain part of him just kept getting bigger and bigger! She couldn't see it, but she could definitely feel it, and it felt nothing like his father's. It was big, and thick, and powerful. She was trying to control herself but it was getting harder to do so. She took a deep breath and pushed her back further into him, resulting in a deep moan from her son. It was a deep moan which made the sexually deprived mom crazy.

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

Emily was trying to stay calm but her body was beginning to shake. Kevin's big, firm hands slid down from her shoulders and ran along her arms, comforting her and putting her nerves at ease.

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

Emily felt a kiss on the top of her brunette head as she closed her eyes. Ten minutes from now

everything was going to change. Ten minutes from now she was finally going to receive some much needed attention. Ten minutes from now she was going to be with a real man. She took a long exhale and let herself fall into a deep state of relaxation.

...

...

"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...there was no sign on him. There was no sign any of that happened; because it hadn't. It was just another one of her fantasies. But this one seemed so real and vivid. Her shoulders felt looser and part of her could still feel her son's manhood pressed against her back.

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

"Are you okay?"

Send.

She impatiently waited. What if her dream was a sign? What if Kevin was drinking and her dream was a warning that something bad was going to 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 happened and she was going to always remember the time she was fantasizing about her son when he was unknowingly suffering somewhere! What kind of mother was she? What...

Her phone buzzed. She urgently looked at it.

"Yeah. Why?"

She let out a deep exhale. 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 Emily felt a giant weight fall 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. Be home soon."

She set her phone back down on the floor and sank into the warm water. Was her dream really all that bad? She wasn't hurting anyone. In fact, her fantasy version of Kevin was doing the world a great service. He was taking care of her sexual needs. Her husband sure the hell wasn't. And part of her could see her son doing those things in the bathtub with her. He'd never done anything like that before, but she knew he had it in him. He probably 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 could get any girl he wanted. He wasn't going to want anything to do with his mom. God, why was she even pondering this situation? Nothing was going to happen!

In the real world, at least.

Emily closed her eyes, leaned her head back against the edge of the tub, and let her hand descend her body until her fingers found her clit. She was going to finish this dream her way. She was the author of this fictional romance and maybe Kevin couldn't wait those ten minutes. Maybe he had to have her in the tub. Emily bit her lip and let out a soft moan. Tonight, in her fantasy, Kevin was going to fuck her brains out.

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 onto mine. I can tell she wants it."

"What happened next?" a voice asked.

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

"Holy shit!" several classmates shouted.

Kevin rolled his eyes from his spot on the couch. Their little get-together had somehow turned into a party on this Friday night. He didn't mind that. His friends loved throwing parties. What was annoying him was having to listen to Zach's story for the fifteenth time. And every time he heard it; it got more and more ridiculous.

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

"Dude," Zach addressed him, "I'm telling ya, her hand was like three inches from my cock. I'm never felt someone so horny in my life. She's so dick deprived and she knows where to get her needs taken care of."

Zach's last version of his encounter had the teacher's hand placed on his knee. Kevin was beginning 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 taking a seat next to him on the couch. She had a red plastic cup in her hand and a big smile on her blonde haired, blue eyed face.

"Hey, Kevin!" she greeted her classmate.

"Hey, Jess."

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. There was something about his five foot one, barely one hundred pound Polish classmate that got him going. Was it her innocent, cute, girly voice? Or maybe it was her tiny, petite frame that he wanted to see just how far could be pushed? Whatever it was, he wasn't exactly disappointed to see her sitting next to him.

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

Kevin shrugged his shoulders before taking a sip from his water bottle. "It happens..."

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

"Driving," he answered.

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

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

"Some shit?" she laughed.

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

"I know that feeling," she nodded. "Just between us," she whispered to her classmate, "Mike and I are through next week."

"What?" he asked.

Jessica 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 in a sarcastic voice. "He's exhausting!"

"But why next week?" Kevin asked.

"My birthday's Wednesday," she smiled.

"Oh, Happy Birthday!" he smiled back before it suddenly clicked to him. "No...you're not..."

Jessica started to laugh. "He gives awesome presents!"

"Are you kidding me!?"

"No!" she excitedly told him. "For Christmas he gave me an iPad! A freakin' iPad! It's so awesome! I use it all the time for school and movies and..."

Kevin began shaking his head. "That's not what I'm talking about, Jess. You're waiting to breakup with him because you want a birthday present?"

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

He turned toward his table of friends where Zach was still telling his story. She was using her boyfriend for a birthday present? And she was telling him this without a hint of embarrassment or shame! These were the girls he was surrounded by. He looked back at the tiny blonde.

"And my point is," she continued, "that I thought we always kinda had a thing. I know it was back in tenth grade but I always noticed you looking at me in Geometry. And," she shyly turned her attention down to the floor, "I always had a crush on you."

"You did?"

She nodded with a smile; still looking down.

Every part of the man in him said to pursue this. She was sexy, tiny, and had a sexual energy to her that he could just feel. And she was coming onto him! He didn't even have to do any work! But, he couldn't look past what she told him just moments ago. He couldn't be with a person like that. Even if it was just casual dating.

"You know, it's just...it's kinda soon, and..." Kevin struggled to find the right words.

She quickly looked up. "I know. I probably should've waited. I just...I don't know. Can I see your phone?"

He unlocked his phone and handed it to his classmate. He watched her create a contact for herself before handing it back to him.

"Once you get over Ella, text me. Okay?"

He hesitantly nodded.

"Awesome!" she smiled. "Okay, umm...see ya around!" she told him before heading back over to her group of girlfriends.

He should've unloaded on her. He should've asked her what kind of person she was? What type of person uses someone for monetary gifts? But he didn't. Part of him didn't want to make a scene, but another part felt like a sellout. What good were his values if he didn't stand up for them? But maybe it was better handling things this way. He was never going to date Jessica so why bother making an enemy out of her? He did know one thing however. And that was the list of dateable girls his own age was dwindling with each passing day.

Chapter 7 -- Sour Cream, Baked Potatoes, & Rough Sex.

Saturday. 1:15PM.

For the first time in forever; Emily slept in. The house felt so peaceful and calm on this Saturday afternoon without Tom's negative presence filling it. She was able to let her guard down and just relax. And as vivid as her dream about Kevin was last night, the fantasy that followed felt even more realistic. They never managed to make it to her son's room after she closed her eyes and drifted off to a better, more loving world. They never even made it out of the bathroom. She ended up bent over the sink, dripping wet, watching her reflection in the mirror as her son hammered away at her. Her hips and breasts bounced with every pumped and the intense look on his face drove her insane. It was like something out of an erotic novel she would read. How many people actually have sex in front of a mirror? That was a Hollywood thing. Well, she had it last night...at least in her dreams.

She walked 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. It was cloudy. Why'd it have to be cloudy? It all started last spring when Tom decided he didn't feel like cutting the lawn anymore. Heaven forbid he use their self-propelled mower and actually get some kind of exercise. Call her sexist or old-fashioned or whatever, but there were certain things Emily felt were the jobs of men. And yardwork was one of those jobs. She didn't have a problem helping or occasionally doing it, but shouldn't a real man want to maintain his yard? Would a real man sit in the house and watch his wife cut the lawn? She only made it forty seconds before she felt a tap on her shoulder and turned to see Kevin standing behind her with his earbuds in. He wasn't going to allow her to cut the grass and from that point on, her son took over their home's lawn care.

Emily began noticing her son helping out more and 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 the dishwasher was clean, go run a few errands, and return home to find it empty. He never said anything, he never looked for praise...he just did it. And whether he was doing it to make her life easier or not, Emily couldn't express how much she appreciated his help. She looked forward to him cutting the grass like nothing else. The mom found herself making excuses for being in the living room when Kevin was cutting 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 on warm, sunny days; he mowed the yard without a shirt on. And Emily turned into a love-struck high school girl the

second her son's shirt came off.

But no luck today. The unusually warm temperatures from earlier this week had dropped back to normal and Kevin was cutting the grass with a t-shirt on. Maybe if she asked him to take it off... Emily laughed to herself as she walked over to the kitchen counter to make herself breakfast. She suddenly noticed a handwritten note on the granite top.

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 as she opened the fridge to find a green smoothie waiting for her. This felt spooky! It felt like her dream! Kevin told her the same thing when she was in the bathtub. That this weekend was going to be about her and she was instructed to not do anything. She reread his note to make sure she wasn't going crazy. 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 was going to be 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.

6PM...

"Where's the sour cream!?"

Emily smiled from her position on the living room couch. Her back was sprawled along the comfortable cushions as she mindlessly watched television. This was usually Tom's job and at this very moment, she couldn't help but feel a bit jealous. Being a lazy bum wasn't such a bad life after all...

"Top shelf!" she shouted back toward the kitchen.

He was actually doing it! Her son 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 what 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 junk food. So how could she properly thank him? Would just telling him how much she appreciated him 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!"

Emily 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, frustratingly looking through the shelves. She walked up behind him and smiled. "Baby, I'm looking right at it."

"Where?"

Emily laughed. "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 fuck!? I looked at this like twenty times and thought it was yogurt!"

"Umm..." Emily smiled, "you sure you don't any help in here?"

"Nope!" he firmly stated before shutting the fridge and walking over to the oven. "You aren't doing a thing! In fact, you can go ahead and take a seat because we're almost ready."

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

"You don't even know what we're having yet!" Kevin laughed as he opened the oven door and retrieved 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."

"Mmm-hmm," Emily exaggeratedly moaned from her chair.

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

"Oh...okay..." Emily smiled. 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 rumbling. "That sounds fantastic!"

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

He carried several dishes over to the table and made both himself and his mother a plate. "Oh!" he suddenly remembered as he walked back to the counter before 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 this was coming," Emily teased.

"I know...Jesus, Mom," he sarcastically joked, 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 raised her eyebrows as she watched her son lift his glass to his lips. The similarities between today and last night were giving her goosebumps.

"After all this?" he pointed 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?"

Emily nodded.

"Dad never did?"

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

"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," Emily sheepishly smiled.

"It is though, Mom," he said. "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!"

Emily looked down at the table with an embarrassed smile.

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

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

"Huh?"

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

Maybe it was coming off as desperate or pathetic, but Emily really wanted to listen to her son fawn over her. The only thing she ever heard was negativity from her husband, and at best, Tom just wouldn't acknowledge when she did something really nice for him. To hear someone not only appreciate her, but rave about how amazing she was, had become a fantasy at this point in her life. And she wasn't about to pass up this chance.

Kevin started laughing to himself which caused his mom to look up from the table with a curious expression. "You know, when I was younger, I used to think everyone was like you. Especially women. I thought if you asked a girl for help, she would immediately drop whatever she was doing to help you. And then when I hit middle school and watched you run a bunch of the fundraisers programs, I realized that the other parents weren't anything like you. None of them helped or offered to do anything and I felt kind of bad at first. Because it was 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. An amazing, caring, generous person who just wants to make everyone's life better. It's so unbelievably rare and unique. Even little things like when you know I like a certain food or drink and you always buy it for me when you go shopping. It's so thoughtful."

Emily's mouth was agape as she stared across the table.

"And I can't get enough of your sense of humor," he continued. "Like, you laugh at so much shit only my friends laugh at. 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 Hillary Clinton could squat twice as much as him?"

The mom nodded with a laugh.

"When I made a comment to Ella about how masculine Hillary looks, she rolled her eyes and told me to stop being sexist. That Hillary is a strong, independent woman who doesn't need a man and 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 most girls do! But not you! You were right there with me, telling Dad he couldn't bench press as much as her either! We find the same shit funny, we have tons of things in common...I don't know. 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 none of my previous girlfriend's have had. You can change a flat tire, check your car's oil, 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?"

"Yeah," he looked into her eyes. "I'm not getting into all the other stuff I love about you."

"Like what?" she curiously asked.

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

"Come on..." she smiled while scooping some of her baked potato onto her fork. "Like what?"

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

"Kevin," she firmly stated, "I want to hear it." Emily was done playing coy. Someone was finally praising her and she didn't want it to stop. Regardless of what direction it might be headed.

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

"Of course I won't," she told him.

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

"You do?" she shyly smiled.

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

The mom anxiously looked across the table. "Umm..."

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

Emily had a big smile on her face.

"I've loved all of your hairstyles," Kevin continued. "The bangs you had when I was younger, the times you decided to put it in a ponytail, when you wear it in a bun...it always looks incredible."

"You liked my bangs?" she asked.

"I loved your bangs!" he robustly replied. "The way they would come down past your eyebrows while your long hair would flow 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 since he was probably nine or ten but he still remembered them! That was the cutest thing ever!

"And you have the most incredible brown eyes."

She instantly looked up and locked them onto her sons'.

"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."

Emily was blushing.

"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 friend's 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," Kevin smiled. "You...you have something. Like, if I'm lying on the couch watching TV and you walk into the room and sit in the recliner next to me, something changes."

"Yeah," Emily looked at her son, "you're not alone anymore."

"No, no, no," he shook his head. "It's something else. There's...this energy. This...enthusiasm, maybe? I'm not totally sure what to call it. I could be in a bad mood, you walk into the room, and suddenly I'm not anymore. You don't even have to say anything, or do anything, or whatever. You just have to be you. Your presence makes everything better."

Emily's face was beaming.

"I can feel it 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."

Emily was speechless.

Kevin's eyes dropped lower as he took a deep breath. He bit his lip before looking back into his mother's eyes. "You really want me to continue?"

She instantly nodded.

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

She never broke eye contact with her son.

"Okay..." he smiled while lowering his eyes again. "Your...umm...ti...bo...your...bust?"

"My bust!?" Emily shouted with a smile. "What year is it?"

"No good?" Kevin laughed.

"Maybe if it was 1950," Emily 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 chest will work."

"They drove Ella insane," Kevin told her.

"What!?" Emily reacted.

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

His mom had a shocked expression on her face. "Ella had problems with me!? I thought we got along!?"

"She had problems with everyone," Kevin stated, "but she was super insecure about her boobs. There was a stretch where that was all she talked about. How she wanted a D-cup. I would tell her 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 I'm going to run into her one day and she's going to have a 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 she wasn't jealous of that!" Emily laughed.

"Mom, I'm so proud of you. Listen, I've always thought you looked amazing. There was never a point where I thought you were overweight or out of shape or whatever, and I'm being serious about that. But the changes you've made over the past few months have been incredible. The way you've been eating and working out...it's 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. "That means so much to me!"

There were a few moments of silence while the two picked at their food.

Emily's head perked up. "Is that it?"

Kevin's eyes remained locked on his plate. He suddenly began to lightly laugh. "What do you think?"

She knew the answer. There was one part of her left and it just so happened to be the part Tom relentlessly teased her about. Her big, fat butt. But as much as Tom's harassment over her lower-body annoyed her, the only person's opinion she really cared about just so happened to be sitting across the table from her.

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

"Your ass is insane."

Her jaw dropped. She wasn't expecting to hear that. "Excuse me?"

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

She began to nervously laugh. "What does...what does that mean?"

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

"What did I ever do to this 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 had he dated a girl who hated his mother? She had so many questions.

"That's why we stopped hanging out here," Kevin told her, 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 I liked hanging out at her place."

"Every time she saw me?"

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

"I don't know what you're talking about, baby," Emily asked in a confused tone.

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

"Because of me!?"

Kevin nodded. "I still remember it clear as day. We're hanging out on the couch watching Netflix when you come home. You did some stuff around the house before popping in to tell us you're going to the gym. The second you shut the front door, she makes a comment about the way you dress."

"What did she say?" Emily inquired.

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

Ella was now the second person who felt it was inappropriate for Emily to dress the way she did. Maybe her husband and her son's ex were right. Maybe she was too old to be trying to stay at least somewhat attractive. Maybe she was embarrassing herself and people were talking behind her back without her even knowing.

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

"You told her what!?" Emily yelled.

"To shut her fuckin' mouth," Kevin calmly repeated. "I had enough. I'm not going to sit there and listen to someone talk about you that way."

"And what happened?" Emily asked.

"I told her she was jealous of you and it was embarrassing to watch her act like a child every time you showed up. 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?" The mom's face had a mix of disbelief and admiration on it.

"I did," Kevin firmly told her before lifting a piece of chicken to his mouth with his fork.

"You think she wants a body like mine?"

Kevin nodded while chewing. After he swallowed his food he gave his mom a slight smirk. "Every girl wants a body like yours."

Emily embarrassingly looked down at her plate with a smile.

"I have to come clean about something," the teen said while setting his silverware down on the table. "It's kinda been eating at me for a while."

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

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

"Changing?" Emily asked.

"Yeah," Kevin nodded, "like, 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, I started noticing everything at this point. Including you."

"Me?"

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

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

He raised his eyebrows. "Well, it sure the hell felt like it. Anyway, this goes on for years and I eventually come to love it. There's a reason this is my seat at the table."

She gave 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 amount of times I did it so it wasn't obvious or anything, but it's a hard thing to pass up doing."

Her curious expression hadn't gone away.

"I have a perfect view of your butt from this seat," he strongly stated while staring into his mom's eyes. His attention slowly shifted over to the stove when he held out his hand to show his angle. "You would cook, we would talk, and I would admire..."

Emily was trying to hide her overwhelming excitement. Despite her best efforts; she was all smiles.

"So, for some fucked up 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 and shit. 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 it was six months later and you were still wearing them just like every other girl was. So, I did something kind of fucked up."

She watched her son laugh to himself.

"Okay...so, I started riding my bike to Grandma's and Grandpa's house once a week. I would cut the grass or drag branches out to the road or whatever. They just like to give me money so I at least tried to earn it, you know? I did this for like half the summer and into the fall which was a pain in the ass because of that big ass hill right before Smithscreek Road. I made a couple hundred bucks and I'm not going to lie, I bought some stuff for myself, but I banked most of it.

She remembered her parent's commenting on how Kevin was stopping by to help out a few years ago but never thought anything of it. Apparently there was a reason for his weekly visits and she was about to find out why.

"Now, the thing I still feel guilty about," he laughed, "is this. I waited until like mid-December and uh...I umm..." he began laughing louder.

"What?" Emily curiously asked.

"I uh...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 those sweatpants, and threw them in the garbage."

"What!?" Emily shouted. "That's what happened to those!?"

He nodded with a laugh.

"I thought your father did something with them and lied about it!" she shouted. "Why did you do that!?"

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

Emily thought to herself for a moment before a smirk grew on her face. "Oh, you little shit!"

Kevin was loudly laughing by this point. "I had Dad take me to the mall and I bought you five pairs of the tightest, smaller than they should've been yoga pants. I wanted to do all of them in black because that looks best on you, but I think I ended up getting a gray and green pair too. I should had done all five in black..."

His mom was shaking her head with a smile.

"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 something happened to your clothes, and I just wanted to do something to replace them..."

"You told me you tried to find Capri sweatpants," Emily laughed, now remembering the moment, "but they were all sold out. 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. So guess what you were wearing around the house all the time?"

"Yoga pants," Emily giggled.

"Yoga pants," Kevin smiled. "Mom, that's what I mean when I say 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?"

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

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

"You sure? I can wait til next month if you want. It would kinda suck to not be able to give you a gift on your actual birthday."

"Totally sure!" Emily smiled again. If there was one thing she truly loved other than her son, it was presents. And presents from her son? Well, that's as good as it gets.

"It's upstairs in my closet," he stated.

Emily waited at the table with anticipation.

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

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

He nodded.

"Oh...okay..."

"You see, Mom," he started before cutting into his chicken again, "I'm not totally sure how this is going to go over."

"Oh, Jesus..." Emily groaned. "What did you throw in the garbage this time?"

Kevin laughed. "No, it's nothing like that. 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, throw it back in my closet and tell me you don't like. I'll return it and get you something else. But if you do like it, it's yours to keep and do whatever with. Deal?"

"What did you get me, baby?" she skeptically asked.

"I can't tell you," he smirked. "What kind of birthday present would that be? It's in my closet, under a bunch of clothes, in a pink and white bag."

She curiously looked at him before taking a final bite of her baked potato. "Okay...well, Happy Birthday to me!"

Kevin smiled as he watched his mom get out of her seat and head toward the stairs. His eyes tracked the back of her tight, black yoga pants the entire way. Hey, he was pretty sure he bought those for her three years ago...

Three hours earlier...

Kevin slammed his car door shut in the middle of the mall parking lot and stormed into the shopping center. Three months had passed so it was right on cue. His right earbud suddenly died midway through cutting the lawn. Why this shit constantly happened was beyond him, and why he

ended up buying four pairs of earbuds every year from the Apple Store was even more baffling. Maybe he should think about getting a warranty this time...

Thirty minutes later he walked out of the Apple store with a new pair of earbuds...and no warranty. He was in a hurry. He still wanted to get to the gym and he had to make dinner tonight! And he wasn't going to pickup a pizza or make something simple. He wanted to cook something his mom would actually like. The chicken would be thawed by the time he arrived home, the potatoes were in the garage, and the broccoli was in the freezer. Oh, and he wanted to pickup one of those tall dinner table candles they have at restaurants on the way home too. Women love that shit...

He suddenly came to a complete 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 acting on or carrying through with. Mom would freak if he ever did that...right? But something felt different between the two of them over the past year or so. He was noticing her staring at him more and the yelling and arguing with Dad was getting worse. They weren't physically fighting, but they never seemed happy around each other. Plus, Dad couldn't possibly be satisfying her in the bedroom, could he? Maybe he was wrong. Maybe his dad was a stud between the sheets or lived off eating pussy. But everything about his lazy, overweight, negative father screamed 'dud' when it came to sex. Could that be why Mom was looking at him more? Or maybe she wasn't and it was all in his head? Shit could get real if he went through with this and it backfired. Like, really real. The amazing relationship 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 was going to look into buying his mom something for her birthday and leave it in his closet. If the moment presented itself sooner; he would give it to her early. But if things didn't feel right come her birthday, he would bail and buy her something else.

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, petite, blonde store worker in her mid-twenties with a smile on her face. "Umm...I'm just looking."

"For something in particular?" she asked.

"I'm...not...totally sure," he hesitated while looking around.

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

Kevin nodded.

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

"No!" he instantly shouted. "I mean...no thanks. She's not into sweatpants."

She had a curious look on her face. "So...what's she into?"

"Umm...sexier...things..."

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

Kevin's face lit up. "Yes...yes! She would...she does...love thongs."

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

He looked at the wall of items and experienced that overwhelming feeling again. Why the hell were there so many options to choose from? And how was he supposed to know what she would want? Chances are he was never going to give this to his mom, but on the off chance he did, it needed to be perfect.

He looked at 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?" Kevin asked.

"There isn't any," she grinned.

Kevin was looking at something called a 'mesh slip.' It had a similar appearance to a very short, spaghetti strap, one piece mini skirt dress. There were a few noticeable differences however. One, the black mesh was see-through. Two, it came with a black thong. And 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 still on the outfit.

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

"I'll take it," he told her.

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

"Oh, shit..." Kevin groaned.

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

Kevin looked around the store for a woman who resembled his mother. Suddenly, a woman who was probably in her early to mid thirties came walking through the entrance. He pointed at her.

"Her, but thicker. But not like, fat thick. Like, in shape thick. She works out and takes care of herself and stuff. 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, you know?"

She was laughing. "I got it." She pulled a set off one of the shelves below and looked at him. "I'll meet you at the counter."

Kevin smiled. Maybe someday he would actually see his mom wearing this. Or, maybe he could keep dreaming...

Back to current day...

Emily slipped into her son's messy bedroom and stepped over dirty laundry which was scattered on the floor as she made her way to the closet. She couldn't remember the last time she felt so excited! First off, what was with the conversation they just had at the dinner table!? That was crazy! Kevin admitted to being sexually attracted to her! Not only that, but he loved her butt! He loved it so much he went out of his way to make sure she was regularly wearing yoga pants! And he planned his schedule around seeing her in them! Emily felt desired for the first time in close to two decades. She felt lusted after. She felt like a woman.

The mom opened her son's closet door and looked inside. Just like his room; it was a mess. But she didn't care today. Today, she only cared what was under that mess. She began tossing clothes onto his bedroom floor behind her as she searched for this 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 bought her a gift from Victoria's Secret! She quickly reached inside and pulled out her present.

"Oh my God..." she quietly 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!? Well, after the conversation they just had, it didn't necessarily surprise her. Maybe this was the perfect way to thank him. Not only for dinner, but for all the stuff he did around the house. Mowing the lawn, folding the laundry, unloading the dishwasher...sure, she said thanks, but actions speak louder than words.

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 this thong. Kevin was right...her ass really was great. All that hard work in the gym and healthy eating had knocked ten years off her backside. It was perky and big and apparently right up her son's alley. And she was pleasantly surprised with what she saw when she spun back to take in the frontal view. Her stomach was flatter than it'd been in a long time and while not as perky as they were in her youth, she still had great boobs.

Could she just go strutting into the kitchen like this? In a see-through mess slip which barely reached her upper-thighs and a thong? That seemed a little too straightforward, didn't it? She noticed her bathrobe hanging from the shower rod behind her in the mirror. She slipped it on, tied it closed, stepped into a pair of black stiletto heels, and headed downstairs.

Click...click...click...

Kevin's head perked up. Were those high heels?

Click...click...click...

Whatever that noise was; it was getting closer. His mom suddenly appeared in the hallway and nonchalantly strolled back to her chair at the kitchen table.

This wasn't what he'd expected. He planned for one of two things. One, and by far the most likely, was she would rejoin him with her yoga pants on. Two, on the off-chance his gift went over well, he was going to see her strutting in wearing a see-through mesh slip. But neither of those things happened. She was sitting across from him in a black silk bathrobe and high heels, raising a piece of chicken to her mouth, and acting like nothing happened!

"So...?" he asked.

She patiently finished chewing her dinner before acknowledging her son's question. "I have something to come clean about too."

"What?"

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

"Okay...what is it?"

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," Emily said. "I look how they look on you. And I was annoyed when I looked out the window today and saw it was cloudy."

Kevin gave her a confused look.

"The weather was so warm earlier in the week and now it's kinda chilly again," Emily told him.

"What are you talking about, Mom?" Kevin asked.

She took another sip of wine before looking at her son again. "I got all excited when I heard the lawn mower this afternoon."

He gave her a curious look. "Am I missing something here?"

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

The teen started to softly laugh. "You're messing with me, right?"

She shook her head. "Take your shirt off."

"Excuse me?"

"Take it off," she repeated with a grin. "It's warm enough in here."

"You want me to sit here...shirtless?"

"I'm in a bathrobe," she smirked. "I don't think it's too crazy of a request."

"Well...what's under that bathrobe?"

Emily smiled at her son. "You're never gonna find out as long as that shirt's on."

Kevin laughed before raising his t-shirt over his head and setting it on the kitchen table. The sight of her half-naked son made Emily do what it always did. She bit her lip.

"My turn now," he grinned.

Her eyes hadn't left her son's body as she salivated from across the kitchen table.

"Open it."

The mom's eyes shifted up to her son's face to see him gazing at her robe. "Excuse me?"

"Open it," he repeated, this time pointing at her silk bathrobe.

"What happened to your manners?" she asked with a smirk. "I raised you better than that."

"Open it."

Emily raised her eyebrows.

"Please..." he slyly smirked.

She leaned back in her seat and let her hand sink to the end of the dangling belt before slowly pulling. The left side of her bathrobe fell off her shoulder as she observed her son's reaction.

His mouth was on the floor.

Emily slid the silky material off her right shoulder and let it fall down to her waist as well. She was now sitting 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 was sitting across the table. And her son was in awe.

"You like, baby?" she playfully asked.

Kevin tried to respond but decided to give up the impossible task of forming a coherent sentence. Ten minutes ago he finally admitted to his mother just how crazy she drove him. Now she was sitting at the table, looking at him with a see-through mesh slip on. Her chest was unbelievable. Large areolas complimented her busty breasts as her pink nipples glowed. He'd found himself staring at her bust thousands of times as the years went by but never imagined being in this position. All he had to do was tell her how he felt and she accepted him. But even more amazing was the perk to her breasts. While they didn't have the lift of an eighteen year old, much like everything else on his mom, they were perfect.

He finally managed to nod his head. An idea suddenly came to him as he tried his best to string a sentence together. "Hey, umm...pep...can ah...you pass me the...the pepper?"

Emily looked down at the table and searched it with her eyes. She couldn't find the pepper. That's right...because it was on the kitchen counter. She wanted to milk this moment. He was always going to remember the first time he saw his mom's butt in a thong, so she really wanted to make it special.

Emily slowly stood up and allowed the 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 his mom begin to turn. It was moments away now...

"You gotta be fuckin' kidding me..."

Emily let out a soft giggle thanks to her son's comment as she was now facing the counter with her back to the table. When she turned her head to observe her son, his reaction instantly put her on cloud nine. The same butt which caused her husband to mock her, put a flabbergasted expression on the teenager's face and she didn't want to move. She just wanted to soak in his visual praise and approval. But if standing still did this to him, what would walking do? The mom slowly, deliberately took a step toward the counter as the sound of her heels clicking on the vinyl tile floor rang out through the kitchen.

A deep, masculine moan resounded from the table.

She continued her confident, provocative 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, the girlfriends before Ella, the time he hooked up with Kate Gomez at that party in Sophomore year...no one ever had this effect on him before. His mom's ass was unlike anything he'd ever seen in person. It was just...perfect. It was big, but not too big. It was toned and perky from the countless number of hours she spent in the gym. He had stared at his mother's backside from this exact seat for years, but never once did he imagine seeing her like this.

Emily retrieved the small bottle of pepper and began walking back toward the table.

He needed more of her ass. The last fifteen seconds was permanently burned into his brain and was never going away. Every time he looked at his mom, he would see her dressed in that sexy mesh slip, with her bottom half only covered by a tiny black thong. And it was an outfit he bought her! Something about that felt different. It was like she was his. Like she was one of his girlfriends who was excited to model a sexy piece of lingerie he bought for her. But she wasn't...she was his mother!

Emily arrived at the table and stood next to her son, sexily posing as she let him continue to soak in her body. She casually leaned forward, pushing her breasts together with her arms.

"Pepper, baby?"

Kevin's eyes slowly climbed his mother's body until they reached her eyes. He could only nod.

She smiled before beginning to lightly sprinkle his food with the spicy seasoning. She watched his eyes descend from her face before settling on her exposed breasts. He swiftly leaned back in his seat and turned his head to take in the side of her butt. When Emily noticed this, she promptly adjusted her angle to expose more of her backside to him.

Another deep, manly grunt escaped from the teen sitting at the table.

"Good, baby?" Emily asked.

"More..." he grunted with his eyes still fixated on her backside.

"That's a lot of pepper," she played along with a smile as she continued to sprinkle the spice onto her son's food.

"I know..." he moaned with a grin. "I fuckin' love it..."

Emily gave one last firm thrust with the small bottle before walking back to her chair and sitting down. Her son was gawking at her.

"Dinner was great, baby," she smiled.

His expression didn't change as his eyes locked onto her face.

"So..." she sheepishly asked, "do you anything else planned for tonight? It is my big weekend after all..."

Kevin grinned.

Twenty-seven minutes later...

"Oh my God, baby!"

Emily found herself in a spot she never would've imagined on this Saturday evening. She was sprawled along the length of her son's bed, on her back, with her head rested on his pillow, and his handsome face buried 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. 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, just so happened to take close to five minutes tonight. Every step she took resulted in a pair of masculine hands acquainting themselves with a new part of her body. Her breasts, hips, butt, and legs where all equally attended to as she playfully pretended to run away from him on the steps, only to feel her son 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 tall, muscular frame. And when he wrapped his hands around the sides of her face and kissed her, an explosion of feelings burst through her body. He wasn't just a good-looking, younger guy who she was sexually attracted to. He was so much more than that. Kevin was the love of her life. He mattered so much more than anyone else in the world. And tonight she was going to have the chance to show him just how special he was to her. But before she had that chance, Kevin had other plans...

"Right there!" Emily loudly instructed as her hands gripped the bedspread to the sides of her hips. She wasn't sure how long it'd been, but her son was relentlessly going at her, only breaking to occasionally plant kisses along her inner thighs and legs. It hadn't taken him long to figure out how much attention her clit loved receiving. She could feel his mouth sliding down the length of her freshly shaved vulva before his tongue gently tickled her tight asshole. Seconds later his warm, wet tongue found her clit once again as she did her best to let him know how it felt.

"That feels so good..." she passionately moaned. But something was on her mind. She felt a

responsibility to tell him about her situation. He needed to know she wasn't like his previous girlfriends. He had to know she needed a little extra attention in order to get off. "Baby..."

...

Emily let out a moan as her son's tongue began dancing on her sensitive clit. "Baby..."

...

"Baby!"

Kevin's 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...umm..." she stammered.

"To cum?" he asked.

Emily giggled. "Yeah."

"And?"

She raised her eyebrows. "And?"

"Yeah," he said. "And?"

"Well," she started again, "sometimes it takes like...forty minutes. Other times it takes...like an hour," she embarrassingly told him.

His eyes drifted back toward to her vagina before moving up to look at her face once again. "I'm not quite sure I'm seeing your point here, Mom."

"I just don't want you to think you're doing something wrong," she worryingly told him. "Because you aren't! It feels amazing! And if you get tired or bored or whatever...I mean...you can stop..."

"What?"

"If it's taking too long or whatever," she shyly reiterated. "I don't want to make you uncomfortable or anything."

"Mom," Kevin laughed, "if it takes you forty minutes to cum, then I'm going to be down here for forty minutes. If it takes you four hours, then I got four hours in me."

"Really?" she asked with a smile.

His curious look came back. "Does Dad not do this for you?"

"Well," she started, "he umm...he doesn't...doesn't really like to."

"Why?"

"Because of how long it takes," she answered. "I know it's a burden..."

He began vehemently shaking his head. "Your pleasure isn't a burden, Mom. It's a priority. I want you to just completely relax and free yourself. Don't worry about how long it takes or anything like that. I'm not going anywhere until I get you to cum," he smiled. "Now, it seems like you love your clit getting the majority of the focus."

Emily bit her lip and nodded with a smile.

"Okay," he nodded, "so put her head back on my pillow and enjoy!"

Ten minutes later...

Emily could feel that unmistakable warm sensation in the top of her head. It always started like this. When she was close; that feeling would hit her. It was like someone set her brain in a frying pan. Her head would start to heat up and gradually the excitement would hit her throat. This is when speaking became difficult for the brunette. Shrieks, loud moans, and curse words made up the majority of the mom's vocabulary from this point on. 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 and then things would explode. The warm feeling 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 let herself go for those magical twenty seconds of ecstasy. Emily would continue to feel on top of the world for four or five minutes before finally coming back to earth. This didn't happen every time she came, however. Neither her vibrator nor dildo could make her feel those things. She needed a tongue and a human touch. She needed a man. And at this very moment; Emily had a man.

She wasn't exactly sure what things looked like down there because her eyes had been closed for the past ten minutes. She was taking her son's advice. To relax and free herself. She deserved this. She did so much for everyone else that it was time someone made her pleasure a priority. It was all going to be worth it. She...

...she could feel the warmth hit the top of her head. It was coming!

Emily smiled as the warmth drifted down 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 resorted to her son to fulfill her sexual needs!? What was wrong with her!? One time! She was going to let herself go one time and enjoy this! She just needed to cum hard and clear her mind! Everything would make sense after she did...

The warmth was going away! Emily panicked as she tried to relax herself but it only caused the warmth to slide from her grasp. Her body began to feel cold as she felt the sensation climb to the top of her skull before vanishing.

"FUCK!!"

Kevin's head shot up with concern. "What!?"

Emily was staring up at her son's white ceiling, trying to control herself. She couldn't.

"AHHHHHHHH!!!"

"Holy shit, Mom! What!?"

She peered down at Kevin who had a distraught look on his face. No, not you, baby."

"What the fuck was that!?" he asked. "That yelling?"

"I just..." she looked back up at the ceiling, "I was so close..."

"What happened?"

"I don't know," she whined. "I started thinking about stuff and then it went away and...fuck! I was right there!"

"We'll get you back," he confidently told her.

"It doesn't work like that," she huffed. "It starts all over. It's gonna be another forty fuckin' minutes..."

He looked down at his mother's glistening, shaved vagina with a big smile. "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. Not like...during this," she answered.

Kevin looked up confused. "I think you've had some real duds in bed."

She smiled up at the ceiling. "I think you might be right..."

"Okay, I'm going to try something. Now, if you don't like it or it's uncomfortable or whatever...just tell me. Sound good?"

Emily nodded. She was up for trying anything at this point.

Nine minutes later...

"Jeeeeeeeeesus, fuck!" Emily shouted as her hips bucked. She wanted to personally shake the hands of the high school test dummies who made her son an expert with his fingers. Those eighteen-year-old girls were making this mom's night.

Kevin's index and middle finger were ferociously thrusting inside his mother. He started slow and easy, but once she adjusted, he picked up his tempo. The sounds coming from her mouth and the movements of her hips told him all he needed to know.

"Oh my God, you better not stop!" Emily shouted with her head in the pillow as she felt her son's

tongue hit her clit. The oral attention she was being paid earlier started once more as she felt her insides being filled and worked by Kevin's fingers. "Okay...okay, okay, okay right there! Keep your tongue there! Right on my clit!"

The sensation stopped.

Her head perked up to see her son's mouth feet away from her body and she could feel his fingers motionless inside her. "Nooooooooo, no, no, no! I said don't stop, baby! That was perfect!"

The teen smirked at his mom before moving his fingers around inside her, exploring the taboo fluids they were drenched in. Probably right about here...

Emily's entire lower-body jolted up as she looked into her son's eyes with bewilderment. She had no idea what just happened. His fingers moved again and this time her entire body shook. What in the world was this!?

She didn't know it yet, but Kevin found her G-Spot. The teen stumbled across a fingering technique video on Pornhub while surfing the internet on a bitterly cold February night earlier this year. Something about it grabbed his attention and he ended up watching the thirteen minute video four consecutive times. The following day, Ella was making noises on her bed he wasn't aware could come out of a girl's mouth. From that point on, Kevin felt like he had a secret power. And he was eager to see how his mother would react to the certain thing that drove his ex-girlfriend crazy. His fingers began picking up speed as they pressed against his mom's G-Spot, while his tongue found her clit again.

"Forget what I said!" Emily excitedly panted with her head still rested in her son's pillow. "This! This, this, this, this, this! Don't stop doing this!"

There it was! The warmness! She could feel it in her forehead as her hands gripped the blankets beneath her. She had to focus. She had to let it sink down her throat and not...

The mom's body suddenly began to quiver. There was no slow buildup or excruciatingly long waiting period. One second the warmth was in her head, and the next it was in her toes. It felt like a hot glue gun was injected into her veins as she let herself be controlled by her son's fingers. Whatever he'd done to her was making her feel something truly unique. And just when she thought it couldn't get any better, a burst abruptly overtook her.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh, God!" Emily screamed as her hips thrust upwards and a warm, wet feeling exploded throughout her insides. Her body continued to shake and shiver until she finally began to calm down thirty seconds later. Whatever that was had passed, but a light tingle continued to flow through her skin. Finally someone other than herself had gotten her off! She lifted her head with a big smile as she felt her son's tongue leave her clit. Her expression instantly changed.

Kevin was smiling back at her. Except, something was different. His chiseled, handsome face had a glisten to it. Was she that wet? Come to think of it...she felt pretty soaked. And...oh my God! Were her fluids dripping off his chin!? How wet was she!? She lifted her head even higher and immediately panicked at what she saw on the blankets below.

"Oh my God!"

The teen gave her a strange look.

"Baby...oh my God!"

"What, Mom?" he asked.

"I...I...I peed. On your bed! And...and on...on you!"

He started to laugh.

"This isn't funny!" Emily shouted. "Oh my God, I'm so sorry! I need to clean this up!" she worryingly said while attempted to sit up.

Kevin immediately pushed her back down.

"Baby, I need to clean your sheets! I can't...I can't believe I did this!"

He moved his finger along his chin before sliding it into his mouth.

"Don't!" Emily shouted. "Oh my God!"

"It's not pee, Mom," he laughed. "You squirted."

"I what?"

"You squirted," he repeated with a smirk. "I assume this is your first time?"

She rapidly nodded her head.

"How'd it feel?"

She began to nervously smile. "Good...good, but different. In a good way! It felt...I squirted?"

He responded by moving his mouth back to her vagina and beginning to lap at her lips once again.

"No, no, no, baby," she stopped him. "If I cum, I can't cum again for hours. It's always been that way."

He grinned up at her. "We'll see about that..."

Five minutes later...

Emily was trying to catch her breath as she gazed up at the ceiling. Five minutes. It took her son five minutes to get her off! From the second the last 't' in 'that' came out of his mouth, his tongue never left her clit. It was a mix of constant, rapid movements and long strokes of warm wetness

from between his lips. His hands explored her body this time as they left her thighs and moved up to her breasts, his index finger eventually finding her mouth. The mom parted her pouty lips and accepted her son inside. And when she finally climaxed; she came in his mouth. This time there were no fingers or squirting. It was like he wanted to prove he could get her off with just his tongue. And he did it in record time.

She attempted to collect herself before feeling her son's mouth making it's way back between her legs for a third time. "Hey! Hey, hey, hey!"

Kevin's head perked up.

"My turn," Emily smiled before pointing behind her at the wooden headboard. "Sit."

She watched her son hastily follow her orders. He was now sitting on his pillow with his back pressed against the wood, eagerly grinning at his mother with just his basketball shorts on. Before she could thank him for all he'd done, she needed to cross something off her bucket list. She dove forward and allowed her lips to explore her son's shirtless body from her position on her knees. Her soft, wet lips pressed into his defined muscles and ridged abs. She leaned back with a smile and admired the view in front of her.

"Flex."

The teen had an unamused expression on his face. "I don't think so."

"Come onnnnnn..." Emily whined. "One time."

"Who am I, fuckin' Patrick Bateman? I'm not flexing."

Emily looked into her son's eyes. "Ten seconds! Ten seconds and I'm good!"

He let out an annoyed huff. "Fine."

The mom instantly gleamed at the sight of her son's muscles and abs tightening. She leaned in and this time allowed her tongue to slide along his body, treating herself to his biceps, chest, and those abs she craved so much. Her finger found it's way to her son's neck and followed a trail of her wet saliva down his body and into the waistband of his black basketball shorts. Her other hand soon joined and tugged the polyester down around his thighs. Her jaw dropped.

"Wh...wha...wa..." she stuttered into her son's face with a smile before looking back down at his impressive manhood which was standing at full attention. "That's ah...that's...that's really nice."

The look on his mom's face was sending a jolt through Kevin's body. It was a mix of admiration, hesitation, and maybe even a little fear. He didn't have a huge dick, but he was of above-average length and girth and never had a problem with what he'd been blessed with. And the way his mother was looking at him made him feel like a king.

"That's um...that's," Emily gulped, "big...you're...you're pretty big." She unexpectedly felt a hand on the back of her head slowly begin to pull her closer. "O...o...okay," she nervously smiled as she allowed herself to be moved. She opened her mouth and accepted the throbbing head of her son's cock inside.

Kevin moaned. It wasn't the warm, wet feeling which caused his reaction. It was the woman that mouth belonged to. He'd never met a girl like his mom before and having her accept him like this changed everything. She wasn't just the woman he loved the most, she was now the woman he craved he most. And as her mouth began to slide deeper and deeper, his feelings only grew.

Emily relaxed her throat and started taking more and more of her son. She could easily deepthroat Tom but this would undoubtedly prove to be a much more challenging task. But she was determined. She was determined to make her son feel things those high school girls couldn't. She wanted to be the only girl on his mind when he was sitting in the middle of Calculus class, surrounded by cute blondes. She couldn't help if she was jealous and protective of him. It was only natural. She was his mother after all.

"Ella gave amazing head."

The mom slid her mouth off his cock and looked up. "What?"

"Ella," he repeated. "She gave amazing head."

Emily looked back down at the half wet cock in front of her and grinned. She swiftly accepted him back inside her mouth and began bobbing faster and deeper.

Kevin lied. Ella didn't give amazing head. In fact, Ella gave shit head. Not only was she not orally talented, but her attitude and effort was a major turn-off. But after their conversation at the dinner table, he knew his mom had a chip on her shoulder when it came to his ex-girlfriend. And was a little white lie really the end of the world?

Drool from Emily's mouth was dripping down her son's towering cock as she continued to bob up and down on her new favorite part of him. She had to outdo that bitch. Not only was Ella the one who had her son last, but she apparently made nasty comment after nasty comment about her. But then Kevin told her to 'shut her fuckin' mouth!' How amazing was that!? She had to prove how much she appreciated him, and how much better she could take care of him than his ex. 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 and she held herself there for as long as she could.

"Oh my God!" Kevin shouted.

Emily gasped for air as she let her mouth slide off her son. When she looked at his cock, the entirety of his thick erection was wet. She couldn't believe she'd taken it all!

"Could that little twat do that?" Emily asked with a smirk.

Kevin slowly shook his head.

"Wanna see something else she couldn't do?" Emily grinned.

Her son excitedly nodded.

Emily took a deep breath before plunging her mouth onto his cock again, taking the entire thing down her throat. But this time instead of his holding herself at the base, she cupped his testicles with her right hand, lifted them up, and allowed her tongue to slide out and drag along the sensitive surface of his cum filled balls. She could feel her son's body squirming. When she finally came up for air, she was met by her son's mouth which locked lips with her. The forty-four-year-old mom and her eighteen-year-old son were making out on his bed like a horny high school couple and Emily couldn't get enough of it.

She was determined to give him everything those petite high school girls couldn't. She broke off their kiss and let spit fall from her mouth and land on her chest. She pressed her boobs together, allowing the saliva to rub in between her breasts.

Kevin had a big smile on his face. "Oh, shit...really!?"

Emily nodded with a grin before yanking his shorts and boxers down completely and tossing them to the floor below. She knelt in front of him on the mattress again before leaning closer and wrapping her breasts around his soaking wet cock. Kevin placed his hands on the bed and lifted himself up, creating leverage before frantically beginning to pump, sending the head of his cock rocketing out of his mother's cleavage with every thrust upwards.

Each time the mom watched her son's swollen, pink head reappear from deep in between her breasts, she puckered her pouty lips together and planted a big kiss on it. She just wanted to eat every part of him up. He was too special to not be experiencing everything she had to offer, and tonight, he was going to get all of her. Her kisses were soon replaced by an open mouth as she allowed her son to slide between her lips with every thrust. His uncontrollable excitement only fueled her lust. She couldn't get enough of seeing what she was doing to him.

"I'm gonna cum..."

Emily replaced her breasts with her hands and beginning simultaneously stroking her son's thick pole as her mouth began to bob on his meat once again. She never wanted to hear the name 'Ella' in her house again. From this moment on, the only woman on her son's mind was going to be her. And she was going to make him cum harder than he ever had.

Kevin felt his cock explode deep inside his mom's mouth as her tight hands continued to milk him dry. His back slammed against the headboard behind him as burst after burst fired from the tip of his penis. Fifteen seconds later it was over. The overwhelming sensation gave way to complete relaxation. He opened his eyes to see his mom grinning at him.

She took a deep gulp.

As the teen started to open his mouth, his train of thought was derailed by not only what he felt, but by what he witnessed. His mom wrapped her hands around his cock once again and resumed her stroking, collecting a mix of spit and semen which had escaped from her mouth. Once her hands were covered, she looked at her son and began licking them dry.

Kevin was in awe. "Holy...shit..."

Emily wanted to be his personal little porn star. She was going to take care of all his fantasies and desires. Everything he was too embarrassed to bring up to his ex-girlfriends, she was going to get out of him. And when she suddenly noticed a wad of cum on this thigh, she hastily lowered her mouth to gobble it up.

"You taste too good to waste," Emily smirked as she looked at her son. When she peered back down, she couldn't help but laud his still rock hard cock which was glistening thanks to her mouth. Her eyes shot back up. "You wanna?"

What was Kevin's answer going to be? Did he wanna? Did he wanna!? He wanted to since he was ten! He immediately jumped off the bed, pulling his mother with him.

"Where are we going!?" Emily frantically asked as her feet hit the hardwood floor below. She quickly received her answer as she was turned and pushed over the edge of the bed. The sounds of footsteps caused her to look back and witness Kevin leaving the room. Seconds later he re-emerged with her black stiletto heels which had been lost on the journey up the stairs.

"Put these on," he smiled while handing her the pumps. "I like you in 'em."

Emily stood up and enthusiastically accepted the heels from her son. She stepped into them before a strong push sent her sprawling over the bed again.

Kevin never dreamed of having this view. His mom was bent over his bed with her stomach and chest pressed against his sheets. Her thick legs towered over edge of mattress and box-spring, and her calves seemed to pop even more than usual thanks to the tall heels which were planted on the floor. He couldn't wait any longer. Her rubbed the throbbing head of his cock against her moist pussy lips before sinking inside.

"Jesus Christ..." the teen moaned as he felt every inch of his thick meat become engulfed by his mother's warm wetness. He'd always been under the impression that older women were loose. Well, whoever started that myth clearly never experienced what he was currently feeling. He could feel every ridge and bump of his mother as his slow strokes quickly turned into aggressive pumps. There was no time for a warm-up. He needed to unload on her.

Emily's face was in the sheets as she found herself biting the bed comforter. This was surreal. Kevin felt so much different than her husband. He was longer but the thickness is what stood out the most. It was a filling, stretching sensation and she tried to let herself relax but couldn't. Everything about this was so naughty and taboo. But as good as it felt, his rapidly increasing roughness was causing a

slight amount of pain and discomfort. She needed to adjust to his size before he started hammering into her like this.

"Baby..."

Kevin didn't hear a thing as his hands found his mother's hips and roughly sank into her skin. He locked in his grip and began pounding her harder.

"Baby, you need to slow down!"

He wanted to give his mom everything she wasn't getting from his father. Dad was a fat, out of shape prick who never seemed happy to see his wife. Had he ever given Mom a proper fucking? He certainly wasn't now with that giant gut of his. Plus, Mom was so excited to see his cock. That had to mean he was packing more than Dad. He was going to make her feel things she never felt before. He was going to have her walking with a limp for the next week. He was going to make her crave him.

"Kevin!!"

He instantly stopped and looked up to see his mom's head turned. She was looking back at him with a shocked expression.

"Yeah, Mom?"

"You didn't hear me!?" she questioned.

"Hear what?" he asked. His cock slowly began to move inside her again as his hands were still buried into her soft hips.

"I asked you to go easier!" she told him while trying to catch her breath. "Jesus Christ..."

"Oh, shit," he stated while looking back down at her big ass. "I didn't hear you."

Emily couldn't help but admire his glistening body as she stared back at her son. And there was something so right about him positioned behind her like this. It felt so natural.

"Just at first. You gotta let me get used to it," she told him before turning back and letting her face sink into the bed covers once again. "It's fuckin' big..."

Kevin knew what his mom wanted but he couldn't control himself. Hearing those words escape from her mouth sent a chill down his spine. He was 'fuckin' big?' She needed him to go slow to adjust to his size? She was forty-four years old! And she could barely handle him! And despite his best efforts, his cock was outwitting his brain at this very moment. Kevin increased his pace and began thrusting into his mom again.

Emily closed her eyes and tried to find her breath. "Baby!"

The only answer was the sound of his pelvis and balls slamming into her big ass.

"Baby!!"

Emily slightly turned her head to see his right foot up on the mattress. His left foot was still on the floor as he now had leverage with his hands wrapped around her hips. Deep, manly grunts joined the sounds of skin-on-skin blows.

There was no use in trying to get him to slow down. She was a grown woman. She could handle it. Sure, he was bigger, more powerful, and significantly thicker than anything she'd ever taken, but that little pain was worth the pleasure she was feeling. And as her hand slid back along the sheets and found her clit, this overwhelming stretching sensation started to feel even more amazing. There was one thing she always wanted to try. Tom certain couldn't do it the way she wanted but after what she'd seen over the past few minutes, there was no doubt in her mind Kevin was the perfect guy for the job.

"Pull my hair."

His strong hands didn't leave her hips.

"Pull my hair!"

Slam...slam...slam...

"Pull my fuckin' hair!!"

The pounding came to a stop as a rough slap to her ass cheek caused her to yelp. "You say something?"

"I want you to pull my hair," Emily answered into the bed sheets.

"You want who to pull your hair?"

"You," she replied.

Nothing happened.

Emily turned her head and looked back at her son. "I want you to pull my hair."

He had a stoic expression on his face. "Who?"

"I want...I want my baby to pull my hair."

His look didn't change.

"Kevin. I want Kevin to pull my hair."

He slowly shook his head.

"Angel?"

His shake was joined by laughter his time.

Emily 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 what? You, Kevin, baby, angel...none of it got what she wanted. What if she tried...no! She couldn't! That was a fantasy of hers Tom found weird and told her to never say again. But maybe Kevin would be into it? The dream she had in bathtub Friday night wasn't wrong. She had this strange connection with her son that she didn't share with anyone else. What if her fantasy was the exact thing he wanted to hear?

"Pull my hair...daddy."

Emily immediately felt fingers crawl along the back of her head until a powerful hand grabbed her hair and roughly yanked her back. Daddy...he wanted to be called daddy! He was eighteen and she was forty-four and he wanted to be called daddy! And she was his mom! It was so hot! She didn't feel like his mom at this moment. She felt like his girlfriend. Like some cute, bubbly teen who wanted to relieve her boyfriend's tension. And if her boyfriend wanted to be called daddy, she would be more than happy to be his little girl.

Kevin's right foot was still on the bed as his right hand firmly had his mother's head pulled back. He began to pick up his pace again as he leaned his body forward to look down into her face. "Whose ass is this?"

Emily helplessly looked up into his eyes with a smirk. "Yours."

She felt a vicious slap against her left butt cheek.

"I asked whose ass this is?" he repeated.

The mom's smirk turned to a smile. "Daddy's."

"Fuckin' right it is," Kevin grinned as he watched sweat drip from his chin down onto his mother's face. "Never forget it either."

The teen roughly pushed his mom 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.

Emily's hand slid under her body and found her clit again. Her son was relentless. Was he always like this or was this a special circumstance of extreme excitement? She really didn't care. She was ready and willing to take whatever he had for her. If he wanted to get rough; he could get rough.

She just wanted to make him happy. And was this going to be a one-time thing or was everything going to change? Maybe...

No...it couldn't be. That warm feeling was in her forehead again. During sex!? She'd never cum during sex before! It was like every thrust and pump was getting her closer and closer.

"Harder!"

Kevin was attempting to impale his mom.

"Harder!!" Emily screamed as her fingers rapidly rubbed her clit. The sounds of her son's thrusting body slamming into her ass filled the room.

She felt her legs go limp as her body began to vibrate. The power and strength she felt flow through her blood while her son filled her was unlike anything she'd experienced before. Those oral orgasms from earlier in the evening paled in comparison to this new feeling. It was a warm, smothering fullness that screamed 'love.' She'd never felt so desired or wanted.

The teen felt the grip around his cock tighten. It was like his mother's pussy was trying to strangle him as stronger sensations began to explode on his pumping manhood. He could see her body begin to shiver as he finally realized what was happening. Mom was cumming on his cock. Seeing her body go limp while feeling her grip tighten sent him over the edge. He had so much more he wanted to do with her. He wanted to get her into reverse cowgirl and see that perfect ass bouncing on his dick. He wanted to oil her up, film them having sex, record a point of view blowjob scene, give her a facial...but all that would be for another time.

He gave one last rough thrust before burying his cock as far as he could inside her. He felt his dick explode deep inside his mom's womb.

Kevin and Emily came together.

Twenty seconds later Kevin looked down. His mom was still heaped over the edge of his bed and his cock had yet to move an inch. He slowly began to pull out, feeling the mild air from the room replace his mother's warm, wet insides. When he finally exited her...nothing happened. He continued to wait. Did he cum that deep inside her? Or was she not allowing anything to escape? He calmly put a hand on each of her butt cheeks and slowly separated them. A river of cum poured out. He took a few steps toward the bed with a smile and plopped down on his back next to his mom. That was unbelievable! He could go over and over and over with Ella, but two orgasms from his mother had him out of commission. When he turned his head to check and see how Mom was doing, she was gone. He could hear a noise. Almost like a slurping or a vacuuming of some kind. He sat up to look over the mattress and shook his head with a grin. This woman was something else. He fell back onto the bed.

Emily was on her hands and knees, dragging her lips across the hardwood floor. She eagerly sucked up every drop of her son before swallowing and rejoining her man on his bed. Her head quickly found his chest as the two cuddled in a way neither would've ever expected.

"So, what now?" Kevin asked while looking up at ceiling.

Emily's hand ran along her son's abs. "I'm not sure..."

Chapter 8 -- Honesty.

Monday night. 11:23PM.

"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 her husband from her side on the bed. She was reading her Kindle but like usual, Tom didn't seem to care.

"We golfed every day!" he continued. "Even got nine in before we flew back today!"

Emily nodded as she continued to read.

"You should see how many women down there have fake tits."

The brunette's head perked up. "What?"

"They're all over the place!" Tom laughed. "Young, old, white, black...it doesn't matter. Everyone has big, fake tits!"

"Okay..."

"So?" Tom asked.

"So...what?" Emily curiously looked at her husband.

"Did you ever think about a boob job?"

She raised her eyebrows. "Me?"

Tom nodded.

"I don't think I need bigger boobs," Emily laughed before turning back to her Kindle. "I wouldn't be able to walk..."

"You could at least get a lift," Tom told her. "And then if we wanted to go bigger, we could."

She looked at her husband in disbelief.

"You know I'm a boob guy, Em," he grinned. "I'd be willing to pay for it!"

"How thoughtful..." Emily sarcastically stated while glaring at the man lying next to her. "I think I'm good..."

A few moments of silence passed before Tom spoke up again. "And we need to discuss your hair."

"You like it?" she asked with a slight smile.

"No," he shook his head.

"What?"

"Em, you're in your forties..." he arrogantly chuckled.

"I thought...it looked nice," she told him.

Tom shook his head again. "Honey, bangs are for younger girls. You pulled it off when you were in your thirties, but you're way too old to be wearing that shit now. I mean," he laughed, "you can't even see your eyebrows! You're forty-four!"

"Kevin said it looked good..."

"What's he gonna say?" Tom asked. "He's your son! And a little mama's boy, too! 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 told him while slamming her Kindle down into the blankets. "I'm so sick of this shit!"

"Of what?" he asked with a surprised tone.

She turned and looked him in the eyes. "Of you!"

"Of me?" he laughed. "I just got home."

"I know," she said, "and it was amazing when you were gone. It was calm and peaceful and happy. I didn't have anxiety because someone was constantly putting me down or criticizing me! It was just me and Kevin and we had a great time!"

"I'm sorry, princess," Tom mockingly addressed her. "I forgot I was supposed to kiss your ass all the time. Heaven forbid I give my opinions around here."

"Your opinions?" Emily asked with disgust. "Like, if I overcook something and you call me useless? Or the time you called me a retard because I left a bottle in the freezer by mistake and it exploded? Or maybe the five hundred times you've mocked me because of my ass? Are those your opinions, Tom?"

"Yeah," he firmly told her, "they are. Don't like it? Go somewhere else."

She looked at him with shock. "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 started to laugh.

"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.

"You don't think I could find someone better than you?"

He 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," Tom laughed.

Emily grabbed her pillow and stormed toward the door.

"Yeah, go sleep on the couch until you can act like a lady!" Tom shouted as the door slammed shut.

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Emily burst back through the bedroom door, roughly closing it behind her. She furiously approached the bed. "I'm done!"

"Done with what?" Tom asked with a smirk.

"This marriage!" she told him. "I'm done!"

"Sure..." 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 Emily quickly cut him off.

"Saturday and Sunday were amazing. You wanna know why? Because I didn't see you for a single second! 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 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!"

Tom was staring at his wife with a sarcastic smirk. "And what's gonna happen when he doesn't want you around?"

"Kevin?" Emily asked. "He loves having me around."

He laughed right in his wife's 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 not to hurt your feelings. He wants to be around girls his own age, not his overbearing mother."

"He told me things you couldn't even imagine," Emily said. "How he loves my personalty, and 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 for things for him, he helps me out...he loves me! He doesn't just expect me to do shit for him like you do! He loves me for me and I can't get enough of him!"

"Is that what you need, Em?" Tom asked. "For me to thank you for every little menial task you do around here? Oh, wow, Em, you folded the laundry! Thank you soooooo much!" he mockingly praised her.

"And he loves my body," Emily glared at her husband.

"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 this weekend," Emily grinned.

Tom's jaw dropped.

"He made me feel things 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 you want to know what the biggest difference was? He wanted to get me off. He wasn't just doing it to throw me a bone. He wanted to take care of me. Unlike you!"

"This is a fucked up joke, Em," Tom told her, unsure of what he was listening to.

"It's not a joke," Emily laughed. "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 me on my hair today. Just nonstop. And here you are, full of criticisms and nasty remarks. Calling me old, and fat, and telling me I need a boob job."

Tom shook his head. "So you need compliments? That's what you need?"

"No, Tom," she answered, "I don't need compliments. I need a man who loves me for who I am."

"You think Kevin's going to stick with you?" he smirked. "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's going to wear off. And when it does, you're going to realize how little you really mean to him. He's not going to pass on some twenty-year-old piece of ass for you!"

"It was more than a few times," Emily grinned. "I most recently did it about four hours ago. You see, before I left to pick you up at the airport, I made our son a nice sandwich, dropped down to my knees on the kitchen floor, and gagged on that big, beautiful cock of his 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!" Emily giggled. "Even his loads put you to shame! Tom, he's ten times the man you could ever even dream of being!"

The dad was at a loss for words.

"So, I'm gonna go snuggle with my little angel," she told him, "and this is going to be our last night in this house. Because tomorrow, we're out of here. Sleep tight, Tom," Emily smiled before walking out the door and toward her son's room.

Emily skipped down the hallway and right into her son's bedroom. She considered locking the door but didn't see a point to it. Tom wasn't going to do anything. Her husband only liked to confront women and children. Real men made him shy away and hide. She placed her pillow next to her

son's sleeping head and quietly slipped under the covers with him. She picked up his arm and wrapped it around her body as she snuggled as close to him as she could.

The sleeping eighteen year old instinctively pulled his mother closer to him, unaware of what was happening outside of his dreams.

For the first time in her life, Emily felt protected. She felt like she could truly count on someone if she needed them. She always knew her son would be there for her, but their weekend together brought them closer. They were no longer just mother and son. They were so much more than that. They were lovers.

Just like her previous issues with orgasming, the brunette 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, 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.

Confidence Building 101

by **mt44**©

This was a request by a reader. So this may read differently from my other stories because it was written to fit his fantasies.

A big thanks to Keatli for editing this.

September 6th. Thursday. 8:57 PM.

Chapter 1 -- Fantasy...Football.

"Go! Go! Go!"

Kevin's eyes were locked on the same television as his friend, but the eighteen-year-old high school senior's attitude couldn't have been any more different. "No! Get him!"

"Twenty, fifteen, ten..." Scott commentated from his spot on the couch as the electrifying running back dashed along the sidelines, "five..."

A defensive player desperately lunged in one final attempt to prevent the ballcarrier from finding the end zone. The running back was dragged down just outside the goal line, causing the ball to squirt from his grasp and bounce out of the field of play.

"That's a touchback!" Kevin shouted. "He fumbled it through the end zone!"

"No, dude, he crossed the goal line before he lost it," Scott calmly stated, not sure if that was true but trying to convince himself regardless. "That's a touchdown."

The referee held his arms in the air to signal a score.

It was opening night of the NFL season, and while the two best friends weren't athletes, who didn't love a little fantasy football? It also didn't hurt matters that they were playing against each other in their week one matchup. Scott had the running back who may or may not have scored on his team, while Kevin had the defense that either caused a fumble or allowed a touchdown. There was a lot on the line...

Kevin was sitting on the loveseat while Scott was directly across the room on the sofa. An open box of pizza was resting on the coffee table in front of the couch. The boy's eyes were locked on the television as they anxiously waited for a replay.

The camera zoomed in on the action which had occurred just outside the goal line and replayed it in super slow motion. The ball appeared to loosen from the running back's hands before he not only fell into the end zone, but prior to his knee touching the turf as well.

"Oh, come on!" Scott huffed. "Are you serious!?"

"Told you, dude. That's a touchback."

And things were only getting worse for Scott. His star fantasy football running back was holding his knee on the sidelines.

"He's hurt already!?" the teen shouted. "Are you kidding me!? It's the first quarter!"

Kevin could only laugh. His buddy had quite the history of drafting guys who would go on to tear their ACL in week one.

The longtime friends were fairly similar. In fact, they'd been mistaken for brothers or cousins a time or two. Both were six feet tall with brown eyes, thick heads of brown hair, and both possessed long, skinny frames. Not scrawny, but not built either. Neither were jocks, but both enjoyed the flag football league they played in every summer. They were average high school kids. Video games, girls, and music captured most of their attention. Well, a particular girl in Kevin's case.

"This is fuckin' bullshit!" Scott continued to rant angrily. "They're getting the cart for him! He can't even walk on his own!"

"Hey! Language!"

Kevin's attention snapped toward the kitchen. He was sitting in the family room with his buddy, while the layout of the house had the kitchen fifteen or so feet away. There was a two stair step-up which led to a little eating area with a table and chairs ten feet from them. Just beyond that was the actual kitchen.

"I know, I know..." Scott groaned, "but, Mom, look at this! Every year!"

Lisa's eyes peered into the family room to observe the television from her spot at the kitchen table. She'd been busy paying bills when her son's tone grabbed her attention. There were few things in life she cared less about than football.

"You aren't going to speak that way in this house," she firmly told her son. "All-day I listen to the jerks I work with curse. The last thing I want is for you to talk like them."

He rolled his eyes. "Yeah, I know, but he's hurt already! I drafted him in the first round! How does this keep happening every year?"

"Maybe you should let your mom draft your team next season," Kevin chimed in with a chuckle. "How about that, Ms. B? I guarantee you would put together a better squad than Scott."

"My ass..." Scott's head quickly snapped to look back at the kitchen table. Mom was glaring at him. "'My ass' is off-limits now too? Are you serious?"

Maybe Lisa was a little too strict with the swearing. It was just so unbearable to listen to her coworkers cuss like sailors day in and day out. She was a legal secretary at a successful law firm and sometimes it felt like her male coworkers were pulled straight from a movie script. 'Fucks, shits, and cunts' were thrown around without hesitation, all of them thought they were irresistible playboys, and even the girls were catty with one another. It wasn't the most enjoyable place to spend ten hours a day.

But she did it for her son.

Her ex-husband bailed on the family a long time ago. Scott was only three, and Lisa was an extremely overworked twenty-three year old when she unexpectedly became a single mother. She was exhausted but happy when everything suddenly changed overnight. The brunette was a full-time waitress, a part-time college student, and a mom. And, well, one morning she woke up to find a note on the kitchen table. Stan was moving across the country.

It wasn't easy before the days of social media, but Lisa was able to find out exactly what had happened. Her husband met another woman. Well, 'woman' is using that term loosely. He met an eighteen-year-old girl. The two apparently hit it off, he had an affair, and the next thing she knew, Stan was moving to California to start a new life with his fresh out of high school lover.

Her parents stepped in and babysat countless number of times as she attempted to rebuild her life. Two years later she wrapped up school but was still struggling to find a stable job. Another two years passed before a surprising opportunity presented itself two hours from the place she'd lived her entire life. Lisa took a chance and drove down for an interview, got the job, and a month later she bought a house in their new town. But that didn't solve their problems.

Her son was always a shy kid. Scott was the kind of boy who would stay by his mother at the park rather than wander off to find new friends. So a change of scenery wasn't easy on him, especially now that they were one hundred miles away from his grandfather who he'd grown so close to over the years. But then a blessing entered her life. A miracle from above swooped in and made everything better...

Kevin showed up.

Seven-year-old Scott was in second grade when he first talked to his future best friend during after-school care. Sure, Sarah would've preferred her son come home to herself or his grandparents, but that wasn't an option given their situation. She worked fifty hours a week, they didn't have any family or friends nearby, and it was the only thing she could do. The program was great however. It was run by the school and the kids were able to play in the gym and outside on the playground as much as they wanted. She would swing by at six o'clock and pickup a usually exhausted Scott who'd spent hours running around and having fun. But it wasn't like that at first.

Her shy son struggled to make friends, and three hours in an after-school program instead of at home was

the equivalent of torture for the introverted youngster. The first week didn't go so well as crying and sobbing during the car rides home quickly became the norm. And then everything changed.

Kevin's mom had a change in her work schedule and now her son needed to stay after school as well. The two classmates who'd never talked to each other in class, immediately hit it off outside on the monkey bars. Tear-filled rides home were promptly replaced by fun, exciting stories. Quietness was swapped out for asking if he could have a sleepover on Saturday night. And while Lisa was thrilled that her son had found a friend, she didn't know anything about the little brown-haired boy Scott would wave goodbye to when she picked him up. But she quickly learned there was nothing to worry about.

Kevin was an angel.

Lisa and Kevin's mom, who was also a single mother, originally made a schedule. Once a month the boys would spend the weekend at her house, and once a month they would be at Lisa's house. It was a way to give both of the single moms a break, and allow them each to focus on their own love lives. But as the years went by, that monthly ratio became more and more lopsided.

Kevin's mom remarried by the time and boys were in middle school, and Kevin may as well have been living with them on the weekends. Not that Lisa cared. Her feelings toward her son's friend only flourished as he grew older. He'd become a second son to her. She watched Scott go to concerts, and parties, and play in flag football leagues, all because of his sociable, more outgoing friend. He'd broken her somewhat reclusive son out of his shell but there were never any issues with drugs or the two getting into trouble. She had a funny, personable, smart, eighteen-year-old son, and deep down, part of her knew that she had Kevin to thank.

"Do you have any idea what my team would look like if my mom drafted it?" Scott asked his buddy. A beer commercial was playing on the TV while they waited for the game to resume. "It would be a mess. She probably can't name five guys in the NFL."

"You can name five guys, can't you, Ms. B?"

Lisa took a moment to think. "I know Tom Brady. He's a hottie."

The two friends swiftly rolled their eyes together, disgusted by what they'd just heard.

"And who's his backup?" she asked. "They always show him too. He's another cutie."

Scott let out an annoyed huff. "You're talking about Jimmy Garoppolo. He plays for the 49ers now. Mom, you know two guys in the entire NFL and they both played for the Patriots? Are you serious?"

Lisa nodded with a big smile. "It's not my fault they have all the good-looking guys."

"What's going on in this house?" Kevin asked with a slight laugh. "You guys are Patriots fans now?"

"Hey, I hate the Patriots!" Scott loudly declared. "You know that! Mom, I'm sickened by what I just heard."

She turned her attention back to the bills in front of her with a smirk.

A video of Scott's most important fantasy football player being carted off the field while he held back tears was what greeted the boys when the commercials ended.

"You know he—"

"Tore his ACL," Scott finished his friend's sentence. "Yeah, I know..."

"You guys gonna finish this pop?" Lisa asked. There was probably half a glass of orange soda remaining in a two-liter bottle on the kitchen table. "Or do you want me to throw it in the fridge?"

Kevin waited for his buddy to answer but he was just staring at the TV, undoubtedly reflecting on another fantasy football season down the drain before it even started. "I'm good, Ms. B."

"You want the rest of this, honey?" she called out to her son.

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"Scott!"

He snapped out of his fog at his mother's loud voice. "Yeah... Sure..."

Lisa hopped out of her seat and carried the drink over to the sofa her son was sitting on. The rest of the pop found its way into his mostly empty glass and she couldn't help but laugh. He looked like a little kid who'd just found out his dog died.

"Honey, it's just fantasy football..."

He shot his mother a glare. "Just fantasy football? Take a guess at who constantly harasses me for thirteen weeks every year because my team is always terrible?"

She turned to look at Kevin who had a big grin on his face.

"But it shouldn't be! I draft great teams! But, Mom, like three guys suffer career-altering injuries every freakin' year! I had a guy retire in the middle of the season two years ago!"

"This was hilarious!" Kevin laughed.

"No, it wasn't! How does a starting running back just retire in week eight? Huh? It's ridiculous!"

Kevin was attempting to play it cool and participate in his friend's conversation, but that wasn't the easiest thing to do at the moment. He'd been hanging out in this house for eleven years. How many nights had he slept in this family room when he was younger? How many hours were spent playing video games upstairs in Scott's room? How many meals did he eat at the very kitchen table he could see out of his peripheral vision? But some things never change.

Like his infatuation with his friend's mom.

How tall was Ms. B? 5'6? Maybe 5'7? She may as well have been seven feet tall with those long, shapely legs that seemed to go on for days. His eyes trailed along her body as she was now standing next to the couch with an empty soda bottle in hand, her attention on the same game they were watching.

He attempted to control his lust as he now had the perfect side-profile view of her flawless body in a pair of tight, black yoga pants. Her legs soon gave way to the world's most exquisite backside. The first time his eyes were treated to the angel which was his friend's mom, was when he was seven years old. Girls

were icky back then. They had cooties, and smelled weird, and they were annoying. But even his second grade self felt his insides tingle when Ms. B would give him a ride home. Kevin really didn't start caring about girls until three years later when he hit the fifth grade, and by that time, he was smitten by his first love.

How was her ass so perky? She was thirty-eight years old and he'd never seen a better butt in his life—classmates, porn stars, models, you name it. The ass he was currently gazing at put every backside in the world to shame. It had to be from her vegan lifestyle and constant gym going habits, right? Whatever it was, it sure the hell worked, but things just kept getting better.

Her pink spaghetti strap tank top showed off her flat, fit tummy to a tee. The most he'd seen of her spectacular stomach was when her shirt would occasionally lift while she was reaching for something. It was tight and toned and he would seriously consider killing someone to get a peek at it without that pesky cotton fabric in the way. And then something came along that perfectly accentuated that amazing stomach.

Big, eye-catching, mouth-watering, D cup breasts.

Was Ms. B created in a lab? Was her body the work of some evil genius who was hellbent on destroying his life? His friend's mom was the one thing he knew he could never have, but his level of lust when it came to her was unparalleled. He would shut off porn to think about her. He would check out the annual swimsuit magazine and immediately imagine what she would look like posing in a skimpy bikini on an exotic beach instead of the models who consumed the pages. Her body would've been enough as is. How could you do better than a perfect ten?

Well, then he peered at her face.

Flawless, youthful skin, pouty lips, high cheekbones, and a little, fitting nose to match. Her sparkling blue eyes wrapped a stranglehold around his attention each and every time they glanced in his direction, and her long, flowing, dark brown hair which ran down to her chest always made him feel giddy.

Every inch of her was perfection. Every curve and bend of her body was a mystery that he wanted to explore. She was his dream woman.

"Hey! You alive down there?"

Kevin jolted out of his haze and smiled at the stunning brunette who was standing in front of him. Wait, wasn't she just in front of Scott? Did he zone out for that long? He could've sworn that he was just admiring her body from afar, but this wouldn't be the first time he drifted off to fantasy world around her.

"Did you say something?" he asked.

"I asked if you were done three times," Lisa giggled. She was pointing down at his plate which showed the greasy, cheesy remnants of four slices of pizza.

He picked up his dish and handed it to her accepting hand. "Yeah, sorry, I'm all done. Thanks."

She sent a slight smile in his direction before taking his plate and heading toward the dishwasher. His eyes instinctively tracked the back of her body with every stride she took. Those two little stairs she quickly hopped up on her way into the kitchen caused her butt cheeks to flex which instantly made his cock twitch.

"Oh, just as expected!"

Kevin's eyes shifted to his friend. He was staring at his phone.

"It says on Twitter that team reports are a torn ACL..." Scott groaned. "Shocking... I wonder if any of these guys know that my drafting of them is a death sentence? You think I should try to inform them before the season starts? So they can take out an insurance policy or something?"

"Hey, who knows, maybe one of your sleeper picks will hit and it'll make up for losing him. It's a long season," Kevin told him.

Scott shook his head. "Yeah, a long season of losing..."

Kevin was still hung up on something as he glanced back at the kitchen to see Ms. B in her seat once again. "You really can't name more than two guys in the NFL?"

"She really only named one," Scott jumped in. "Tom Brady's backup isn't exactly a name."

Lisa looked up from the last of the bills in front of her. "I don't watch football. I'm a hockey girl. You know that."

Yeah, Kevin was well aware of that. In fact, it was the sole reason he started following hockey to begin with. There was something so captivating about a sexy, smart woman watching sports. But hockey? He never gave it a chance until he discovered Ms. B was into it a few years ago, and it didn't take long before he enjoyed watching the sport himself.

"Hockey is so boring," Scott commented. "You can't even tell what's going on."

Her eyebrows perked up. How many times had this argument taken place in their house? "Yes, you can! Hockey is fun, and exciting, and super fast-paced. It's also the only sport that's better in person. Which is a bummer because I haven't been to a game in forever."

"I'll go with you."

The mother and son both looked at the guy now lying on the loveseat, his long legs dangling over the edge.

"You want to go to a hockey game with me?" she asked Kevin, surprised and somewhat flattered.

"I mean, if you don't have anyone to go with..."

Scott's focus was back on his phone as he joined his friend's positioning by also sprawling across his own piece of furniture. "I'd rather kill myself than go to a hockey game."

Two seconds later Kevin was playing through a fictional night on the town with his buddy's mom. He'd pick her up around seven o'clock and they'd make the twenty minute drive downtown in his car. The ride would be full of laughter and good conversation before they strolled into the arena just in time for the seven thirty puck drop. The idea of spending two and a half hours sitting directly next to Ms. B was almost overwhelming. And hockey seats are so small and on top of one another! Her arm would be leaning against him and her leg would probably bump into his as well! And maybe they would go out and grab a

bite to eat after. Maybe he could have the world's most perfect woman all to himself for an entire night!

Or maybe he could keep dreaming.

"Yeah, maybe we'll go to a game this season," she told her son's friend with a smile.

Kevin's heart skipped a beat.

Lisa let out a loud yawn. "Alright boys, I'm calling it a night."

"It's nine fifteen, Mom..."

"Long day..." she groaned, cracking her neck in the process. She journeyed back into the family room and headed over to the sofa. A kiss on her son's cheek swiftly followed. "Night, baby."

"Night, Mom," said Scott with his attention still on his Twitter feed. He was desperately trying to find a report that his running back just had a knee bruise or something.

"Night, Kevin."

And just like that, Kevin's mind was back to being foggy and fuzzy. Ms. B bent over to kiss Scott on the cheek and her butt was staring right at him. God, how good did that look? Her long legs pointing toward the ceiling, her ass high in the air, and her back arched as she leaned down. He had a few ideas for some fun with her in that position. Ideally, bent over everything in the house. The sofa, the kitchen counter, the bathroom sink—he really didn't care. He just wanted to get behind her.

"Night, Kevin..." Lisa repeated.

Once again, he shooed the mist out of his brain and attempted to focus. "Cya, Ms. B."

She smiled before heading toward the stairs.

Kevin took a deep breath. He needed to stop doing this. That was his best friend's mom; not some porn star. He shouldn't be thinking about her sexually. And it's not like she would ever consider doing something with him anyway. He was twenty years younger than her! And she'd known him since he was a little kid! He needed to grow up and stop being a piece of shit.

Lisa strolled into the upstairs bathroom and swiftly locked the door behind her. Her vivid blue eyes quickly found the mirror. Her body turned, allowing herself to soak in the physique she worked so hard to achieve. The gym had always been a priority in her life. She'd always made time for it, even back when she was juggling school into her already busy schedule. The vegan lifestyle came along later and she immediately noticed the results: both mentally and physically. She felt sharper and more alive after cutting animal products from her diet. She needed less sleep to feel great in the morning, her body no longer felt sore after working out, and her mind was more than able to keep up with the know-it-all guys in her office.

She knew that she looked good. Male approval surrounded her everywhere. Men both young and old would eye her when she walked past them. Simple trips to the grocery store resulted in an onslaught of looks and attention. A run into a coffee shop to get a green tea usually resulted in someone making small talk and occasionally asking her out. There was even that time a couple of years ago when Scott had a few friends from school over. One of the boys slipped and made a comment about her being the 'school milf,' before nonchalantly changing topics. Scott wouldn't talk about it when she asked the following day but Kevin opened up when she got him alone. Apparently one of the upperclassmen saw her waiting to pick Scott up in the parking lot when he was in ninth grade, and he was known as 'the kid with the hot mom' from that point on. Part of her liked that, but she also understood that it was high school boy testosterone. A slight breeze could turn an eighteen-year-old kid on. But that didn't even compare to the men at work.

Dating inside the office wasn't encouraged at her job, but that didn't stop the assholes she was surrounded by from trying to fuck everything that moved. What happens to a man's mind when he starts making good money? Does common sense and reason just vanish? She would watch new hires act sweet

and generous during their first few years on the job, and it was like the instant they jumped on board the money train, they immediately turned into pigs.

Lisa had been at her office long enough for the guys to usually leave her alone. Sure, some would still flirt with her, especially the extremely wealthy ones, but they mostly went for the new, fresh out of college hires. Her distinct and clear lack of interest in anyone involved in her profession came through loud and clear. Well, except that time she kind of slipped.

Sixteen months ago, Mike made a temporary visit in her life. Mike was a good-looking, successful personal injury lawyer. He worked at their Chicago office and was in town for business when they ran into each by chance down in the lobby. Something about his noticeably fit body under his sharp suit and his distinguished salt and pepper hair, made her bubbly inside. And Lisa decided to look past her refusal to date anyone she worked with for a night out with this mystery man.

He invited her to a five-star restaurant that night. The first red flag shot up immediately. One, she was more of an Applebee's kind of girl. Actually, her dream date was a guy who cooked for her, but Mike was in town for business so it was unfair to judge him on that. But the high-end restaurant was a bit of a turn off. How about a quiet, cheap place where they didn't have to wait forty-five minutes for their ridiculously expensive food to come out? But Sarah bit her lip.

And that was a good thing. Because Mike really liked to talk about himself.

Money. Money, money, money, money, money. Everything was about money. He bragged about the 1965 Shelby Cobra he had back home, and the boat he took out every weekend during the summer, and the professional level golf courses he would play on. And then he finally asked her a question. He asked her if she played tennis.

Because he could get her into a club if she wanted.

Everything was a status symbol. Everything he owned was a way of flashing his dick to the world. Why would he have been any different? He was a lawyer. She was surrounded by them every day. They were all assholes. But Lisa hadn't been with a man in close to a year before that date, and Mike looked pretty good.

She went back to his hotel room that night where they had mediocre sex. His selfish, arrogant attitude translated to the bedroom, and that was never fun for the lady on the receiving end. He told her that he was in town once a month on business so he would call her next time he was around. And right on cue, her phone buzzed a month later. Another offer for a dinner date.

He looked at her as a hook up.

Lisa blocked his number and fortunately never saw him again, although she was waiting for the day when she would bump into him in the lobby. Maybe she would pretend not to remember who he was? It was her fault at the end of the day though. She fucked him. But she couldn't help herself! She had needs! But that was what her vibrator was for. She should know better by this point! She was almost forty!

Her love life had been a bit of a mixed bag over the years. She never brought anyone around the house. Originally, she did it to keep boyfriends away from Scott. The last thing she wanted was for her shy, timid, seven-year-old son to grow attached to some boyfriend who wouldn't be around six months later. But then it turned into a habit. It just seemed strange to bring men home. Not that there were a lot of them, but at the same time, Lisa wasn't excluded from the occasional relationship or even fling. She just made sure to do it at someone else's place.

Her last guy was a short lived romance that lasted only a few weeks. Eight months ago she received a Facebook message from a former college boyfriend, Andy. He was recently divorced, had moved back to town, and looked her up to see what she had going on. The two met up for coffee, and before she knew it, she was nineteen all over again.

They messed around for a few weeks and Lisa felt the emotional connection they once had rekindle. But then she learned about the reason for his divorce when his ex-wife sent her a message on Facebook to warn her. Andy was a serial cheater who had two kids behind his ex-wife's back, and supposedly he stole her credit card and racked up twenty-five thousand dollars worth of debt after their divorce was finalized. He admitted to everything after a little prodding and Lisa couldn't run away fast enough.

But she knew a guy who didn't cheat. He didn't lie, or steal, or only care about money. He didn't spend hours bragging about himself and he wasn't selfish in bed. He was perfect.

He was her purple vibrator and Lisa was more than happy to let him take care of her.

So why was she still gazing at her reflection? Why was her back now to the mirror as she admired her tight, perky backside? Why did she always have the best workouts of her life when she knew her son's best friend was coming over later that night?

Because deep down, Lisa was a bit of a tease.

She had never said anything to Kevin, and she never would, but she noticed him checking her out more and more as the years went by. It was strange. Yes, every girl likes attention, but she usually just brushed it off. A guy would ask for her number or attempt to stop her in the street to talk, and Lisa would find it flattering, but at the same time, it was somewhat annoying. She didn't know that guy. He was a stranger. He could be a creep, or a serial killer, or something. But she did know a certain guy. She knew a guy who was respectful, and polite, and if she was being completely honest, rather cute.

She knew Kevin.

And something about catching him checking her out made her excited. Listening to him stumble over his words or zone out while he was staring into her eyes made her feel silly. It was cute, but it was also more than that: it was charming. He almost seemed smitten with her at times.

Bending over in front of him to give her son a kiss wasn't by accident. She purposely did it. Lisa couldn't explain her behavior at times, but she found herself acting more and more flirtatious in front of Kevin over the years. She would dramatically bend over in front of him, or reach up to retrieve something, allowing him to see the very bottom of her stomach as a result. It was never anything crazy, but she knew what she was doing.

Lisa slipped out of her clothes, hopped into a fresh pair of black panties, and slid into her black nightie. While her nightwear wasn't overly revealing, she always wore a bathrobe over it when she was out of her bedroom. It just seemed appropriate to keep herself covered. But the more she thought about it, chances are Kevin would be over the moon if he got a peek at what was under the robe she just covered herself in.

Maybe someday.

Or maybe she should grow up and stop being a tease.

"Jesus..."

The realization that her contact lenses were still in hit her like a ton of bricks. Just how tired was she? She couldn't tell that everything was crystal clear despite her glasses being in her bedroom nightstand? And of course, her contact case was in the downstairs bathroom. She was exhausted. All she wanted was to go to bed.

Lisa opened the door and headed downstairs. She slithered through the hallway and reached out to grasp the handle of the downstairs bathroom door. It turned and slowly opened, revealing a rather peculiar sight...

Three minutes earlier...

A commercial took over the screen right after Kevin's defense intercepted a pass and returned it for a touchdown. The deflated huff from his buddy only made it that much sweeter.

Kevin rolled off the loveseat and headed toward the bathroom. That liter of soda was making his bladder bulge as he slipped inside the door and shut it behind him. Seconds later he was peeing like a racehorse. He finished the deed and headed over to the sink to wash his hands, when something out of place caught his attention.

It was a bottle of perfume.

A tall, skinny, eight ounce container of incense was sitting next to the hand soap. The bottle was clear, with fancy, baby blue lettering along the sides. Vanilla. God, did he love vanilla. And what caused him to hold that particular scent in such high regard? Well, it was the woman it reminded him of.

Ms. B always smelled like vanilla.

It was intoxicating. Her aroma was always so youthful and inviting. Nothing about her resembled a woman approaching forty. Her looks, her personality, her playful demeanor—she may as well have been one of his classmates. Kevin's mom was quite the candle junkie so there were always boxes and and packages of them all over his house. Lighting a vanilla candle in his room for a few minutes before bed had grown into a steady routine. He was teleported to his buddy's house every time that spice came in his direction. To the place where the world's most perfect brunette always greeted him with a smile. That smell put him at ease.

He picked up the bottle and pulled off the cap. His finger found the top of the nozzle and he reached the container out, before he pressed down, causing a spray of the stimulating scent to shoot out into the air. He immediately took a deep inhale.

It was like Ms. B was in the room with him as he closed his eyes. Her beauty, and sense of humor, and sharp wit was holding his hand. Her caring personality and nurturing instincts were standing by his side. He sent one more spray of the vanilla scent into the air and took another long sniff.

"What are you doing?"

Kevin jumped and his eyes swiftly opened. She was here! She was here with him, standing just feet away under the bathroom doorframe! But she wasn't supposed to be!

He panicked, realizing how ridiculous he must've looked. How long had she been peering at him? Seconds? Minutes? He was so lost in his own mind that it could've been hours for all he knew.

Unkempt hair, little or no makeup, and a silk bathrobe completely covering her flawless body—and she still looked perfect. Ten years wandering the desert and Ms. B would still be the sexiest woman on earth. But the curious, baffled stare on her face was causing his stomach to churn. How was he going to explain what he'd been up to?

"I uh...I...I used the bathroom and...umm..."

Lisa's curious expression had yet to change as she listened to her son's friend stammer and stutter.

"I umm...the...the smell. I...I was covering the smell."

Kevin's stomach sank. Did he really just say that? That couldn't have actually come out of his mouth. Did he just hint at taking a stinky shit that needed to be masked by her vanilla perfume? He couldn't have come up with something better than that?

The mom's eyebrows perked up. "Covering the smell?"

"I umm..."

Lisa giggled while pointing at a little blue case for her eye contact lenses on the bathroom sink. "I need that."

He reached out, his hand lightly shaking, before scooping it up and handing it to his friend's mom. There was a thousand-yard stare in his eyes, but it wasn't from shell shock—it was from humiliation.

"If would probably be easier to turn on the fan," she told him with a smile. "You know, instead of wasting my perfume..."

Kevin silently nodded as he watched his long time crush leave the bathroom and head back up the stairs. He couldn't see it, but Ms. B was grinning the entire way to her bedroom...

Chapter 2 -- Chicks Love Candles.

The following day. Friday. 3:15 PM.

Embarrassment followed Kevin around all-day. Did Ms. B really think he was trying to cover the smell from him using the bathroom, or was she more hip to what was really going on? Sometimes he felt like she was looking at him. Occasionally those bends to show off her butt seemed intentional. But he also couldn't trust his own judgment. How could he? His eyes were biased. He desperately wanted her to be into him, so of course a smile would seem like something more than it really was. But this was real life; not a porno. His friend's mom wasn't into him and he needed to drop that ridiculous fantasy.

He walked into his empty house and soon found himself sitting in the family room recliner. What to do, what to do? He pulled out his phone and gave Scott a call.

His buddy immediately answered. "Dude!"

Kevin let out a soft chuckle, surprised by his friend's enthusiastic reaction. "That happy to hear from me?"

"Dude... Dude! Dude! Dude! Dude! Dude! Okay, first off, I know I wasn't at my locker."

"Yeah, where were you?" Kevin asked. He always met his best friend at his locker right after school, but he wasn't anywhere to be found today. And he didn't return his text either.

"I apologize. I've been busy. You're not going to believe what happened!"

Kevin waited.

"Eva's parents are staying at a hotel tonight..."

Kevin's eyes lit up. "Really?"

"She said that she wants me to sleep over!" Scott shouted. "Dude, she wants me to sleep over!"

Two months ago Scott started dating a girl he met at his part-time car washing job. She attended a private Catholic school and was only working the gig for the summer while she was staying with her aunt. Come fall, she moved back with her parents and resumed her schooling forty-five minutes away from her boyfriend. Kevin had met her a few times and was impressed. Eva was cute, perky, and really seemed into his best friend, but it was difficult having a long-distance relationship in high school, and the mileage Scott racked up on his car only proved that. There was an certain aspect of their relationship that Kevin found rather strange however.

Scott didn't want to tell his mom about it.

"You know what that means, don't you!?" Scott continued to excitedly yell. "It's gonna happen tonight! Finally! I'm finally gonna lose my V-Card!"

"We at the Men's Club are eagerly awaiting your arrival," Kevin laughed. "Maybe you should tell your mom about Eva though. I don't know why you're avoiding it. What do you think she's going to do? Get mad at you? Dude, she's going to be fine with it."

His buddy let out a huff into the phone. "No, she's not. She's going to want to talk about it, and then discuss sex stuff, and I just don't want that. It's weird coming from her."

"Your mom is super cool. She's just looking out for you. And how much longer is this gym excuse going to work for? You can't keep telling her that you're going to workout when you're driving to Eva's house instead. You should look like Arnold Schwarzenegger by now!"

Scott rolled his eyes. "You should talk..."

"Hey, neither of us can pass for gym guys, so she's eventually going to put the pieces together. You going to the gym to get pumped?" Kevin asked his friend in his best Eastern European accent. "Huh? We're here to pump you up!"

...

...

"What?" Kevin laughed due to the lack of a response.

"This is serious shit," Scott told him. "I texted my mom that I'm sleeping over your house tonight, so you need to cover for me if something happens. Okay?"

Kevin nodded from his spot in the recliner. "You got it. Wait? You're not going home first?"

"No."

"Shit. I left my English notebook at your house last night."

"Swing by and grab it tomorrow," Scott told him.

"Yeah, but I wanted to work on it now so I don't have to cram to finish it. You really can't meet me at your house real quick?"

"I can't, I'm at the store." Scott continued his trek down the overwhelming aisle that seemingly held the key to unlocking his virginity. "Eva told me to pick up a candle for tonight. There are like a million different scents. You have any idea what girls like?"

Kevin wasn't sure what girls liked, but he knew what he liked. "Vanilla."

"Really? They like vanilla?" his buddy asked. "You sure? I don't want to light this thing and have her get turned off."

"Nothing is sexier than vanilla..."

Scott reached out and pulled one of the jars off the shelf. "Fifteen bucks for a candle! What!?"

"Make sure you get a couple," Kevin threw in his two cents. "You don't want to open it and find out that the wick is a dud or something."

Scott nodded. "Good call. I should probably get two of 'em. I'm gonna go broke buying candles..."

"You got condoms too, right?"

"That's taken care of," Scott assured his buddy. "Believe me, I'm good on that front."

"I really wanted to get my English paper out of the way today..."

Scott was busy inspecting the candle jar to check for dents or cracks when he heard his friend's comment. "Use the key in the shed."

Kevin was well aware of where Scott's extra key was. It was located behind a piece of loose wood on the side of the shed in their backyard. He hadn't seen it in a while since Scott always had his house key with his car keys, but he used it all the time back when they were kids.

"You sure that's cool? I don't want to walk into your house when no one's home and have your neighbors call the cops on me or something."

"No one's going to call the cops on you," Scott chuckled. "Go ahead and use the key. Just make sure you put it back when you're done. I might need it someday."

"Okay, cool. Thanks, man."

Scott was still debating his situation. "Yeah, no problem. You think I should get three candles just in case?"

Kevin couldn't help but smile. "Better safe than sorry, right? Throw them in a backpack or something though. You're going to look desperate if she sees you walk in with two backups."

"Another good call. Eleven years of friendship and having you around is finally paying off," he sarcastically laughed. "Three candles, condoms...anything else?"

Kevin took a moment to think. "Not that I can think of. Let me know how it went when it's over."

"Will do. A few hours from now and I'm officially a man."

"Good luck," Kevin told him. "Alright, dude. Take it easy."

"Later."

The call ended and Kevin swiftly sat up. He should probably head over to Scott's house now so he would avoid Ms. B. The last thing he wanted was to discuss last night's strange encounter. He hustled out the door and began the ten minute drive to his buddy's place.

Chapter 3 -- All Alone.

Ten minutes later Kevin pulled into Scott's empty driveway. He walked around the house and into the backyard before retrieving the spare key. He let himself in through the backdoor and quickly found his English notebook still sitting on the kitchen counter.

And then Kevin took a deep breath.

He'd never been completely alone in this house before. Well, he had been here and there, but not like this. Scott running to the store or picking up a pizza while he was in the family room was different. His buddy wasn't going to be home tonight, Ms. B was going to be at work for at least two more hours, and he suddenly was in the mood to take a look around.

He always loved his friend's house. Something about the layout was warm and comfortable. The way the rooms connected and flowed felt peaceful. The teen aimlessly wandered throughout the first floor before eventually heading toward his true destination...

Ms. B's room.

Kevin had only taken a few peeks inside the queen's chambers over his one hundred and thirty-two months of borderline living in this house. There was no reason for him to ever actually go in there. Even now, stepping inside this previously unexplored land seemed intrusive. Well, it seemed intrusive because it was, but no one was ever going to find out. Taking a quick look around wouldn't hurt anyone.

It took two seconds before he darted over to her dresser. Moments later he was holding a little black thong in his hand. This is what covered Ms. B? This!? Apparently a thin slice of smooth fabric was all that protected his buddy's mom from the world when her yoga pants hit the floor.

His hand moved closer to his nose before stopping. He couldn't smell her underwear. Her perfume was one thing, but her panties were a different story. He wasn't a serial killer. He was a horny eighteen-year-old kid. There was a line and he couldn't cross it. The thong found its way back into the drawer before he explored a mix of bras—both sports and lace, and cute, sexy panties. Okay, that's it. He took a quick glance inside the most personal dresser drawer of Ms. B and it was time to call it a day.

But what was in that nightstand of hers?

He journeyed around her bed, envisioning the sight of the stunning brunette getting her beauty rest instead of the bundle of wrinkled, messy sheets and blankets. The drawer of her oak nightstand slid out as his eyes quickly soaked in the contents. Tissues, lip balm, a case for glasses, a Kindle charger, and...

"Holy shit..."

Right in the middle of everything was a purple and white vibrator with a large purple head.

The tip of his index finger started at the base, before slowly crawling toward the luckiest silicone in the world. That colorful head brought pleasure to the most special woman he'd ever had the honor of knowing, and the idea of touching it was making his cock hard. But then he froze.

Smelling her thong was too much but touching the head of her vibrator wasn't? What was wrong with him? He closed his eyes and reluctantly shut the drawer. He just needed to grab his notebook and get out of here before he did something stupid!

Kevin hurried down the stairs and into the kitchen when something suddenly caught his attention. It was a

sound. It was a sound that he hadn't picked up on when he first entered the house. There was a slight rumbling noise coming from the far end of the home. And it was almost as if feet were lightly moving on the floor in unison. The high school senior cautiously moved past the kitchen and down the hallway.

There it was again! The sound of footsteps. And they were growing louder as he approached the laundry room. Originally he thought the door was closed, but a closer inspection revealed a slight crack of light. He gingerly peered his eyes and gazed into the room.

Kevin almost blacked out.

His eyelids rapidly blinked in a desperate attempt to affirm that his mind wasn't playing tricks on him. This wasn't a daydream, or a fantasy, or some illusion brought on by drugs. This was real. He was actually seeing this!

Ms. B had her back facing the door as she stood in front of a tumbling dryer machine: in only her bra and panties.

Lace black cotton covered the inner halves of her butt, allowing the bottom and sides of that toned, perky backside to stare him right in the eyes. It was even tighter than he imagined. There was no sag, or cellulite, or any hint of aging to be seen on her perfect body. Her thighs were strong and fit, and her legs only added to that already majestic frame.

Her black bra ran along her upper back, aided by strong muscles and athletic shoulders. Seeing her in this light only resulted in him appreciating her lifestyle that much more. In fact, he felt motivated to get to the gym himself. If a full-time mom approaching forty could have a kickass body, then why couldn't he? But he would think about potentially signing up for a gym membership some other time, because right now, he had more important things to worry about.

Puppies, babies, and videos of dogs losing their minds after their owners returned from a year overseas in the military, all took a backseat to the level of cuteness he was currently seeing. Ms. B wasn't just patiently waiting for the dryer timer to sound. No, her right hand had a firm grasp around her phone and her headphones trailed from the device, until those little white earbuds tangled through her long, dark brown hair and ended in the sides of her head. She could've been doing a million different things, and each and every one of them would've driven him crazy, but what he was gazing at wasn't just filling him with lust: it was filling him with love.

She was dancing.

Those toned shoulders were moving and grooving from left to right as her arms wiggled in every direction. Her hips were shaking and her butt was bouncing to the music filling her ears. Her naked right foot journeyed off the tile floor and gave a playful kick to the air before her hips rolled again.

This smart, sexy, successful woman, resembled a high school girl having a dance party alone in her room. The laundry room was her own private boogie floor where no one was judging or laughing at the goofy way she moved her body. Kevin was watching his friend's mom in her truest state—uninhibited, raw, and playful.

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Woo!!"

His heart nearly gave out when she started singing. Her arms raised in the air as her hips and shoulders really began moving to the music now. That gravity-defying butt unknowingly gave him a shake but his sexual desires weren't his priority at the moment; it was his want to join her.

Dancing wasn't Kevin's forte. In fact, he usually skipped that part of weddings and school functions. He just didn't have whatever 'it' was that seemed to come so naturally to everyone else. He never just let himself go on the dance floor. He was always thinking. He was busy worrying if someone was recording him or if people were laughing. But that all changed at this very moment. There was no rhyme or reason to Ms. B's movements. Whatever she was listening to was causing her body to react in unexplainable ways, and she was going along with it. It was a childlike mentally that was enabling her to be completely free and open. Every time he thought he couldn't love this woman more than he already did, she proved him wrong.

"Come on!"

The gorgeous brunette took a spin the instant the 'n' in 'on' left her mouth. Her hair went flying and a knee-weakening smile was cemented on her breathtaking face. He gulped now that he was exposed to the front of this angel who surely descended from the heavens above. Smooth, toned legs, shapely hips, a flat, fit tummy which showed a hint of abs when her arms raised in the air and her body moved once again to the music, and a little peek of cleavage thanks to that lace black push-up bra. There was no more

debating or considering the question. He would absolutely murder someone for a chance with this woman.

"Yeah! Yeah! Ye..."

Everything stopped.

Time stood still as those mysterious lyrics were cut short. Her face was no longer fun and inviting; it was panicked and frightened. The playful, innocent demeanor she was carrying herself with immediately turned frigid and distant. His eyes squinted as he attempted to understand why everything had stopped. And then it sunk in...

She was looking right at him.

Hurried footsteps sprinted to the door as it slammed in his face. The sound of it locking swiftly followed.

"I'm calling the police!!"

A massive amount of anxiety overtook his body. He was busted! He was busted and she was calling the cops on him! Eleven years of companionship and loyalty were gone. His best friend would now hate his guts. Everything was destroyed because he couldn't control himself! She wasn't supposed to be home! Kevin opened his mouth as he stared at the closed door in front of him, desperate to say something that would salvage this horrific situation.

"I...I..."

He was coming up empty. What was there to say? He was a pervert, and a creep, and he took advantage of the trust his friend had in him. Scott deserved better, and Ms. B absolutely did as well.

Lisa hesitantly peered at the door with her thumb hovering over the call button on her phone. She already had '911' ready and she just needed to send it through. But something about that stuttering voice sounded familiar. Her brow furrowed as it came to her...

"Kevin?"

The teen gulped.

"Kevin? Is that you?"

"Umm...yeah..." he nervously answered.

Instant relief shot through Lisa's body. "Oh my God, Kevin! Jesus Christ! I thought someone broke in!"

Ms. B thought he was a burglar? And she was relieved that it was actually him who was creeping on her almost naked body? Well, that's how she felt now. She certainly wasn't going to be that forgiving when she sat down and thought about what had happened. He needed to go. He needed to get out of here and formulate some kind of plan.

"I...I have to go."

"No, sweetheart, it's fine!" Lisa told him, still having a hard time processing the amount of stress that had just melted away. "Just let me throw something on real quick."

Why wasn't he leaving? He had an opportunity to slip out of the house before the door opened, but it was like his feet were trapped in quicksand. Did her voice have that strong of a hold on him? His left leg attempted to move but couldn't. He was frozen.

A minute later he was greeted by a bright purple, short sleeve button down dress shirt, and a black skirt which ended slightly above her knees. It was just another stunning, sexy work outfit that he'd grown oh so familiar with over the years.

Lisa reached out and wrapped her arms around her son's best friend. "I'm so happy it's you! Oh my God, I thought you were a robber!"

Wait...he was the hero? How did that happen? She was only acting like this because she felt so alleviated, right? Kevin had no plans of sticking around to find out.

He gently pushed her off of him and scurried down the hall.

"No, honey, it's fine! You don't have to leave!"

Kevin hustled out of the backdoor before sprinting around the side of the house and to his car. Seconds later he was heading home.

Chapter 4 -- Some Helpful Advice.

Friday night. 8:57 PM.

If there was a bigger dumbass on the planet, then Kevin was waiting to be introduced.

His notebook was still at his buddy's house.

What was the best way to approach this? He texted Scott to find out when he was going to be home tomorrow but had yet to hear back. That was definitely a good sign for his friend. Chances are Eva was keeping him pretty busy. He'd left the spare key on the kitchen table and blew past it when he rushed out of the house. So, the only way he was getting his homework was if Ms. B put the key back. Or if she was home.

What if he just knocked on the door? Would that really be the end of the world? Sure, Ms. B would've had time to think the situation through. She would finally understand what an obsessed pervert he really was. But what if she didn't care? Or better yet, what if it didn't bother her? She had never embarrassed or attempted to make him uncomfortable in their eleven years of knowing each other, so maybe she would act like nothing happened?

He picked up his phone and called Scott but it went straight to voicemail. Yeah, he was busy alright...

Kevin grabbed his keys and walked out the door. He was just going to head over there. Did he have a game plan? Absolutely not. But maybe that's why nothing ever worked out. Maybe it was because he couldn't stop overthinking and dissecting every situation in his life. He was just going to go with the flow. Whatever happened, happened. Regardless of how humiliating it may be.

He pulled up to a dark, empty house and parked out in the street. Well, at least he thought it was empty. Ms. B's car being in the garage had already fooled him once today. He walked back to the shed to find the spare key missing from its usual spot. The teen journeyed around to the front of the house and immediately froze. Of course...

Ms. B's black SUV was pulling into the driveway.

He couldn't see anything through the dark, tinted windows as the garage door opened and she parked inside, but the look on her face when she greeted him in the driveway seconds later said it all.

"Hey, Kevin!"

She was smiling. Well, when wasn't she? Maybe it was just a habit though. And why wasn't she mad at him? He uncomfortably gawked at her earlier in her bra and panties and it was like she didn't care! A tight pair of black yoga pants and a long sleeve, royal blue workout shirt only caused her smiling face to glow that much more. Everything about her drove him insane.

"Hey...Ms. B..."

The SUV's trunk opened to reveal a plethora of groceries next to a gym bag.

"Can I get a hand with these?"

Kevin helped his friend's mom haul bag after bag of food, drinks, and snacks into the kitchen. Only a handful of words were exchanged while they moved from the garage, to the kitchen, before heading back to the garage again. A 'thank you' here, a 'where do you want this?' there, and a few smiles along the way. The elephant in the room was still lingering and Kevin could feel it. She was going to bring it up. It was only a matter of time.

"Where's Scott?"

His head perked up after she asked her question. Well, it's official: he's retarded. Scott was supposed to be at his house! How did he forget about that? He was so concerned about their laundry room incident that covering for his friend had slipped his mind. And here he was, standing in the middle of his buddy's kitchen, helplessly staring at the wall as he prayed for a strike of lightning to put an end to his misery. It'd probably be the best way to get out of this hell.

"He's uh... He's..."

Why was he still trying to lie? He wasn't good at it. He was awful at sneaking around, and deceiving, and being untruthful. Maybe a little honesty would solve all his problems.

"He's with his girlfriend."

Lisa's jaw dropped. "What?"

He pretended to nonchalantly pick through a bag of fruit on the kitchen counter. "He's with his girlfriend..."

"Scott has a girlfriend?"

His hand continued to play with the groceries in front of him. "Yeah..."

Soft, warm skin briskly clamped around his forearm. His head shot up to see Ms. B standing directly next to him. Her vanilla scent was intoxicating. Her gentle touch was soothing and reassuring. All his worries melted away as he gazed into those welcoming blue eyes. What was he doing here again?

She guided him through the kitchen and into the family room. The next thing he knew, he was sitting on the couch with his best friend's mom. He was speechless. He was nervous, and anxious, and fidgety, but then he looked into her eyes again, and he was zen.

"We need to talk."

Kevin couldn't get enough of her voice. 'We need to talk' could have been 'you need to drive across the country for me,' and he would've been on board. What he really wanted to know was what she did at the gym earlier. It didn't take a genius to figure out that she got a workout in before going shopping, and now all he could picture was her body in that amazing bra and panty set from earlier. As good as her legs and butt looked before, how ridiculous would they appear after a lower body workout?

...

"Kevin."

...

"Kevin!"

A few quick blinks cleared his mind. "Yeah?"

That smile was back. And she was lightly giggling now as well. She just looked so cute. And he was the reason she was laughing! That wasn't anything new though. He had a long track record of zoning out and daydreaming while she was in his presence, and Ms. B always seemed to get a kick out of it. Even if she never said anything.

"Scott has a girlfriend?"

He took a deep breath. "Yeah, but you can't say anything."

Lisa's face was full of confusion. "What? Why not?"

"Because he doesn't want you to know."

"Why?" she asked again.

"He thinks you're going to hassle him or something."

"Hassle him? What!? That's ridiculous!" Lisa loudly declared, annoyed and offended. "How could you say that? When have I ever been difficult? That's insulting, Kevin!"

"Why are you yelling at me? I don't think you're difficult. I'm just telling you what Scott said."

"Yeah, I don't know why I'm yelling at you..." Her voice was quiet and calm before she started to laugh. "I'm sorry. I just... He has a girlfriend?"

Kevin nodded.

"For how long?"

"Two months," her son's friend answered.

"Two months?" Lisa questioned. "He's been dating a girl for two months and I had no idea? Do you know her?"

"Yeah, we've met a few times."

Lisa's brow furrowed. "She doesn't go to school with you guys?"

The teen shook his head. "No, she lives like forty-five minutes away. Scott met her while he was working at the car wash over the summer. She was living with her aunt but moved back with her parents when school started."

"What's her name?"

"Eva," Kevin told the concerned brunette. "She's really nice."

Lisa attempted to process what she'd just heard. How was this going on? Did she work that much? Was she that oblivious when it came to her own son's personal life? He was dating a girl who lived forty-five minutes away, for two months, and she didn't have the slightest of clues!"

"Wait, she lives forty-five minutes away? So when does he see her?"

Kevin tried to hide his smile. He wasn't successful. "Let's just say that your bodybuilder son isn't actually hitting the gym..."

Lisa immediately began laughing. How big of a dope was she? Of course! She was surprised when Scott told her that he'd signed up for a gym membership, and she was flabbergasted by the amount of time he would spend there, supposedly working out and playing basketball. Sixty days and not one change to his lanky, thin frame. Well, a career as a detective probably wasn't in her future.

"So he's actually driving out to her house when he tells me he's going to the gym?"

"Yeah," Kevin nodded in agreement. "They meet halfway and go to movies, and play putt-putt, and stuff too, but, yeah, he drives out there a lot."

She still couldn't get over her own son not wanting to mention having a girlfriend. "I just don't understand why he wouldn't tell me. I wouldn't have a problem with him dating at all."

"Believe me, I've told him that. I don't know why he thinks you would. But like I said, you didn't hear this from me. I mean, shit... I'm supposed to be covering for him tonight."

It suddenly clicked for Lisa. "He said that he was sleeping over at your house, so, is he...oh my God! He's staying at this girl's house!? Are her parents there!?"

Kevin raised his eyebrows. "Now I see why he didn't want to tell you..."

Her hand ran through her brown hair. "No, it's not..." She stopped herself and let out a deep exhale. "Do you know what's going on?"

"You're not going to freak out, right?"

"I'm not going to freak out," Lisa assured the tall eighteen-year-old sitting next to her on the couch.

"Her parents are staying at a hotel tonight so Scott is staying at her house. Trust me, he's fine. I talked to him."

Lisa's concerns were spiking again "He knows about...protection...and stuff, right?"

"Like I said, he's fine. Trust me."

Something about his voice relaxed her. She trusted Kevin. He looked out for her son, and at times, she felt like he looked after her as well. Like a few years ago when a really bad storm hit and their backyard was completely covered in fallen limbs and broken branches. Who was over the next day helping Scott drag everything out to the road? Kevin. And while he was helping his buddy, Lisa felt like he was doing it to help her out too. She had a crisp fifty dollar bill and his favorite dessert, a homemade peach pie, waiting for him the following day, but deep down she felt taken care of. She knew that he would always be there

for her.

Her son's friend had put her worries to rest. "So, tell me about this Eva girl."

"Well, she's cute. Brown hair, brown eyes, probably like five foot three. She's pretty and like...how would you say...bubbly...maybe? I don't know, she's enjoyable to be around. She's really fit too. Believe me, your son did good."

Lisa was all smiles. "It sounds like he has the Kevin seal of approval."

He gave her a big thumbs up.

"So, what about you? Is there a girl in your life that I don't know about either?"

He shyly peered away. "Nope. No girls."

"Have there been any?"

His eyes slowly found his friend's mother again. "Really?"

"What?" Lisa laughed. "I'm curious. I thought I knew everything about you two, and here I find out that my own son has a girlfriend! I'm interested."

His focus shot back to the floor. "There was one a couple years ago."

"Wait a minute... Was it before you guys started tenth grade?"

Kevin was baffled. "Yeah! How did you know that?"

"You disappeared for that entire summer! Well, maybe not disappeared, but you weren't around nearly as much as you usually are. I missed you."

He looked away to try to hide his red face. He was blushing.

"I would ask Scott where you were and he would always just tell me that you were busy. And I always forgot to ask when you came around. I knew something was up. So, who was she?"

"You seriously want to hear about my ex-girlfriend from two years ago?" he asked, fairly surprised and extremely embarrassed.

Lisa suddenly sprang out of her seat. "Hold that thought!"

Kevin watched his friend's mom hustle into the kitchen and quickly unload the groceries. He asked if she needed help but his offer was declined as he patiently waited on the couch for her to return. Part of him liked this. Having her all alone and opening up was foreign territory, but it was something he could get used to.

"Have you ever drank wine?"

His face scrunched. The question that had come from the kitchen was a rather strange one. "Umm...yeah. My Grandma would always let us have some with dinner."

"Red wine?"

"Yeah," he answered again. Where was she going with this?

He watched her retrieve something out of the cupboard before strutting back into the family room moments later. He was completely shocked.

"Really?"

"I'm not forcing you to drink if you don't want to," she told him before finding her original seat with a half full glass of red wine in each hand. "Feel free to say no. I just have a little tradition on the weekends. I like to relax with my Kindle, treat myself to a glass of wine, and just unwind. You and Scott are usually out so I have the house to myself."

"Oh, I can leave if you want me to. I don't want to bug you."

Lisa instantly shook her head. "You're not bugging me at all! Are you kidding me? I would much rather

have you here than be by myself. Believe me, I can read whenever. Great conversations with amazing men are few and far between."

He couldn't put into words how badly he wanted to lean over and kiss this woman. But instead, he reached out and accepted one of the glasses.

Her feet curled up on the sofa as she made herself more comfortable. Lisa was now slightly leaning against the arm of the couch with her feet pointed in her son's friend's direction. Kevin was noticeably less comfortable. In fact, the nervous teen who was sitting on the middle cushion, looked to be on the verge of a panic attack.

"So, who was this lucky girl?"

Kevin took a big swig from his glass. Something told him that he was going to need it. "Her name was Rachel."

"And how did you two meet?"

"She was a cute blonde who I had a crush on all throughout ninth grade," he started. "I finally grew the balls to ask her out a week before summer vacation started. We were in the same first period math class and she always had a coffee in her hand when she walked in, so, I asked if she wanted to get a coffee after school, and she said yes."

Lisa smiled.

"After school we walked to that coffee shop in the village on Main Street. You know, the one with the green awning? This was before any of us had cars. We both grabbed a coffee and I'm trying to get this thing down without puking. God, do I hate coffee.

She giggled before taking a sip of wine.

"We hang out for a while, talk, and I find myself really liking this girl. More than just physically. She's perky, and sharp, and really smart. She has all these great qualities I never saw from sitting next to her in class. I eventually walk her home and we stop at her front door. She's just standing there, waiting for me to make a move. I've never been good with women. I'm still not. I just can't read 'em. I know when they want something, but I have no clue what they actually want. But something came over me that day. I told myself to go for it. So, I leaned in and gave her a kiss on the cheek."

"Alright!" Lisa cheered. "Hey, not good with women? According to who? That sounds pretty good to me."

"You didn't see what happened next. I turned and booked out of there. I mean, I really moved. I have no idea what her reaction was because I looked like the Road Runner. There was probably a cloud of smoke left in front of her."

"You were only fifteen!" she laughed. "You were nervous. It happens. You wouldn't believe the way some guys in the thirties and forties act. They look like terrified high schoolers too."

He shook his head. "I don't know. She gave me a big hug when I saw her in class the next day and we ended up dating."

"Am I missing something here?" Lisa asked. "That doesn't sound bad to me at all! You took a cute blonde girl out for coffee, kissed her, and then started dating the next day. That's like every guy's dream!"

Kevin looked down at the ground as memories which he thought had passed were suddenly pouring back. "We dated for a close to two months and everything was amazing. I mean, we...we..."

Lisa curiously observed the now stammering teen who was sitting next to her. He was so open and confident just moments ago.

"We kinda...did stuff."

"You two had sex?" she brazenly inquired.

Kevin timidly nodded.

She held out her wine glass with an ear-to-ear smile. "Alright, Kevin! Fifteen!"

He clinked glasses with her as the two both helped themselves to another sip after a laugh.

"Dating, sex...you sound like quite the playboy to me."

The eighteen year old groaned. "No playboy here. She goes off to this summer camp for a week like she apparently did every summer. She didn't want to but her parents made her. I don't think her dad really liked me. Anyway, the first few days are cool. We're texting and she calls me every night and stuff. Now, listen, I'm not some obsessive guy. Do I want to talk to my girlfriend and know what she's up to? Absolutely. Am I possessive and controlling? No. But suddenly the calls and texts stop. And she stops returning my messages as well."

She could see his face change. This moment in his life was dead and buried, and sitting on the couch with her was bringing those feelings back. But maybe that was a good thing. Maybe this was his chance to get over this self-proclaimed hurdle he was struggling with. All she could do was listen.

"I'll never forget where I was when I checked her Instagram. I was waiting for Scott to meet me at the movies. He was riding his bike over. I was sitting on a bench outside the theater when I checked it on my phone. Rachel took pictures of everything. Sure, we only dated for two months, but there were probably two hundred photos of us on her account. She just loved posting stuff. I got on there..."

Lisa watched his eyes dart to the floor again. He was getting choked up.

"And every single picture of us was gone. It was like I didn't even exist. And there were a ton of new pictures up."

"Of what?" she asked.

"Of her with her new boyfriend," he struggled to answer. "She met some seventeen-year-old guy at the camp and I don't know what happened, but you would think they were married from the pictures I saw. And so many of their poses, and captions, and all of that stuff, were the same things we did. Rachel just swapped me out for him."

"Sweetheart—"

"We lost our virginity together," he interrupted, "and she just acted like I didn't exist. And then it hit me like a train. She found someone better."

Lisa's jaw dropped. "Don't say that!"

"But it's the truth. I know what I am. I'm a skinny, somewhat goofy kid, who couldn't exactly pass for a model. You should've seen this guy. He was tall, muscular, and had young Leonardo DiCaprio hair. The guy looked like a movie star and he played football. I can't compete with that!"

She set her wineglass down on the coffee table to give him her complete attention. "Kevin, that's ridiculous! You're funny, and smart, and very handsome. And you're such an amazing guy."

"But she upgraded," he argued. "That's what happened. And what's going to stop that from happening the next time I meet a girl? Sure, we'll date for a while, but I'm just gonna lose her to the first jock who throws some attention her way."

Lisa's hand reached out and rubbed his knee through his jeans. "That isn't how the real world works. That isn't love. That's juvenile lust. Are those two still together?"

He shook his head. "No, they didn't even make it to the end of the summer. And then Rachel's dad got a job out in Arizona so she moved before school started. I don't know what she's been up to over the past couple of years. I stopped checking to be honest."

"That's for the best," she told him as she continued to slowly massage his knee. "Listen, that's life at that age. People constantly fall in and out of what they think is love. That girl didn't know what she had. You're a total catch. You aren't some dumb, using, multiplicative jerk. You're an amazing, caring, funny guy. I can't even tell you how badly I would want you to date my daughter if I had one. You're that special."

Kevin smiled before he timidly looked away again. "I've liked a few girls since Rachel but I can never ask them out. I'll try talking to them and stuff, but I always feel like I'm being kicked in the stomach while I'm doing it. I start jumbling my words and I probably come off like an ass."

Lisa was trying to hold back her grin. She was very familiar with him jumbling his words. In fact, he seemed to do it around her quite a bit. But he hadn't done it since they sat down on the couch together. Maybe they were taking baby steps in the right direction.

His eyes were still on the floor below. "There's always this voice in my head—"

"Telling you that you're not good enough?"

Kevin's attention moved to the woman who'd just finished his sentence. "Umm... Well, that wasn't what I was going to say..."

"But it's what you're thinking," she told him. "That's what I've taken away from our conversation. This Rachel girl ruined your confidence. You said it yourself! That she upgraded! And you're scared that the next girl you date is going to do that too."

"I'm not scared..."

Lisa tried to comfort his distraught face with her eyes. "Is worried a better word?"

"I don't know..." he sighed.

"Did Scott ever mention my cousin? Jacky?"

He shook his head no.

Lisa picked up her glass and took a big sip of her drink before starting. "Jacky is my older cousin. She's three years older than me and grew up down the street, so I always looked at her like a big sister, you know? She was responsible for so many of my first experiences. My first time smoking weed was when I was in ninth grade and she called me to come hang out with her friends who were all seniors in high school. I still remember sitting in a circle in one of the girl's backyards, listening to all these awesome, older girls exchange stories about the things they've done with guys. I totally lied when it was my turn and made up this ridiculous story about letting my fictional boyfriend feel me up. I was in ninth grade at the time! I didn't have any experiences with boys!"

Kevin laughed as he soaked in her story. Listening to this amazing woman open up to him was indescribable. He was finding out about her past? And what about that thing she said earlier? About wanting him to date her daughter is she had one? His infatuation with her was only growing.

"My first beer was when I tagged along to a party like a week later. Again, all seniors and I was a freshman, so it's hard to describe how psyched I was to be there. She was even somewhat responsible for me losing my virginity. That didn't happen until I was eighteen and in college, but there was this guy I really liked, and I would talk on the phone with Jacky for hours as she coached me and gave me advice. She's been so important in my life."

Those deep blues eyes now seemed to sparkle. That long brown hair may as well have been silk. Every word that came out of her captivating mouth sent him deeper into the trance he was already lost in. He just wanted to know more about her—her favorite movie, her first concert, and what happened with Scott's dad. He wanted to know everything.

"She moved to Texas when I was a senior in high school. She had a friend who went to college down there so she shared a little apartment with her. It sucked having her leave but we still kept in touch. It just wasn't as easy back in those days. That was...wow! That was 1998! I'm getting old!"

"You're not old!" he jumped in with a laugh.

"I'm not young either," she smirked back. "Anyway, we didn't have Facebook and Instagram back in the nineties so we would talk on the phone, and write each other letters, and stuff like that. It was more fun in a way. Having everything at the tip of your fingers can ruin the excitement and anticipation of stuff. I still remember one of my favorite things in the world! We would take pictures of our lives and send them to each other. Like, physical pictures that you had to get developed at the store. And there was something so awesome about hoping I had a package when I opened my mailbox every day. So I could take a peek inside my best friend's life who lived thirteen hundred miles away."

He continued to gaze at her face, curious to see where she was going with her story.

"So, Jacky goes to this party with her friend one night and meets a guy. They hit it off, and the next thing she knows, they're dating. This guy has a great job in the oil business, and come to find out, his dad owns the company. Two years later they're married. You should've seen the house they moved into. Kevin, it was insane. I had her send me pictures of every room! It looked like something out of a magazine! I was dating Scott's dad by this point and it was comical how different our lives were. We were eating soup every night, meanwhile Jacky's bathroom was half the size of our apartment! It was ridiculous!"

Kevin let out a chuckle before taking a sip from his wine glass.

"Two years go by and she's still completely happy. They were trying to have kids and everything. Her husband's dad had unexpectedly passed away by this point and left the company to his son, so he was making crazy amounts of money. One night Jacky was meeting her husband at a party and he asked her to swing by the store to pick up a bottle of wine. She grabs some wine and heads to the checkout line to pay for it, when suddenly everything goes dark."

"Dark?" he asked.

"Yeah, dark," Lisa continued. "The power went out. The cashier was trying to use the key to open the register but it was stuck. So, everyone is just standing in line, waiting for something to happen. A few minutes go by when this guy in front of her turns around and smiles. He's holding a six pack of beer in his hand. He cracks one open, says 'I think we're gonna be here a while,' and hands it to my cousin. Jacky told me that she instantly knew."

"Knew what?" inquired Kevin.

"That she was in love. She never met her husband at that party. She grabbed a cup of coffee with Rick instead."

Kevin's brow furrowed as he tried to understand what he'd heard. "So...she cheated on her husband?"

"No, she didn't cheat," Lisa told him. "She ended it the next day. She told her husband that she wanted a divorce. And she didn't get alimony, or a chunk of the company, or any of that. She left with the exact thing she entered the relationship with: nothing. And you want to take a guess at what Rick did for a living?"

"I don't know. Umm...finance or something?"

"He was a middle school gym teacher," Lisa revealed with a smile. "Well, was, isn't the right word. He still is. She left a marriage to a good-looking, extremely successful, unbelievably wealthy man, to start a relationship with a middle school gym teacher. She left a spouse who was making millions of dollars a year, for a guy who makes what? Thirty grand?"

He watched his friend's mom pull out her phone. Seconds later she was handing it to him.

"Tell me what you see."

Kevin's eyes peered down at the screen. The Instagram account of a 'Jacky Thomas' was open, and his finger began scrolling through the images—a family photo in front of a Christmas tree, Rick playing catch in the backyard with his son, and Jacky carrying a birthday cake out for their daughter.

"They look happy."

Lisa smiled. "Happy isn't the word for what they have. Those two are in love at a level I've never seen before. They have a son and a daughter, a small house, and not a hint of the luxuries my cousin once experienced. I used to get pictures of her in front of the Eiffel Tower, and on Caribbean beaches, and sitting in a brand new Corvette that she received for a birthday present. Now look at her pictures. My cousin works in daycare. They're just two hardworking, blue-collar people, who are madly in love with each other. They have a simple, basic life, with two great kids, and the only thing they need: one another. Kevin, Jacky was married to a guy who a lot of people would consider to be the ultimate catch. She left him for love. You can't explain or understand why things happen, they just do."

"I—"

"There will be plenty of more girls in your life," she interrupted. "Women will come and go, but that doesn't change who you are as a person. Your perception of yourself is based on what you feel, and only you. Never let someone label your worth. Did Rachel break up with you because you treated her poorly?"

"No."

Lisa stared at him.

Her warm, comforting face suddenly explained everything. Rachel left because she left. She just did. He didn't hurt her, or mistreat her, or cause her to drift away. He had to stop blaming himself, and Ms. B just made sense of two years of heartache.

"Can I give you a little advice?"

She reached out to take his almost empty wineglass before he could answer her question. She walked

over to the kitchen before quickly returning with two full glasses.

"Full?" he laughed. "I guess we're past the point of drinking half full glasses..."

"Why not enjoy ourselves?" Lisa told him with a grin as she took her seat once again. "What was I going to say...? Oh yeah! There's something I want to talk about. Your confidence and attitude."

He curiously gazed at her.

"I see the open, outgoing side of you with Scott. I honestly don't know if my son would have the social life he does if you hadn't come along. Especially a girlfriend! He used to be so shy and timid when he was younger. Now, you told me about your first date with Rachel, and how nervous you get around girls, and I want to give you some helpful advice. It's something a lot of guys don't figure out until later in life, and to be completely honest, there are a ton of men out there who still don't understand this."

Kevin downed half his glass which got a little giggle out of his buddy's mom. Those nerves were coming back and he was desperately trying to do something to shoo them away. The alcohol wasn't helping like he hoped.

"Women love confidence. We like guys who take charge, and are assertive, and will lead us places. We don't like jerks though. There's a huge difference between a man who's confident, and a man who's arrogant. Believe me, I work with a ton of guys who don't understand what I'm talking about. A guy who's aggressive and dominant can be the biggest turn on in the world, but only in the right way. Do you get what I'm saying?"

The blank stare coming from his spot on the couch answered her question.

Lisa took a moment to try to convey her message in a way that Kevin would understand. "Okay. Let's go back to your first date with Rachel."

Kevin quickly glanced away. That was the last thing he wanted to do.

"There was nothing wrong with what you did," she told her son's friend. "Nervousness is part of being human. No girl wants to date a robot, but at the same time, there's something very sexy about a guy who's assertive. Personally, I love a man who just goes for it."

"Goes for it?"

Lisa nodded. "Yeah, goes for it. Be confident in your actions. What was the vibe you got after that first kiss with Rachel? Before you walked away."

"Ran away..." Kevin corrected her with a smirk.

"Ran away," she laughed. "Did she feel comfortable to you? Or did she seem nervous too?"

He took a deep breath as he went back to that warm, sunny afternoon. "I'm...I'm not totally sure. I don't think I'm a..."

...

She stared at him, encouraging the tense teen to continue with her eyes.

"I don't think I'm a good kisser."

Lisa's eyebrows perked up.

"Rachel never said anything but I always felt it. Even when we would make out and stuff. I don't know..."

"You gave Rachel a little peck on the lips, right?"

Kevin nodded.

"Why did you stop there? What was your reasoning for not going further?"

The high school senior was puzzled. "It was our first date..."

"And?"

"Well, you can't go further than that on a first date..." Kevin stated, bewildered that he had to explain this

to a woman who was almost forty. "That's the rule."

Lisa helped herself to some of her wine before shooting him a look of disagreement. "According to who?"

"Umm..."

"Those dating rules are ridiculous. The number of dates you need to wait for kissing, and sex, and all that stuff," Lisa clarified. "It's nonsense. If there's a connection, then there's a connection. And if a guy is aggressive and makes a move, then there aren't any rules saying the girl has to put a stop to it. Kevin, I know the type of guy you are and I don't need to explain this, but obviously you should never pressure a girl to do something she doesn't want to do."

"I never would."

I know," Lisa smiled. "I know you. You're a great guy. There's a big difference between taking the lead and being too aggressive. Actually, I have an idea. I think you should show me what happened on Rachel's front step."

Kevin's jaw dropped.

"And I can give you some tips. I can be your coach."

The teen was speechless.

"It's hard for me to really know what you did without seeing it," Lisa explained. "Sure, you told me what happened, but being in Rachel's shoes will be different. I can give you tips, and suggestions, and advice on things to do. I can help your confidence."

Kevin was doing his best to hide it, but he was shaking. He was going to kiss Ms. B? Kiss her!? How many times had he dreamed about this very moment? His prepubescent youth, that awkward puberty phase, and finally these past few years of being a man—the past eleven years of his life was full of lust and desire to touch those lips. But it was more than a physical attraction. Those pouty, inviting lips represented acceptance. Sure, this kiss was her way of trying to improve his confidence with women, but it felt like more than that. He always thought he had a connection with his friend's mom, and maybe this was her way of showing that she felt it too.

But his nerves weren't going away. Kevin was having a hard time breathing.

Lisa placed her wineglass down on the coffee table. "So, let's pretend that you just took me out on a date. For coffee."

"We...we went on...on a coffee date?" Kevin stammered.

She reached out and removed the glass from his shaky hand before placing it on the table next to hers. Her hand motioned him in her direction. "Come on. Move closer."

The small gap on the couch between his seat and her cute feet were two roads with a bridge connecting them. Except this bridge was out of commission. In fact, it didn't exist. All he saw was a cliff that would send him plunging hundreds of feet to his death if he mistimed his jump. The risk was immense. The pit below represented a falling out with Kevin, something going wrong with Ms. B, and eleven years of his life going up in flames, but the road in the distance represented unimaginable joy. It was his ultimate fantasy. Maybe he had a little Evil Kenevil in him...

Kevin took that jump, his hands gripping the handlebars of his imaginary motorcycle until his butt was just inches from Ms. B's feet. Was that churning in his stomach from anxiety or excitement? He honestly couldn't tell. All he could do at the moment was gaze into those beautiful blue eyes and wait.

"So, do you remember exactly what happened? Like, did Rachel say anything before you kissed her?"

Yeah, Kevin remembered that moment alright. First kisses are kind of tough to forget after all. "She said that she had fun and then just stared at me...waiting... Are you sure we should do this? I mean, what about Scott?"

"He's not here," Lisa told him, "and my guess is he's pretty busy at the moment."

"Still—"

"Kevin, this isn't some sex-crazed, out of control moment of lust between two people," she cut him off. "This is a learning experience. I want to help you."

"You actually want me to...you know...kiss you?"

Lisa nodded. "Absolutely. I want you to show me what you did on your ex-girlfriend's front step." She took a breath before gazing into his timid brown eyes. "I had fun, Kevin."

She watched his entire face change. His bashful, frightened look quickly vanished. But it wasn't replaced by confidence like Lisa wanted. It was replaced by confusion.

"What? You had fun? Doing what?"

The mom immediately rolled her eyes. "Are you kidding me? I'm pretending to be Rachel!"

"Oh... I thought you were talking about yourself..."

Her hand was back on his knee. Everything suddenly felt warm, and not necessarily in a good way. The only thing he could think about was how happy he was that he wore a baggy t-shirt and jeans. The combination of the firm denim and loose fitting cotton was covering his rapidly hardening manhood.

"Relax..." she softly told him.

Relax? How in the world was he supposed to relax? The most unbelievable woman on the planet wanted to kiss him! Her tight, toned body was just inches from his, and her face seemed more vibrant and lively than usual. And God, did he love those lips...

He let out a deep exhale in an attempt to follow his friend's mom's advice. His attention moved back to her face where those piercing blue eyes were still locked on him.

"I had fun, Kevin."

Here it was. This was the moment. His shoulders turned and opened to her as he leaned in. His coordination and mind both promptly turned to goo. He felt like a child again. Maybe the best thing to do was just hurry up and get this over with. The longer he took, the most of an ass he was going to make himself out to be.

He quickly leaned forward, gave her a little peck on the lips, and pulled back in a hurry. He was so nervous that he forgot to turn his head and his nose bumped into hers, only adding to the awkwardness of the situation. But oh God, that vanilla smell! Did he just run a marathon or kiss his friend's mom? You wouldn't be able to tell if you took his blood pressure. But his increased heart rate wasn't the most surprising part of the experience...

It was how silly he was currently feeling.

This felt like his first time with Rachel. He wasn't referring to their first kiss either. He was talking about the first time they had sex. A simple, clumsy touch of Ms. B's soft, pouty lips gave him the same tingles he felt when he lost his virginity in his ex-girlfriend's bedroom on that fateful summer night. In fact, it was stronger—much stronger.

There was a power in those lips. If he could bottle it up and keep it to himself, he would. A daily dose of heaven that was Ms. B's mouth would be a dream come true.

Lisa had a slight squint to her eyes. "Umm... I'm going to be completely honest with you, okay?"

Kevin nervously attempted to swallow. He wasn't successful. His mouth was entirely dry.

"That umm... That wasn't...umm..." She was struggling to convey her thoughts without coming across as mean. The last thing she wanted to do was damage his confidence even further. "That wasn't bad, but, it wasn't good either..."

Lisa felt a little part of herself die when a crushed expression swept across the teen's face. "No, honey, I didn't mean it like that! It's just... You seemed like you were in a hurry. You kind of banged into me and it felt like a kiss you would give to your grandma. It just wasn't very...affectionate."

He couldn't remember the last time he came this close to crying. Was it hearing those words come out of her mouth or the fact he knew she was disappointed? Probably both. The eighteen year old was doing his best to hold back his tears.

"Is that how you kissed Rachel?"

Kevin collected himself. He couldn't have a breakdown in front of Ms. B. "The first time? Yeah, before I ran out of there. Jesus Christ, I must've come off like such a nerd..."

"You two dated after that," Lisa told him, "so it obviously wasn't a big deal. And you mentioned making out so she must've liked it."

His brow quickly furrowed. "Oh my God, how didn't I see this until now? We didn't kiss a lot. Actually, we only made out a few times. Rachel would always greet me with a hug instead of a kiss. She gave off a vibe that she didn't really like kissing me either. I mentioned that." The dim light bulb that had popped into his head moments ago was now fully lit. "Oh my God! It's because she hated kissing me!"

"You don't know that."

"It totally makes sense!" he loudly stated. "Of course! And what if...oh my God..."

Lisa was thrown off from him stopping in mid-thought. "What, sweetheart?"

"What if... What if she broke up with me because I'm bad in bed?"

"That wasn't what happened," she reassured him.

He instantly shook his head. "You don't know that! I can't kiss, I'm bad in bed...I'm not good at anything!"

Lisa's hand ran through her hair. "Kevin, stop."

"What if that's the reason!?" he continued in a panic. "What if—"

His sentence was cut short by the sensation of something on his mouth. His eyes peered down to see Ms. B's index finger pressed against his lips. She was staring at him.

"Stop freaking out. Now, I want you to kiss me again, except I want you to relax this time, okay? Just take things slow. We're not in a hurry, honey. We have all night. We're going to stay here and work on this until you feel that you're a good kisser. Got it?"

Little cupids were sitting on his shoulders, firing heart-shaped arrows at him as those relaxing words poured from her mouth. That brunette angel could put all his concerns to bed with something as simple as a smile. As nervous as he still was deep down inside, part of him was more than ready to give this another shot.

Lisa smiled at him again. "I had fun, Kevin."

There was a brief moment of hesitation from his end as he collected himself. He just needed to be smooth. To act like he's done this before. That shouldn't be hard! He had done this before! Sure, Rachel didn't look like Ms. B, he didn't have a crush on her for eleven years, and his confidence wasn't anywhere near as low as it currently was when he had his first kiss on his ex-girlfriend's doorstep, but he wasn't clueless. He could do this!

Kevin's head slightly turned to the right as he leaned in and went for round two. This time his nose pressed into her cheek as their lips once again met, but there wasn't a clumsiness to it. In fact, it was natural. At least as natural as kissing the sexiest woman alive could be. And that spark he experienced last time their lips touched was even stronger now. It was electric. He pulled back expecting to be greeted by a smiling face. He wasn't.

"Umm..."

Oh no. Again!? He messed up again!? But that was so much better than the first time, wasn't it? He didn't stumble! He came off as a guy who knew what he was doing and he even held their kiss a split second longer than before. God, he really was a nerd!

A slight smile grew on Lisa's face. "Better. That was...pretty good."

Kevin suddenly felt like a king.

"That was nice," Lisa went on, her smile only growing. "I do have a question though. What's going on with your hands?"

His eyes shot down to observe both his hands firmly planted on his thighs. Actually, they weren't just planted. All ten of his fingers were squeezing the rough denim in an attempt to hold on for dear life.

"Kevin, hands are an instrumental part to kissing. Think of them as your second and third pairs of lips. You can do so many things with them. You can touch a girl's shoulders, or her arms, or brush the hair out of her face. I love that!"

He was jotting down mental notes in his head.

"But nothing is sexier than a strong, masculine pair of hands on my neck when I'm being kissed."

"On your neck?" he hesitantly asked.

Lisa nodded. "Yeah, on my neck. That's the dominant quality girls love that I was talking about earlier. Hands on a girl's neck represents dominance, but not in a disrespectful or controlling way. It's in a masculine way. You're kissing a girl so you obviously want her, right? Show her that. Take charge. So, I want you to kiss me again, but use your hands this time. Gently place your hands on my neck so that your thumbs are on my face, right next to my ears."

Well, as if he wasn't nervous enough already... Kevin's hands slowly moved off his thighs and journeyed toward that welcoming angelic face in front of him. The fingers on his respective hands slid behind the gorgeous brown hair which was falling from both sides of her perfect head. All of his fingers except his thumbs, that is. Those were resting on the smooth, soft skin just next to her ears. Was this really happening? Did he have a firm hold of Ms. B's neck? Was she really willingly giving herself to him? He leaned in again, slowly tilting his head as their lips met. But this time something happened.

They connected.

Both of their lips simultaneously parted in some kind of mutual, unspoken bond. Everything was warmer and more moist as her separated lips embraced his own. His head accidentally slid down and his kiss moved to Ms. B's bottom lip. Suddenly, it was only her lower lip that was getting his attention. He quickly pulled back, dropping his hands from her face and expecting to be met by another disappointed glance. He was doing so good too! It felt perfect until he clumsily lost control and drifted downward.

Lisa had a huge smile on her face. "Yes!"

His eyebrows shot up. That wasn't the reaction he'd expected.

"Oh my God, yes! Kevin, that was perfect!"

Perfect? That was perfect? Borderline mauling her lower lip was perfect? God, he was so lost.

"I love that!" she continued to excitedly express her feelings. "I love my bottom lip kissed! Okay, it's a little advanced, but you totally just showed me that you can handle it. Do that again but suck on my lower lip."

"Suck on it?"

"You're not a vacuum trying to suck up dirt or anything," Lisa explained. "You're not trying to drink something through a straw either. Just be nice and gentle. Actually, I want you to surprise me. Show me three things we haven't gone over yet."

Kevin gulped. "What?"

"I want you to try three new things," she told him. "You're picking this up quickly and the lower lip kiss shows me that you're a better kisser than you think you are."

He opened his mouth to inform her that his kiss was a mistake before thinking better of it. What was wrong with having one victory tonight? He'd already admitted to being a low confidence, sexually nervous little boy. Letting her think that maybe he knew a few tricks wasn't the end of the world. But there wasn't any faking what was coming next.

"So, show me some stuff I didn't mention and I'll give you feedback. Don't hold back either. Maybe there's something that you've always been hesitant to try. Go ahead and give it a shot! I'll give you my honest feedback!"

The high school senior was riffling through movie scenes in his head. What was something he could do? Shit, actually, he needed three things. His mind shifted to all the porn scenes he'd watched over the years before quickly moving back to Hollywood flicks. Pulling some kind of adult film style kiss with Ms. B wasn't going to be good for anyone. Well, maybe it would be good for him for a brief moment, but the baffled expression that was guaranteed to be on her face after wouldn't help matters.

One thing was coming to mind and it was really the only move he had left: his tongue.

His hands found her neck again, but not before a jolt to his heart caused him to pause. Having her in his control was electrifying. Ms. B was right. There was something sexy about a man being dominant. And, well, his hard cock could attest to that. He loved being in control of this woman. Having her waiting for him to make the move and react to whatever he pulled out was an incredible feeling of power.

He went in for another kiss as their lips softly met. He didn't rush to give her what she wanted. He remembered reading somewhere that girls like to be teased. Maybe that would help him come off as confident and in control? Truth be told, Kevin was starting to feel pretty good about himself. He was alone with Ms. B! Nerdy kids and little boys don't kiss their friend's hot moms. That was reserved for jocks and corny porn movies. He certainly wasn't a football player, and this sure the hell wasn't a porn scene.

Both of their lips parted as the affectionate kiss the two were sharing continued to grow in passion. The boy in him didn't want to move. Ms. B seemed to be into this. If not, why were both of her hands now on his knees? And was that a whimper from her mouth? What if she was more than into this? What if she liked it? Kevin couldn't hold back any longer. He was a man and it was time to act like it.

He moved down to her lower lip without breaking their kiss. There it was again! He wasn't dreaming. The attention he was now paying to her bottom lip made her whimper again! Kevin didn't feel like a king anymore. He felt like a god. With a previously unknown confidence, the teen gently sucked on his friend's mom's lower lip.

There wasn't a moan this time. No, this time Ms. B's hands slid up his legs and came to rest on his thighs. The pinky on her left hand was just inches from the head of his rock hard cock which was trapped under his jeans and hidden thanks to his t-shirt. It wasn't debatable any longer. She was getting turned on from this!

He needed three things though. There was always something he wanted to do but never went for. It was weird in a way. He had sex with Rachel multiple times, but still didn't feel comfortable enough to push the envelope when it came to other forms of intimacy: specifically kissing. But Ms. B's touch on his legs and his hands on her face was sending his self-esteem soaring. He was in the mood to take another chance.

Kevin very gently bit her lower lip. His teeth barely clenched onto that full, plump slice of heaven and gave it a little nibble. A moan encouraged him to slightly pull back, taking her bottom lip with him. His teeth released her mouth and his hands left her neck. Kevin quickly found Ms. B's blue eyes in hopes that the sounds coming from her mouth weren't misleading.

They weren't.

Lisa lunged at her son's friend and locked lips with him. This time it was her hands that found his face as their mouths opened and her tongue slipped in. She couldn't help herself. Yeah, this was supposed to be a learning experience for the nervous teen, but his changed demeanor had her feeling all kinds of tingles. Lisa was back to her days of juvenile lust, except this kid somehow knew all her ticks and turn-ons. Her hands moved up to his shoulders before she caught herself. She shouldn't be doing this!

She broke off their kiss and peered into the eyes on the stunned eighteen year old. Stunned might not be a strong enough word for what she was seeing. Bewildered, maybe? Or perhaps flabbergasted was more fitting for his reaction. Her son's best friend looked like he'd just seen a ghost.

"I'm sorry," Lisa quickly apologized, her hands dropping back into her own lap. "I got a little carried away."

Kevin's mouth had yet to move. It was still hanging open, frozen by what he'd just experienced. Ms. B's tongue had slipped inside his mouth! Not only that, but it was playing with his tongue! Incredible amounts of regret rapidly began shooting through his body as he reflected on his lack of reciprocation. He could've made out with her! But instead he sat there like a dork. That still didn't take away from what he was feeling though...

Kevin's cock had never been harder.

"I just...Kevin! You bit my lower lip!"

His mouth finally closed as he nervously swallowed.

"That's my favorite thing in the world!" Lisa couldn't remember the last time she felt this excited. "How did you know that!?"

Kevin stopped himself just before 'I didn't' came out of his mouth. For the first time in his life, he was

going to be the cool guy. "I just did."

Lisa was all smiles. "Well...wow! Okay... Umm...I'm...I'm very impressed."

Was he making her flustered now? Hey, maybe acting like you know what you're doing, even when you don't, can be a turn-on for women. Wait, isn't that pretty much what Ms. B told him? The thing about confidence? He was calling the shots, right? He made the move, he bit her lip, and she loved that he went for it. It was all starting to make sense now.

"Making out was going to be one of my three surprises," Kevin smirked.

"We can definitely count it. I just...got a little caught up in the moment. I haven't had a guy bite my lip in probably ten years, and the last guy who did it made me bleed. He didn't understand what the word 'gentle' meant. Unlike you. That was perfect. Okay, so, two surprises down and one to go."

A coolness unmatched by anything in his life swept over him. "We're still at one," he told her with a grin before finding her neck with his hands once again and leaning in for another kiss.

This time it was his tongue that moved into her mouth as she was quick to follow his lead. Their tongues quickly tangled, sharing in a dance of fluid mixing and saliva exchanging on the family room sofa. Twenty-four hours ago he sat across the room and watched a football game with his buddy, now lightning was shooting through his body as he made out with his dream girl. Everything was hot and burning. Even his toes felt sensations from this magic moment. Sharp pins were being poked everywhere, causing every nook and cranny of his being to feel alive.

But as good as making out with Ms. B was, a little boy would go along with what was happening. But not a man. A man would keep her on her toes and give her something she never expected. His hands slipped down to the sides of her arms as his mouth moved to her neck. His lips moved closer to that precious, delicate skin before he hit a wall.

A wall of vanilla.

He busted through that intoxicating layer of heaven and found her neck. Soft, gentle kisses quickly turned to stronger, more aggressive lust. His tongue joined his lips as her youthful, creamy skin was being exposed to everything he had to offer.

"That feels so good..."

Could he do it? Her moan of pleasure was only encouraging him. Would going for it be a step too far? But he just made out with her! Actually, she was the one who first made out with him, so maybe this would be okay? This was his exact problem! He thought too much! If she didn't like it, then she would put a stop to it. He was just going to go for it. After all, that was Ms. B's advice.

His left hand grazed along the slick material of her long-sleeve workout shirt until it found her breast. A light squeeze quickly gave way to her hand joining his and promptly removing it from her chest. Well, no one could fault him for trying...

"Easy, tiger..." Lisa giggled.

Kevin's mouth moved back to her lips and his hands regained their place on her neck. Passionate, sensual kissing filled the next thirty seconds until he pulled back just a few inches and gazed at her face, waiting for her closed eyes to open.

Lisa finally broke the lock on her eyelids to be greeted by a never before seen pair of masculine, dominant brown eyes. This wasn't the jumpy, timid kid she'd grown so accustomed to having in her presence. There was a knowing, almost controlling vibe coming from Kevin. In fact, the urge to take things further was becoming a harder and harder battle to fight. Maybe she should've let him cop a little more of a feel.

His hand softly brushed a few stray strands of brown hair out of her dazzling blue right eye before leaning in and giving her a tender peck on the lips. He swiftly pulled back and smiled.

Lisa was blown away. "I...you...wow... That was...that was three things alright," she told him with a girlish titter.

"Actually, that was four things."

Her eyebrows perked up. "Four things?"

"The lip bite, making out, the neck kisses, and the little peck after we finished."

"Yeah, I guess it was four," she smiled, still giddy from the past few minutes. "Actually, I think we're at five. Someone got a little touchy-feely..."

He laughed but this time his eyes didn't move to the floor or sheepishly look away. This time they stayed locked on her face. "Well, my hands are my second and third pairs of lips, right?"

She shot him a grin before reaching for her glass of wine. "I'm starting to think this entire thing was some kind of ruse." Lisa didn't really think that, but his sudden burst of confidence was fueling her naughty side. "I bet you have a line of girls waiting for you."

Kevin finally dropped his fictional persona. Ms. B wasn't some high school girl. In fact, she wasn't like any other girl. She was special, and the last thing he was going to do was be some kind of arrogant wiseass around her. He respected her too much to act that way.

"Yeah, right. Believe me, there's no line of girls. I'm not totally sure what happened. I just felt really comfortable."

Lisa was all smiles. "Awesome! That's what we want! You feeling comfortable and confident! Do you understand what I mean about taking charge now? You didn't wait for me to tell you what to do, you just went for it. Like the lip bite and the neck kisses, which were both incredible by the way, were things you went for. I loved it and my body told you that. Now, you went for the little boob grab and I wasn't so on board with that," she smirked, "and I told you."

"Yeah, I apologize for that."

She quickly shook her head. "There's nothing to apologize for at all! I love that you had the balls to go for it. Now, if you would've kept trying to cop a feel after I pushed you away, then we would've had a problem, but I know you're not that kind of a guy."

He retrieved his glass of wine and finished the remainder of the drink. "I shouldn't have touched you like that. It was out of line. I'm sorry."

"Kevin, sweetheart, it's fine," she reassured him. "I'm serious. I told you to go for it and I'd give you feedback. Hey, if I was one of your cute little eighteen-year-old classmates, chances are I would've let you get a feel. But I'm not. I'm an old lady."

There was a genuine look of bewilderment on his face. He was having a hard time comprehending what he'd just heard. "An old lady?"

"I'm twenty years older than you," Lisa laughed. "Yeah, I'm pretty sure that makes me an old lady."

He took a moment to consider a list of possible ways to approach this. The wine was starting to kick in, if it hadn't already, and he was beginning to feel much looser and less tense. Was it the wine or the fact that he just made out with his ultimate fantasy woman? Who knows. Either way, Kevin felt on top of the world. He decided to stand up and silently head into the kitchen before giving Ms. B his two cents. The teen retrieved the bottle of wine from the refrigerator and carried it back to the couch. He could use a refill before taking this next leap.

"More wine?" he asked.

Lisa held out her glass and allowed her son's friend to fill it. The bottle swiftly moved to his glass where he filled it to the top before promptly downing half of it.

"Umm...you're supposed to sip wine, not chug it," Lisa laughed.

Kevin was well aware of that. He just needed a little extra motivation to truly speak his mind. "You're not an old lady."

Lisa wasn't a girl who fished for compliments. She knew that she was attractive, but at the same time, she was thirty-eight years old. No amount of yoga, or working out, or healthy eating could make her eighteen again. And spending so much time around her son and his friend made her realize just how old she was. They didn't even know any of the bands she listened to!

"Well, I'm not young either..."

He took another chug of his drink. His glass was down to a quarter full. "You look amazing for your age. Actually, that didn't sound right. You look amazing for any age."

Lisa quickly sipped a small amount of wine from her glass in an attempt to hide her smile.

"You could be a model or something."

She swallowed her drink before rolling her eyes. "Get out of here..."

"You could!" Kevin passionately argued, starting to show the effects of the alcohol as he finished the rest of his glass before hastily refilling it. "You're stunning."

"Sweetheart, maybe you should slow down..."

He took another long swig before shaking his head. "I'm fine and I'm totally being serious. You know, every year I look at the swimsuit issue that comes out during the summer, and you're like a hundred times hotter than those girls. I honestly mean that, Ms. B."

Was he drunk? That had to be the explanation for what she was hearing, right? Kevin had been nothing but a gentlemen over their eleven years of knowing each other, and the idea of him even calling her beautiful before today seemed crazy. And now look where they were. They made out, he briefly felt her up, and now her son's tipsy friend was telling her that she belonged in the annual swimsuit issue. Lisa could've taken a million guesses as to how she would've spent her Friday night when she got out of work early today, and she never would've come close to any of this.

"Well, that—"

"There's not one girl at our school who's even in your league," he interrupted before downing half his remaining glass.

That one certainly caught Lisa's attention. "That's very nice of you to say, but come on..."

"I'm being serious! You're in a completely different league than the rest of the girls at school. Actually, who am I kidding? You're in a different league than the rest of the female population!"

Lisa's normal laugh turned to a snort before her hand embarrassingly covered her mouth. She couldn't help but strongly react to what she'd just heard. It was just too ridiculous.

The inebriated teen wasn't above enjoying a few beers at a party from time to time, but he wasn't exactly a seasoned drinker either. And, well, those two glasses of wine were certainly taking effect. He decided to finish the rest of his drink just for good measure.

"Are you serious, Ms. B? You've been telling me all about confidence and now you're going to act shy? I put hot chicks into four groups."

Her eyebrows perked up. This outgoing, brash, drunk side of Kevin was quite the sight to see. In fact, it was somewhat enjoyable. When was the last time a man was this open and honest with her? Other than the assholes at work, of course. Lisa was finding herself curious as to where he was going with this.

"You have hot chicks, then really hot chicks, then super hot chicks, and finally we have Ms. B level hot chicks."

Lisa starting laughing.

"I'm being serious!" Kevin proclaimed before reaching for the wine bottle again. Ms. B swiftly pulled it away from him. "Oh, come on! I'm fine!"

"You're not fine," she continued to laugh. "You're drunk. Your hotness scale only proves that."

Kevin strongly disagreed as he shook his head. "My hotness scale only proves how sober I am. How am I wrong? Now, I would probably put Eva in the 'really hot chicks' group, but her personality might bump her up to a 'super hot chick.' I'd have to think about it."

"Yeah, you should probably do that..." Lisa sarcastically noted.

"But she isn't even close to the Ms. B level of hot chicks. In fact, no one is. There's only one member in that exclusive club."

Lisa took a longer sip than usual from her glass as she continued to listen. How fun was this? Sure, she was acting like it was inappropriate and wrong, but everything about it was awesome. Making out with a cute guy she really cared about, helping him be more confident and aggressive, and now listening to him talk about how hot she was? When was the last time she had a Friday night like this? It sure the hell

wasn't when she was listening to some fifty-year-old-guy attempt to win her over with his sports car. And Kevin wasn't even trying to impress her. He was just being honest. At least that's what she thought was happening. That red wine seemed to be quite the truth serum.

Kevin set his empty wine glass down on the table and peered into her blue eyes. "You've always felt like a second mom to me."

Lisa's heart stopped beating. "What?"

"You really have," he reiterated. "I've spent so much time over here since I met Scott. How many times did I come over on Friday and not leave until Sunday night when I was younger? How many dinners have I ate with you two? How many mornings did I wake up to be greeted with breakfast at the kitchen table? You never complained, or protested, or said a single word about the ridiculous amount of time I spent living in this house. About all the food I ate and the times Scott and me would do something that made your life more difficult. I love my mom. I really do, but she can be frustrating at times. And the same goes for my stepdad. This house has always felt like an escape to me. I always knew that I would be greeted with open arms, and that the world's most amazing woman would have a big smile on her face when I walked through the door. You're way more than my friend's mom or even a friend. In a way...you've been like a mom to me."

Lisa was speechless. Moments ago he was telling her how sexy she was, and now he hit her with this? She felt like a mother to him? A multitude of emotions were pouring through her body, and to be completely honest, she wasn't sure how to react.

"You're just an unbelievable woman," Kevin continued, those two and a half glasses of wine now tearing down the last of the walls which protected his true feelings. "You honestly are. You're so funny, and smart, and awesome to be around. And I don't want to step out of line here or anything, but I'm being serious about your looks. You're like the hottest girl in the world."

She raised her glass to her lips and finished her wine because she didn't know what else to do. No one had every talked to her this way before. And she wasn't only referring to her recent dating experiences. No one in her thirty-eight years of life had raved about and praised her the way Kevin just had. He wasn't some jerk, hotshot lawyer who just wanted to use her. He was a sweet, authentic high school kid. And from her spot on the sofa with her son's friend who was twenty years her junior on this Friday night, Lisa was in the mood to be fawned over.

"I'm not the hottest girl in the world..."

Kevin managed to sneak in and grab the wine bottle before Ms. B was able to stop him. He helped himself to another refill before turning his attention back to the stunning brunette. "Name someone hotter."

Lisa didn't wait long to rattle off the first name that came to mind. "Taylor Swift."

The high schooler burst into laughter and almost spilled his mostly full drink in the process. He quickly downed a third of his glass to prevent that from happening again. "Are you seriously comparing Taylor Swift to yourself? Is that a joke?"

"She's very beautiful," Lisa commented.

He rapidly shook his head. "She isn't in the same ballpark as you. Shit...ballpark. She's not in the same league as you. Actually, she isn't even on the same planet as you!"

"I got it..." Lisa laughed.

"Her body isn't comparable to yours," he brazenly continued. "She looks like a twelve-year-old girl stacked up next to you."

She was having a hard time hiding her smile. She topped off her glass before digging around in her brain for another name. "Okay, what about Gal Gadot?"

"Totally blah," Kevin immediately answered. "We have girls at school hotter than Gal Gadot."

Lisa was baffled. "No, you don't!"

"Yes, we do!" he drunkenly shouted back. "This is the problem with women. You girls act like female actresses and celebrities are the hottest women in the world just because they're famous. That's nonsense. I stand behind what I said earlier. You could totally be a swimsuit model if you wanted to."

She rolled her eyes.

"You could! Oh, I have an idea! We should do a photo shoot!"

Lisa curiously looked over at the drunk teen sitting a few feet away. "What?"

"We could do a photo shoot!" he emphatically repeated. "And we could post the pictures online. Anonymously, of course. We could blur your face and that way you could see what I see. Everyone would be commentating about how you should be a model."

"We aren't doing a photo shoot!" Lisa laughed while giving her son's friend a light slap on the knee with her hand. "Are you out of your mind?"

"Well, I'm always up for it if you change your mind," Kevin told her with a big smile.

She shook her head while peering down into her glass. She suddenly perked up. "I got one! There's no way I'm hotter than Scarlett Johansson!"

Kevin took a long sip as he debated her statement in his head. "Are we talking Scarlett Johansson now, or Scarlett Johansson of like 2006?"

"Is there a difference?"

He was flabbergasted. "Umm...yeah, there's a difference. There's a big difference. Scarlett Johansson now isn't in your league. Like, at all. Now, prime Scarlett Johansson might be able to give you a run for your money. You know, whatever year those pictures are from where she's wearing that red dress. Maybe that version of Scarlett can compete with you. I'm not totally sure though."

Lisa pulled out her phone. A quick search for 'Scarlett Johansson red dress,' resulted in hundreds of the exact picture her son's friend was referring to. She'd seen it before. Who hadn't? The Hollywood bombshell was on the red carpet in a stunning red dress, her unbelievable cleavage on full display, her blonde hair looking amazing, and her beautiful face more flawless than ever before. Lisa was sure of one thing...

"I'm not hotter than this girl!" she shouted while holding up her phone.

Kevin peered his eyes to get a look at the picture in an attempt to refresh his drunken memory. His attention shifted back to the dazzling brunette sitting next to him. "Are you asking who I'd prefer to date?"

She hesitantly glanced away before looking back at him. "Yeah...I am..."

He took a swig of his wine before smiling. "Now, I don't know Scarlett Johansson personally. I have no idea what kind of person she is, or what her sense of humor is like, or any of that, but I can guarantee that she doesn't stack up to you. No one does. You're unmatched when it comes to who you are as a human being. But, Ms. B, no one can match up to you looks-wise either. Was Scarlett Johansson super hot? Absolutely. Peak Scarlett Johansson may have been the second hottest woman in the world, but she still couldn't compete with the hottest."

Lisa's jaw was on the floor.

"Yeah, you," Kevin smiled. "You're perfection. You know, sometimes I think you ruined me when it comes to other women. I always find myself comparing other girls to you. Like, if I'm into a girl, I immediately start stacking her up to you in my head. And none of them come close to matching up, obviously. Rachel never got any of my jokes like you do. It always bugged me. I mean, why can't I find a girl like you?"

A lifetime of compliments, love confessions, pick-up lines, and romantic gestures flooded Lisa's brain as she blankly stared at Kevin. Twenty-eight years of boys and men flirting with her had resulted in a cornucopia of attention and praise, so why was she having such a hard time finding something that topped the past five minutes of her life? No amount of money, or sex appeal, or status had ever made her feel more lusted after than this very moment. Why couldn't he find a girl like her? He really just said that! This eighteen-year-old high school kid was bummed that he couldn't find a girl like his friend's thirty-eight-year-old mother! And he thought she was hotter than the most sought-after celebrities on the planet!

She calmly set her wineglass down on the coffee table before reaching out and removing Kevin's glass from his hand. It found a spot next to hers.

Lisa gave her son's friend a soft grin. "Scott can never know about this."

"Know about what?" Kevin asked.

Lisa lunged at him. She quickly found herself lying on top of Kevin as the length of his tall frame sprawled along the couch. His back was pressed against the cushions and her lips were locked on his mouth. She didn't care anymore. Maybe the tabooess of the situation was egging her on? Kevin was young enough to be her son, yet here she was, smothering his body while her tongue explored the insides of his mouth. Or maybe this was her way of really boosting his confidence? How assure of himself would he be if he hooked up with the hottest woman alive (his words). And then Lisa did something she never, ever imagined doing. She did something solely reserved for those promiscuous girls in the erotic novels she loved to read.

She squeezed his cock through his jeans.

Lisa felt his hard-on the second she fell on top of him. She assumed their making out probably did something to his manhood, but rubbing against his throbbing erection was having all kinds of crazy effects on her. Maybe he wasn't exaggerating his feelings toward her. She tightened her grip on his rock hard cock and heard a groan escape from his mouth as her tongue was buried inside it. Hey, this is fun!

Kevin wasn't reacting. The high school senior was a deer in the headlights as this gorgeous woman pressed against his body. As if being jumped and then passionately made out with wasn't enough, now her soft, petite hand was rubbing his cock over his jeans as well. His cock! And this wasn't the delicate, mellow kissing from before. This was two long-lost lovers finally reuniting after years apart. His hands wanted to move to so many places. Her breasts, that flat tummy, her shapely hips, but more than anything, he wanted to grab a big handful of the most fit, perky, immaculate ass on the planet.

His hands finally got with the program and slithered up to her butt before pausing to soak in what was really happening. He didn't want to rush things. He needed to fully appreciate what was about to happen. He was going to squeeze her ass! The same ass he spent eleven years staring at, and lusting over, and fantasizing about, was going to be firmly in his grasp. His fingers slid to her backside before something caused him to stop.

Ms. B's hand was off his cock. Not only that, but her lips weren't locked on his anymore. She was just gazing down at him with those sparkling blue eyes.

"We can't do this."

That was the last thing he wanted to hear. "What?"

"We can't do this," she quietly repeated. "It...it isn't right."

Lust took a backseat to reality. Ms. B was right. He'd gotten so caught up in the heat of the moment that he completely forgotten about Scott. His best friend was off losing his virginity, and here he was, drunkenly making out with his mom. How big of a piece of shit was he?

"You're right," he embarrassingly agreed while looking up at her beautiful brunette face. "I'm sorry."

Lisa quickly rolled off the teen. "You have nothing to be sorry about. It's my fault."

All Kevin wanted to do was leave. He needed to get as far away from this amazing woman as possible so he could regroup. "I'm gonna leave."

"No!"

Ms. B's loud yell caused him to freeze. He'd hopped off the couch in an attempt to leave but now he was just standing in the middle of the room, motionless. Why did she shout at him? Was she going to freak out? Maybe the realization of how messed up this situation was finally kicked in for her? And who was she going to blame? Him, of course. But Ms. B wasn't like that. She wasn't that kind of girl. He needed to calm down and relax.

"There's no way you're driving home!"

"I'm fine," Kevin told her. "Trust me. I'm not drunk."

Lisa wasn't having it. "Yes, you are. There's no chance I'm letting you get behind the wheel tonight."

"Well—"

"You can either sleep here," Lisa cut in.

That was the last thing Kevin wanted to do. He couldn't be anywhere near his friend's house tonight. And

the sooner he got away, the better.

"Or I can drive you home," she finished.

He considered her proposal for a moment. A car ride home would probably be best way to go, but how awkward would that be? It certainly wouldn't be the usual effortless conversation he'd grown accustomed to having with her over the years. A minute ago she had her hand on his cock! Now he was supposed to act like everything was back to normal?

"Are you okay to drive?" he asked. "You had a couple of glasses too."

Her hand waived away his worries. "I'm fine."

"I'm ready whenever you are."

His urgency caught Lisa off guard. "You don't have to leave right away. I mean, you can hang out for a while if you want. I don't want you to feel like you're getting kicked out or something."

"It's probably best if I just go now," he shyly told her, looking away the entire time. "So..."

Lisa took the hint and headed into the kitchen to retrieve her keys. Moments later the two were pulling out of the driveway and starting the ten minute journey to Kevin's house.

Three minutes of silence passed before Kevin decided to speak up. Something had been on his mind for the past seven hours. Sure, somehow the topic of him spying on her had yet to come up and this was only going to draw attention to it, but an unanswered question had been bugging him since earlier in the afternoon. Maybe it was the alcohol, but he really needed to know.

"What were you dancing to earlier?"

She took a quick glance in his direction before focusing back on the road. "What?"

"In the laundry room," Kevin specified. "What were you dancing to?"

Lisa suddenly had a big smile on her face. "Oh! What was I dancing to? Only the greatest band of all time."

He waited.

"That isn't enough of a hint?" Lisa smirked.

"How am I supposed to know who the greatest band of all time is?" Kevin asked. "That's such a subjective question."

She immediately shook her head. "No, it isn't. There's only one answer to that question, sweetheart."

"What bands do old people like...?" he thought to himself.

"Hey!"

Well, maybe he didn't think that to himself. He might have been more drunk than he thought. He could've sworn that he didn't say that out loud.

Lisa let out a chuckle. "You spent like ten minutes earlier telling me how young I look!"

"I didn't mean it like that," he quickly apologized. "I just...never mind. Okay...umm...let's see here. "The Beatles?"

She shot him a mystified look before turning back to the windshield. "The Beatles?"

"Don't people your age love The Beatles?"

"I'm thirty-eight," Lisa laughed. "I'm not sixty-eight. And who dances that way to The Beatles? We're talking about the world's greatest rock and roll band here. Their music just makes you get up and move. You can't help but shake your hips when you hear 'em. Honey, that's not The Beatles!"

"Elvis?"

She flipped her turn signal on and slowly pulled over to the side of the road. "Get out."

Kevin had no idea what was going on. "What?"

"Get out," Lisa repeated, her eyes continuing to stare straight-ahead.

He reached for the door handle.

"I'm joking!" she loudly laughed. "Oh my God, will you relax!?"

The teen was having a hard time deciphering sarcasm as the minutes ticked by. He probably drank too much wine, and he definitely drank it too fast. Everything was starting to get a little loopy by this point.

Lisa checked her rearview mirror before pulling back out into the road. "But accusing me of listening to Elvis is even more insulting than The Beatles. My grandparents listened to Elvis, for God's sake!"

Kevin was out of guesses. He honestly just wanted to go to bed. "I give up."

"The Rolling Stones!"

He turned to his friend's mom who was focused on the road. "Isn't that a magazine?"

Lisa looked over at him with her jaw on the floor. He was so cute, and sweet, and innocent, but at this very moment, she wanted nothing more than to put her fist through his face. "Oh...my...God..."

"Isn't it though?" he asked.

She shook her head. This generation... "Yes, *Rolling Stone* is a magazine, but The Rolling Stones are a band. The greatest band ever!"

"Oh, those are the t-shirts with the big tongues on them, right?"

"That's how you know them?" she inquired, unamused and dumbstruck. "Really?"

"I'll have to check 'em out."

An idea suddenly came to Lisa. "I'll make you a CD!"

Kevin started laughing. Was he that drunk or did he hear her correctly. "What?"

"I'll make you a CD!" she emphatically repeated.

"Umm...what year is it, Ms. B?"

Lisa rolled her eyes. "Your generation is so jaded! Burning a CD for someone is the coolest thing ever! Okay, is having every song in the world on your phone awesome? Absolutely. I love it. But there's nothing better than getting a CD from someone. I bet you never have, have you?"

"No."

"Could I recommend some songs and have you add them to your phone right now?" she continued before turning onto a side street. "Sure. But you want to know what's way cooler? Popping a CD into a player and having my top twenty favorite songs on it. It's so much more personal and authentic. It's the same way renting movies from the store was better than streaming them online. Is Netflix easier than Blockbuster? You bet. But was going to Blockbuster on a Friday night and searching for the perfect movie more fun than cycling through ten thousand titles on Netflix? Without a doubt. All this technology has ruined the simple things that were awesome."

"I totally want a CD from you."

Lisa glanced over at her son's friend. "Really?"

"Absolutely," Kevin smiled. "Your top twenty Rolling Stones songs. I'm looking forward to it."

Her attention turned back to the road, all excited from what she'd just heard. Sometimes it was the little things that did it for her. Like having a man in her life to make a mixtape for.

Lisa pulled in front of his house. "Alrighty, we've arrived at your destination, your highness."

He swiftly rolled his eyes. "I could've driven."

"Not a chance," she argued. "Well, tonight was fun."

"You could say that again..." Kevin lightly chuckled. "I...I just want to apologize again if things got weird. I —"

His words were cut short by an index finger being placed on his lips for the second time tonight. Even in the relative darkness of the dim SUV, those radiant blue eyes seemed to sparkle.

"Stop apologizing. Tonight was the most fun I've had in a long, long time. And it was all because of you. I had a great time."

He flashed her a smile before turning to open the passenger side door. But his hand suddenly froze. All he had to do was open the door and walk inside his house. The night would be over. There wouldn't be any more awkwardness if he just quietly left. But he couldn't.

The offer to make him a CD was playing over and over in his head. How amazing was that? She could've just told him some songs to check out, or even easier, she could've had him look up some best of list online, but she didn't. She offered to make him a CD. She would have to gather her top twenty songs, rank them, burn them onto a disc, and then give them to him. She was right. It was more personal. It was more personal, and genuine, and awesome—and it summed up everything he loved about her.

Kevin turned back and leaned across the vehicle. His hand found the back of Ms. B's neck as he pulled her in and kissed her on the lips. But his wasn't some quick, little peck. He held her there as his tongue took that unbelievable trek inside her inviting mouth for the final time tonight.

He briskly pulled back to be met by a somewhat surprised face. "I had a great time too," he told her. And just like that, the door opened and for the first time in his life, the high schooler made a cool exit.

Chapter 5 -- A Confidence Builder.

Saturday Morning. 9:45 AM.

Wind ripped through Kevin's thick brown hair as he whipped around another turn. He was in a race against himself, but at the same time, he was taking on the world. His journey had sent him over mountains, across bridges, and through deep, treacherous valleys, and now one more long stretch of hell separated him from his final destination. Every few feet consisted of a trap that was meant to derail his mission. Seven billion people wanted to see him fail, but nothing could stop him from completing his life's goal.

The high schooler's bicycle pulled in front of his friend's house. He leaned it against the large oak tree which was just a few feet away from his parked car in the street. Okay, that bike ride may have had a little nostalgia to it. He was temporarily sent back to his elementary school days but reality was quickly setting in. He wasn't a fourth grader playing pretend anymore. Last night really happened. His hangover only proved that.

Kevin didn't get much sleep as he replayed last night's events over and over in his head while he stared up at his bedroom ceiling. He made out with Ms. B, he drunkenly confessed his true feelings to her, she felt his dick, and then he kissed her again before the night was over. But the more he thought about that last kiss, the less cool it felt. He kind of ran away from her SUV, didn't he? Sure, he kissed her, and yes, he had a smooth line to go with it, but he booked out of there the same way he did the first time with Rachel. Maybe it was time to accept what he really was: a nerdy, awkward dork.

He grabbed his car keys from his pocket and opened his backdoor to throw his bike inside when suddenly his phone rang. He pulled it out and was immediately hit by a multitude of emotions: excitement, guilt, and anxiety were a few to start.

Scott was calling him

Kevin answered his phone. "Hey, dude."

There was silence on the other end before his friend's voice finally spoke up. "Please address me as 'man' from now on.

"Alright!" Kevin cheered, his worry quickly melting away. "So, it happened?"

"Oh, it happened," Scott told him. "It happened, and it happened, and then it happened a few more times. It happened six times to be exact."

"And how long did it happen the first time?"

"Eight seconds," Scott immediately answered.

Kevin started laughing. "Hey, that's three seconds longer than my first time."

"I think I got up to a whopping three minutes by round six."

"It takes a while," Kevin told his buddy. "Are you still over there?"

"Yep, still at Eva's," he informed him. "Actually, that's why I'm calling. Well, one, I wanted to tell you it happened, but more importantly, Eva's parents are staying at their hotel for another night."

"Does that mean—"

"You better believe it," Scott interrupted. "Eva wants me to stay over again."

Kevin couldn't be more excited for his friend. "That's what I'm talking about!"

"Guess how she woke me up this morning?"

"No idea," Kevin said. "How?"

"Breakfast in bed," he told him. "Scrambled eggs, bacon, and a big glass of orange juice."

"Breakfast in bed? Sounds like the life."

"It is the life," Scott agreed. "I'm still in her bed and she's taking a shower now. We're going hiking in a bit."

"Hiking? I'm surprised you want to leave her room."

Scott let out a laugh. "I don't. Believe me, we're doing the shortest trail I can find. The sooner we get back here the better. I'm on a mission to break that five minute mark..."

Kevin joined in on his friend's laughter. "Don't worry, I'll cover for you. You just make sure you keep that girlfriend of yours busy."

"Oh, she'll be busy. Three minutes at a time..." Scott smirked to himself as his finger dragged along the greasy bottom of his breakfast plate. "We..."

...

"Scott?"

...

"You there?" Kevin asked.

There was a gulp from Scott's end of the phone. "Dude..."

"What?" Kevin asked again.

"Dude, she's wearing her school uniform..."

Kevin's mind instantly began racing. Eva in a catholic schoolgirl uniform? Holy shit!

"She's standing at the edge of the bed in a plaid skirt, a white dress shirt that's tied off above her belly button, and a pair of black high heels. She has the tie on too."

He immediately pictured the cute brunette in the outfit his best friend just described to him. Some guys have all the luck...

...

...

"You there?" Kevin asked.

"Hey, Kevin..."

He immediately gulped. He recognized that voice. It was Eva.

"Umm...hey, Eva."

"Sorry I'm stealing your friend for the weekend," she giggled. "I promise you can have him back on Monday."

"Keep him for as long as you want," Kevin chuckled. "I'm pretty sure he prefers you to me anyway."

"I really like him," Eva continued. "But can I let you in on a little secret? No one else knows about this. Not even Scott."

He nervously swallowed. "Umm... Sure..."

"I've been a bad girl..."

Kevin's head almost exploded. "You've been a bad girl?"

"I've been a very bad girl..." she repeated with a juvenile inflection. "I didn't do any of my homework..."

He only had one question at the moment. Did Eva have any sisters? "That doesn't sound good..."

"What do you think should happen?" she asked, continuing to pout. "It's up to you."

Kevin was all smiles. "Someone probably deserves to be punished."

"Kevin thinks I deserve to be punished," Eva loudly repeated to her boyfriend. "What do you think, Scott?"

He could hear his buddy agreeing in the background.

"Well, I'd love to stay and chat, but the dean told me that it's time for my spanking..."

"That lucky shit..." Kevin groaned. "Don't kill him."

"No promises," Eva laughed before ending the call.

He slipped his phone into his pocket and shook his head. Twenty-four hours ago his best friend was a virgin, and now he was spanking a cute brunette while she was dressed up as a schoolgirl? How the hell did that happen?

"Sounds like they're having fun."

Kevin jumped while a surprised yell escaped from his lips. He quickly turned to see Ms. B standing just a few feet behind him in a black bathrobe.

"Where did you come from!?"

"I've been standing here the entire time," Lisa smiled. "I can't believe you didn't see my reflection in the window."

He turned back to his car to see a clear image of Ms. B standing behind him. He must've been too lost in the phone call to notice.

"Deserves to be punished? What was that all about?" she asked.

"Umm..."

Ms. B shot him a look that told him she was waiting for an answer.

"Eva goes to catholic school, so she put her uniform on for Scott. And she forgot to do her homework..."

A big smile grew on the brunette mom's face. "What part of this girl wouldn't I like? She's taking care of my son, making him breakfast in bed, and she's dressing up in a schoolgirl outfit for him? That sounds like future daughter-in-law material to me!"

Kevin could only laugh. "Yeah, she seems like a fun girl..."

"Scott is staying there again?"

He nodded.

Lisa watched him place his bike into the backseat of his car before getting his attention. "There's a notebook of yours on the counter, by the way."

He couldn't believe he still hadn't gotten that stupid notebook. He nodded again before closing his car door and following his friend's mom up the walkway and into the house.

Kevin shut the front door before turning around. His back was swiftly slammed against it. Ms. B had two handfuls of his t-shirt and was pushing him against the wooden entrance door.

"I've been a bad girl too..."

His eyes were bulging. "What?"

"I've been a very bad girl," she told her son's friend with a grin. "Maybe I deserve to be punished."

Kevin pushed her hands away and attempted to regain his bearings. His hangover wasn't helping him understand this bizarre situation any clearer. "What are you talking about?"

"I was thinking about last night," Lisa continued, standing just inches away from him. "I made a mistake."

"I know. We both did. And I really shouldn't have kissed you before I got out of your car either. That was a huge mistake."

She hastily shook her head. "No, that's not what I'm talking about. I made a mistake by stopping things on the couch. We should've went for it."

His brow furrowed. "But we can't. Because of Scott."

"Scott's busy with his girlfriend."

"He's still my best friend," Kevin argued. "And he's your son! We can't do that to him."

Her piercing blue eyes locked onto his brown ones. "Here's what's going to happen. Scott is going to spend the day with his girlfriend, and you're going to spend the day with yours."

His confused expression was back. "What? I don't have a girlfriend."

"What time is it?"

He pulled his phone out of his pocket. "9:57."

Lisa gave him a big smile. "For the next fourteen hours and three minutes...I'm gonna be your girlfriend."

Kevin gulped.

"I was thinking about something after I dropped you off last night. Sure, we can kiss, and I can tell you what girls want to hear, and maybe we can even go a little further, but what better way to build your confidence than to have a test girlfriend for an entire day?"

"A test girlfriend?" he asked. "What's a test girlfriend?"

"I'm a test girlfriend," Lisa told him. "We're going to spend the entire day together. Now, we can go out and do stuff, we can stay inside and have fun, or we can do something totally outside the box. It's all up to you! And you know what? I'm going to give you feedback every step of the way. I'm gonna make you irresistible to women!"

Kevin couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"My day is completely free. Kevin, I'm all yours for the next fourteen hours. So, is there anything you want? Maybe something that's been on your mind for a long time..."

He gazed at that breathtaking face to be greeted by a never before seen devilish smirk. Somehow, at this very moment, he could read her like a book. She didn't want to kiss. No, she wanted to be bad. Very bad.

"Remember what we talked about last night?" she whispered to him. "About taking the lead? Lead me. Show me who's in charge."

His hand reached out and found the top of her brunette head. The smirk she sent his way told him it was exactly what she wanted. Ms. B wanted him to act like a man. He was done being nervous and jumpy. This amazing woman was clearly into him, and it was about time he took advantage of that.

Kevin gently pushed down and watched his friend's mom drop to her knees.

Lisa eyes were met by a rapidly growing erection poking out from his shorts. These gym shorts and that white tank top weren't going to hold him back like his jeans did last night. She was pretty impressed by what she felt on the couch yesterday, but that had no impact on what she was currently doing. The size of Kevin's dick wasn't important, but at the same time, it certainly didn't hurt matters that he seemed fairly well endowed. And she was really going to play up that angle. His confidence was absolutely growing. He took charge and pushed her right down to her knees moments ago! That never would've happened last night. But there was one thing that drove a man crazier than anything...

"That looks big."

Her eyes looked up to see an ear-to-ear smile on his face. Yeah, she was just getting started.

"I always thought you might be packing."

Kevin's jaw dropped.

"What? Is that surprising to hear?" Lisa asked with a sly grin. "That I've thought about you from time to time? Because I have."

He was desperate to get in on this with Ms. B but he didn't have any idea what to say. He was out of his element when it came to kissing her, so on what planet would he be able to keep up with her dirty talk? Maybe it was best to just shut up and enjoy.

"The tall, skinny ones are usually on the larger side," she continued, her hand tracing around his now rock hard erection. "Have you thought about this before? Me on my knees, playing with your big, fat cock?"

His heart was beating through his chest. As surreal as last night was, this wasn't kissing. This was his buddy's ridiculously sexy mom, in her bathrobe, on her knees in front of him. Oh, and her fingers were brushing against his dick which she just so happened to be talking about. Yeah, this was a completely

different level from anything he'd ever imagined. But the only thing he could manage to do was nod his head.

Lisa grinned before turning her attention back to his groin. "I thought so."

Her hands speedily slipped inside the waistband of his basketball shorts and pulled them down to the floor to join his sneakers. The big wet spot on his light blue boxers sent a chill down her spine. Precum! His cock was already leaking at the idea of messing around with her! She was being so bad. She jumped her son's friend, told him she was going to be his girlfriend for the day, and now was eye to eye with his fully hard manhood which was only being held back by a thin layer of cotton. Who did something like this? Naughty girls, that's who. Today, Lisa was going to be one of the girls in her erotic stories. Today, Lisa was going to be a cougar.

Her fingers slipped inside his boxers and slowly tugged them down, dragging out the moment as long as she could. Inch by inch his most prized possession was gradually being unveiled. Maybe what she felt last night wasn't an exaggeration. Thick, hard meat continued to entrance her eyes until she finally met the big head of his cock. One more firm yank on his underwear finally freed his cock, and Lisa temporarily lost her breath in the process.

"Jesus Christ..."

What was that thing about confidence again? Oh yeah, Kevin was beaming with it now. Ms. B was staring at his penis with her mouth agape! She wasn't talking, or smiling, or doing anything. She was just staring at him! He was probably going to sound ridiculous, but Kevin was in the mood to join in on some verbal naughtiness with his friend's mom.

"I think he likes you."

Lisa's focus left the dripping tip of his stiff erection and gazed up into a pair of bold, fearless brown eyes. This wasn't the nervous teen of yesteryear. And he didn't even look like the guy who was seemingly growing more assured of himself with every passing moment last night. This was a man who felt good about himself. And now he was dirty talking too? This could get real fun...

"Good, cause I like him," she smiled before her eyes ran the length of the surprisingly big penis in front of her. "I think I know why Rachel broke up with you now."

Kevin's brow furrowed.

"Sweetheart, I don't think she could handle this," Lisa told him while admiring his manhood once again. "You need a real woman for something this size."

Was Lisa exaggerating slightly? Of course. Kevin wasn't a porn star, but he certainly didn't have anything to be ashamed of either. And he absolutely put most of the guys she'd been with over the past ten or so years to shame. He was long, thick, and his trimmed pubic hair only made him that much more inviting. And the big veins on his hard meat put the finishing touches on her now ruined panties. Lisa was soaked. But she wasn't ready to dive in just yet.

"You have a beautiful cock."

He was trying his best not to smile like some giddy eight year old who'd just won a candy store shopping spree. Confidence was about staying cool. It was about acting like you've been there before, but he hadn't been here before. A gorgeous woman on her knees, worshiping his penis, had never happened in his eighteen years of life. It was hard to hold back his excitement.

"Is there something you want?" Lisa asked. "Maybe something in particular?"

He immediately grinned. Yeah, there was something he wanted alright.

"Show me then," she continued. "You're my boyfriend. It's your job to lead me. Show me what you want."

"I...uh... I...umm... I would really love a blowjob."

Lisa wasn't happy. "What did I just say?"

"Umm..."

She captured his attention with her eyes. "Look where I am. I'm on my knees with your cock two inches from my face. Hell, I'm your girlfriend today! Isn't it obvious what I want? So, stop stuttering, and asking, and acting like a little boy. No woman wants a boy. We want men. And men don't second-guess themselves."

Kevin's hand reached out and found the top of her brunette head. The instant smile on Ms. B's face told him everything he needed to know. It was exactly what she wanted.

Lisa allowed herself to be pulled closer to her son's best friend as her mouth opened. "There we go..." she smiled before wrapping her pouty lips around the big head of Kevin's cock.

And just like that, the eighteen year old experienced the greatest moment of his life. It took two seconds for that warm, wet mouth to begin bobbing on his throbbing erection, and it was already the best blowjob he'd ever experienced. But this wasn't just some random hot chick. This was Ms. B! This was his fantasy girl of eleven years. And her hands were now on his bare thighs as she continued to make him feel things he didn't know were possible. Half his cock was rapidly disappearing each and every time her face moved closer to his stomach. It was an effortless sensation of immense pleasure. But that shouldn't have surprised him. Everything this woman did was amazing, so why wouldn't her blowjobs be just as good?

The moans and groans coming from above her were empowering. When was the last time a man reacted to one of her blowjobs like this? The idea of bringing this amazing guy pleasure was tapping into a part of Lisa that she didn't experience with men her own age. So many of those guys were jaded and unappreciative. Hell, she still recalled a few of them who didn't even make a sound while she had their dicks in her mouth, and where was the fun in that? Lisa wanted to know what she was doing was being enjoyed, and Kevin was definitely letting her know that. And all she wanted was for those moans to keep coming.

Lisa wrapped her hands around the back of his thighs and pulled herself into him. Seventy-five percent of his hard meat vanished deep inside her throat as those moderate moans quickly turned to gasps. She held herself in place and her palms felt the back of his thighs begin to pulsate. She wanted him thinking about this blowjob thirty years from now. Sure, this entire experience was for him, but part of it was living out the naughty mom fantasy she always had. And she wasn't quite done with the dirty talk.

She pulled off of him and couldn't help but laugh at his flabbergasted expression. "I'd love to deepthroat you, but, sweetheart, I don't think I can get that thing all the way down my throat."

"Well, maybe I can give you a hand with that."

The teen's right hand reached out and firmly gripped the back of her head. He pulled her into him before stopping just in front of his cock. He didn't want to be that guy.

"If you're okay with it," he added.

Lisa reached behind her and removed his hand from her head before glaring up at him. "What did I just tell you? Huh? And what did I tell you last night?"

"Yeah, but, Ms. B, I don't want to make you do something you're not comfortable with."

She took a deep breath. Maybe she was the jaded one? The guys she dated and hooked up with weren't exactly gentlemen. Her urges and desires were usually pushed to the back-burner for their own needs, so perhaps that was why she was interpreting his chivalry for weakness? At the end of the day, Kevin was just looking out for her.

Lisa smiled up at him. "You're a sweetheart. You really are, you know that? Listen, while women don't want

to be forced to do things they aren't comfortable with, we also like when men take charge. Now, it's a fine line. Some girls like when you grab them by the head and make them choke on your dick, and others don't even want a hand anywhere near their head. You need to be able to read the girl you're with. You should know what kind of girl I am by now."

"You're probably more like the first kind..." he hesitantly answered.

"I'm more like the first kind," she verified with a big smile. "I want to make you happy. And if my boyfriend wants me to gag on his cock, then I'll gag on his cock."

What sounded better coming out of her mouth? That he was her boyfriend, or that she was going to gag on his cock? They were both pretty freakin' awesome, to be honest.

His hand found the back of her head once again and pulled that warm, wet hole back around his sensitive penis. Electricity was shooting throughout every inch of his body as he slowly moved her deeper and deeper. And the back of her throat was contracting the further he pushed into it as well. Now that amazing wet feeling was tight and gripping, only adding to the overwhelming sensation he was currently experiencing.

He released his hold at the first sound of gagging and was quickly met by a disappointed glance. Once again, Ms. B wasn't a happy camper.

"Did that feel good?"

Kevin nodded.

"Then why'd you let me go?" she asked.

"Because you were choking," he answered, not understanding her aggravation. "I don't want to hurt you."

Lisa took a moment to think of the best way to word her thoughts. She was just going to say it. That seemed to work pretty well last night. "You have two choices. You can be this timid little boy I'm looking at now. If that's what you want, then you can go grab your notebook and head on home. Now, if you want to be the man I know you're capable of being, then we're going to have an awesome day together. Because, Kevin, I'm getting tired of having to hold your hand through every step of the process. You aren't going to hurt me so stop worrying about that. What is it you want?"

Kevin gulped. "A blowjob..."

"And does it feel good when I take you deep?"

He nodded.

"So, what's the problem?" she asked. "Make me take you deep then."

"Even if you gag?"

She did her best to send a reassuring smile in his direction. "Honey, I want to gag on you. It makes me feel submissive. I love that! Now, make me choke on that big dick of yours before I run out of patience."

Kevin laughed to himself before gripping the back of Ms. B's head again. This woman was something else. He watched the majority of his penis disappear once more before the sounds of choking were accompanied by wads of spit falling from her mouth and landing on her bathrobe. Another glob of saliva fell to the hardwood floor as his hips gave the back of her throat a few quick pumps. He eased his hold to allow her to breathe.

"Perfect!" she immediately told him. "Yes! Oh my God, yes! I love that!" Her blue eyes were locked on his handsome face she found herself loving more and more with each passing second. "Make me choke on it again."

He didn't move. He was well aware as to what his friend's mom wanted by this point. She didn't just want him to be confident and dominant, but she wanted to be submissive as well. In theory, they should be a perfect match for each other, but he was still jumping mental hurdles in his head. Ms. B was too special to do something harmful to. He just had to find her line. And, well, maybe something would help him relax a little.

"Take your robe off."

She shot to feet and slipped out of her robe, throwing it over the stairway railing behind her. Seconds later she was kneeling in front of her boyfriend for the day. Something about that sounded good.

Kevin's plan had backfired: big time. Seeing Ms. B in her nightie was having the complete opposite effect on him than the one he anticipated. While it was far from the tightest or most revealing outfit he'd seen her in over the years, that tiny hint of cleavage was making his cock throb even more. And those sexy, tan, toned legs were making him feel weak before she dropped back down to her knees. The sudden urge to take control of this stunning woman overtook his body.

He thrust back inside her mouth, roughly pumping her throat as the sounds of gagging and choking filled the front entrance of the house. A few days ago he was leaning against this very same door while he waited for Scott to grab something from his room, now he was fucking Ms. B's mouth with his back pressed against that same wood. It's weird how fast things can change...

Lisa wrapped her right hand around her left waist and placed them on her back behind her. She wanted to send a clear message. This was the exact thing she craved and she by no means wanted it to stop. Feeling this previously shy high school kid control her mouth this way was exhilarating. She changed him! She took a cub and turned him into a lion.

"Fuck yeah, Ms. B..."

She wanted to scream! Did he really just grunt that at her as he continued to pump her throat? And what about those two handfuls of hair he was holding her up by? She felt like such a slut. But a good kind of slut. Being a slut for a guy who loves and respects you doesn't make you a slut at all. It just means that a really fun day is in store for everyone involved!

"You like gagging on that big cock?"

Lisa wanted nothing more than to tell him yes, but the big, fat piece of meat lodged down her throat was preventing her from doing that. Kevin's next girlfriend might like to give slow, reserved blowjobs, but maybe she wouldn't. So, Lisa was going to prepare him for every kind of woman. And she was going to have her personal needs attended to at the same time.

Her blue eyes were locked on him the entire time. No makeup, messy hair—and she still looked flawless. And she was even more perfect with his dick in her mouth. His thrusting came to a stop as he firmly pulled her into him, inching her cute little nose closer to his stomach. Her pulsating throat gave way to dimming eyes which caused him to release his grip.

Lisa's mouth sprang off of Kevin and quickly panted as she attempted to catch her breath. "Yes! Oh my God, Yes! That is—"

"Stick out your tongue."

He was interrupting her with orders now? This was the side of her son's friend that she wanted to see. Lisa quickly moved back in front of him and stuck out her tongue.

Kevin gripped his rock hard member and firmly slapped it down on the soft, wet surface.

Every part of Lisa was tingling and shivering now. Where in the world did he pick that move up from? Who knows, but she loved it! He was so hard and he was showing her that. And she was the one who made him that hard!

"Again!" she begged.

The head of his manhood slammed down on her accepting tongue once again before he watched that amazing mouth slide along the bottom of his cock and turn its attention to his balls. Sloppy kisses and long licks soon wet his testicles in an onslaught of pleasure. There wasn't one wasted movement from her mouth. Everything was done with the intent to please. And she was quite the expert in that field.

Ms. B's mouth moved back to the head of his penis as both her hands wrapped around his thick shaft. She simultaneously began sucking and stroking and Kevin quickly began seeing stars. He'd never felt anything like this before. Even the deepthroating didn't compare to the feel of her hands and mouth working together to get him off. And with how great this felt, the growing urge to cum was becoming too much.

"I'm gonna cum..."

She didn't stop for a single second. The first splash of cum hit her mouth and the deep, manly grunts coming from above only urged her to keep at it. Shot after shot of semen quickly followed as she desperately worked to drain every drop from his precious manhood. A dream girlfriend doesn't shy away from a mouthful of her man, and she was his dream girlfriend today.

The last burst of cum exploded from the unbelievably sensitive tip of Kevin's cock but Ms. B kept on sucking. She was relentless. Her mouth was a wanderer lost in the desert and his cock was the only source of water for miles around. He felt worshipped and cherished. This amazing woman treated his manhood like a prize, and in turn, it made him feel like a million dollars. He didn't want to come down from his high but the buzz from his orgasm was unfortunately subsiding. He glanced down to see those stunning eyes staring up at him.

Lisa opened her mouth and gave him a quick peek to show just how much had gathered inside. She swiftly swallowed before opening her mouth once again to reveal the end results.

It was empty.

"I only swallow guys I really, really care about," she smiled at him before wrapping her lips around his penis one last time to clean him off. Once she finished, she hopped to her feet and walked over to the stairs to grab her bathrobe. She slipped it back on and looked at her new boyfriend. "So, breakfast?"

Kevin was only staring at her, the door behind him keeping his drained body off the floor.

"Hey!" Lisa snapped her fingers. "You there? You want some breakfast, honey?"

He'd yet to move.

"Pancakes, french toast, eggs..." she offered.

The high school senior was still standing there, motionless.

"Cereal?" she asked. "I could go grab some donuts or something if you want too."

"You're awesome."

Well, that wasn't the breakfast choice she expected to hear. "What?"

"You're so awesome," Kevin repeated with a big smile on his face this time. "You're so beautiful, and nice, and smart..."

He was really doing this again? Didn't they already have this conversation last night? Not that Lisa was complaining. It wasn't like she was going to pass up the chance to be fawned over for the second time in the last thirteen hours.

"And that blowjob," he continued, glancing down at his wet cock, "was unreal."

Lisa smiled.

"You do so much for everyone else. Even your job. You're a secretary. You help other people for a living, and that really sums up the kind of person you are, doesn't it?"

Her eyes squinted. "What does that mean?"

"You take care of everyone else," Kevin explained. "What was last night about? Helping me become a good kisser. And what about right now? You're teaching me how to take charge and lead the way women want. But you want to know what the past two days haven't been about?"

Lisa had no idea.

Kevin smiled. "You. You just gave me a blowjob and then offered to make me breakfast? God...you're so amazing... It's time for things to be about you for a while."

"About me?"

He moved away from the door and approached his friend's mom. His hand reached out and intertwined with the fingers on her right hand. The teen was doing the one thing Ms. B had been repeatedly driving into his head—he was taking charge.

Lisa felt herself being pulled toward the stairs and willingly followed Kevin up the steps. "Where are we going?"

"To your bedroom, Ms. B. It's time for things to be about you."

Chapter 6 -- Giving Back.

The thrill of being led to her bedroom by an eighteen year old was almost overwhelming for the thirty-eight-year-old mom. There was naughtiness, there were taboo acts, and then there was this. How funny did he look naked with only his socks and sneakers on? But his goofiness was the last thing on Lisa's mind at the moment. She couldn't stop thinking about his last words. 'It's time for things to be about you.' What did that mean? Well, Lisa had a feeling that she was about to find out.

Her bedroom door opened as she followed her son's friend inside by the hand. Five teenage fingers found her shoulder and Lisa's bathrobe was swiftly discarded. She was back to only her nightie and the look on Kevin's face was sending chills down her spine.

Lisa's hands gripped the bottom of her nightwear and playfully raised it several inches up her thighs. Kevin had made his way to her bed and taken a seat on the edge of the mattress as her shoulders slowly began to move. Was she really doing this? Was she actually giving a silent striptease to a high schooler? Slow, methodical footsteps toward the stud sitting on the end of her bed answered that question as her eyes remained locked on Kevin's face.

"You're so hot."

Those words sent the mom into a trance. Lisa felt hot. Maybe all the praise over the past two days was getting to her head? Every time Kevin opened his mouth, part of her was desperate to live up to his acclaim. If he thought she was hot, then she wanted to be hot. She spun so her back was facing her bed and quickly lifted the bottom of her nightie, briefly flashing her panties to the teen sitting just a few feet to her rear.

"Jesus..."

But she wanted more. She wanted stronger and more passionate reactions from Kevin. And in order to get that, Lisa needed to up her game.

She spun back around so she was facing him once again. "I wanna be a bad girl today."

Kevin look surprised.

"Like, really, really bad," she continued before flashing him an innocent smirk. "But I just don't want to be a bad girl. I want to be your bad girl."

"Umm—"

"How's that sound?" Lisa cut off his hesitation. "I'm gonna be your little plaything today. I'm a bad girl and I deserve to be punished..."

Kevin immediately shook his head. "Nothing about you is bad. You're perfect. Now take that nightie off. Slowly..."

Lisa bit her lip in an effort to hide her smile. "But I don't wanna..."

"Excuse me?"

"I don't wanna take it off..." She fought off his request in a schoolgirl like cadence. Lisa knew that her big grin was giving away her attempt to act shy, but she really didn't care. The situation was too hot to stress about if her acting was up to par.

"Oh, is that right?" Kevin smiled.

Her eyes were locked on the hardwood floor below. "Bad girls do what they want..."

"Get over here."

She peered up at him. The index finger on his right hand was pointing to the floor at his feet. She responded with a quick shake of her head.

"I'm not asking."

This was the guy she wanted. A man who respected her, but at the same time, took control of the situation. That finger represented an order from her boyfriend and it was time for Lisa to start listening. She slowly approached Kevin and came to a stop just inches in front of him. Her eyelashes rapidly fluttered, doing their best to appear as innocent as possible.

Suddenly, Lisa felt a strong, warm hand on the exposed skin of her thigh. Kevin's palm and fingers were running along her smooth skin, exploring previously off-limit areas of her body. But then something changed. His touch vanished and now he was standing in front of her. Her eyes journeyed the half of foot skyward to his face to see him staring down at her. That stare slowly turned to a smirk.

His hand reached out and grabbed a handful of the back of her silk nightgown. His strong arm pulled her past him, sending her flying over the edge of the bed. There was confidence, and then there was pushing your friend's mom over the edge of her own mattress, and Lisa couldn't get enough of this dominant side of Kevin. Her feet were on the floor and her tummy was pressing against the sheets of her bed, and if all that wasn't good enough, a deep voice decided to speak up.

"Look at that ass..."

Lisa had an ear-to-ear smile as the left side of her face rested in the bed sheets. "I've seen you checking me out over the years."

"Is that right?"

"Mmm-hmm..." she playfully responded. "I like to tease you. I bend over in front of you for a reason. Because I'm a bad girl..."

His hand methodically grazed along her fit, toned thighs and trekked toward the finish line. Her gown was raised over her butt and a little pair of black lace panties were doing their best to cover the world's most treasured jewel, but their efforts were in vain. The bottom of those perky cheeks were fully exposed to his

accepting young eyes and he was soaking up every inch of their purity. This wasn't anything like his view inside the laundry room yesterday. His fingers were only inches away from the rump which had been on his mind for eleven years. Physics didn't apply to what he was gazing at. Two perfectly molded cheeks were seconds away from feeling his touch.

Kevin's palm grasped the bottom of her left butt cheek and gave it a firm squeeze. Her skin was melting in his fingers. Her backside was a liquid and his hand was a container. Every clutch of her ass caused her meat to take a new shape inside his grip. Ms. B's body was sculpted for his hold, and he could bend and shape her in any way he pleased.

"Oh!" Lisa called out.

The mute, gentle worship of her tush was replaced by a firm slap. But then it was back. That dominant hand of his moved to her other cheek and began giving it the attention it deserved. She worked so hard to stay in shape and Kevin was appreciating her. He was caressing and fondling her body. Her son's best friend was making her feel like a goddess, and Lisa was eager to ride this high for as long as she could.

But as much as he loved Ms. B's butt, there was another part of her that had been on his mind for over a decade. He slipped her gown further up until it moved past her shoulders. He immediately paused.

No bra.

Her chest was buried in the mattress below, hiding his childhood fantasy from his eyes. The teen raised the rest of the nightie over her long, elegant dark hair and tossed the dress off to the side. He had her. He finally had Ms. B all to himself. A small, simple pair of black lace panties were the only thing keeping this amazing woman from her most raw, natural self.

His hands slid along her back to feel all of her strong muscles. She was a queen. She was the closest thing to perfection he'd encountered during his eighteen years of existence. Every inch of her skin was a gift that made his body feel electric. The little scar on her shoulder blade was a cherished painting in his eyes. He just wanted more of her.

"Stand up."

That wasn't what Lisa wanted to hear. As much as she loved being worshiped, another part of her desired to be ravished. In fact, no words being exchanged over the next five or so minutes would've been ideal. What she really craved was to have her panties pulled to the side and for his thick meat to sink inside her. Raw, animalistic, aggressive sex while her face was pressed into her mattress—now that was control. That was a man acting like a man. But at the end of the day, he was the one calling the shots.

Lisa reluctantly stood and turned to face him.

Kevin's heart was beating out of his chest. How was every part of her better than the last? Two big, teardrop breasts were positioned over a perfectly flat, fit tummy. Small areolas and little erect nipples only made her chest appear that much larger. No part of his ex-girlfriend's body possessed the perk or youthfulness of his friend's thirty-eight-year-old mom. All he could do was run his hand through his hair as he looked on in amazement: speechless.

Her hands found her hips as she sported a pose for the flabbergasted teen. "So?"

"You're perfect."

"Well, thank you," Lisa smiled. "That's very nice of you to say."

He briskly shook his head. "I'm not trying to be nice. You're just...perfect."

Lisa blushed.

"I want you up on the bed," Kevin instructed. "On your back."

She flashed him a disappointed glance. "What's wrong with me being bent over it?"

"Come on, let's go," he ordered, pointing at the mattress. "Get up there."

Her eyes rolled before she hopped up on the bed. Well, apparently there's no such thing as a perfect guy.

Forty-five minutes later...

Lisa was wrong. There was a such thing as a perfect guy, and he just so happened to have his face buried between her legs for the past forty-five minutes.

Kevin still couldn't believe that he'd been momentarily caught off-guard forty-five minutes earlier. Ms. B followed his directions and lied flat on her back with her head resting in her pillows. He remembered reading somewhere on the internet that women don't like when you get right to it, but prefer a slow, sensual buildup, so that was what he did. He showered Ms. B's smooth, soft legs with passionate kisses as his mouth worked down to her toes. Each and every one of them received the proper amount of individual attention inside his mouth before he slowly crept back up to those sexy black panties.

Her inner-thighs were next in line to be adored and worshipped before his tongue took over and slid along her fit, toned stomach. The faint trail of saliva which was left on her tummy resulted in a girlish giggle out of the mom. That captivating titter only encouraged him to spend another few minutes worshipping her phenomenal midsection, but another part of her was waiting...

It wasn't long before his lips gently clamped around her erect nipple. Her whimpers grew in strength as his playful licking and fondling turned to strong sucking. Flashbacks of last night quickly entered his mind. If she loved having her lower lip bit, maybe she would feel the same way about her breasts? A boy would ask, while a man would go for it and react accordingly. His teeth softly locked around her hardened nipple and gave it a gentle bite. His bite turned to light nibbles as Ms. B's gasps grew stronger and her hands gripped his hair. He was making this woman squirm! Kevin's mouth stayed locked on her left breast while his free hand fondled and squeezed her right one.

This kid was a natural. Her body was being poked by pins and needles as her sensitive breasts were being properly attended to. And she didn't even have to say anything! He just knew! Her moans were providing adequate feedback but this was still a teaching lesson at the end of the day. Verbal communication was part of the deal.

"That feels so good, baby."

Kevin's mouth temporarily paused. Baby? She called him baby? His lips wasted little time in picking back up where they left off before her pet name had caught his attention. He loved being called baby. That was a name reserved for someone you really care about, and she was showing him just how special he was to her. But as much as he loved her breasts (and boy did he love 'em), that perfect neck was begging for his tongue once again.

He slithered up to her head and planted his lips on her neck, his rock hard cock pressing against her bare thigh as a faint smell of vanilla permeated to the sensory cells inside his nose. She didn't even have perfume or makeup on and she still smelled good. Maybe it was just her natural odor. His mouth moved to her ear and gave her lobe a light nibble before speaking up.

"I've wanted to do something for a long time."

"Oh yeah?" Lisa moaned, still riding high from the attention her body was getting courtesy of her son's friend's hands and mouth. "And what's that?"

"I want to taste you."

Those five words sent a jolt through Lisa's blood. He wanted to taste her? As if having her body worshipped wasn't enough, now they were really going to get intimate with each other. His warm breath faded from her ear and suddenly her panties were being pulled down. Her cotton underwear quickly found

the floor and his mouth began working its way back up, kissing and licking every part of her skin in the process.

Of course Ms. B looked like this. Why wouldn't she? She was completely clean-shaven without a hint of a hair to be seen. Small, trim, inviting pink vaginal lips were next in line to greet his eyes. Ten minutes of kissing, licking, and sucking all over her body resulted in a glistening glow to her flawless vagina. She was wet. And she was wet for him!

His lips moved to her inner-thighs before he allowed his warm breath to graze over her pussy and still hidden clit. Every second of teasing was causing her body to squirm and move all over the bed. He didn't need feedback to jot that mental note down. Girls like to be teased before you get down to business. Make sure to never forget that.

Kevin was in heaven the moment his tongue finally touched her labia. Rachel didn't have a taste to her. There was a plain, nonexistent flavor to his ex-girlfriend. It was like he was licking his forearm when he went down on her. Not that he minded it, but what he was currently experiencing was the complete opposite.

Ms. B tasted sweet.

His tongue was taken to a world of nectar and citrus. Was it her health nut lifestyle? Maybe all those fruits she was always eating were responsible for her incredible flavor. Whatever it was, he could make a habit of tasting her. But her sweetness wasn't the most intoxicating part of her.

It was her moans.

He gently pulled back her clitoral hood to reveal that little button of nerve endings. His mouth explored all around her clit, fueled by her increasingly loud whimpers and cries. Kevin couldn't wait any longer. He needed to take this woman to the pinnacle to sexual bliss.

"Yessssssss... Just like that..." Lisa coached as his tongue swept across her aching clit for the first time. Fifteen minutes of growing sexual lust and intense buildup were finally coming to fruition. That taboo tongue was causing her body to shiver and shake as his hand began to wander along her stomach. Teaching him how to take care of a woman wasn't going to be difficult. He had a gift.

But that was almost forty minutes and three orgasms ago. Kevin was what Lisa would label as a 'fast learner.' Sure, from what she could tell he was naturally good in bed, but he picked up on every little detail and hint she threw out for him. A 'that feels good' would result in him immediately adding whatever caused that pleasure into his repertoire. A loud moan kept his tongue exactly where it was. She even walked him through using his fingers and it may as well have been second nature to him. Her son's friend was going to make some eighteen-year-old girl very happy in the future, but for the rest of her Saturday, Lisa was going to enjoy her boyfriend all to herself.

She grabbed two handfuls of his brown hair and roughly squeezed. That warm, tingling feeling was shooting through her feet again as his tongue rapidly lapped at her clit. But even stronger than that was the sensation of his arms wrapped around her legs. He had her under his control. Kevin wasn't acting like a tentative little boy; he was acting like a man. He was listening to her feedback and what she wanted, but at the same time, he was controlling the situation. It was exactly the kind of guy Lisa wanted him to be.

Her thighs were next to experience that overwhelming warmth as it quickly moved to the depths of her empty stomach. Suddenly, her chest was on fire. She wanted to scream. This was even more powerful than her previous three explosions. Every thought in her brain promptly went blank as the heat reached her forehead and Lisa lost all control.

"Oh my God!!"

She was cumming again! Kevin dove headfirst into the situation with a 'fake it till you make it' attitude. He'd given oral sex a few times but he never really knew what he was doing. Rachel wasn't one to provide much feedback. He knew that it was hard to go wrong with clitoral stimulation but listened and read Ms. B's body for how she reacted. And, hey, it sure the hell was working. The world's most amazing woman

was cumming in his mouth for the fourth time because he was communicating with her.

The hair on his head felt like it was being torn out of his scalp but he didn't care. Ms. B could pull as hard as she wanted. Her body was raving and twisting in pleasure and those previous moans had turned to screams. This was the pinnacle of power. To be able to make someone you care about feel this way was life-changing. She'd done so much for him over these past eleven years, so being able to give back even a fraction of that affection was compelling.

Kevin pulled back after Ms. B's screeching finally calmed. Her hair was messy, drool was running down her chin and neck, and her immaculate vagina had a shiny sparkle to it thanks to his mouth. Her fit body appeared even more toned, and her heaving breasts even more flawless now that he saw her in this light. Ms. B wasn't some mythical creature; she was a woman. She was a woman with needs and he was lucky enough to be the guy taking care of them.

Lisa's hectic pants eventually gave way to normal breathing. It took a few minutes but she was feeling like herself again. "Amazing. Kevin... Kevin that was amazing."

"Anything in particular that felt good?"

"Everything," Lisa quickly answered. "Everything felt amazing. Do exactly what you did on me to your next girlfriend and she'll do anything for you. Believe me."

Kevin was all smiles.

The mom's eyes left her ceiling and moved to the ecstatic teen who was now kneeling on the bed in front of her. "Is there anything else you want help with?"

He grinned.

"Anything at all," she added.

"Go put some yoga pants on."

Lisa's eyebrows perked up. "What?"

"Go put some yoga pants on," Kevin repeated. "Black ones."

"You...you want me to get dressed?"

The high school senior nodded.

"Oh...okay." Lisa hopped off the bed, fairly confused by what she'd just heard. The last thing she'd expected was to be told to get dressed. "Just yoga pants?"

He pondered her question for a moment. "Black thong, black yoga pants, and that pink tank top you love to wear."

She skipped over to her dresser to find the outfit her son's friend wanted. While this wasn't the direction she saw the morning headed in, Lisa was always ready to play dress-up. What girl wasn't? She slipped into a clean thong before a fresh pair of tight, black yoga pants followed. Her favorite pink spaghetti strap tank top put the finishing touches on her outfit.

"I think part of me just died."

Lisa curiously glanced over at Kevin who was now standing just to the side of her bed. "Huh?"

"You were naked and then I had you get dressed," he laughed. "Maybe I'm an idiot but there's something I've always wanted to do."

Excitement was growing deep inside Lisa but she couldn't bite her tongue any longer. "I can't get over

how ridiculous you look."

Kevin glanced down his naked body to see his stiff erection standing at full attention. He was so caught up in the moment that he'd forgotten to take off his sneakers. "No good?" he sarcastically asked.

"Naked with shoes on?" Lisa snickered. "Yeah, no good..."

He smiled at his buddy's mom before pointing at the door. "Follow me."

She followed him out the door and down the stairs. He kicked off his sneakers and socks at the front door before getting dressed in his basketball shorts and t-shirt. Were they going somewhere? They had to be, right? Lisa had been lying naked on her bed just a few minutes ago and now they were both dressed downstairs. This certainly wasn't typical eighteen year old behavior.

She trailed him along the hallway and eventually into the kitchen. "Oh, you're hungry? Why didn't you just say something? So, what sounds good, sweetheart?"

Kevin only smiled at her.

"What?" she curiously asked. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"You have any fruit salad?"

She shook her head. "No, I haven't gotten around to cutting up the stuff I bought yesterday. Do you want some fruit salad?"

Kevin nodded.

Lisa hustled over to the kitchen counter and pulled out a cutting board. A long, sharp knife joined the marble surface where a watermelon, two pineapples, and a container of kiwi were waiting. She rolled the watermelon onto the board and sliced into it with her blade.

"So, that was fun."

Her head turned to see Kevin sitting at his usual spot at the kitchen table. "Yeah, you could say that again. I wish guys my age gave oral like that. You were unbelievable."

The teen had a big grin on his face as his eyes did what they always had over the past eleven years of his life. They stared at that perfect ass of Ms. B's.

"You have no idea how many times I've sat in this very seat and watched you in the kitchen," he told her. "I watched this amazing woman, make this awesome meals, all while looking so sexy."

She shot him a smile before continuing her mission to slice up the watermelon as fast as she could. Kevin shouldn't have to wait after what he just did for her. After all, she was still feeling giddy from that last orgasm.

"There is this one thing I've always wanted to do though."

"Oh yeah? What's that?" Lisa asked with her back turned to the kitchen table. Quick, quiet footsteps barely captured her attention as she sliced into another part of the succulent fruit in front of her. Suddenly, she wasn't alone.

"Oh!"

Kevin was pressed against Ms. B's back, his half hard cock pushing into her butt through his shorts. His arms ran along the outside of her body before his hands found the countertop surface. He was doing the one thing he'd always fantasized about. He had his dream woman trapped in his hold as his lips found her neck. Soft, cute giggles had his manhood rock hard before he could even open his mouth to speak. She was nonchalantly cutting up fruit for him while he pressed into her like she was his girlfriend. And for

today at least, she was his girl.

His mouth found her ear. "There's one last thing on my list."

"And what's that?"

His right hand slid the cutting board and fruit off to the side. The long, sharp knife followed until the countertop in front of them was completely clear. He leaned back and gave her shoulder a light push. It didn't take much to send Ms. B sprawling over the marble surface. It was almost like she was waiting for it.

Lisa felt her yoga pants and thong swiftly yanked down and the big head of her son's friend's cock rub along the length of her still moist pussy lips. Her attempt to step out of her clothes was derailed by an overwhelming sensation of fullness. Kevin didn't care that her pants and underwear were down around her knees. The stud behind her didn't have time for minuscule problems like those. He saw something that he had to have, and he was taking it.

A loud groan escaped from his lips as his thick cock sank inside the one place he always deemed off-limits. This incredible woman was amazing in bed, she tasted sweet, so why wouldn't she feel like this too? He shouldn't have been surprised; but he was. Ms. B gripped him like a glove as his throbbing erection explored the depths of her inviting hole. He was being hugged from every direction. Everything was tight, wet, and warm, and her ridges were sending electricity throughout his manhood. And having her bent over the counter while she was still partially dressed only made everything that much hotter. Over a decade of fantasies were coming to life and he was going to enjoy every second of it. Because something told him that he didn't have too many of those seconds left.

His pace picked up as the sounds of his balls slamming into her pussy quickly echoed throughout the kitchen. One hand on her hip, one on her clothed shoulder, and his penis in the most wonderful place on the planet. Life didn't get any better than this.

"Harder."

Kevin's ears perked up at the sound of Ms. B's request. There was a desperation deep inside him to impress her. It'd always been there, and his new confident demeanor didn't change that. His fingers sank further into her body as he began hammering into her.

"Harder!" she loudly demanded with the left side of her face buried against the countertop. "Fuckin' give it to me!"

Did Ms. B just swear? And she said fuck! Well, it looks like someone was letting loose. He wanted in on this.

"You like that?"

"I love it, baby!" she enthusiastically replied. "I've been a bad girl!"

Kevin's face lit up. "Fucking your son's friend like a little slut."

Her blue eye found his face as a grin overtook her mouth. "I need to be punished, Daddy..."

He wasn't going to last much longer so she was going to get everything he had. His pelvis thrust into her plump, toned backside as his cock continued its mission to touch every part of her heavenly pussy. She felt like a velvet. Like one-of-a-kind velvet from some hidden part of the world that only he had access to. It was a feeling he wanted entrance to twenty-four seven. His left hand joined his right as he firmly gripped her shoulders in an attempt to impale her.

Multiple oral orgasms always caused Lisa to explode fairly quickly when she had sex, but it'd been so long since a guy made her cum that she'd forgotten about that trait of hers. Her right hand slipped down to her clit and began feverishly rubbing herself. Two big, full balls slamming into her hand while she did it only turned her on that much more. Kevin was a stud. She wanted it harder, and now she was getting the

hardest pounding of her life. In the kitchen of all places!

Lisa had one special talent that she reserved for special occasions. Years ago her girlfriend introduced her to kegels and they quickly became a staple in her daily routine. There are numerous health benefits attached to the exercises, but what they did in the bedroom was by far her favorite part. She could give herself mind-blowing orgasms during intercourse. Now, it was a two-way street. Her pelvic muscles would contract around the penis that was inside her, and in turn cause her partner to instantly cum almost every time. That kind of power over a man was exhilarating, but she didn't want to make Kevin orgasm before she got to the finish line first.

Long, hard strokes combined with her fingers hastily rubbing her clit had her right on the edge. She was moments away now. And who better of a guy to experience what she was about to do than Kevin? Her muscles flexed, causing her vagina to tighten and immediately feel smaller. The increased amount of friction resulted in an almost deafening grunt from the teen behind her.

"Inside me!" Lisa begged before feeling her body lose all control and become engulfed by that warmth again.

Kevin was a goner. Ms. B had clamped down on his cock and her insides were now pulsating around his manhood. Every bump and ridge of her perfect pussy was magnified as she came on his penis. An explosion of love, lust, and power, burst from the tip of his manhood and propelled into her welcoming womb. Rope after rope of his seed filled her insides as the two came together. Years of passion, and desire, and flirting all came out in that one single connecting moment. Ms. B didn't feel like his friend's mom or even his girlfriend: she felt like his lover.

Her vagina released the strong hold it had on his manhood and allowed him to slide out, sending a steady flow of cum along with him. It dripped down onto the kitchen floor and the clothes which were still wrapped around her knees.

Kevin smiled at the exhausted woman still bent over in front of him. "Let me grab a towel."

Lisa attempted to turn but held onto the counter for dear life. Her right hand reached out and gave her son's friend the stop sign as she took a moment to collect herself. Her insides were still on fire.

"You..you just...just sit..."

"At the table?" he asked.

She swallowed in an effort to regain her bearings. Four strong orgasms and one earth-shattering one can take a while to come down from. "Yeah...table...at the table. Breakfast... I'm gonna make...make you breakfast."

"I can help if you—"

"No!" she interrupted, her mind finally clearing. "You just sit. I'm making you breakfast."

Kevin pulled up his shorts and headed over to the kitchen table to take a seat. He watched Ms. B hustle out of the kitchen and up the stairs, her legs still somewhat wobbly, before returning in a new pair of gray yoga pants.

"Still want fruit salad?" she asked before strutting back over to the counter.

"If you're making it," he nodded. "French toast sounds pretty good too."

She quickly moved over to the refrigerator to retrieve a loaf of bread and some eggs. "So, does my boyfriend have anything else planned for us today?"

Kevin smiled as he peered into the kitchen. "I was thinking about a hike."

"I'd love to go for a hike!" Lisa energetically replied. "But make sure it's a short one! I wanna get back

here before noon!"

He couldn't believe what he was hearing. She sounded just like Scott.

She cracked an egg into a bowl before grinning back at the table. "Because, sweetheart, you still have a lot to learn..."

Friends of the Younger Variety

by [mt44](#)©

*A huge thanks to **SckMyFck** for editing this.*

Some of you may recognize this story. It was one of the first things I wrote, and to be completely honest, it's my personal favorite. However, it was riddled with grammar errors and typos. I decided to resubmit the story instead of only editing it since I ended up rewriting significant portions as well. It's a long one (39,000 words). Enjoy.

Chapter 1 -- Porn with Breakfast.

"Put some clothes on."

Jen stopped in her tracks and turned to look back at her husband. "Excuse me?"

"Put something on that's more appropriate for a woman your age," Mike huffed before going back to reading his newspaper.

Jen glared at him as a thousand different thoughts rifled through her head. His negative comments no longer caught her off guard and this really wasn't different from any other day. Daily insults and criticisms from her husband had become the norm. No matter what she did, no matter what she changed in herself, nothing seemed to make him happy.

It all started three years ago. Jen couldn't have asked for a better marriage. They had a beautiful fifteen-year-old son who was a bright boy and a promising athlete. She had a great job she loved and a family she cared about, but something changed in Mike. She felt him become cold. The deep

conversations they used to have turned into short, one and two word answers. The amazing sex they enjoyed several times a week turned into a mediocre lay once a month at the most. Her husband barely even acknowledged she was alive at this point unless it was to criticize her.

She could still remember the exact moment everything changed. They'd planned on going out to get a bite to eat on a Wednesday night. She was applying her makeup in the bathroom when her husband came in to use the toilet. He attempted to squeeze between her butt and the wall instead of waiting for her to finish.

"I can barely get by this giant ass," Mike commented as he pushed his way through.

It wasn't a playful, fun comment. Nor was it a sexy way of telling her how much he loved her big butt. It was intended to hurt her and that's exactly what it did. Jen played nice when they went out to eat that night, but when they arrived home, she scurried down into the basement and cried. She couldn't comprehend why the man she loved had turned into a different person. Why did he suddenly want to hurt her? Why had he lost all interest in her? It had to be something she was doing. She knew she'd let herself go a bit over the past few years. She didn't have the tight, toned body she possessed when they first started dating. But how could she? She worked forty hours a week, ran a household pretty much by herself, and drove her son to all his sporting events and activities. But she knew that she was responsible for her weight gain as well. No one was forcing her to eat fast food and no one was preventing her from going to the gym. And at that moment while crying in the basement alone, Jen decided to change her life.

She was going to win back her husband.

That night she sat in front of her computer and wrote down five pages of notes on what to eat. Her morning bowl of cereal was going to be replaced by a smoothie consisting of kale, carrots, celery, and a variety of fruits, her afternoon fast food was going to be replaced by a fresh salad without the ranch dressing she loved to drench it in, and while her son and husband were eating pizza, tacos, or Chinese for dinner, she was going to be having baked chicken and mixed vegetables.

Jen also joined her son's gym the following morning. She printed out pages of lower body and butt toning exercises. She was going to replace her fat, jiggly backside with a firm, toned behind. Her body was going to become irresistible to Mike. He was going to be getting into trouble at work for showing up late because he just couldn't keep his hands off her in the mornings. Their son was going to yell at them to keep it down at night because they'd be having the wild, passionate sex they once had. It was all going to change.

But nothing did change. Three years went by and Mike never came around. She went through his phone, computer, and even followed him around for a short period of time to catch him having an affair. It was the only possible explanation to his complete change in behavior. But he was clean and she was officially out of solutions. This was the man that she was married to now. A man who seemingly hated her guts.

"How's this inappropriate?" Jen asked as she looked down at her outfit. She was wearing tight, black yoga pants and a gray tank top with spaghetti straps. She liked the way she looked. Her arms

and shoulders were toned and lean, her stomach was flat with a hint of abs beginning to show, and her legs and butt were muscular and strong from the countless hours she put in at the gym every week. Three consecutive years of healthy eating and working out had transformed her body, and she liked to show it off.

"Honestly?" Mike asked, peering over his paper once again to address his wife. "You're dressing like an eighteen year old but you're forty-two."

Jen rolled her eyes. "So?"

"So, leave those outfits to the eighteen year olds who can pull them off," he told her as he walked over to the counter with his empty cereal bowl and placed it in the sink.

"I can't pull this off?" she asked. It'd been years since he'd worked out or ate anything healthy. Who the hell was he to tell her what she could wear? Jen would bet anything that she was stronger than her flabby, pudgy husband any day of the week.

"Let's not go there," Mike snickered. He collected his briefcase and strolled toward the front door with his business attire on. "I'll be home late!" he yelled before closing the door behind him.

Jen took several deep breaths but her fingernails continued to rapidly tap on the marble kitchen counter. "Relax..." she quietly said to herself. She was trying her best to push her anger deep down.

Everywhere she went she saw out of shape women. Women who looked like she had three years ago. When she really thought about it, she didn't know of any other ladies in their forties who looked as good as she did. The most amazing part of it all was despite her toned, lean body, her big butt hadn't gone away. She originally thought that perhaps her backside was the culprit as to why her husband was so harsh on her, but after looking on the internet, Jen discovered that her big butt was the number one turn on for most men. When she was growing up women did everything they could to get rid of their big asses. Now women were doing everything they could to try to have one like hers. Yet for some reason, Mike still didn't appreciate her body. And it seemed worse since she lost all the weight. It was almost as if he resented her now.

Jen glanced down at her list of errands. She had the day off from work but like usual, it was up to her to do all the shopping and housework. Her finger tapping on the counter grew louder as her anger slowly began to burn inside her again.

"Hey, Mom!" Dan smiled as he made his way into the kitchen. He grabbed a cereal bowl from the cabinet and gave his mother a kiss on the cheek.

"Hey, sweetheart," Jen smiled back. She watched him pour himself breakfast with a gleam in her eye.

Dan was the saving grace of the household for Jen. He was everything she'd ever wanted in a son. And despite it being years at this point, she still couldn't get over how much he'd changed. He looked completely different from only a few years ago. His once lanky body was now filled out and

full of muscles, and his former baby face had been replaced by a rough, manly scruff. The scrawny, somewhat awkward teen had flourished into quite the stud over the past few years, but he was going off to college soon, having been accepted on a scholarship to a university several hours away just like his friends. So, it was just going to be her and her husband all alone in less than a year.

"Aren't you gonna be late for work?" he asked his mom, wondering why she wasn't getting ready like she usually did at this time.

She held up a piece of paper which contained a long list of errands. "Off today, honey. As you can see, I'm going to have a fun day..." she sarcastically added.

He continued to devour his morning cereal. "That sucks. By the way, Coach Perla gave us the weekend off so is it cool if the guys come over after school?"

The football team had a rare Thursday game last night instead of their usual Friday night games. With a bye week looming, their coach decided to give them a few days off as a reward for last night's stellar effort.

"You know your friends are always welcome in this house," Jen smiled. At this point, she probably saw more of her son's friends than she did of her own husband. And if Jen was being completely honest, a bunch of shirtless, in shape, eighteen-year-old football players always using their pool wasn't the worst thing in the world to look at.

"And we might be going to a party tonight too. That's cool, right?"

"Sure, baby," Jen responded. "As long as you follow the rule."

"I know, Mom..." he rolled his eyes as he finished the last of his cereal. "No drinking and driving."

She smirked while he lifted the bowl to his mouth and downed the remaining milk. "Maybe I'll come along with you. It's been a long time since I've had some fun."

It was an obvious joke but part of her really meant it. She never did anything with Mike anymore. They never went out to eat, he refused to go to concerts, and he definitely never wanted to go to any of her friend's parties. In fact, attending their son's sporting events was the only thing they ever did together anymore.

"Don't tell my friends that," Dan laughed. He stood up and walked toward the dishwasher to place his bowl inside. "They might just take you up on it."

"Huh?"

"They might invite you if you ask" he clarified himself as he rummaged through the pantry, apparently not satisfied from his cereal.

"There are protein bars in the back," she stated while observing him rifling through bags of cereal

and boxes of oatmeal. "And I'm sure your friends would love for some old lady to be hanging out with them."

He re-emerged from the pantry with a protein bar in hand. "First off, you're not an old lady. That's ridiculous. And secondly, if you only knew the shit I have to hear because of the way you look..."

"The way I look?" Jen asked.

"Umm, yeah, the way you look," he responded.

"What's wrong with the way I look?" she asked with a curious face.

The teen bit into his breakfast and leaned back against the counter. "There's nothing wrong with the way you look. It just isn't exactly like the other moms."

Dan took a deep gaze at his mother. Even without makeup she was gorgeous. She had long, wavy blonde hair which ran down past her shoulders. Her piercing blue eyes only accentuated her youthful looking face, and her body was unlike any of the women her own age. Actually, it was unlike any of the women his age. Her flat, toned stomach only helped to bring out her full, sizable breasts. And her legs and butt were something his buddies were constantly reminding him about. He couldn't blame them though. If she was one of his friend's moms, he would be saying the same exact things.

Jen curiously stared at her son, still wondering what the problem was with the way she looked.

He glanced down at the floor. "It's just...they uhh...they like to bust my balls about it. It's not a big deal."

"Bust your balls?" she asked. Her always cool, confident son now had a bashful redness to his face. "Like, how?"

"Well..." Dan continued, "I...I constantly have to hear about how hot you are..."

Jen tried to hide her smile. On the outside she remained calm and collected. But on the inside? On the inside she was jumping up and down. A school full of teenagers were fantasizing about her? She knew her husband was the crazy one!

"...and sometimes they like to go into graphic detail..."

"What do they say?" she inquired. She was doing her best to conceal her overwhelming excitement.

"I'll spare you the details," Dan groaned as he picked up his backpack and checked to make sure he had all his books. "Let's just say I always have to hear about how you're the school milf."

A confused look grew across her face. "Milf? What's a milf?"

"Are you serious?" he laughed. "You don't know what a milf is? What year is it?"

"Umm...is it something I should know?" Jen asked while watching her son zip his backpack shut.

"Not really," Dan told her. "Well, I guess you are kind of one so maybe, but none of this really matters anyway, so, no."

"Well, what does it mean then?"

He approached his mother and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "Listen, Mom, I'm gonna be late and never in a million years did I think I'd be having this conversation with you, so I'll let you figure it out on your own."

Jen followed her son to the front door and watched him walk out to his car that was parked in the driveway.

"Have a good day, Mom!" Dan yelled. He opened the driver's side door and waved back toward the house.

"You too, baby!" Jen shouted. She made sure her son safely backed out of the driveway before locking the front door.

"Milf...milf...milf..." she muttered to herself as she hiked back into the kitchen. "What the hell is a milf?"

She picked up her phone and opened the browser. "M...i...l...f," she said aloud as she typed the word into the search engine.

MILF is an acronym that stands for Mother/Mom/Mama I'd Like to Fuck. The phrase's usage has gone from relatively obscure to mainstream in the media and entertainment.

"Mother I'd like to fuck..." Jen grinned, scrolling down the page to see numerous x-rated links. One of them promptly caught her attention. It was titled, 'hottest milf videos,' and led to a porn website.

"I fuckin' knew it was Mike," she quietly told herself while clicking on the link. Her son was always going to tell her how beautiful she was. That was what a good son did after all. But an entire school of boys telling him how hot his mom was? That wasn't something to scoff at.

She read the title of the first video out loud to herself. "Milf gets her cougar ass pounded by a big, young cock." She found herself exploring the world of porn more and more over the past few years. She had to since her husband didn't want anything to do with her physically anymore, but this entire genre of older women and younger men had never come across her radar until now.

The video opened with a shot of a backyard in a very expensive looking house. A beautiful inground pool led to a barbecue where a handsome young man appeared to be grilling something.

"Ah, what the hell," Jen smiled before walking to the kitchen table to retrieve her earbuds. She wasn't going to hurt anyone by watching a little porn, but she still didn't feel comfortable with the sound on in her empty house for some reason.

She trekked back to the kitchen counter and popped the headphones into her phone before slipping them into her ears. The screen found its way to her face as she settled in.

The video resumed with an older blonde woman who had a body similar to Jen's. She was wearing a skimpy bikini and her big butt and toned body were the focus of the shot. The only difference between the actress and Jen, was Jen didn't have the over-the-top breast implants this female performer possessed. The blonde swiftly strutted out of the house and made her way to the grilling area.

"Thanks so much for manning the grill," she said to the actor in a sultry tone. "It turns out that both my son and husband won't be back for a few more hours."

Jen rolled her eyes at the horrific porn acting and bad dialogue. But that disgust was short-lived. The camera panned to the young stud who was manning the grill, and she quickly found herself in a more forgiving mood.

The early twenties looking man had a shaved head and was completely ripped. He was now standing in front of the grill in just his swimming trunks despite the fact he was wearing a grill apron in the opening shot, but she was more than willing to let that editing error slide as she took in the sight of his bulging muscles and chiseled abs.

"No problem, Mrs. Fox," the actor responded before closing the grill. "These are probably thirty minutes or so from being done. You have any idea what we can do to pass the time?"

She chuckled at the awful setup as she looked to see how long the scene was. She still had thirty-one minutes to go. Jen decided to advance to the eight minute mark to see if things had picked up.

"Okay now..." Jen smiled as the milf was now on her knees, sliding her tongue along the thick shaft of the extremely hung young man. She promptly found her hand sliding under her tank top and drifting toward one of her rapidly hardening nipples.

The porn actress moved her mouth down to the man's rather large testicles and rapidly swirled her tongue along them.

"Suck my balls, Mrs. Fox," he told the milf which resulted in her quickly opening her mouth to accept one of his nuts inside.

Jen let out a quiet moan as she gave her hard nipple a soft pull. Watching this forty-something-year-old porn star slurp and slobber on the huge cock of this young stud was tapping into a previously unknown fantasy of hers.

She set the phone down on the counter so she could use both of her hands. Her previously free right

hand was now being used to play with the sensitive areas behind her ear and along her neck. She found herself closing her eyes, envisioning one of the muscular hunks at the gym pulling her into the men's locker room. It was like she could touch the muscles and the abs of the fictional college stud while she gave him the best blowjob of his life. The kind of blowjob only an experienced woman could give. She could taste his thick cock in her mouth as she felt the stud's legs begin to shake. Jen's left hand drifted to the top of her yoga pants and slowly began working its way inside.

"Yeah, let me eat that pussy."

"Ah, shit..." groaned Jen. Nothing took her out of a porn scene like oral sex being given to a female. She wasn't sure if the porn guys genuinely couldn't eat pussy, or if the need to show the camera what was going on always made it look so awkward and uncomfortable. These guys would just stab their tongues at their partner's clit and there were few things that turned her off more than seeing that.

Enough with the crappy oral sex. She was in the mood for something rough. The title, "milf gets her cougar ass pounded by a big, young cock," gave the impression that this mom was in for quite the walloping, but she'd been fooled by misleading porn titles before. She jumped forward to the twenty-six minute mark.

"There we go..." she smiled to herself as the couple was now having sex on a couch inside the house. The milf was on all fours and the actor was behind her with his knee on the couch, and his other foot standing on the floor to give himself more leverage as he thrustured into his partner. It was the exact way she liked to be fucked. It was also the exact way she hadn't been screwed in God knows how long.

"You like that big, young cock?" the actor asked his older co-star before beginning to hammer away at her. She watched him reach out and grab a handful of the woman's hair before giving it a firm yank back.

Jen felt a tingle flow throughout her body. Her right hand was now down inside her yoga pants as she gave her clit a few light rubs through her soft cotton panties. Her left hand was busy rubbing her inner thighs, something she always did while she played with herself.

"You fuckin' love that huge, young cock, don't you?" the male porn star asked again as they continued to go at it doggy style. When the milf attempted to answer the stud's question, the young man gave her hair a hard pull, causing the woman to respond with only a loud shriek due to the jerking of her neck.

"Oh my God..." Jen quietly moaned to herself. Her fingers had ventured inside her panties and were circling her clit. She loved teasing herself right before the fun started.

"All you milfs love big dick," the porn hunk stated over the sound of his balls loudly slapping against her pussy after each and every rough thrust forward. "Maybe I'll invite some of my buddies over here to have some fun with you too."

Her eyes rolled back in her head as she began to rapidly run her index finger around her clit in a

circular motion. The vision of one of her son's friends taking her in the kitchen suddenly jolted into her mind. Herself as the actress and the muscular teen as the stud. In her fantasy, a few of her son's friends came over to use the pool but Dan wasn't home. Maybe she would go outside to see if they needed anything while wearing one of her more revealing bikinis. Maybe she would be a little flirty with one of the teens. And maybe one of them would man up and drag her inside the house to give her a much needed pounding.

"You want this cum?"

Jen began to rub her index finger diagonally across her clit at lightning speed. "Fuck..." she moaned as the stud fired several thick shots of semen into the milf's accepting mouth. She couldn't remember the last time her husband had cum in her mouth, let alone pushed her to the ground and made her take it. This smut film was making her realize what she really needed was a physical, assertive man to dominate her. She needed someone to take control of her body. The last thing she wanted was for someone to ask what she wanted. How hard was it to find a guy who would just tell her how it was going to be? Very hard apparently. She closed her eyes again as she continued to rub her clit, feeling herself growing closer and closer to some much needed relief.

"I said I forgot my paper, Mom. Mom!"

The sound of a man's voice caused her to simultaneously spin around while removing her hands from her pants. When she turned, she saw her son digging through the mess on the kitchen table. There were newspapers, and magazines, and all kinds of junk scattered on the wooden surface.

"I was working on my report at the table last night so it has to be here somewhere. I'm gonna be so late!"

Jen was in a panic as she stared at her son. She had her back turned to the kitchen table when he walked in, but he had to see what she was up to, right? Then again, the look on his face didn't necessarily show that. It was possible that his eyes went right to the table and not to her. She hastily removed her earbuds and moved in the direction of the kitchen table.

"You said you're looking for a paper, honey?" she asked, still flustered from just being on the edge of a much needed, and still desired orgasm.

"Yeah, I had to write a paper on the morality of Genghis Khan," he told her while tossing a women's health magazine to the side. "It has to be here somewhere."

"Umm...what about this right here?" she asked, sliding a newspaper to the side to reveal a manila folder. She was going to have to add cleaning the kitchen table to her list of errands today.

"That's it!" Dan exclaimed. He reached for the folder and made sure his paper was inside.

Jen hesitantly started. "Honey...did you see anything when you came in here just now?"

"Like what?" he asked, confused by her line of questioning.

"Like, anything out of the ordinary?"

"Yeah," he smiled as he slipped his homework into his backpack, "I saw your nerdy ass jamming to some music. Probably to some of that terrible hair metal shit you're always listening to."

Jen took a deep sigh of relief and smiled. She couldn't help but laugh along with him, realizing that she almost came in front of her own son, only for him to think she was dancing to one of her favorite bands.

"You know me..." she smiled before following him toward the front door for the second time today, "and what kind of assignment is doing a paper on the morality of Genghis Khan? How about he was a sociopathic maniac. The end."

The teen shook his head as they approached the house entrance. "No, no, no, Genghis Khan gets a bad rap in the history books. He wasn't this crazy asshole that everyone makes him out to be. The guy abolished torture, ran a meritocratic empire, and what about women's rights? I know you love to harp on that shit. Mongol women had far more rights than those of nearby Asian societies. And he embraced religious freedom in the thirteenth century. The fuckin' thirteenth century, Mom! A huge part of this planet doesn't embrace religious freedom in the twenty-first century!"

Part of Jen was incredibly impressed by her son's intelligent and articulate rebuttal of her comment. The other part was still thinking about his friends.

"We'll finish this discussion later because I really have to go. I'm going to be so late." He leaned in and gave his mom a goodbye kiss on the cheek.

"Don't speed!" Jen yelled as she watched him hustle to his car. "If you're late, you're late!"

"I know, Mom!" he yelled back, hopping into his car and briskly pulling out of the driveway.

The blonde was more sexually frustrated than ever as she watched her son wiz down the street. She couldn't remember a time where she needed to get laid more than right now. She gazed across the street and watched as the couple in their late twenties who'd recently moved in, sauntered down their driveway hand in hand. The wife gave her husband a kiss on the lips and he responded with a big squeeze of her butt as they made out against their car. After they broke off the kiss, the woman smiled before heading back toward the house, but not before receiving a hard slap on the ass which caused her to peek back at her husband with a playful giggle.

"Fucking fuck!" Jen groaned as she put her thumb in her mouth and bit down on her nail in frustration. She would do anything to trade places with that hot, little millennial right now.

She slammed the front door shut and headed upstairs to change. She slipped into a black thong and a clean pair of black yoga pants. She put on a gray athletic t-shirt before doing her hair and makeup and taking a long look in the mirror. She looked good. No, she looked really good. The forty-two-year-old mom's blonde hair was long and flowing, her face was fresh and youthful, her blue eyes were vibrant, and her body was tight and toned. She was a milf alright. So maybe it was time she started acting like one...

Chapter 2 -- Eavesdropping.

Jen turned down the street and headed home. It was 3:15 PM and she'd just finished all her errands. The post office, the bank, the pharmacy, the dry cleaners, grocery shopping...it was finally finished. She was greeted by a familiar sight on this warm afternoon. Parked in the street outside their house were the three cars of her son's friends.

She pulled her vehicle into the garage and grabbed two bags of groceries. The house was extremely quiet as she moved into the kitchen, but there was a reason for that. She peered out the window to

see four teenagers in and around the inground pool. Dan and his friend Kyle were playing one-on-one basketball against each other in the water. Jen would never admit this to anyone, but she always had a bit of a crush on Kyle. He was 6'2, lean, and possessed all of the dark Italian features that she loved in a man. But it wasn't just his looks. It was something about his fun, playful personality which attracted her to the charismatic high school senior. And there was something about how he always had everyone in the room laughing. It also didn't hurt that he just so happened to hit her biggest soft spot. It was the one thing she loved ever since she was a little girl. He was the star quarterback of her son's football team. When she was younger, she assumed her love for star athletes was just a schoolgirl phase, but here she was, a forty-two-year-old married mother, still fawning over star athletes like a teenage girl.

Off to the side, lying out and talking on the pool chairs were Doug and Tom. Tom was the top wide receiver on the team and best friends with Kyle. He was close to 6'5 and had a similar body to his quarterback buddy. Tall, lean, and with muscles everywhere. He had dirty blonde hair and soft, brown eyes which went along well with his knee-weakening smile. Doug, on the other hand, was built much differently than his high school friends. More commonly referred to as, "Tank," by the group, Doug possessed a physique more commonly referred to as a "brick shithouse." The team's middle linebacker wasn't quite six feet tall, but he was close to two-hundred and twenty pounds of solid muscle. The boys had been busting their asses in the weight room over the past two years and the results showed in spades, both on the field and off.

She opened the glass sliding door which led to the backyard and yelled out to the pool. "Can any of you musclemen give me a hand with the groceries?"

"Game!" Kyle confidently announced as he let a long shot fly over Dan's outstretched hand and watched it drop directly through the pool basketball rim. "I need some real competition here, fellas!" he laughed before swimming over to the side of the pool and climbing out.

"Lucky shit..." Dan groaned as he threw the basketball at Kyle, hitting his friend in the butt as he reached for a towel.

"Oh!" Kyle dramatically reached for his backside, faking a fit of pain. "Sure, I'll give you a hand Mrs. K," the teen smiled. "I need a break from dominating your son anyway."

Tom stood up and followed his friend to the door. "I'll help too."

She watched the two teens dry themselves off before following her through the house and into the garage. "Thanks boys."

"Get us anything good, Mrs. K?" Kyle smiled before grabbing two bags out of her SUV that each contained several one gallon jugs of milk.

Jen knew he was joking but he may as well not have been. Her son's friends seemed to be over the house more times than not when she got home from work, and their fridge usually reflected the devastating results.

The mom dug around in the backseat and pulled out a big box of freeze pops with a smile.

"My girl!" Kyle laughed as Tom took the sugary treats out of her hand.

Jen found herself shopping more and more with her son's friends in mind as the years went by. A quarter of her most recent shopping list was comprised of their favorite snacks and drinks. It wasn't

a hassle though. In fact, something about it made her feel good. And at times, the idea of having more than one son was something she wanted. She enjoyed making men feel good.

"I have no idea how you guys eat that stuff and still look the way you do," she told the two classmates before picking up a few bags of breakfast food and following them into the kitchen. "I had a cheat day Sunday and I looked like a slob when I woke up Monday morning."

"Get out of here, Mrs. K!" Tom laughed. He placed the groceries down on the kitchen counter and peered at her. "You look amazing for your age."

"For her age?" Kyle chimed in. "She looks amazing for any age. Ninety-nine percent of the girls at school would kill to look like her."

"Quite the charmer..." Jen chuckled as she moved past the quarterback and added her groceries to the pile on the counter. "Do all the cheerleaders fall for your corny sweet talk?"

"You know it," Kyle laughed. "Well, that, and these guns," he added, flexing his right bicep in a joking manner.

She sarcastically wiped away imaginary sweat from her brow. "Oh, what a dreamboat..." she moaned before placing her hand on his bicep and squeezing.

"I can't keep 'em off, bro," Kyle turned and said to his friend with a laugh. "You know, it's not always so easy being this good-lookin'."

Tom shook his head as he followed his friend back to the garage to grab another load of groceries.

Jen pushed a bag of food that was on the edge of the counter back a few feet so it didn't fall off. But something seemed off. There was only pasta sauce in the bag. When she was checking out at the store, she watched the cashier place her cottage cheese in with the pasta sauce, but now there was no cottage cheese in the bag. She was planning on making lasagna tonight but one of her key ingredients appeared to be missing.

The two friends found the mom searching through bags of food as they hauled the rest of the groceries into the house. She quickly checked their bags to see if the vital container was in one of them.

"What are you looking for?" Kyle asked while opening the box of freeze pops and placing a dozen or so inside the freezer.

"Cottage cheese," Jen responded as she continued rifling through the bags. It was nowhere to be found. She took a deep breath and relaxed. It was just one of those days. There was no use in overreacting to something so small.

Tom held up a bag of trail mix he'd plucked from one of the bags. "Cool if I have some?"

"Sure, go ahead," she told him while she looked for her purse. "Listen, I have to run back to the grocery store."

Kyle and Tom were already heading back outside. "Sure thing, Mrs. K."

Jen moved her search to her SUV, hoping that maybe her missing ingredient was on the floor or

underneath one of the seats. Of course it wasn't. More traffic, more lines to wait in, and more assholes to deal with. It was never-ending. She hopped up into the driver's seat and checked her purse for her phone. She came up empty.

"Jesus..." Jen groaned to herself, remembering that she'd left it on the kitchen table. Did the universe have it out for her today? She just wanted to relax for a while, make dinner, and then spend a few hours curled up on the couch with her Kindle. But here she was, losing cottage cheese and misplacing her cell phone. She climbed out of her vehicle and journeyed back inside the house. She heard the voices of Kyle and Tom coming from the bathroom that was down the hallway from the kitchen as she retrieved her phone. Apparently the two friends had decided to head back inside before going out to the pool. She peered down the hall to see Tom leaning against the wall, waiting for his friend to finish up inside.

"Any day, dude!" Tom complained as he impatiently stepped back and forth on the wooden floor. "I'm gonna piss my pants out here!"

Jen heard the toilet flush and the sink turn on before the bathroom door opened.

"All yours, sweetheart," Kyle smirked at his friend before moseying out into the hallway.

She had her phone and was all set to go. She just needed to calm down and deal with the traffic and the lines. Stressing out was only going to make things worse. But something suddenly caught her attention before she could make her way back out to the garage.

"And what about those fuckin' pants she was wearing?" Kyle loudly asked his friend through the now shut bathroom door. "That body is so ridiculous."

He couldn't possibly be talking about her, right? These two jocks probably had the attention of every girl at school. What eighteen-year-old schoolgirl didn't want a sexy, athletic hunk in their life? But what if they weren't gossiping about some cute coed? What if they were talking about her? A smile grew on her face as she leaned against the wall and silently listened in on their conversation.

"You have any idea what I would do to that ass?" Kyle continued to talk to his friend through the door.

Jen heard the toilet flush and the door open as Tom's voice now came through much more clearly. "You would probably nut in twenty seconds!" he loudly laughed.

Kyle was now leaning against the wall, waiting for his friend to finish washing his hands. "I'm not arguing that, but you're crazy if you think I wouldn't be fucking her again immediately. I mean, give me like ten seconds and I'd be ready for round two. Can you honestly name a hotter chick than her? And I'm not just talking at school or whatever? She's stupid good-looking."

"You think Dan would like it if he heard you talking about his mom like this?" Tom asked.

Jen's heart skipped a beat. It was her! They were talking about her!

Kyle waved his hand to dismiss his friend's comment. "Like he doesn't know..."

"I think he thinks you're fucking with him," Tom told him as the two friends began to slowly stroll down the hallway, "not that you actually want to bang his mom."

Jen panicked as her son's friends began to approach the kitchen she was currently occupying. Her first instinct was to hide. She wanted to stay unnoticed, but she needed to continue listening to the conversation these two were having. She quickly dashed inside the walk-in pantry and closed the door behind her.

"He has to know that everyone wants to fuck his mom, dude," Kyle stated as the two entered the kitchen.

"Yeah, but you're his friend," Tom replied, watching his friend dig around in the fridge for something to drink. "It might hit a little too close to home."

"And you wouldn't?" Kyle asked.

"Wouldn't what?" Tom responded. "Fuck Mrs. K? I'm not saying I wouldn't, but it's kind of a fucked up thing to say in his house."

"Listen," Kyle told him, pulling a jug of lemonade out of the refrigerator and placing it on the kitchen table, "moms are fair game as far as I'm concerned. Hey, if any of you want to fuck my mom, knock yourselves out."

"I'd rather run my dick through a meat grinder than fuck your mom," Tom giggled. He set two glasses down on the table for his friend to pour the drinks into.

Kyle rolled his eyes and flipped him the middle finger.

"And that's easy to say when you don't have a mom who looks like Mrs. K," Tom told him. "I mean, I know she's really hot, but it just doesn't seem right."

Kyle gave his friend a baffled look. "Really hot? Really hot!? She's on a different level than really hot. She might be the sexiest chick I've ever seen."

Jen wanted to run out of the pantry and hug this kid. No person in her life had ever made her feel more desired than this eighteen year old who was currently standing in her kitchen, and the craziest part was he didn't even know it.

"That body is so tight and toned," he continued as he filled the two glasses on the table with the refreshing drink, "but that ass is so fuckin' fat. How's that even possible? Dude, I almost bought her this hot as fuck workout outfit that Cindy wanted for Christmas last year."

"I'm sure that would've went over well..."

"No shit, right?" Kyle said. "I mean, she would've looked way better in it than Cindy, but I doubt Mr. K would've been too happy with my present."

"That fuckin' prick probably wouldn't have even noticed," Tom groaned with a disgusted tone to his voice. "And I'm totally with you when it comes to that asshole too. Mrs. K deserves way better."

Kyle threw his arms in the air. "Finally, dude! I've been saying that shit for years!"

"I know, but I've really noticed it the more we've started coming over here," Tom continued to explain himself. "The guy is always miserable. Like, what the fuck are you so pissed off about when

your wife is a hot piece of ass?"

The star quarterback set his now empty glass down on the table to refill it. "I'm telling you, that guy is either gay, or he's an awful fuck with a tiny dick. Because no dude who is properly hittin' a dime-piece like that would ever be upset about anything."

Jen pondered Kyle's last statement in her head. Mike definitely wasn't gay and he didn't have a tiny dick. He didn't exactly have a big dick, but it was adequate for the job. The awful fuck part had sadly become a reality however. And that of course was during those rare occasions when he actually wanted to touch her.

"And you know she gives amazing head," Kyle grinned.

Tom laughed as he picked up the lemonade jug to refill his now empty glass. "And you base that on what?"

"Her personality," Kyle told him. "Mrs. K is a giver, dude. All she does is go out of her way to do shit for other people. She's one of those girls who loves to please. Look at all the stuff she always buys for us when she goes grocery shopping."

Tom nodded his head as he considered what his friend was telling him.

"Do you think she'd be any different in bed?" he continued. "She would do every little thing you wanted. She would just want to make you happy. She's dream wife material," Kyle said as he opened the refrigerator and placed the half-full jug back inside. "I'm telling you, if any of the chicks at school were like her, I'd put a ring on 'em right now."

Jen felt a flutter inside her stomach. She just wanted to scream. She wanted to burst out of the pantry she was hiding in, leap into Kyle's arms, and plant a big kiss right on his lips.

"Let me ask you an honest question," Kyle said to his friend.

"Go ahead, shoot."

"How much trouble do you really think I would get in if the next time I saw Mrs. K here in the kitchen, I walked up behind her and gave that big ass a squeeze?" he asked with a smirk.

"I'm gonna say probably just a tad..." Tom laughed.

"Okay, so instead of that, how about I slide those yoga pants down and bury my cock in her?"

Jen's hand made its way down inside her yoga pants and began rubbing herself through her thong. For the second time today, she found herself masturbating in her kitchen.

"And after I pound the shit out of her for a while, she drops to her knees and sucks my dick," Kyle continued.

Tom put his finger to his temple and pretended to ponder the scenario. "You know, part of me is thinking that either Dan or Mr. K might have a little bit of a problem with that one..."

Jen bit down on her thumb, trying to stay quiet as she continued to rub her clit through the black nylon.

"And after I get done fucking that throat of hers, I blow my load all over that pretty face," Kyle grinned.

"I know you're a fan of those blue eyes," Tom laughed as he grabbed both of the empty drinking glasses and walked them over to the dishwasher.

"I would glue those baby blues shut," Kyle stated. There wasn't much of a joking tone in his voice on that line.

"Well, you can continue jerking off to that fantasy because that's exactly what it is, and what it will always be," Tom smiled as he strolled over to his friend and gave him a slap on the back. "A fantasy."

"I know, dude..." Kyle said with a deflated tone.

Tom threw his arm around his friend's shoulder and walked him toward the backdoor. "How about I cheer you up by kicking your ass in a little game of pool basketball?"

"You're on," Kyle smiled.

The two friends opened the sliding glass door and made their way back outside.

Jen needed another few minutes of Kyle describing his fantasy to take her over-the-top, but of course, just like everything else today, she didn't get what she wanted. In a span of eight hours she had masturbated in front of her son who luckily hadn't noticed, and five or so feet away from two of his best friends while they talked about the dirty things they wanted to do to her. If she didn't get some action tonight, she didn't know what she might do next.

Chapter 3 -- A Good Guy.

It was close to 6 PM when Jen pulled the lasagna out of the oven. Of course traffic was backed up and it took extra long to get to the store. And then the cashier had problems with the register and he had to wait for the manager to come over and fix the problem. Everything went pretty much like she would've expected. They almost always ate dinner right at 5:30 PM, so she was curious as to why her husband still wasn't home.

It took about ten minutes to get a response but Mike finally texted her back.

Going to be at the office for a few more hours. Don't wait on me.

Jen shook her head before setting her phone down on the kitchen table. Obviously he wasn't going to make it. Did she really expect anything different on a day like today? But maybe that wasn't a bad thing. It assured her that she would at least she'd be able to make it through a meal without having to listen to insults being hurled her way.

She sauntered over to the stairs and shouted up to Dan's room. "Dinner's ready!"

Her son's loud footsteps thundered throughout the ceiling as she heard him make his way across his bedroom floor before running down the steps in a hurried pace.

He entered the kitchen and took a seat at his usual spot at the table. "No Dad?"

"Not tonight," Jen responded, carrying a pan of lasagna over to the table with a pair of oven mitts.

Her son didn't seem disappointed by the news of his father's absence. In fact, he didn't really seem to care at all. Then again, why should he? Dan loved sports, movies, and talking about pop culture and history. Mike only seemed to care about work. Computer programming and the stock market aren't high on the list of things most people want to talk about. Hell, she found herself having an extremely hard time listening to him talk over the past few years. She loved talking to her son, but it was a different story when it came to conversing with her husband.

The teen plopped a big piece of lasagna on his plate before watching his mother cut a significantly smaller piece for herself. "So, Genghis Khan..."

"Ah!" Jen pointed at him. She quickly reached for her phone with a grin. She had done a little Mongolian research during the forty-five minute wait for their dinner to cook in the oven.

"Oh boy..." Dan laughed before taking a bite of his food. "Someone came prepared..."

Jen scrolled to her notes app and found the facts she prepared for this impending discussion. "You better believe it."

"Let's hear it," he told his mother.

"So, first off, and this should really be the only thing necessary," Jen said as she read off her first bullet point, "he was responsible for the deaths of as many as forty million people."

"That's bullshit," her son instantly rebuffed, waving his fork in disgust. "You can't honestly believe that's an accurate number. Look at how much shit the news gets wrong with current events, yet we're supposed to believe that forty million is an accurate number? That was almost eight hundred years ago!"

"Twenty million, thirty million, forty million... Is there really a difference at that point?"

Dan finished chewing his food before responding. "Listen, I'm not saying that he was a great guy. What I'm saying is that you need to look at what he did with a thirteenth century perspective. That's the same argument people make about World War Two. Sure, almost all of it looks pretty fucked up through a twenty-first century mindset, but if you take yourself back to the early nineteen-forties, it suddenly doesn't seem all that crazy."

"So, who else was killing millions of people back in the thirteenth century?"

He shook his head. "Who else was uniting tribes that were in a constant state of fighting? Who else brought women out of slavery and gave them rights? Who else made the silk road safe and united to bring trade throughout Asia and Europe? Who else during that time allowed people to peacefully surrender without being harmed?"

"Okay," Jen looked across the table, "let's say I go and do something that society deems wrong in 2018. However, personally, it's something I don't deem wrong. You're saying who's to decide whether it's right or wrong?"

"Bingo!" Dan loudly agreed. "The laws we use to govern society judge our actions, but what do we use to feel about things that don't fall under legal jurisdiction?"

"Morals," she answered.

"But morals are constantly changing," he continued. "Twenty years ago almost everyone looked at gay marriage as something that was wrong and basically crazy. But now? Now it has become a hugely accepted thing in society."

Jen watched her son lean over the table and scoop another big piece of lasagna onto his plate.

"But it's always been morally wrong to kill people regardless of what century it is," she said.

"Agreed," he responded as he sat back down in his seat, "but life wasn't as valued back then. So maybe forty million lives in the thirteenth century would be looked at as forty thousand now. And are those deaths really wrong if Khan believed what he was doing was for the greater good of his people?"

"I don't know..." Jen muttered as she poked at her dinner. "Morals are important to me."

Dan peered across the table. "I know they are, but what I'm saying is you could feel completely different morally about something twenty years from now. So, would you judge your actions today based on your moral values right now, or base on your morals twenty years down the road?"

Jen paused to think. "I honestly don't know."

"Exactly!" the high school senior exclaimed. "And that's why history is so fucked up. How can we judge people's decisions and actions hundreds or even thousands of years ago, when we don't even feel the same about things on a week-to-week basis?"

"So, what about..." Jen started before abruptly cutting herself off.

"No, go ahead."

"What about marriage?" she proceeded. "What if cheating isn't deemed wrong twenty years from now? Would someone that does it now be wrong?"

Her son looked up from his plate. "I think that's similar to the gay marriage thing. I don't think people look at cheating nearly as harshly as they did even back when I was a kid. So who's to say it isn't something that's widely accepted in twenty years?"

"It all comes down to how you morally feel about it," said Jen.

"You got it," Dan replied. "Just like Khan. He felt like what he was doing at the time was right, so he went ahead and did it. You only live once, you know? I wouldn't want to not do something now because of societal pressure, and then look back when I'm an old man and regret it."

He had scarfed down his second piece of lasagna during their conversation and was going back for number three.

"Plus, in my opinion, marriage is a pretty archaic thing anyway," he nonchalantly added.

"Excuse me?" Jen asked, eager to hear his eighteen year old logic on something he had zero experience with.

Dan pointed at his mom's hand. "What does that really mean?"

"My ring?" Jen asked.

"Yeah."

"It symbolizes my love and commitment to my husband," she told him.

"But why?" he asked.

"Why what?" Jen responded, confused by his question.

"Why do you need a ring to show that you love someone? Shouldn't two married people who truly love each other both already know it? Why does it matter that society can see you two are in love?"

"Umm...I mean, I guess it's part of tradition to show it," Jen told him, not entirely sure if she was making any kind of point.

"That's just like all that Valentine's Day bullshit. Last year Tom started dating this chick at school. Come Valentine's Day, he's telling us how he spent hundreds of dollars on chocolate, and flowers, and earrings, and all kinds of dumb shit."

Jen smiled. "That's sweet."

"How is that sweet?" Dan asked. "Because he bought a bunch of shit on a day society tells him he's supposed to? How could any girl possibly think that's sweet? I straight up told Jessica that I don't do any of those dumb holidays when we started dating last month. The fact that Valentine's Day even exists is pretty demeaning toward women."

Jen raised her eyebrows. "Demeaning?"

"If I was a chick I would find it demeaning," he continued. "Listen, if I do something for you today or if I do the same exact thing for you on Mother's Day, why would you look at it as more special on Mother's Day? On Mother's Day I'm doing it because I think I have to. If I do it today, it would be because I really want to."

She was starting to see his point.

"Back to marriage," he told her while gulping down the last bite of his dinner. "Sure, a wedding ring is meant to symbolize love and commitment, but do you honestly believe that? Look, if you truly love someone, you shouldn't have to show it with a piece of metal on your hand. You should show it with your actions in everyday life. Not with gifts, and presents, and all that shit, but with the way you treat that person. I think too many people use that ring as a way to lie to themselves that they're in some kind of commitment."

"Marriage is a commitment," she told her son.

"Agreed," Dan replied, "but you can't be in a commitment if you aren't truly committed. You show commitment by your actions, not by what you wear."

"And where does Genghis Khan come into this again?" Jen smiled.

"The fuck if I know," Dan laughed as he stood up and carried his plate to the sink, realizing that he was getting mixed-up in his different tangents.

Jen shook her head as she took another small bite of her dinner. Her appetite wasn't there today and now her son had her thinking about all kinds of different things. The entire day just felt overwhelming.

"I'm gonna head over to Kyle's and then we're going to a party tonight. That's cool, right?"

"Where's the party?" she asked.

"It's actually only a few minutes from here," he told her, pointing his hand toward the backyard. "It's like four streets that way. Deerside Drive."

Jen knew where that was but she still had her concerns like always. "Who's driving?"

"Doug," he answered. "He doesn't drink."

"I know," she nodded. She liked the fact that one of his friends wasn't a drinker so there was always a sober driver, but she didn't like her son going out as much as he did. But he was growing up and this is what high school kids did. She couldn't shelter her little boy forever.

"Okay, but don't overdo it," she sharply told him.

"I won't!" he smiled as he grabbed his car keys and headed toward the front door. "Thanks, Mom!"

"Sure thing..." she muttered to herself. Jen sat all alone at the table, pondering the discussion she just had with her son. Who was she really committed to? Mike or her ring? Why was she honoring a man who wouldn't piss on her if she was on fire? She suddenly had some serious thinking to do...

Chapter 4 -- A Last-Ditch Effort.

Jen finished adjusting her hair before leaning forward to check her makeup in the mirror. Everything looked perfect. Her long, wavy, blonde hair flowed down past her shoulders, but she put the front in bangs that came down past her eyebrows and dangled just above her eyes. This was the hairstyle that drove Mike wild early in their relationship. She couldn't help but laugh, realizing that she was pulling out all the stops tonight to prove to herself that her marriage could still work. She stepped back so her entire body was in view of the bathroom mirror. She had on a skimpy, two-piece, white lace lingerie set that she'd bought almost a year ago. The plan was to surprise Mike with it during their most recent anniversary, but like everything else over the past few years, it hadn't worked out. The bra exposed plenty of cleavage and the panties had a thong backside that showed off every inch of her toned, plump butt. She stepped into her white, six inch stiletto heels and grinned. No red-blooded man could possibly say no to this. She threw on her long, black, silk robe and journeyed downstairs to wait for her husband.

She finally heard the garage door open at 9:53 PM. She'd been waiting on the couch for over an hour and was eager to show Mike just what she had in store for him. Jen excitedly greeted him with a big kiss on his lips as the front door opened and he stepped inside the house.

"Not tonight, honey," he told her while brushing past her advances and tossing his briefcase down on the kitchen table. His long-sleeve dress shirt had a coffee stain on the front and his tie was

loosened around his neck.

"Long day?" Jen asked.

Mike gave his wife a dismissive look. It was almost 10 PM on a Friday night and he was just getting home from work. She couldn't figure that one out for herself?

Jen watched as her husband moved toward the stairs without answering her question.

"So, I was thinking," she said, hustling behind him and following him up to their bedroom, "Dan's out so we have the whole house to ourselves."

"Good, it'll be nice and quiet," Mike commented as he threw his tie on the floor and began to unbutton his shirt.

"I had something else in mind," Jen whispered in his ear, running her soft finger along his shoulder and down to his bicep.

Mike pushed her hand away in an annoyed fashion. "Listen, I've been up since six this morning, okay? I just want to take a shower and go to bed."

Her eye's trailed him walking out into the hallway and toward the bathroom. This wasn't how tonight was going to go. She was done taking no for an answer. Jen sat her butt down on the edge of the bed and patiently waited for her husband to finish his shower.

"What are you doing?" Mike asked when he strolled back into bedroom ten minutes later wearing only a pair of white underwear.

"Waiting," Jen smiled.

"Well, you're going to have to wait a while longer because I'm going to bed." He slid under the covers and rested his head on his fluffy pillow.

Jen's patience was running thin.

"Stop it. Stop it, Jen!" Mike firmly told her as she began to tug at the blankets. She'd finally managed to yank all the sheets off the mattress after a bit of a struggle. "Jen!"

"Shut up!" she yelled before crawling over to his side of the bed and pulling his underwear down around his ankles. "Do you know how many times we've had sex in the past year, Michael?"

She stared at him. It wasn't a rhetorical question. She was waiting for an answer.

"Umm...probably...uhh..." Mike stuttered, knowing the answer was going to be lower than it should've been.

"Three!" Jen shouted. "We've had sex three times in twelve months! Guess what I saw when I was at the store today, Michael?"

"I don't know," he timidly answered.

"Fat women! Not just fat women. Obese women! They were everywhere. Young, old, white, black,

it didn't matter. Do you know what I'm not?"

"Fat..." Mike responded.

"Exactly!" she shouted before propping herself onto her knees and removing her robe.

Mike knew he should feel turned on. He knew he should be attracted to someone who looked the way his wife did. But he wasn't. And he couldn't explain why his sex drive had tanked so much over the past few years. His testosterone levels had all come back normal from the tests his doctor ran last summer and he wasn't on any type of medication. He just felt an unexplainable, deep, inner-disgust whenever he looked at his wife.

Jen glanced down and observed her husband's limp penis. It hadn't moved an inch. She didn't care anymore. She dove down and wrapped her lips around his flaccid cock, eager to bring it to life.

"I don't think that's going to work tonight, honey," Mike said, continuing to watch his wife rapidly bob up and down on his manhood.

Tonight? How about this month? Or this year? They were either going to have sex tonight, or Jen was going to take matters into her own hands.

Several minutes passed before she sat back on the bed and looked down at the lost cause in front of her, finally conceding to nature.

"You know what?" she smiled. "How about you take care of me?"

"Take care of you?" Mike asked.

Jen grinned as she laid flat on her back and began to slide her panties down.

"No, no, no..." Mike waved his hand at his wife, "I'm definitely not in the mood for that today. Plus, you know I don't like doing that anyway."

Jen took a deep breath. "So, no sex, no oral...how about we talk?" If she couldn't get what she wanted sexually, she was at least hoping the man she loved could give her what she needed emotionally and mentally. It didn't feel like she was asking too much to expect that from her husband.

"Talk?" Mike asked in an almost demeaning manor.

"Yeah, talk," she responded as she rolled over on her side and stared at him.

"Umm...about what?" he awkwardly asked as he continued to stare straight-ahead.

Jen reached out and softly stroked his hand, trying to revive and rediscover the bond they once shared. "Let's hear about your day."

"My day?" Mike asked.

"Yeah, it seems like you were busy. What were you up to?"

He sighed. "Well, the new guy took it upon himself to do some coding without checking with

anyone and completely screwed up the system. So, I spent the entire day rewriting the shit he changed."

"Umm..." Jen tried to buy some time, forgetting that the conversations with her husband were a lot tougher than those with her son, "so, what was that like?"

"What was what like?" Mike asked. "The coding? You want me to explain coding to you?"

It finally clicked for her. He didn't find her attractive physically, he didn't seem to really like her as a person, and they had literally nothing to talk about. What her son said at dinner applied to her. She was one of those women who was in a committed marriage only because she was wearing a ring, not because she was in love.

Mike could feel that this conversation was going nowhere. "Can we try doing this tomorrow? I just really can't tonight."

Jen nodded, knowing that tomorrow wouldn't be any different from tonight. She watched him place a sleeping pill into his mouth and wash it down with some water from a glass on his nightstand.

"And I want to sleep in tomorrow so please try to keep it down in the morning."

Jen rolled out of bed. "You got it," she sighed before turning off the bedroom light and slipping her robe back on. She tossed her heels on the floor and took a quick glance back before exiting the room. Her marriage was dead. There was no reviving long lost feelings when there wasn't a hint of feelings left. That man hated her guts and it took three years to finally realize it.

Her unbelievable amount of pent-up sexually frustration took a backseat to this horrid realization that her marriage was a lie. She slowly sulked down the stairs and back into the living room where she sat down on the couch to think.

Chapter 5 -- Chuck Norris Shots.

Jen glanced at the clock. 11:59 PM. The television was on but she wasn't watching. It was just background noise while she sat all alone with her thoughts. The strongest of which involved her trying to figure out what she was going to do when her son went off to college in a year. There was no way she could live alone with just Mike. Her inner-struggle was interrupted however, by the sound of the doorbell.

"No!" she panicked under her breath as she shot out of her seat and ran toward the front door in her robe. Her son was out drinking with his friends, it was midnight, and the doorbell just rang. Nothing good could possibly come as a result of those three things. Had he gotten into a car accident? Was there a fight at the party that resulted in Dan being seriously injured? A million terrifying scenarios ran through her mind as she opened the door.

"Hey, Mrs. K," Kyle grinned. He was standing to her right and Tom was standing to her left. In between them, being held up by his two friends, was her son.

"Jesus Christ!" Jen shook her head as she attempted to help them drag her passed out son into the house. "I told him not to overdo it!"

"That lasted like twenty minutes," Kyle laughed, visibly buzzed by whatever amount of drinking he had partaken in.

"And what about you?" she asked, glancing at Tom who had a distant stare in his eyes. It was the look of someone who was on the verge of being drunk. "Oh my God, you didn't drive, did you!?"

"I'm...I'm...fi...fine, Mrs. K," he answered while doing his best to avoid eye contact with his friend's mom.

Jen grabbed Tom's chin with her hand and turned his head toward her. His eyes were glassy and he was having a hard time standing still. Another beer or two and he would be just as buzzed as Kyle.

"I'm gonna lose my fuckin' mind..." Jen announced, closing her eyes to try to maintain her composure. "Get him up to his room," she sharply told them as she watched the two teens help her son up the stairs.

She followed behind them and watched as they tossed Dan onto his bed. She made sure to roll him onto his side before moving some pillows behind him to prevent him from ending up on his back or stomach.

"Exactly how much did he have to drink?" she asked.

"He was fine when I left him, but he was completely tanked when I saw him like twenty minutes later," Kyle told her.

"They were doing Chuck Norris shots, bro," Tom giggled as he took a seat on the bed next to his passed out friend. "I helped myself to a few as well."

Jen was upset and baffled at the same time. "What in the world is a Chuck Norris shot?"

"One shot Cherry Vodka and two shots Energy Drink. It's strong but sweet, just like Chuck Norris," he laughed before standing up and attempting to give his buddy's mom a light, drunken roundhouse kick to her hip.

She reached out and caught his foot. The mom cracked a slight smile as the drunken teen, who already had a difficult enough time standing straight, was now hopping around on one foot trying not to fall.

"Downstairs... Now!" she scolded them before letting go of Tom's leg.

Jen followed the pair down the steps and to the couch where they both took a seat.

"Where's Doug?" she asked.

"He got a ride home with some chick," Kyle answered.

Tom gave his friend a fist bump. "Nice..."

Jen shook her head. Some designated driver he was. "Give me your keys," she demanded as she held out her hand.

Tom placed his keys in her palm.

She glared at her son's friends. "Do you two have any idea how fucking stupid you are?"

"I've been told," Kyle smirked.

"Hey, 2.0 GPA right here, lady," Tom laughed as he raised his hands in the air in mock celebration.

"You four idiots not only got accepted into college, but you all somehow got scholarships," Jen continued to berate the pair. "So, you go out and party, and whatever, that's not the end of the world. But then you all get into a car and drive drunk? Forget about getting pulled over. What if you would've hit someone?"

"I'm telling you, Mrs. K, I'm not drunk," Tom argued.

"I can smell the booze on you from here!" she loudly rejected his statement. "And you're eighteen years old! It doesn't matter if you're drunk or not. You can't have a drop of alcohol in you while you're behind the wheel!"

Jen looked off to the side and tried to relax. She couldn't wait to give Dan a piece of her mind when he woke up in the morning. That sleeping pill better have knocked Mike out because she was going to tee off on her son. Loudly...

"I like that."

Jen turned back to the couch. "Excuse me?"

"I said I like that," Kyle repeated, pointing at her head.

"Like what?" she asked.

"Your hair," he softly smiled with an almost puzzled expression on his face. "You've never worn it like that before, have you?"

"We're not talking about my hair right now," Jen told him. "We're talking about you getting behind

the whe...."

Kyle cut her off as he looked over at Tom. "Have you ever seen her with bangs before?"

"Don't think so," Tom answered as he peered at her with a slight smile. "It looks good."

"It looks better than good," Kyle added. "You should wear your hair like that more often."

"Well, thank you," Jen smiled, completely changing her tone as a result of the compliment. "It's nice someone likes them."

Kyle and Tom exchanged a confused glance before turning their attention back to their friend's mom.

"Just...just..." Jen stuttered, placing her palm on her worried cheek. "You know what? I'm just happy you're all safe," she sighed before walking over to an empty chair and sitting down. "I'm just not having a very good day is all."

"What's wrong?" Kyle asked in a genuinely concerned manner.

"I just...I...nothing," Jen smiled at him. "You two are staying here tonight. Here's the remote and I'll go grab you some blankets and pillows."

"Hey, Mrs. K," Tom said as Kyle caught the remote control and quickly began searching for something to watch, "is it cool if we maybe use the pool real quick?"

It was still hot out and a dip in the pool sounded pretty tempting. Hey, there's nothing like a little late-night swim. If only these two hadn't shown up...

"Do you think you're sober enough to stay afloat?" Jen laughed.

"I think I can manage," Tom grinned.

Her husband's sleeping pill would have him completely knocked out until the morning and her son was beyond blackout drunk. It wasn't like they were going to disturb anyone. "Go ahead."

She finally found the blankets and pillows she was looking for after a few minutes of digging around in the upstairs hallway closet. She took a quick peek in on her son to make sure he was still doing okay and decided to pass on checking on Mike. There was a pile of shorts and t-shirts on the floor when she arrived back into the living room. She didn't have to look outside to know that Tom and Kyle were already in the pool.

She wanted to be able to keep an eye on them but she couldn't see much from the house because of the darkness. The last thing she needed was for two drunk high school kids to drown in her pool. So, she set the linens down on the table, slid the backdoor open, and headed out to the pool to check on the pair.

"Look who's coming out to join us!" Kyle shouted to his friend.

Jen rolled her eyes as she watched them waddle around in the deep end. "It's just gonna be you two tonight."

"The water's perfect, Mrs. K," Kyle told her. "Eighty-five degrees."

"Is that even refreshing?" she asked. She walked to the edge of the pool and dipped her toe in the water. She was trying to act like she didn't want to get in, but this was exactly how she loved the water. Her son always gave her a hard time for not wanting to use the pool unless it was warmer than the actual temperature outside. He wasn't wrong.

Jen could see the two boys significantly more clearly from her new spot just outside the water. They'd both decided to go in wearing only their boxers and their toned, muscular upper bodies were glistening from a combination of the water and the moonlight.

"Come on, Mrs. K," Tom shouted from the other side of the pool, "you have a swimsuit on under that robe?"

"Not exactly," Jen replied as she could now only see Tom. She scanned the pool for Kyle's face but came up empty. A sense of panic began to sink in before she felt a hand grab her foot which caused her to scream in surprise.

"Jesus Christ!" She yelped. Her eyes darted down to see Kyle's handsome face smiling up at her. He'd snuck to the edge of the pool and grabbed the foot she was dangling into the water without making a sound.

He gave her a light pull toward the water.

"Ha-ha, very funny," she told him, hopping slightly on her free foot to maintain her balance.

He didn't let go.

"Kyle..." Jen glared at him.

He continued to stare up into her blue eyes as he gave her another slight tug in his direction. "What's under the robe, Mrs. K?"

Jen hopped forward once again on her free foot. She now had maybe eight inches of stone pavers to stand on before she ran out of room.

"Kyle, I'm serious," she stated. A sense of helplessness was beginning to set in.

"So am I," he grinned at her, sliding his grip higher up her leg until he had a firm hold of her shin. "What's under the robe?"

"Nothing," she answered.

"Nothing!" Tom yelled out with a whistle. "Did you come out for a little midnight skinny dip, Mrs. K?"

"No, not nothing like nothing, nothing," she laughed. "Nothing, like, none of your business, nothing."

Kyle gave her another pull forward, cutting her remaining room in half.

"You know you wanna," he whispered up to his friend's mom.

"You're drunk," Jen told him as she attempted to pull her leg back to no avail.

"Maybe a little," he responded as he pulled her forward once again. Half her foot was now hovering over the water. "I guess you could call it liquid courage."

His hand had started on her foot before moving up to her shin. With each tug forward, his hand moved a little further up. And he now had his grip wrapped around her knee with her leg dangling over the edge of the pool.

"You're not gonna wake up to see tomorrow if you keep pushing your luck," she told in a playful tone.

"Really?" he grinned.

"Really," she grinned back.

She felt his hand quickly slide up her leg and grab a handful of her toned thigh. "We'll just have to see about that!" he laughed before pulling her into the pool.

"Dude!" Tom shouted out in disbelief at what his friend had just done.

Kyle couldn't believe he actually did it either. For years he'd wanted to make some kind of move on his friend's mom. It looks like maybe he just needed a little booze in him to do it. But then again, throwing her into a pool against her will may not have been the best way to go.

"You little shit!" Jen shouted as her head suddenly emerged from the water in the middle of the pool. Part of her was furious that she'd just been thrown into the water by her son's friend, but another part, and possibly a larger one, loved the flirty and playful buildup. And the balls he had to actually do it was something else. But her biggest problem now was the sinking feeling she was currently experiencing.

"Mrs. K?" Kyle asked as he watched the mom's head dip under the water before re-emerging to gasp for air.

"Dude, is she alright?" Tom asked his friend from the edge of the pool.

"Mrs. K!" Kyle loudly shouted again, beginning to make his way in her direction.

Her long, silk robe was absorbing water and weighing her down. Sure, if she absolutely had to, she could've have swam to the side of the pool with it on, but she wanted to give these boys what they came to see. And that was a show.

She wiggled out of her robe as she saw Kyle approach her. "Take this," she said while pushing it at him.

She swam to the pool ladder and slowly climbed out.

The two friends gazed at a sight they never thought they'd see.

Kyle's eyes couldn't leave his friend's mom as she slowly exited the pool. He'd been fantasizing about her ass since middle school. He couldn't even begin to estimate the number of jerk-off sessions he had to the thought of bending her over or watching her ride him in reverse cowgirl. Just the idea of that perfect backside grinding on his dick was enough to get him flustered. But even in all of those fantasies, nothing ever came close to what he was currently seeing. Her tanned, toned legs seemed to go on for days, but when they finally came to an end, they did so for a very worthwhile reason: her ass. That beautiful butt was big, but perfectly round. There wasn't a hint of cellulite anywhere on her legs or her behind. It was like someone sculpted her out of stone.

Jen took a quick peek over her shoulder as her foot touched down on the stone that ran around the outside of the pool. She would kill for a picture of their faces right now. Their mouths were open and their jaws were dropped. If there was a polar opposite of the look on her husband's face from a few hours ago, this was it.

"Oh my God..." Kyle quietly muttered to himself as Mrs. K turned to face them. Her stomach was so flat and toned that he could see the faint outline of abs through the darkness. His eyes ran up to her large breasts that were being pushed up by a little, lacy white bra. Her wet, long blonde hair which ran down past her shoulders was a sexy mess from getting wet. He'd never seen anything like her.

"Leave that robe on one of these chairs to dry off," Jen instructed before confidently strutting to the backdoor, grabbing a towel out of the bin, and disappearing into the house.

Tom finally breathed.

Chapter 6 -- Game Night.

Jen quickly dried herself off and hustled up the stairs. She felt like she'd just snorted a line of cocaine. An unbelievably amount of excitement and energy shot through her body with every step she took. The flirting was sexy but the faces on those two when they saw her lingerie? God, it was

indescribable to her. Something Kyle said earlier when she was eavesdropping on them in the kitchen was very true. She was a pleaser. And seeing how happy and stunned they were was empowering to her.

She snuck into her bedroom, using the light from her phone to navigate the way. Jen dug through her dresser for her usual nightwear which consisted of a pair of athletic shorts and an old t-shirt. Part of her thought she should just climb into bed right now. After all, leave them wanting more was always a motto she embraced, but it felt kind of rude to not at least check to see if her son's friends needed anything. And the least she could do was say goodnight.

Jen stepped into the bathroom and quickly changed before checking to make sure her son was still doing fine. He was going to have one hell of a hangover when he woke up in the morning. She could hear the faint sound of the television as she walked down the stairs. When she made her way into the kitchen and glanced into the living room, she saw the two friends laying out their blankets and pillows, dressed in the shorts and t-shirts they arrived in. She wasn't sure if she should acknowledge what had just happened or move on from it. Things might get a little awkward if she brought it up so she decided to act like she never got thrown into the pool at all.

"You guys need anything?" Jen asked as Tom laid down on the couch and began flipping through the channels on the TV.

"I think we're all set, Mrs. K," Kyle turned to respond before his jaw dropped once again.

She was wearing little black athletic shorts that showed off most of her legs that he just couldn't get enough of. He couldn't see the back of them, but he would guess they didn't cover much more than her butt cheeks. Her top was one of their gray, football team t-shirts from their freshman year that were made for the parents. There was something sexy to him about her wearing a shirt from one of his teams. It made her seem like some kind of enamored fan, or even a girlfriend, rather than a caring parent. Her long, wet, chaotic blonde hair was sticking out in all directions. She was a perfect, sexy, adorable mess.

"Wanna play cards or something, dude?" Tom asked his friend. It was a little tough to feel sleepy when you just saw your friend's hot mom in lingerie.

"Yeah, if you wanna break out that wallet," Kyle responded.

Jen had seen this story before. Pool basketball, actual basketball in the driveway, video games, sports trivia: you name it. There always had to be gambling involved with her son and his friends. Maybe it wasn't that far-fetched when she thought about it. They were a group of athletic eighteen year olds who all had supreme confidence in their own abilities. Of course there were going to be clashes thanks to their crazy amounts of testosterone and self-assurance.

"Let's do it, bro," Tom said, sitting up in his seat on the couch and looking at his friend's mom. "You have cards around here, Mrs. K?"

"You two can play for fun," Jen told them as she headed over to cabinet in the family room where

all of their old board games were stored, "but I don't want you two gambling tonight. Especially not in the state you guys are in."

Kyle rolled his eyes and peered over at his friend. "She just saved you a lot of money."

"My ass," Tom sharply responded. "You were twenty minutes from getting wiped out."

Vivid memories came rushing back to her as she opened the cabinet and rummaged through the old games. *Monopoly*, *Chutes & Ladders*, *Operation*: she used to have so much fun playing these games with her son and husband. But that was back when Mike was a different person. A much different person.

"I don't see playing cards in here but I do see *Monopoly*!" she yelled back to the living room.

"Too long," Tom replied.

"*Operation*!?" Jen shouted.

"Are we in second grade?" Kyle laughed.

"*Trouble*!?" Jen tried again.

Kyle shook his head and walked over to see for himself. "Let me take a look."

She watched as he began to dig through the cabinet, pulling boxes out and stacking them on top of each other as he went.

He suddenly pulled out a very small box that was still sealed in shrink wrap. "What's this? *Not Your Mother's Card Game*?"

Jen's heart skipped a beat. "Umm..."

"*Not Your Mother's Card Game*. A sexy game of titillating questions that is sure to spice up your party," Kyle grinned as he read the box's description loud enough so Tom could hear him from the living room. "Mrs. K!"

"Now we're talking!" Tom shouted with a laugh.

She remembered buying that game two or three years ago at the suggestion of one of her female coworkers. As evidence by the game still being sealed in shrink wrap, she hadn't gotten around to playing it with her husband.

"You in, Mrs. K?" Kyle smiled as he walked over to the kitchen and retrieved a knife from the drawer.

She followed the teen and watched him slice open the shrink wrap before heading over to the kitchen table where Tom was already sitting in one of the chairs.

"Listen..." Jen hesitated as she had a moment of clarity, "you guys already saw me in lingerie tonight." She nervously smiled while leaning against one of the table chairs. "Don't you think that's

enough sexuality for, I don't know, like, ever? I mean, how many high schoolers get to see their friend's mom in lingerie?"

"Not enough," Tom chimed in which caused Kyle to laugh. "You want a beer, bro?" he asked as he got out of his seat and headed to the refrigerator.

"Excuse me!?" Jen shouted with a surprised look.

"Oh, my bad, Mrs. K," Tom told her as he grabbed three beers before shutting the fridge door. "Here you go."

Jen caught the ice cold beverage that he tossed to her. "That isn't exactly what I meant."

"Loosen up, Mrs. K," Kyle told her before catching his beer and cracking it open. "It's just a card game. How crazy can it be?"

Chapter 7 -- The Game.

Jen couldn't help but laugh to herself as she took in the situation. It was almost 1:30 in the morning on a Saturday, and she was sitting at her kitchen table with two of her son's friends who were quite buzzed. They'd just seen her in her sexiest lingerie, she was now drinking a beer with them, and they were about ready to play an x-rated card game. Mother of the year...

"Okay..." Kyle got the table's attention as he pulled out the instruction card, "*Not Your Mother's Card Game* is a simple game," he announced, squinting to read the small font. "The game consists of ninety-nine cards," he continued as he held up the pack to show the room, "that are made up of questions and dares that must be answered."

"Or what?" Tom asked.

"Or you're a pussy," Kyle quickly answered before turning his attention back to the card. "One at a time the players must pull the top card from the deck and read it aloud. It will contain a question or a dare. No is not an option. Have fun."

Tom laughed before standing up to head over to the fridge to grab another round of beers. "Jesus, those instructions sure have an ominous tone to them."

"No shit," Kyle agreed before tossing the card off to the side. "I guess we're good to go."

Tom placed another beer in front of both Kyle and Jen. "Wait a second," he said as he reached out and felt Jen's drink. It was almost completely full. "What is this shit?"

"What shit?" she answered.

Tom slid the mostly full can closer to her. "This shit."

Jen rolled her eyes. She looked around the table and it was perfectly clear what these two wanted her to do. She raised the can to her lips and tilted her head back.

"Someone's loosening up!" Tom exclaimed, watching the mom down her drink without pausing to take a breath. He placed another beer in front of her. "Crack open number two, Mrs. K!"

Jen wasn't opposed to the occasional glass of wine, but she hadn't drank beer in God knows how long. It was just empty calories as far as she was concerned. But tonight wasn't a normal night. Tonight she was open to trying new things. Tonight, she was feeling a bit naughty.

"I'm up first," Kyle stated as he removed the card from the top of the deck. "What was your kinkiest sexual encounter?" he read.

"I guess this game gets right to it," Tom laughed.

Kyle thought for a moment before a smile appeared on his face. "Remember Sarah Tinsley?"

"Cute little redhead?" Tom asked.

Kyle smiled. "That's her."

"What ever happened to that chick?" he curiously asked his buddy.

"Her parents moved out to California," Kyle told him before starting his story. "So, tenth grade and we're at the varsity football game on a Friday night."

"Who was it against?" Tom asked.

"Don't remember," Kyle shook his head, "but during the second quarter I walk down the bleachers and head over the concession stand to get something to eat. As I'm walking I suddenly feel someone grab my arm and give my hoodie a tug."

Tom looked at his friend with a big smirk on his face. "Sarah Tinsley?"

"Sarah Tinsley..." he smiled. "She didn't say a word. She just pulled me under the bleachers, dropped to her knees, unzipped my jeans, and blew me right there."

"Get the fuck out of here!" Tom shouted. "I never heard about this!"

"When she finished she told me not to say a word about it. She said her friends dared her to do it so she did," Kyle went on.

"Finished, like...how?" Tom asked with a devilish grin on his face.

"She swallowed," he grinned back at him. "Every drop."

"Jesus Christ..." Jen remarked under her breath. Is this what high school kids were doing nowadays? Part of her trembled at the thought of the things her son had probably experienced.

Kyle stood up and walked over to the fridge. "Who needs another?"

"I do, my man," Tom responded while adding his second empty beer can to the growing collection at the end of the table.

"I'm fine," Jen answered.

"Ah, come on, Mrs. K," Kyle smiled before making his way back to the table with three beers in his grasp. "A beer per question. It'll make things more interesting."

Jen had barely eaten at all today. She was already starting to feel it a little bit after the second beer so a third probably wasn't the best idea. But as she looked around the table and saw her son's friends cracking open their third beers, she felt pressure to stay with the pack.

"I haven't really eaten today, but...alright," she nodded, reaching her hand out to accept another.

Tom took a long swig of his drink before setting the can down on the table and reaching for a card. "It looks like I'm up."

Kyle saw a confused look grow on his friend's face as he read the question to himself. "The fuck kind of question is this?" Tom asked.

Jen felt her interest in the game starting to grow as the alcohol was beginning to lower her guard. "What does it say?"

"If you're a woman, put the card back and pick another. If you're a man, proceed," he read.

"Are you not sure if you should proceed?" Kyle laughed.

"Eat my ass, bro," Tom told him before glancing back down at the card to continue reading. "Have you ever thought about or considered giving oral sex to another man?"

Kyle burst out into laughter.

Tom took another long sip of his beer. "We're all being honest here right?"

"Of course," Jen told him, gazing into his now somewhat shy and timid eyes. She'd never seen this kind of worried look on his face before.

"Maybe a little," Tom said.

"Maybe a little what?" Kyle asked.

He looked off to the side to avoid eye contact with his friend. "Maybe I've thought about it a little..."

Kyle was confused. "You've thought about what a little? Sucking dick?"

"Haven't most guys?" Tom quietly inquired. He finished his third beer and was now making his way to the fridge to get number four.

"Maybe if you're a fag!" Kyle remarked as he began punching the table in a fit of hysteria. "Dude, I can't believe you want to suck a dick!"

"That's not what I said, asshole!" Tom snapped back. He grabbed three more drinks and returned to the table.

Kyle looked over at Jen with his hands in the air. "Is that not what you heard?"

"Yeah, but that doesn't make him gay," she told him before chugging the rest of her third beer. "I've

dated a few guys in the past who had similar fantasies."

"They aren't fantasies!" Tom shouted in frustration. "I just said that if I was in a certain mood, and somehow a certain type of dick was in front of me, that I wouldn't rule out the possibility..."

"Of sucking it," Kyle finished his friend's sentence.

"Yeah..." Tom continued, "of sucking it."

Kyle shook his head. "And that's not gay?"

"Are you honestly telling me you've never looked down at a chick while you're getting blown and thought that it looked kind of fun?" Tom asked his friend.

"Umm...no..." Kyle laughed.

"You're full of shit, dude!" Tom rolled his eyes as he cracked open his fourth beer before sliding another round in front of both Jen and Kyle.

"I guess I'm a liar because I don't want to suck dick," Kyle sarcastically said. "What about a tranny?"

"What about 'em?" Tom asked.

Kyle also opened beer number four as he nodded toward his friend. "Would you blow a tranny?"

"What's a tranny?" Jen asked.

"A guy who dresses like a woman," Kyle told her.

"No, that's a crossdresser," Tom corrected him. "A tranny is a step further than that. Some of them take estrogen and get fake tits and shit. They genuinely want to be women. It's more than just throwing on a dress and a wig."

Kyle took a sip of his beer before looking back at his friend. "So, would you blow a tranny?"

"No, that's gay, bro," he quickly answered.

"What?" Kyle laughed.

"Well, you have to seek out a tranny in order to find one," Tom told him. "They aren't just walking around in everyday life. You aren't gonna bump into one while you're shopping for fuckin' cereal or something."

Kyle smiled. "So, how exactly does that make it more gay?"

"Because blowing a tranny is a commitment," he explained. "You have to find a tranny, know what you're getting into, and then blow them. Blowing a dude would probably be a heat of the moment thing, and chances are you didn't really think about it."

Kyle had a stunned look on his face. "Dude, you're so gay..."

"Eat a dick," Tom snapped back.

"I don't think that would be a problem for you," Kyle laughed.

"Giving head looks like fun and I wouldn't rule out the possibility of ever doing it, so fuckin' sue me!" Tom proudly announced before tilting his head back and chugging the remainder of his fourth beer.

Jen found herself getting caught up in their discussion. "I love giving head."

An instant jolt of regret shot through her body. Did she really just say that out loud? Three beers and she was ready to tell her son's friends about how much she loved oral sex? What the hell was wrong with her?

Both Tom and Kyle were staring at Mrs. K with their mouths wide open.

"What?" she smiled, trying to play her comment off as no big deal.

"You love giving head?" Kyle asked.

"I'm just speaking to Tom's point," Jen told the table. "Giving head looks like fun because it is."

"What's so fun about it?" Kyle smirked.

She raised her eyebrows as she opened beer number four. "I don't think so, honey."

"Oh, come on," Tom whined as he slid his card to the bottom of the deck. "I thought we were all being honest here."

"Yeah, you guys were answering questions as part of the game," Jen told them. "I'm not telling you two about blowjobs unless the card says so."

The two teens sighed as they watched her pull a card from the top of the deck.

"Okay, I'm up," she announced before flipping the card over to read the question. "Tell everyone about...who did this!?"

"Who did what?" Kyle asked.

Jen glared at Kyle. "Did you put this card on top?"

"I've been sitting here the whole time," he told her. "How could I have gone through the deck?"

"What does it say?" Tom asked.

"Tell everyone... Tell everyone about your wildest blowjob experience." She recited the question with her eyes closed. When she opened them, both Tom and Kyle had ear-to-ear grins.

"Bro, if there isn't a higher power who wants to hear about Mrs. K's head game," Kyle laughed.

"Remember," Tom looked at her, "total honesty."

Jen paused to think for a moment. "Okay..." she smirked, "back in college my sorority would always throw a huge Halloween party every year. You know, tons of decorations, lots of alcohol, and the entire football team would come."

Kyle and Tom shot each other a look.

"So, come junior year, the party we threw was absolutely insane. It took weeks of planning. I mean, it was a huge ordeal to make it the best party of the year. Come Halloween night, there ends up being way too many people and it starts to get a little out of hand."

Jen took another sip of her beer. She was at the point where things were starting to get a tiny bit fuzzy and a tingle was running through her body. She wasn't drunk yet, but she was getting there.

"Our sorority house was on campus," she continued as she looked at each of the guys. "So, these two campus security guards suddenly show up and start telling everyone that the party's over."

"Did they shut it down?" Tom asked.

"They were about to," Jen smiled as she took another sip. "I made my way over to them and tried to talk 'em out of it. I was pretty hammered by that point so who knows if I was even making any sense."

"You said this was a Halloween party, right?" Kyle asked. "What were you dressed as?"

Jen pointed at him. "I'm about to get to that because what I was wearing is an important part of the story. So, I'm telling these two campus cops that everything will be fine and to relax, but they aren't going for it."

Jen smiled as she took herself back to her wild college days. The eager grins on the faces of the two jocks in front of her only egged her on.

"I'm dressed as an angel. You know, white everything. I had this tight, strapless corset that I could barely breathe in, this little, short pettiskirt that barely covered my butt, a pair of obnoxiously big angel wings that are coming out of my back, and this cute halo that hovered over my head. It was attached to this see-through headband and it looked awesome. This was back when I could pull outfits like that off.

"I'm sure you still could," Kyle told her.

Jen laughed to herself. "Not like this one. I was killing 'em that night."

"So, what happened with the cops?" Tom asked.

"I'm getting to it," Jen continued. "Once I could tell that these guys weren't going for anything I was saying, I decided to start getting a little flirty with them. I mean, we put so much effort and planning into this party that I wasn't just going to stand around and watch it get shut down. So, I take each of them by the hand and lead them out into the hallway, my big wings knocking into lamps and banging into people who are trying to drink and everything."

Jen sat up straight in her chair. Going back to that moment was getting her all worked up.

"I see one of the girls come out of the bathroom so I quickly pull the guards inside and lock the door," she grinned.

"You pulled them into the bathroom!?" Kyle asked, his voice had a mix of shock and surprise to his question.

"I sure did," Jen proudly answered. "The head guard was an older guy probably in his fifties. He was balding, kinda fat, you know, not the greatest guy in the world to look at. His partner was a different story. Mid-twenties and he was actually a pretty good-looking guy. I remember him being really tall and lanky. Kinda like you guys before you started working out."

"What happened next?" Tom impatiently asked, leaning forward in his seat to continue listening to her story.

"I'm like a foot away from the older cop when I look him right in the eyes and say, 'what's it going to take to keep this party going?'"

"What did he say?" Kyle inquired.

Jen glanced down at the table before looking back up with a grin. "He didn't say anything. He just placed his hand on top of my head and gently pushed down."

Tom's eyes widened. "Pushed down...like, pushed down!?"

"Right down to my knees," Jen said, giving her shoulders a little bit of a shake as she smiled.

Kyle and Tom looked at each other once again with their mouths agape.

"So, you..." Kyle stopped, trying to lead her back into resuming her story.

"This guy is wearing this belt with a flashlight and a walkie-talkie and stuff on it. I reached my hand out and unbuckled it before doing the same to his pants."

Kyle couldn't believe what he was hearing. A few beers and a comfortable environment was apparently all it took for his friend's hot mom to start telling them about her crazy college days. This was a completely different side of the woman he thought he knew. It was a side he wanted to become much more familiar with.

"This guy wasn't exactly a treasure," Jen continued. She could still vividly remember the scene all these years later. "I remember just a big, tangled mess of hair, and this little penis sticking out through it."

"Oh, Jesus..." Tom laughed.

"But I had to take one for the team, so I sucked the life out of this guy. I mean, I really went at it. My guess would be he didn't get a lot of action because twenty seconds later he was done. I mean, I'm good, but I'm not that good!" she laughed.

Kyle and Tom both laughed along with her. Neither one could believe that she was opening up like this.

"Did you...you know?" Tom asked with a grin.

"Did I swallow?" Jen asked. "I had to keep this guy happy, so, what do you think?"

"Mrs. K!" Tom erupted, dramatically clapping his hands to show his approval.

Jen took a quick, playful bow in her seat. "So, he moves to the side and pulls up his pants. Here I am thinking I just took care of the problem when his buddy, you know the younger guy, steps right in front of me while I'm still on my knees. He didn't even say a word. He just unzipped his pants, grabbed the back of my head, and shoved his dick right in my mouth!"

Kyle was on the verge of passing out. Tom opened his mouth to say something but the only thing that came out was air. Jen calmly took another swig of her beer.

"Now, this guy wasn't like his partner at all" she continued. "He was quite blessed down there if you know what I mean."

Kyle felt his hand slowly slide under the table and graze over his now hardening cock.

"And he was pretty rough. He was thrusting in and out of my mouth and slapping my face with it and stuff," Jen laughed.

Tom's head was about to explode. "He was face-fucking you?"

"Is that what it's called?" Jen asked.

"Oh my God!" Kyle groaned as he ran his free hand through his hair. He didn't know how much longer he was going to be able to sit there and listen to this.

"Like, real life rough, or porn rough?" Tom asked. "Because you're making this sound like it was some crazy porn shit."

Jen giggled. "It kinda was. I'd never had a guy slap me in the face with his...you know...before. And he really started going to town on me once he realized I didn't have a gag reflex."

"Did you just say you don't have a gag reflex!?" Tom asked.

Jen was so caught up in her story that she didn't hear his question. "So, I'm doing it for a few minutes when it sounds like he's about ready to cum."

Tom put the collar of his shirt in his mouth and bit down. He was almost positive Mrs. K just said she didn't have a gag reflex.

"I'm expecting him to do it in my mouth just like his partner did," Jen continued, "but suddenly he pulls out and tells me to suck his balls. I mean, some guys are into that kinda thing so I just wanted to do whatever got him off the fastest, you know?"

She paused to finish the last of her beer.

This perfect woman Kyle had been infatuated with ever since middle school was in fact, a dirty little pig. He was in love.

"I'm sucking on his balls when he pulls himself away from me and tells me to open up. I didn't

really know what he was doing but I opened my mouth because, after all, I heard him say to, and bam...all over my face."

The two friends continued to stare at the mom in a state of shock.

"This guy was a serious shooter. I walked over to the mirror to clean myself off and I was a complete mess. My face was covered and it was in my hair and everything," she told them.

Neither Kyle or Tom moved an inch.

"But, ready for this?" Jen asked as she laughed to herself. "These two leave and let us keep our party going. A few minutes later I think I'm all cleaned up so I make my way back, but guess what?"

"What?" Tom asked.

"I was so concerned about getting the cum out of my hair, that I missed a big wad which was dangling from my halo!" she laughed. "For the rest of college my nickname was 'Cherucum.'"

"What?" Tom asked. He had no idea what 'Cherucum' meant.

"A Cherubim is an angel from the old testament," Jen explained. "So, my little cum mishap with my halo earned me the name 'Cherucum.'"

Nobody said a word for what felt like forever before Jen finally broke the ice. "Well, Kyle, you're up. This is fun!"

Kyle stared at his friend's mom.

"Kyle..." she said.

He didn't move.

"Kyle!" Jen yelled which caused the teen to finally snap to attention. "Let's go, you're up!"

Kyle reached out and took a card. He shook his head to try to clear his mind. The only thing he could think about was Mrs. K with a faceful of some campus cop's cum. "What's your biggest sexual fetish?" he read.

"Oh, I know that answer," Tom laughed.

Kyle nodded back at his friend. "Heels."

"Heels?" Jen asked.

"Yeah," Kyle told her, "high heels."

"I didn't take you for a shoe guy," she smiled.

"There's nothing sexier than a great pair of legs in high heels," he said. "Stiletto, platform, pumps, but my number one favorite..."

"Let me guess! Let me guess!" Jen excitedly interrupted. If there was something she truly loved in

this world, it was shoes. "High heeled boots?"

"Those are definitely on the list but not number one," Kyle told her. "The greatest invention of all-time... Wedge heels."

Jen couldn't help but smile. She loved wedge heels. The stable, solid mass of the shoe prevented her from losing her balance like sharper heels did. Plus, they were so much more comfortable than most stilettos.

"You really like wedge heels?" she asked him.

"Love 'em," he told her before sliding the card to the bottom of the deck. "Well, that question was a bit of a dud compared to the first round."

"Let's see if we can pick it back up," Tom said as he removed a card and read the back of it. Kyle and Jen both watched him look up with a big smile on his face.

Kyle peered over at his friend. "What does it say?"

Tom slid the card across the table for him to read.

"Oh, you gotta be fucking kidding me!" Kyle shouted. "I got that lame-ass question and you get this!?"

"What is it?" Jen asked, eager to find out what was causing the commotion.

Kyle slid the card in front of the mom in a huff.

She picked it up and read it out loud. "It's time to get personal. Make out with another player for twenty seconds."

Tom slid his chair back a few feet, looked at his friend's mom, and softly patted his knee. "I've got a seat for you right here, Mrs. K."

Maybe it was the booze, maybe it was the feeling of finally being completely fed up with her husband, or maybe it was because there was a full moon out tonight. Jen couldn't explain why she felt so excited, she just knew that she did.

"Me?" she playfully asked with an innocent schoolgirl smile.

Tom raised his hand in the air and gave her a 'come hither' motion with his index finger. "Don't worry, Mrs. K, I don't bite."

Jen stood up and slowly made her way to Tom's seat. She felt a little woozy. Not drunk, but not completely in control either.

"Here?" Jen bashfully asked while gingerly pointing at Tom's leg. She could see that her shy girl act was pushing his buttons.

"Right here," Tom told her, resulting in his friend's mom taking a seat on the edge of his knee. Her body was facing Kyle but her head was turned back to look at Tom.

Kyle went to the alarm app on his phone and set the stopwatch for twenty seconds. "Alrighty, lovebirds," he huffed as he placed his phone down on the table, "timer's set."

Excitement radiated from Tom as he looked Mrs. K in the eyes. "You ready?"

Jen couldn't believe she was about to do this. Kissing one of her son's best friends? That seemed like such an impossibility twenty-four hours ago, but she found herself craving some love and affection after the day she just had. She leaned in and gave him a soft peck on the lips before pulling back.

"Woah, woah, woah!" Tom shouted, turning to get Kyle's attention. "Stop the timer!"

Kyle paused the countdown. It was at sixteen seconds.

"What was that?" Tom asked, reaching across the table to get the game card. "You wanna read this for me?"

Jen took the card out of his hand. "It's time to get personal. Make out with another player for twenty seconds."

"What kind of make out was that?" he asked. "That's how I kiss my Aunt Peggy!"

Jen stared into Tom's eyes. "Well, how about you man up and take it then?"

"Is that what you want?" Tom firmly asked her.

"Maybe it is..." Jen softly answered back.

Tom grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her into him. His lips quickly parted and much to his surprise, Mrs. K's mouth was open and waiting. Their tongues met as Jen felt him place his other hand on the small of her back and swiftly begin to slide it toward her butt. She slapped it away and pulled back slightly with a smile.

"I don't remember reading that on the card," she said with a giggle.

Tom didn't smile back. Instead, he pulled her into him again as the buzzer from the timer sounded. It had no effect on him. He continued to make out with her just like he would with one of his girlfriends. His hand promptly left her back to explore her still damp hair.

The hand Jen was resting on his shoulder began to wander down to his large, bulging bicep. The fact he kept kissing her right through the alarm was doing all kinds of things to her. There was something about a dominant guy that drove her wild. It was such the opposite of her husband. Even when things were good, Mike never had a take-charge mentality. He always followed her lead. Sometimes a girl wants to be led, and it just so happens that an eighteen-year-old high school kid was doing the leading this time.

Tom pulled back and grinned. His friend's mom's eyes were closed, her mouth still opening, and her body was still waiting for him to come back to her. After a few seconds, he observed her slowly opening her eyes, eventually realizing that their make out session was over.

Jen watched him lean in one more time, extend his tongue, and quickly tangled it with hers. They gave each other one last lick, never breaking eye contact before she felt the strong teen give her a

light push off of his lap.

"I get a 'what's your biggest fetish question,' and this fucking cocksucker gets to do that!?" Kyle angrily complained as he roughly shoved Tom's card to the bottom of the deck. He'd never felt so jealous about anything in his life. His friend, who wasn't nearly as into Mrs. K as he was, just made out with her for close to a minute! And she liked it!

Jen floated back to her seat. She could still remember the feeling of her first kiss back in middle school. Everyone remembers that moment. The feeling of pure ecstasy. The jolt you got from a pair of soft, wet lips touching yours for the first time. It made you feel like you could take on the world. She never thought she would experience that again as a married forty-two-year-old woman, but that was exactly what was happening. She was on cloud nine.

Tom tried not to laugh as he looked over at his buddy. He was fuming.

"Fetish fuckin' cunt question..." Kyle continued to mutter as he walked to the fridge. "Anyone want a fuckin' beer!?" he asked in not the most pleasant of tones.

"I think I'm good," Tom smiled, glancing over at Mrs. K who still had a smitten look on her face.

"I've had more than enough," Jen answered with a slight slur to her words.

Kyle came back to the table with a beer in hand. He sat down in his seat and stared a hole through his friend.

"It's your turn, Mrs. K," Tom announced, trying to somehow get his friend's piercing eyes off of him.

Jen reached out and removed the next card from the deck.

She flipped the card over and set it down on the table to read. "Do you like rough sex? And if so, what's your most hardcore fantasy?"

Kyle's eyes left his friend and shifted back over to Mrs. K. Now this was a question he wanted an answer to.

Jen paused for a moment to think about how she wanted to word her answer in front of these two. Why was she still trying to sugarcoat things? She just made out with one of them and told a story about the time she blew two security guards back in college. There was no reason to hold anything back at this point. She was just going to say it.

"I love rough sex," she announced.

Kyle closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Every time he thought this girl couldn't be more perfect, she opened her mouth and proved him wrong.

"Is that right?" Tom grinned.

"Who doesn't?" Jen continued. "I mean, I don't have some crazy fetish or anything, but every girl enjoys a good manhandling from time to time."

Kyle raised his fist to his mouth and bit down. It was like every word that came out of her mouth

was better than the last. This woman was flawless.

"And most hardcore fantasy..." she said, pausing to think the question through. "I guess...I...well, I've never been with two guys at the same time."

Kyle and Tom gave each other a quick glance.

"I mean, it sounds kind of fun. There's really no way to not get manhandled in that situation," she giggled.

Tom opened his mouth to suggest that maybe he and his buddy help make her fantasy a reality before he quickly stopped himself. Perhaps that was too much.

"I also always thought about swapping, or what's it called when you exchange partners with different couples?" she asked.

"Swinging?" Kyle chimed in.

"Yeah, swinging," Jen nodded her head. "But Mr. K was never on board with it."

Neither of the two friends said a word. Both were unsure of how to break the tension in the room after their buddy's mom just admitted to fantasizing about a threesome with two guys.

Jen slid her card toward the deck. "Well, I guess that's that."

Kyle peered his eyes as he watched the card slide along the table. "What's that?" he asked. At the very bottom of the card there was something written in extremely small font which he had yet to see throughout the course of the game.

Jen leaned in for a closer look. "Double Trouble," she read. "What's double trouble mean?"

Kyle searched for the instruction card before finding it at the end of the table. He saw a whole list of additional rules he hadn't seen earlier when he flipped it over. Apparently there were specialty cards in the deck and 'Double Trouble' was just one of them.

"Double Trouble," Kyle read off the card. "It's time to go again! Pick another card."

Jen chuckled to herself. "Lucky me..." She pulled a new card and a smile quickly grew on her face as she read it to herself. "Lucky me is right!"

Kyle and Tom both gave her a curious look.

"It's getting hot in here," Jen read. "It's time for the rest of the players to remove their shirts!"

The mom laughed as she leaned back in her chair, interlocked the fingers on her hands, and rested them behind her head. "Well, come on boys," she smiled. "Let's get those shirts off."

Kyle and Tom both raised their t-shirts over their heads and tossed them onto the table.

Jen whistled. Sure, she'd seen them walking around the backyard and using the pool shirtless dozens of times, but she'd never seen them like this while she was drunk. And she definitely hadn't seen them shirtless after making out with one of them. They looked a little different through her glassy

eyes and she definitely liked what she saw.

"Look who's enjoying herself now," Tom laughed. He watched Mrs. K reach out and place her hand on Kyle's bicep. She gave it a firm squeeze with a big smile on her face.

"It's about time I finally got a card that worked in my favor!" she laughed before grabbing Kyle's beer and helping herself to a sip. "You're up, sweetheart."

Kyle reached for a card while he continued to gaze at Mrs. K. He didn't know if she was drunk, flirty, or just having a good time. Whatever it was, he liked it.

Jen found herself having a hard time not staring at their bodies. The muscles, the definition, and the abs. Oh, how she loved guys with abs. And as she watched Kyle reach out to grab a card, she saw his rock hard abs flex as he did it. She felt herself getting a little woozy.

Kyle suddenly stood up and did his best Tiger Woods fist pump impression.

"What does it say?" Tom impatiently asked, wanting to know what caused his friend to have that type of reaction.

"Yes!" Kyle shouted, trying not to scream and potentially wake the rest of the house. "Fuckin' karma, dude!"

"What are you talking about?" Tom asked as he watched his friend approach him and hand the card over. "Oh, you lucky shit... I can't even be mad about this one."

Jen looked at the two. "What does it say?"

Tom handed her the card.

She probably should've at least pretended to be disappointed, or upset, or something. That was part of the game. She has to perform tasks that are inappropriate for her to do, and she acts all bummed while she secretly loves doing them. But she didn't care anymore. An excitement unmatched by anything in a long time ran through her body when she finished reading that card. She quickly bounced out of her seat with a smile.

"I'll be right back," she told them before scurrying off in the direction of the stairs and heading up to her room.

Kyle gave his friend a confused look. "Where's she going?"

"Probably going to hang herself," Tom joked.

Kyle shook his head and smiled. "I can't believe she's doing this, dude."

"No shit," Tom said. "I can't believe she's playing this game with us at all. And she seemed excited after she read that card! Never in a million years would I imagine her doing something like this, let alone being excited about it. And what about that fuckin' blowjob story!?"

"Crazy right?" Kyle replied. "What did I say earlier? About her being a people-pleaser. Blowing security guards so her sorority's party didn't get shut down! Who called that shit?"

"When you're right, you're right," Tom told him. "But during that question I was positive I heard her mention that she doesn't have a gag reflex."

"You fucking heard that!?" Kyle excitedly asked. He was trying his best to keep his voice down so Mrs. K didn't hear them. "I thought I imagined that!"

"No, she definitely said it," Tom told him. "I think we can do something tonight, dude."

"With Mrs. K?"

"Maybe I'm imagining things but she's giving off some pretty strong signals in my opinion," Tom said. "That blowjob story, the threesome fantasy, fuckin' making out with me! She could've bailed at any time but she went through with all of it. She could've made up some lame blowjob story but she didn't. She told that entire thing. I'm telling you, dude, she wants it."

Kyle looked at his friend. "She seems kinda drunk though."

"Nah, she's just buzzed," he countered before pausing a moment to reconsider. "Fuck, you might be right. She had what..." he turned to count the empty beers in front of her seat, "four beers?"

"She's what? A hundred and twenty pounds?" Kyle asked his buddy. "She's a little thing with hardly any fat on her and she mentioned earlier that she barely ate today. It's two in the morning and she's telling us blowjob stories from college. That doesn't sound like a drunk chick to you?"

"God fucking dammit," Tom angrily muttered as he realized his friend was right.

"I don't want to do some shit and then have her wake up in the morning accusing us of whatever," Kyle continued. "Listen, this is the perfect foundation for some shit. You got to make out with her and I've got my thing coming up," he smiled, "so, this way if she's still flirty and open with us when she's sober, then we know we got something."

Tom nodded. "Agreed. It's just gonna suck if she wants to do something now and we don't make a move tonight, only for it to turn out to be our one shot with her."

"I know but we can't," Kyle quickly cut himself off as he heard footsteps coming down the stairs. "She's coming..."

Jen walked back into the kitchen with a big smile and her hands behind her back.

"What do ya got there, Mrs. K?" Kyle asked.

"Well, since your card said to have a player give you a lap dance, I decided to go ahead and add a little spice to it. That's assuming you want me to give you the dance and not Tom," she joked.

Kyle laughed as he leaned back in his seat and waited for her reveal. "I've gotten plenty of dances from Tom," he sarcastically told her, "so I think I'll settle for you this time."

Jen smiled before moving her hands in front of her to show the guys what she was hiding. She was holding a pair of nude colored, platform wedge sandals, with six inch cork heels. "They don't really match my outfit" she said, glancing down at her little black shorts and old, grey t-shirt, "but being a heel guy and all, I doubt you care."

Kyle took a deep swallow but couldn't find any saliva in his throat. "Umm...yeah, that works," he barely managed to get out. He was trying his best to maintain his composure in front of his dream girl, but that was becoming more and more of an impossible task with each passing second.

"Great," Jen smiled, "so, how are we doing this?"

"Umm, Kyle, maybe you should take your chair over to the living room so you two have some more space," Tom said to his friend, trying to snap him out of whatever fantasy he was currently lost in.

Jen skipped over to the living room, making no attempt to hide her excitement. "If I'm being totally honest," she said, glancing behind her to see the two following her into the room, "I've always wanted to give a lap dance."

Tom plopped down on the couch. "Well, fortunately for you, Mrs. K, this lucky little shit is more than happy to be your test dummy."

Jen grinned at Kyle as he set his chair down in the middle of the floor. His hands were trembling with a mix of nervousness and excitement. She stepped into her heels and tightened the straps as Kyle took his seat.

She looked over at Tom. "How about some music?"

Tom pointed at the ceiling. "You sure? Aren't we gonna wake them up?"

"I just checked on both of 'em" Jen told him, dismissing his concern with a wave of her hand. "Believe me, they aren't waking up."

Tom pulled out his phone and began scrolling through his music. "Okay, let's see here. How about this?"

Jen rolled her eyes as a hip-hop song came on. "No, no, no," she told him with her hands on her hips, "I'm a rock girl."

"I don't listen to that shit," he told her as he continued to look through his music for something that fit the mom's taste. "How about..."

A slow-moving, artsy, indie rock song began to play.

"Are you serious?" Jen asked.

"Okay, give me a minute," Tom huffed. He left his library and went to the main music page. "Lap...dance...music..." he said under his breath, typing the words into the search box as he spoke. He scrolled down until he reached the playlist section. "Ah ha!" he shouted, "lap dance playlist."

"Now we're getting somewhere," Jen excitedly smiled. She glanced down at Kyle and saw his feet bouncing on the floor. His excitement was only building more of a fire inside her.

"Ah shit," Kyle sighed. "It's pretty much all hip-hop."

Jen rolled her eyes. "God, your generation is doomed. The music you guys listen to is so terrible."

A song suddenly jumped out at Tom that didn't necessary belong with the other rap and hip-hop

tunes. He could've sworn he remembered it from one of those guitar video games they played as kids. "Wait, I think this might work. What about, 'Cherry Pie?'"

"Perfect!" Jen jumped with excitement. It was a sexy, raunchy, hair metal song from her youth. It was the exact thing she was looking for. As the song's intro started, she was instantly taken back to her high school days. She could still remember her fifteen-year-old self lying around in the living room all day watching music videos. And one of those videos stuck out to her. It was this song and the sexy blonde in the red top that danced throughout those three awesome minutes. That video vixen was the girl all of her male classmates were fantasizing about. And tonight, it was her turn to be that girl.

"Wait a second!" she shouted, causing Tom to quickly pause the song.

The two friends watch as she bunched the bottom of her baggy t-shirt in her hand and began wrapping it around her finger. Tom was about to ask her what she was doing but quickly figured it out for himself. As if his friend's luck couldn't get any better.

Jen slid the fabric through the loop she'd made and tied off the bottom of her shirt. Her once long, baggy t-shirt, now had a knot in the bottom and didn't come down past her belly button.

"Good to go!" she smiled as she pointed her finger at Tom.

He pressed play.

The song resumed and started with the chorus. Jen flipped her long, still damp hair back and did her best diva walk toward Kyle as she felt the power of the guitars through his son's friend's phone. Her high heel wasted little time landing in the small crevice on the seat between Kyle's legs. Her hands playfully ran through her hair before finding the sides of her fit body. Her tanned, toned lower stomach was just mere feet from the high schooler as she continued to move her hips and body to the melody.

Jen removed her high heeled foot from the chair and placed it on the floor to the right side of Kyle. Her left foot made its way to the opposite side so she was now hovering over the teen's groin while facing him. She couldn't get enough of this. The tension and anticipation pouring out of his skin was contagious. She felt like his fantasy girl. It was like her husband hated her guts while these boys couldn't get enough of her. She just wanted to make someone happy. She wanted to make someone happy who appreciated and lusted after her, so, why not do that to the guy who was sitting right in front of her? Jen squatted down lower, this time stopping just centimeters from his groin. She could hear his breathing begin to increase as his panting was growing louder. She felt like such a tease.

She squatted down again, this time going even lower so she brushed her butt against his noticeable bulge. He wasn't hard, but at the same time, he wasn't flaccid. Why not drag this out a bit longer? Hell, she had over three minutes to really put on a show. Jen spun off his laps as she was now several feet in front of him with her back facing Kyle. She continued to dance and move her butt to the guitar riffs and the metal sounds. Now, this was music. Sounds and vocals that made you want to get up and dance. What could make her want to grab an eighteen-year-old kid and grind on him? Hair metal, that's what. She could see him staring at her exposed lower back which was glistening with sweat as she turned her head to glance back at him.

She spun again and began strutting in Kyle's direction. Quickly, she found herself back in her squatting position just above his groin. But this time instead of teasing him, she decided to sit down right in his lap. And what was the most satisfying part of that moment? Well, that would be the

audible gulp she heard come out of his mouth as her butt planted on his bulge despite the loudness of the music blaring throughout the room. But she didn't want to make him gulp again, she wanted to make him moan. She wanted to hear groans and cries of pleasure escaping from those sexy lips of his.

Kyle looked into the mom's blue eyes. Her arms were wrapped around his neck as she grinded away in his lap. This wasn't like any of his fantasies. Sex, blowjobs, everything and anything he dreamed of doing with her had taken a backseat to what was happening. This was surreal. And something about this was sexier than if they actually had sex. He watched her naughty side come out during the card game at the kitchen table, but this was a step beyond that. This was a PTA mom, a great wife, and a loving woman, acting like a bad girl. Something about seeing this was unexplainable to him. And then it happened. He watched her lips part as her mouth sank down to his. A kiss! He was finally going to get a kiss! He opened his mouth but she gave him a playful bite as she threw her head back once again, closing her eyes, and tossing her hair to the sounds.

Jen suddenly felt a pair of hands on her hips. It looked like someone decided he didn't want to be in the passenger seat any longer. She loved her son's friend's aggressive, assertive attitude but she wasn't done teasing him just yet. She grinned as she playfully wagged 'no' with her finger and sprang out of his lap, seductively dancing by herself for a few moments before slowly returning with her back turned to him.

She felt him place his strong hands on her hips once again and pull her onto his lap. The way those big, firm hands wrapped around her soft skin was giving her tingles. The way he thrust her onto her lap was getting her wet. Everything he did had an underline sexy vibe to it, and she wanted to be his bad girl. She couldn't help but grin as she was now sitting on his groin again, but this time facing away from the stud quarterback. The growing bulge she felt the last time was now considerably bigger and significantly harder. Jen leaned into the muscly teen so her back was now resting against his bare chest while her face was directly to the side of his. She continued to grind and move her butt along his ever hardening cock.

"Fuck....." she quietly heard him moan as she started to rub into him at a faster pace.

Jen turned her head slightly so her mouth lined up with his ear. God, did she want to be bad. She wanted to be his dream girl. She wanted him to be sitting in the middle of one of his classes with her on his mind. Not some cheerleader or a cute, perky classmate. She wanted it to be her. And she was going to give him that fantasy.

"What do you want to do to me?" she whispered.

She heard another whimper as she moved her hand to his head to play with his dark, sexy hair.

"I'd bend you over this chair," he quietly moaned to her.

Jen closed her eyes so she could lose herself in another world. She needed to visualize exactly what this stud was describing to her. "And then what?"

"Slide those little shorts down around your ankles," he quietly told her. His eyes were also shut and he was desperately trying to keep his rock hard cock from exploding. The last thing he wanted to do was ruin this moment.

"Would you go easy on me?" Jen softly asked.

"No," Kyle told her. This time after he responded, he gave her ear a soft kiss. "You don't like it easy."

"How do I like it?" she purred, continuing to grind on his now big, throbbing cock which was trapped under her backside.

"Hard," he answered before licking the lower part of her earlobe. "I'd slide this big cock into that tight, wet, little pussy..."

Her hand moved down to his face as she was still lost in her fantasy world. She could feel stubble beginning to form on his cheeks from having not shaved in a few days. He wasn't some teenager. He was a man. He was a man who would take care of all of her needs and desires. It was all right here. It was all trapped under her butt and all she had to do was slide off him. Jen wanted nothing more than to release his cock from his shorts, but at the same time, she knew that she couldn't. She couldn't cross that line.

"And I'd make you forget all about that fuckin' husband of yours," he whispered again.

She was no longer in the real world or even her fantasy world. She was now in some kind of alternate reality. The room was set up exactly like it was now, but Kyle wasn't sitting in a chair in the middle of the room. Instead, she was bent over the edge of it, her shorts around her ankles, and her pussy dripping wet just like Kyle had described to her. She could feel the fat head of his cock sliding along the lips of her begging pussy. She could feel him slowly try to enter her but struggle due to his size. She could feel his warm hand grab the back of her neck as he shifted her forward to arch her butt higher. She could feel him push through any resistance that her tightness was giving him. She could feel the fullness when he finally entered her. The feeling of fullness she hadn't experienced since college. The feeling of being manhandled. The feeling of being someone's slut for just one night. The feeling of...

Except she didn't feel any of that.

Jen's eyes snapped opened. The music was stopped. She turned her head to see Tom staring at them with his mouth agape. She peered back to observe Kyle's eyes still shut as he continued to be lost in whatever world he had drifted off to. She wasn't in her fantasy world anymore. She was back to reality.

"How long has the song been over for?" she sheepishly asked Tom.

"Four minutes," he responded, somewhat unsure if what he'd witnessed really just happened.

She was supposed to give her son's friend a playful lap dance. Instead, she grinded on his lap while talking dirty to him for over seven minutes. She'd never felt so embarrassed in her life.

Jen jumped off his lap and anxiously looked around the room. "I...I...I gotta...I gotta go...to...to bed," she pointed to the ceiling before hurrying toward the stairs.

Kyle came back to earth. He was sitting in the chair, with no Mrs. K in sight, and his dick was the hardest it'd ever been. He turned and looked at his friend. "Did that really just happen?"

Tom couldn't help but softly laugh as he nodded his head.

Jen scurried into the upstairs bathroom, shut the door, and quickly locked it behind her. She stared

into the mirror and shook her head. Her eyeliner was beginning to run, her hair was a mess from God knows how many hair flips, and her t-shirt was tied off so her lower stomach was exposed. She closed her eyes and tried to clear her head of everything that had just happened. Of Kyle, Tom, the pool, the card game, and the lap dance...

But she couldn't.

Her eyes closed as she slid her hand into her shorts and feverishly began to play with herself. She bit down on the collar of her shirt, trying to prevent any noise from making it out of the bathroom as moans began to escape from her lips. Her right foot, high heel and all, found the surface of the toilet seat cover and suddenly she was back in the living room. She was back on Kyle's lap but she really wasn't. She was bent over the chair and he was about to take her. She took herself back to that moment as she continued to vigorously rub her clit.

She could feel Kyle slide his dick out of her. The feeling of fullness was gone. She was so lonely, and empty, and vacant. She turned back to find the stud behind her. She was ready to plead and beg for him to take care of her. She needed him. But the grin she saw on his face as she glanced back said a million words. He shoved the chair out of the way and forcibly pushed her to the ground.

"I can't hog you all to myself," he whispered into her ear as he knelt down behind her.

She didn't know what he was talking about. All she knew was that his cock was back, rubbing and teasing against her moist pussy lips. It was almost back where it belonged. Almost back to giving her what she really wanted, what she needed, what she craved.

"Open up, Mrs. K," she heard as her attention shifted to a new voice.

Tom was lying down on the floor in front of her. His cock, the same impressive size as Kyle's, pointed straight toward the ceiling.

So this is what he meant by not hogging her? She swiftly dropped her mouth around the fat head of Tom's thick penis. She gave her other stud some oral attention before that full feeling captured her soul. It was back! Kyle was back inside her and this time he wasn't going easy.

She could hear herself loudly moaning. She was trying to keep Tom in her mouth but her lips were instinctively crying out in pleasure with every thrust Kyle took. She was being used. Two stud jocks were filling her holes and she couldn't be happier. Eighteen, forty-two, she didn't care. She wanted to be ravished, she wanted to be worshipped, she wanted to feel desired.

"Oh my God!" Jen screamed as she exploded in bliss. Her foot rocketed off the toilet and she stumbled backward in her oversized high heels, slamming into the wall behind her. Heavy pants flowed from her mouth as she attempted to catch her breath. She didn't care if the entire neighborhood heard her scream, that was years in the making and something she desperately needed. She finally managed to collect herself before making her way back to her feet. Her fantasy seemed so real. It was so satisfying. Every thrust, every motion, every pleasure, all felt like it was really happening. And it was all a possibility. All she had to do was walk back down those stairs.

"Dude, was that?" Kyle asked, looking up at the ceiling.

"Yup..." Tom told him, flipping over his pillow as he rolled over on his side.

"Should we?"

"Nope..." Tom responded with a huff.

Kyle rolled over and pulled his blanket up to his shoulders. How in the world was he supposed to sleep after all of that?

Chapter 8 -- The Morning After.

Jen rolled over and looked at her alarm clock. 11 AM on Saturday morning. She decided to go to bed after her little bathroom incident last night against every instinct in her body. Her son's friends probably thought that she was some big weirdo. Or even worse, some major cock tease. How many times did she have them right on the edge before wimping out of going through with what she really wanted? She rolled over to see her husband's side of the bed empty, not that she really cared. And then she felt it. That awful, horrific pounding started in her head as she slowly climbed out of bed. She hadn't been drunk in so long that she forgot what the morning after felt like. She wandered off to find some pills, trying to stay quiet so she didn't wake her son.

A few minutes later Jen made her way down to the kitchen. Much to her surprise, she saw Dan sitting at the table, eating a bowl of cereal.

"I can't believe you're up before me," Jen chuckled as she put the teapot on the stove. She looked past him and into the living room to see a spotless floor and furniture. The card game that was on the kitchen table when she went to bed was gone and the beer cans were nowhere to be seen. Thank God Kyle and Tom cleaned up before either her son or husband found anything.

"Dad had to go to work," Dan told her, holding up a handwritten note from his father as proof.

Jen nodded her head to acknowledge the message.

"So, uh...what happened last night?" Dan asked, rubbing his hand along his temple.

Uh-oh. Did he hear something? Maybe he wasn't passed out like she thought he was. A sense of panic began to grow inside her as she sat down across from him at the table. "What happened?" she meekly repeated.

"Yeah, what happened?" he asked again. "I remember being at the party and the next thing I know, it's 10:30 in the morning and I'm lying in my bed."

She let out a deep sigh of relief. Thank God. He was referring to his night and not hers. "Apparently someone didn't show too much control last night like they promised me they would."

Dan looked down at the table, ashamed.

"Listen, I know you're going to go out and get drunk, and party, and do whatever high school kids do," she said to her son, "but putting yourself in a position where either you're driving, or someone else is driving who's drunk, is completely inexcusable."

"I know..." Dan groaned, still looking down at the wooden table.

"I trust this won't happen again," she said.

He glanced up. "That's it? I mean, I'm not in trouble or anything?"

Jen had a long list of punishments in mind for her son when his friends dragged him upstairs eleven hours ago. But who was she to discipline anyone after her night?

"No, you're not in trouble," she softly smiled, "just promise me you'll never do that again. Just call me or your father if you need a ride. You know we'll always come pick you up."

"I know," he nodded. "Thanks, Mom."

"No problem, baby," she told him as the teapot began to whistle. Jen stood up and walked over to the stove as she heard her son's ringtone go off.

"Hey, Jessica," Dan answered.

It was his girlfriend Jessica. Jen wasn't a big fan of Jessica. She wasn't exactly the sharpest girl in the world and she got a slutty vibe from her the one time she came over for dinner. Not that she would ever tell her son any of that.

"Oh shit, really?" she heard him say as he slid open the backdoor and walked outside by the pool.

Jen could faintly hear his conversation through the open kitchen window.

"Is he okay?" Dan asked his girlfriend.

He came back inside a few minutes later.

"Apparently Jessica's grandpa fell this morning and he's in the hospital," Dan told his mom who was mixing a small dab of honey into her tea.

"Oh my, is it serious?"

He looked down at his phone. "I guess so. I mean, he's not gonna die or anything, but they want to keep him there for a few days."

"Well, that's good at least," Jen added.

"Yeah, Jessica is going to see him now and asked if I wanted to go with her."

"You should," Jen told him. She knew how important supporting your partner was. It was something her husband didn't show and something her son had yet to experience.

"You think I should?" he asked. "I mean, the guys are coming over in a bit and I don't want to leave you hanging."

Every Saturday throughout the fall, Dan's friends came over to watch college football after their practice was over. They all chipped in to buy the special TV package where they could watch all the games. So, from September through late November, from noon until late into the night, they spent their Saturdays down in the basement.

"Please," Jen dismissed her son's concern, "it's not a problem."

"You sure?" Dan asked. "I can tell them we have to cancel if you want."

Part of Jen wanted to say yes. It'd probably be best not to see any of her son's friends for the foreseeable future. Especially since her husband, who wasn't even into sports, would be spending his Saturday just like he spent every Saturday. Over at his coworker's house pretending to like football. It burned her up how he would do just about anything to avoid being around her.

"You know that your friends are always welcome here," she smiled, trying not to give off any vibes of what went on just a few hours ago.

"Okay, thanks, Mom," Dan smiled as he stood up and slid his chair back under the table. "By the way, I saw your bathrobe lying across one of the pool chairs when I was outside."

"Yeah..." Jen stalled for time, "I uhh... I spilled water on it last night."

He laughed as he looked back outside at the robe. "How much? I mean, it still looks wet."

"A lot," Jen told him. "I was making lemonade and the jug tipped and spilled on me. The entire thing."

Dan gave her a curious look. "The entire thing?"

"I'm a klutz," she smiled before walking over to her son, eager to change the subject. "You better get going. You don't want to keep Jessica waiting!"

"Okay, Mom," he agreed. He leaned in to accept a kiss on the cheek before heading upstairs to change.

Jen made her way upstairs and into the bathroom after finishing her morning tea. She slipped into a clean thong and a pair of old, black sweatpants. She ditched her usual tight fitting shirts and tank tops for a baggy, loose white t-shirt. She put her long, blonde hair into a bun and decided against applying any makeup. She took a step back to get a look at herself in the mirror. She definitely didn't look like a milf now. She looked like some old, worn out housewife, and that was exactly how she wanted to appear when her son's friends showed up in an hour.

Dan knocked on the door. "I'm leaving, Mom! Cya tonight!"

"Drive safely, honey!" she shouted back from inside the bathroom.

As she heard her son trot down the stairs, she knew that in just a short amount of time, Kyle, Tom, and Doug were all going to be in her house. The trio never missed a Saturday, and of course with her luck, they decided not to miss the one time her son wasn't going to be home either. She needed a game plan. She had to devise a strategy to control herself. She needed to stop flirting and teasing boys twenty-four years her junior, and act like the forty-two-year-old married woman that she was. Jen took a deep breath and looked into the mirror. This wasn't going to be easy...

Chapter 9 -- Game Time.

The doorbell rang at 11:57 AM. Jen made her way to the front door and opened it.

"Hey, Mrs. K," Tom cheerfully greeted her.

Jen responded with a courtesy smile before glancing to her left to see Kyle standing next to his buddy.

"No Doug?" she asked.

"Not today," Tom told her as the two teens followed her into the house. "I guess he's spending the day with that chick he met last night. Someone's in love..."

Jen continued to walk toward the kitchen. She didn't want to be rude, but at the same time, she felt like laughing at his jokes might send flirtatious vibes that she was trying to avoid. She could hear the two friend's footsteps behind her as they continued to move further into the house.

"Dan's not going to be back until later," she announced before sitting down at the kitchen table to read a magazine. She didn't make eye contact with either of them.

"He told us," Kyle noted, watching his buddy dig through the pantry for some snacks to take down to the basement. "You wanna watch the game with us?"

"No thanks," she replied as she continued to stare down at her magazine.

There was an uncomfortable silence in the room as Tom continued to search for his favorite snacks. Kyle unsure of what to say, and Jen just hoping the two would leave the kitchen.

"Come on, just pick something," Kyle impatiently told his friend.

Tom re-emerged from the pantry with a large bag of chips and a small bag of pretzels. "Good to go," he smiled, waiting for Mrs. K to chime in with her usual playful comment. She just continued to gaze down at her magazine. "Okay, we'll see you later then, Mrs. K."

Jen didn't respond.

Kyle and Tom walked down into the basement and took their seats on the couch.

"The fuck was that?" Tom asked his friend as he watched Kyle flip through the channels until he reached the station where their favorite team was about to play. The pregame show was still on.

Kyle turned and looked at Tom. "I think she's playing with us."

"What?" Tom laughed. "Dude, that was crazy uncomfortable."

"I think she's embarrassed about last night," Kyle went on.

"Or she hates our guts now," Tom said. "I mean, she wouldn't even look at us."

"I know," Kyle told him.

"Playing with us?" Tom laughed again. "You're out of your mind. I think it's way more likely that she thinks we took advantage of her last night or something. Fuck, dude, I don't wanna go back up there."

"I think you're misreading this," he countered.

Tom shook his head. "Alright, Dr. Love, explain to me what I'm not seeing here."

Kyle stood up and began to slowly pace in front of the TV. He found that he often thought more clearly when he was moving versus sitting still.

"Okay," he began, "remember last summer when I went up to the Adirondacks with my family?"

Tom nodded. He would never tell his best friend this, but not having him around for those two weeks sucked pretty bad.

"Well, I met this one girl while I was up there," Kyle continued.

"Why didn't I ever hear about this?" Tom asked.

"I'll get to that," Kyle waived his hand at him as he continued to pace. "Her name was Courtney and she was seventeen too. She lived in New York City and was upstate with her family for vacation."

Tom grinned. "What did she look like?"

"Cute as shit. Little blonde chick. Barely five feet tall. Perky, bubbly, with a great set of ass and tits."

Tom smiled. "Sounds like my kind of girl. What happened with her?"

"So, I met her while hiking up one of the peaks with my Dad. She was already on the summit when we got up there and I started talking to her while my old man was catching his breath. We ended up spending the entire two weeks together," Kyle told him.

"And nothing happened?" Tom asked.

"I tried," Kyle told his friend while he glanced at the TV. Kickoff was mere seconds away. "After a few days we started making out and shit."

Tom nodded with approval. "Alright..."

"Yeah, but every time I tried to go a little further," he said, "she would push me away."

"Push you away how?" Tom asked.

"You know, like I would try to cop a feel or grab her butt or something, and she would slap my hand away. She was always giggling and laughing while doing it," Kyle told him, continuing to pace as he looked off at the basement steps.

"Oh, you gotta be shitting me!" Tom shouted.

Kyle turned to his friend, wondering what he said that could've caused that type of reaction.

"These fuckin' assholes can't even cover a kick!" Tom yelled as he watched their team's opponent return the opening kickoff for a touchdown. "Can you say 'ten years without a bowl game?'"

Kyle shook his head. Mediocrity with their college football team had become the norm, but today, he couldn't care less. Today, his mind was on other things.

"Do you want to hear my story or not?" Kyle asked, annoyed by his friend's noticeable lack of focus.

Tom turned his attention back to him. "Yeah, yeah, go ahead. So this chick is cock teasing you..."

Kyle resumed his tale. "This shit goes on for the rest of our time up there. I can never get further than making out, even though we spent the entire two weeks together."

Tom continued to stare at his friend, waiting for him to get to whatever point he was trying to make.

"We eventually leave and I figured I would never see this girl again," he said as he continued to walk around the room. "So, fast forward to October."

Tom eyebrows shot up. "October?"

"Yeah, October," Kyle told him. "I'm sitting on the couch and it's like two in the morning. I still remember the exact moment because I was watching a Giants playoff game and it was in the thirteenth inning."

Tom rolled his eyes. He definitely didn't share his friend's love of baseball.

"I'm sitting there by myself and suddenly my phone starts ringing. I look down and it says Courtney," Kyle told him, raising his eyebrows to emphasize that she was calling.

"She called you?" he asked with a surprised look on his face.

"Yeah, at 2 AM," Kyle went on. "I can tell right away that she's been partying. She's slurring her words and going on and on about how much she hates her math teacher and shit. You know, typical

drunk chick stuff."

Tom nodded his head and chuckled. He'd been there before.

"I'm sitting there listening to her drone on and on, and the entire time it's eating me up inside the way she treated me back in the summer. Like, why is she calling to talk to me, when three months ago she didn't even want me touching her?"

"I hope you fuckin' laid into her," Tom said to his friend.

"I was planning on it," he told him, "but before she finishes babbling about whatever, she says that she misses me."

Tom gave him a disgusted look. "Misses you?"

"Misses me," Kyle reiterated.

"These fuckin' chicks..." Tom groaned. "It's always something."

"My mindset suddenly changes, you know?" Kyle continued. "I was seconds away from telling this girl to go fuck herself, and now she's saying that she misses me."

"So, what did you say?" Tom asked.

"I straight up asked her why she behaved the way she did. Why she acted like my hand was poisonous every time I tried to touch her."

Tom continued to look at his friend instead of the game on the television. His attention was solely focused on Kyle's story. "What did she say?"

Kyle smiled to himself as he stopped pacing. He slowly shook his head and looked at the couch that Tom was sitting on. "She told me that I was a little boy."

Tom opened his mouth but then closed it before he said a word. As he sat there and tried to register what his friend had just told him, he just couldn't make any sense of it.

"But...she...wait, I thought you two were the same age," Tom finally said.

Kyle sat down on the couch. "We were."

Tom turned his confused face to his buddy who was now sitting at the other end of the sofa. "So...so...so...what?"

"She told me that a real man takes what he wants. That only little boys wait for it to be given. The last thing she said to me before she hung up was, 'you should have taken it, little boy.'"

Tom's mouth dropped in disbelief. "She said that!?"

"Yeah, and it was fuckin' humiliating," Kyle answered, looking at the TV so he didn't have to face his friend. "You can see why I never told anyone about this."

"So, when she slapped your hand away all playfully and shit, she actually wanted you to keep going?"

"Yup..." Kyle groaned.

"Jesus..." Tom slowly said.

The two friends both stared ahead at the television screen. Kyle remembering that awful phone call and Tom trying to think back to any girls who may have done the same thing to him in the past.

Tom finally broke the ice after a few moments of silence. "What does all of this mean?"

Kyle stood up and resumed his pacing. "Okay, so, as I'm lying on the couch upstairs this morning thinking about last night, I start to put the pieces together."

"Go on..."

"One," Kyle said, raising his thumb in the air to count off his points, "during Mrs. K's Halloween party blowjob story, she said how she pulled the security guards into the bathroom, but she didn't say that she jumped them or made a move or anything. She said the older guy pushed her down to the ground, and that the other guy just stepped in front of her and didn't ask for permission or anything. He just pulled out his dick and stuck it in her mouth."

"So, she kinda got assaulted in a bathroom," Tom said.

"No, dude!" Kyle firmly told him. "She knew what she wanted when she went into that bathroom, but it was up to those guys to make the move!"

Tom didn't say anything. He just continued to stare at his friend with a look of disagreement on his face.

"Two," Kyle proceeded, now raising his index finger, "and this should be all I need to say. Do you remember what she said to you right before you two made out?"

"I gotta be honest, bro," Tom laughed, "the second she sat on my knee, my mind kinda went blank."

Kyle couldn't blame him. "Well, let me refresh your memory. After you called her out for just lightly kissing you, she told you to 'man up and just take it.'"

"Shit..." Tom quietly said as he thought back to that moment, "she did say that, didn't she?"

"She most certainly did," Kyle answered. "But I'm not done." He raised another finger in the air. "Three. During her rough sex question, she admitted that she likes to be manhandled."

"Yeah, but that doesn't really apply to this," Tom shook his head to dismiss his friend's point.

"What?" Kyle disagreed. "Yes, it does."

"No, it doesn't" Tom continued. "That could mean a bunch of different things. It might just mean that she's into having her hair pulled or something. Not that she wants her son's friends to jump her."

Kyle shook his head. "Jesus, dude, I didn't say anything about jumping her."

"I think you're looking too far into this," Tom told his buddy. "She wouldn't even look at us earlier. She's probably the nicest person I've ever met and she wouldn't make eye contact with either of us. Isn't that enough of a sign?"

Kyle's eyes hit the floor while he considered his friend's point.

"And when have you ever seen her dress like that? Loose clothes, hair in a bun...that isn't Mrs. K," Tom went on.

He may have had a point there. He'd never seen her in anything other than tight pants or shorts that showed off her amazing legs. He wasn't aware she even owned a pair of baggy sweatpants like that.

"But what about that lap dance?" Kyle asked. "You said it yourself that she was grinding on me for how long after the song ended?"

"Four minutes," Tom answered.

"Four fucking minutes!" Kyle emphatically repeated. "How do you explain that?"

"I think she got caught up in the moment," he replied.

Kyle shook his head. "Caught up in the moment?"

"Yeah, caught up in the moment. Look, I think she's a lonely woman who likes the attention. She clearly doesn't get any of it from her husband, so when her son's friends take an interest in her, she feeds off it. That doesn't mean she actually wants to do anything. She's probably just trying to live out some fantasy she read in a book or something."

Kyle looked at his friend; baffled by his change of tone. "Are you kidding me, dude?"

"What?" Tom asked.

"Last night you were ready to go. I had to talk you out of it and get you to see that she was drunk."

Tom shook his head. "I did some thinking this morning as well, and I think she just likes the attention."

Kyle huffed. "I don't understand how you can't see the correlation between Mrs. K and the Courtney story I just told you. Dude, it's the same thing!"

"No, it's not," he disagreed. "That chick is in high school. Mrs. K is in her forties. This isn't porn, dude. Listen, last night was crazy, but if we actually would've done some shit with her, I guarantee it wouldn't have turned out well for either of us."

Kyle couldn't disagree more. He'd gone over this a thousand times in his head, but the one thing he truly wanted was his friend's approval of his plan.

Tom continued. "You know I always have your back right?"

"Yeah," Kyle responded.

"But you're on your own with this one," Tom said. "Think about all the shit that can go wrong. What about Dan?"

Kyle had been so caught up in all of this that he never stopped to think about his friend.

"Do you think he's still gonna be friends with us if he finds out about this?" Tom asked.

"No..." Kyle answered.

"He's been our boy forever," Tom told him. "He's like a brother to us. That shit's gonna be over if he ever hears about this. And what about her husband?"

Kyle could care less about Mr. K. "What about him?" he groaned. Just thinking about that asshole put him in a bad mood.

"Sure, we think he hates Mrs. K and shit, but they're still married. He might be one of those husbands who murders the guy his wife is cheating on him with," Tom continued.

He took a moment to ponder the suggestions his friend had just laid out. There was no changing his mind.

"Wish me luck," Kyle said as he slowly walked toward the basement steps.

Tom shook his head. "Good luck, man. You're gonna need it."

Chapter 10 -- Hail Mary.

"Ten ways to drive your man crazy," Jen read to herself as she sat alone at the kitchen table. Way

number ten told her to act flirty. Act flirty? Who was writing this shit? How about, 'ten ways to get your man to touch you.' Now, that was an article she could use.

Her head shot up as she heard the knob of the basement door slowly turn. Of course Kyle and Tom were going to come upstairs. They were going to have to use the bathroom or get drinks or something eventually. What an idiot she was for still sitting at the table! She should've went up to her room after they showed up and waited for Dan or Mike to come home.

She glanced back down at her magazine but could see who was now upstairs in her peripheral. It was Kyle. She watched him walk past her and go to the fridge. He pulled out a bottle of water as she pretended to still be focused on her reading material.

"So, how's it going, Mrs. K?" he asked, leaning against the counter as he opened his water.

"Fine," Jen abruptly answered, wanting to keep her answers short and sweet. The less time around these two today, the better.

A few moments of silence passed before she heard him speak up again. "Last night was fun."

"I guess," Jen responded, continuing to keep her face buried in the magazine.

Kyle had gone over this conversation a hundred times in his head over the past few hours. He had one-liners all set for anything she could possibly say, and he had an entire speech rehearsed that was going to knock her on her ass. Except, as he stood there in the kitchen, he suddenly had nothing. His mind was completely blank. He felt himself begin to panic. And as the silence grew, so did the awkwardness. She wasn't going to give him anything in a conversation and he needed all the help he could get. He futzed around with the cap to his drink before finally tightening it on his bottle and heading back toward the basement. He was two feet from the door when he stopped.

Jen could see him freeze in his tracks right in front of the door. The second he went back down those steps, she was going to go up to her room and make sure to avoid these two for the rest of the day. But why wasn't he going back down into the basement? Why didn't anything ever work out the way she wanted it to?

Kyle turned around and moved back to the kitchen table, taking a seat in the empty chair directly across from his friend's mom.

She looked up from her magazine with an annoyed expression on her face. "Can I help you?"

Kyle stared back at her with a slight grin. "You know what, Mrs. K, I have you figured out."

"Excuse me?" Jen asked.

"I said I have you figured out," he repeated.

Jen leaned back in her chair, now focusing all of her attention on her son's friend. "I wasn't aware

there was anything to figure out."

"Sure there is," he said, removing the cap from his water bottle before taking a sip. "You know, a lot of guys might have you pegged as a bit of a tease."

Jen softly chuckled. "A tease?"

"The way you flaunt your body around us," Kyle continued. "The way you know you drive all of us crazy."

She glanced down at what she was wearing and smiled. "Flaunt my body?" Her plan to dress down to deter attention apparently had no impact on him.

"The bun?" Kyle asked as he pointed to her hair and shook his head. "Please, you still look amazing."

Jen tried her best to hide her smile but she felt herself crack. She was a sucker for compliments.

"So, I'm a tease?" she asked, still not quite sure what he meant by his comment.

Kyle shook his head. "Most guys have you labeled as a tease," he told her, "but you aren't in my mind. No, Mrs. K, I know what you really are."

"And what's that?" Jen inquired.

"You're too good of a person," Kyle told her.

"Excuse me?" she asked. That was the last answer she expected to hear.

"You see, Mrs. K, you're too concerned about everyone else. Don't get me wrong, that's what I love about you, but you're always thinking about others instead of yourself."

This wasn't what she thought she'd be hearing.

"And when you want to act on your urges, your real urges, you don't. You don't because you're too concerned about the impact it might have on the people around you," he explained.

"And that's a bad thing?"

Kyle continued to stare into her soft blue eyes. "Maybe not for everyone else, but when are you ever happy? When do you ever put yourself first?"

Maybe he was right. If it wasn't her son or her husband, it was the PTA board, or their neighbors, or her annoying mother-in-law. She never did put herself first. While Jen was pondering his question, Kyle had made his way behind her and was now massaging her shoulders.

"Doesn't that sound good, Mrs. K?" Kyle asked. "To put yourself first."

She felt him place his hand on her chin and turn her head to the side before she had a chance to respond. Her lips were quickly met by his and she lost herself with the teen for a few moments. The peck turned into a kiss and the kiss turned into their tongues exploring each other's mouths. But she quickly snapped out of it.

"No, we can't!" she protested as she attempted to push him away, but his grip didn't loosen on the back of her neck. In fact, she felt it tighten. She attempted to shove him away once again, but felt him pull her closer.

He immediately went back to kissing her, ignoring her fighting until she eventually caved and placed her hand on his bicep.

Kyle broke off the kiss before leaning back against the counter with a grin. "See, didn't that feel good?"

She didn't want to give him the satisfaction of telling him, but yeah, it was good. She liked the feeling of him taking control. The feeling of being in his hands, waiting for him to do with her as he pleased. She finally felt like someone's girl.

"Now, Mrs. K," he said as he continued to rest against the counter with a cocky grin, "we both know what you really want."

Jen stared at her son's friend.

"You want to be a bad girl, don't you?" he smirked.

Her face didn't budge.

"For some jock to treat you like one of those little cheerleaders I know you're jealous of," he continued.

He was pushing all of her buttons. That's really all she wanted, wasn't it? To be used. To be ravished by some stud. She just wanted to know she was on the mind of some hot, sexy guy. And it didn't matter if he was eighteen or eighty. At this point, he just needed to exist, and fortunately for her, that guy was standing right in her kitchen.

"To treat you like the bad girl you want to be."

Her eyes began to explore his body from her seat at the table. Orange basketball shorts, a plain white t-shirt which showed off his fit, muscular upper body, and an even darker scruff on his face than the one from last night. Maybe he was right. Maybe she didn't just want this. Maybe she wanted to be a bad girl too. But where was the fun in admitting that?

"I'm a good girl," Jen countered.

A big smile grew on Kyle's face. "Oh, you're definitely a good girl. What other moms would go shopping for her son's friends, and always let us hang out, and just be a genuinely awesome person?"

She raised her eyebrows.

"What? Is that surprising?" he asked. "You see, Mrs. K, this is why your situation bugs me so much. Your husband is an asshole."

Jen opened her mouth to defend Mike before thinking better of it. She was curious as to where Kyle was going with this.

"We all think he is," the teen continued. "Doug agreed with me from day one and Tom finally came around to seeing it recently. There's something about him. He's always miserable. But not just to us. He's a prick to you too. Do you remember a couple months ago when we came over to watch a basketball game and we got pizza, and then you decided to order chicken wings on top of the food we were already getting, plus, you paid for everything."

She nodded.

"I mean, who does that?" Kyle asked. "Who treats three of her son's friends to dinner? But that's just the kind of person you are. You're amazing. Anyway, while we're all thanking you and getting our food, do you recall what Mr. K was doing?"

Jen tried to think. She remembered that night but this specific moment Kyle was asking her to recall must've slipped her mind. She shook her head.

"Really?"

"Is it something important?" she inquired.

He let out a soft laugh. "Maybe not to you, but it is to me. Apparently you had some kind of coupon that allowed you to pick out a free bottle of soda. I still remember that moment clear as day. It's weird the things that stick out to people, isn't it? I couldn't tell you what I ate for dinner three days ago, but I remember that exact moment. We're all getting our food and Mr. K starts bitching at you because you grabbed a diet soda instead of whatever he wanted. You apologized and he rolled his eyes, muttered something under his breath, and walked outside to eat his food by himself. I wanted to knock him out."

"You wanted to what?"

"I wanted to knock him out," Kyle reiterated. "That fatass is married to maybe the most incredible woman on the planet, and he can't stop being an asshole for two minutes. And I get it. He has an attitude when we come over and it's like, whatever, you know? And it's nice that he isn't around here a lot, but when he is, he always seems to treat you like crap. He took his food and went outside by

himself, while his funny, awesome, sexy as fuck wife went downstairs with her son and his friends to watch basketball. That doesn't seem bizarre to you? I mean, what's wrong with that guy?"

"Umm..."

"I always give guys shit when they meet a new girl and suddenly their world stops," he interrupted. "Like, they'll be around one second, then they start dating some chick, and boom...they vanish. That shit will probably happen with Doug."

She was attentively listening to him speak.

"It's never happened to me," he continued, "and I always thought I was some kind of badass or something. That I didn't have feelings where I could fall for some girl. But then I started thinking about you."

"Me?"

"Yeah, you," he smiled. "I really started thinking about you. I thought what it would be like if I was dating you. Or even if we were just fooling around or whatever. Your presence creates this intoxicating vibe. It's hard to explain. You just make everything better."

Jen looked down and embarrassingly blushed.

"You really do," Kyle continued. "I can't get enough of being in this house when you're home. And I'm not some guy who falls for a different girl every week. I'm really not. You're different. You're special. And you have no idea what it does to me to see you not being properly appreciated. How can your husband come home and have an attitude toward you? I've come over here after having some pretty shitty days before, and watching you strut into the room changes everything. It's like all that awfulness just melts away."

Jen wanted to say something, but she was coming up empty. Her son's friend had rendered her speechless. She'd never been talked to like this before. This wasn't a romance novel or some Hollywood movie. This was a high school kid and he was making her feel like the luckiest girl in the world.

"He's not taking care of you, is he?"

She shot him a curious glance. "What?"

"Your husband," Kyle specified, "he isn't taking care of you, is he?"

"Well..." she stalled for time.

"It's a yes or no question."

She took a deep breath. "No."

"That's over."

"What's over?" she asked. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm taking care of you from now on," he firmly told her.

Jen started laughing.

"You think this is a joke?" he asked. "I've never been more serious about anything in my life."

She rolled her eyes at him this time.

"Get over here," he demanded while motioning her toward him with his hand.

"Yeah, I don't think so..."

"It's not an option," he said. "Mrs. K, I'm not looking for your two cents on this subject. The days of you not being happy are over. You have a different man now. A real man. You have me."

"This is ridiculous," she said with a chuckle.

He took a deep breath. "Get over here."

Maybe this wasn't a joke. Jen had assumed he was messing with her but she was starting to change her mind. He wasn't smiling or laughing at all. In fact, there wasn't a hint of playfulness to his voice. He told her he was going to take care of her needs and now he was pointing at the floor in front of him. Suddenly, this seemed real. Very real. And Jen was getting excited.

"And what if I don't want to?" she asked with a grin.

"What part of, 'it's not an option,' don't you understand? Hey, I'll ask for your help if I need an opinion on how my dress shirt matches my pants or something, but I'm not looking for your two cents when it comes to this. Because I know better than you."

"Oh, is that right?" she laughed. "You do realize I was twenty-four years old when you were born, right? I think I have a little more experience than you."

"And where has that gotten you?" he inquired. "Married to a bum husband who probably has a little dick and can't fuck. Or how about playing sexually themed card games with your son's friends because you're so horny. Mrs. K, shit is going to change starting today. You aren't going to be tense and frustrated anymore. You're going to be relaxed and happy. And you want to know why? Because I'm going to take care of your sexy ass. So, I'm done asking nicely. You have five seconds to get out of that chair."

She blankly stared at him.

"One..." he started.

Her look didn't change.

"Two..."

A slight smirk grew on her face.

"Three..."

"I didn't know you could count that high," she giggled.

Kyle grinned at her. "Four..."

Jen yawned.

"Five..."

Stomp...stomp...stomp...

She never experienced anything like what followed. This was all playful, right? They were just flirting with each other. Well, apparently they weren't on the same page, because after he hit five seconds, he loudly stomped over to her. She felt a strong hand grip the blonde bun on the top of her head and yank her out of her seat, her knees quickly finding the ground as he dragged her across the wood of the kitchen floor. It was exactly what she'd been fantasizing about for years. For a dominant, assertive man to take her, and she was finally getting her wish.

Kyle found his original place again, leaning against the kitchen counter, but now he was looking at something new. He was gazing down at his friend's mom who was on her knees in front of him. Her hand was feeling her hair as a result of him roughly pulling her across the floor. He knew she wanted this. He couldn't explain how he knew it, but he just did. He would never make a girl do something she wasn't comfortable with. He wasn't one of those guys. And he especially didn't want to hurt Mrs. K, but he was positive she wanted him to step up and be aggressive like this. Even if he couldn't explain how he knew it. But he needed to be one hundred percent sure. He couldn't take any chances with this. He nonchalantly rested his arms back on the kitchen counter and stared down at her.

Her hands immediately found his bulge.

Kyle did his best not to scream with excitement. He knew he was right. He knew exactly what Mrs. K wanted, and that she just needed someone to tell her what that was. That feeling of his penis being stroked over his shorts by this woman overshadowed any sexual experience in his life. Everything she did already drove him crazy, so finally having her touch him was just that much more powerful.

"What's your hair still doing in a bun?"

Jen smirked as her hands left his groin and made their way to her head. She undid her bun before giving her hair a shake to allow her long blonde hair to fall down past her shoulders. That rapidly growing bulge had transformed into a large tent by the time she turned her attention back to his basketball shorts. Ah, to be young again...

Kyle's ego and confidence were at an all-time high as he continued to gaze down at the previously unimaginable sight below him. He felt on top of the world, and he was going to take a chance and get a little brass.

"Beg for it."

Jen raised her eyebrows before glancing up into his brown eyes. "Excuse me?"

"I want to hear you beg for it," he repeated with a smirk.

She rolled her eyes. What was the harm in entertaining this kid's fantasies? "I would like to see your cock."

"Are you joking?"

"What?" she asked.

"That's your idea of begging for it?" he told her. "Really? Jesus. Maybe Mr. K has a point..."

No, her husband didn't have a point, and hearing that come out of his mouth had gotten under her skin. She wasn't some fuddy-duddy. She was sexy and playful, and she suddenly felt the need to prove that.

"I've thought about you before," she told him.

A big smile grew on his face.

"And I've actually fantasized about you," Jen continued.

"Oh, is that right?" Kyle asked. "And I didn't tell you to stop, by the way."

Her right hand reached for his large erection and began slowly stroking it through the polyester of his athletic shorts again. "Yeah, that's right."

"When?"

"You've slipped into my mind from time to time," she smiled up at him. "Actually, the most memorable was the night before my birthday last year."

He was attempting to hide his excitement as he felt his longtime crush rubbing his penis as she admitted to fantasizing about him. Could life possibly get better than this?

"I knew Mr. K invited you guys to the family birthday party we were having. He probably didn't want to, but he knows how much I like you three. And, well, I kind of had a dream the night before."

"About what?"

"Well, I imagined that the party was fun," Jen started, "you know, just hanging out and spending time together with my friends and family. But then everyone went home because Mike gave me a special present. You want to know what it was?"

Kyle quickly nodded.

"He gave me permission to fool around with anyone I wanted for one night. And everyone went home except one person. Take a guess who stuck behind."

Kyle smiled.

"Exactly," Jen grinned. "You were waiting up in my bedroom and you gave me the best birthday present ever."

He couldn't wait any longer. He grabbed his friend's mom's hand and moved it up his shorts.

Jen hastily slipped her fingers inside his waistband, grabbing both his basketball shorts and the boxers he had on underneath. She gave them one rough tug down with her face just inches away from his groin.

A loud thud echoed throughout the kitchen. Jen's expression of disbelief quickly turned to a smile. His rock hard cock had sprang out and slammed under her chin, but it couldn't possibly be as big as it felt. And it definitely wasn't as big as it was in her fantasy. But she was going to find out real soon...

She moved her head back and glanced down at his manhood before promptly losing her breath. She was wrong. He looked exactly how she'd imagined. It was long and thick. Thicker than any cock she'd ever seen in person. She couldn't help but admire the long, fat veins that ran along the length as she savored the distinct manly smell of testosterone which was radiating from him. But she needed to hear one last thing. She needed one last nod of direction.

The silence was quickly broken by what sounded like music to her ears. "Suck my cock, Mrs. K."

It was all she needed.

The quietness of the kitchen was quickly replaced with moans and the unmistakable sounds of passionate oral sex. She'd waited a long time for this. To please a guy who actually wanted and

lusted after her. And she wasn't about to waste this opportunity.

Kyle had never experienced anything like this. The handful of girls he'd fooled around with couldn't take more than half of his dick. But that was how real girls gave head, right? His classmates weren't porn stars and real life girls can't deepthroat. But Mrs. K's throat was rocketing up and down the length of his cock like it was nothing. He felt himself becoming woozy as he watched his manhood rapidly disappear every time the mom moved her head forward.

"Slow down," he laughed before pulling away from her. He was no longer leaning against the counter in his cool, calm demeanor. His ballsy, brass persona had taken a backseat to reality. And that reality was he might've bitten off a little more than he could chew.

"Aww..." Jen playfully mocked him as she looked up, "someone talks a big game, but I'm not so sure they can back it up." She moved her mouth to his balls and gave them some attention while he collected himself.

Kyle took a deep breath to relax. "Let me see that tongue, slut."

She didn't want to, but she was smiling. She knew he was joking, but being called a 'slut' still did something for her. It made her feel dirty and naughty, but in a good way. She stuck her tongue out and eagerly waited for the inevitable.

He firmly slapped his hard dick down on her tongue several times before burying it back in her throat. "Show me a thing or two," he muttered as he leaned back again, allowing her to take control.

Jen wrapped her hands around his thighs and pulled herself into him, slowly engulfing his cock inch by inch. She wasn't just going to show him a thing or two. He was never going to even glance at another cheerleader after she got done with him. Her nose hit his flat stomach as she slipped her tongue out and ran it along his balls with his entire penis buried down her throat.

Kyle wasn't sure how much longer he was going to be able to hold out. He pulled his cock out of her mouth once again and looked down while he slowly stroked himself. There was one more thing he always wanted to do to his friend's mom. It was something that had been on his mind ever since middle school. It was time to make that fantasy a reality.

He reached out and grabbed two handfuls of her blonde hair. With a strong, firm grip, he pulled her mouth onto his cock and began to roughly pump into her mouth. His eyes rolled back as he felt that unbelievable warm, wet feeling, cover every inch of his cock with each and every thrust forward.

Jen was in heaven. She was on her knees on the kitchen floor, totally at the mercy of her son's friend, while he fucked her throat. She thought she was bad for playing with herself while watching porn in this exact room the other day. That was nothing compared to what she was doing now! Now, some high school stud was now using her mouth like a porn star. She was a married woman. She was a mom! The naughtiness of it all just made this that much hotter.

She could hear his moaning increase as he continued to pump into her throat. It wasn't going to be

much longer.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Kyle groaned just before releasing a powerful shot down her throat. He pushed her head slightly back as he continued to unload, wanting the rest to gather on her tongue. He'd never cum this hard or this much. The sight of Mrs. K's pretty blue eyes looking up at him while her pouty lips were wrapped around his manhood probably had something to do with that.

Moments later it was over. He had to go slow. Moving too quickly or thinking too hard might send him to the floor. He slowly glanced down to see Mrs. K still kneeling in front of him, her mouth full of his seed.

She parted her lips to show him how much had collected inside.

"What do good girls do?" he asked with a grin.

Jen closed her mouth, took a deep gulp, and smiled before sticking out her tongue. "All gone," she giggled.

She eagerly took the head of his cock back inside her mouth, not overly concerned about how sensitive it was. She needed to extract every drop she could from this kid.

Jen couldn't believe that just happened, but she also couldn't believe it was over so soon. Her fantasies always consisted of long, rough, passionate sex sessions, but that was the stuff of romance novels. What guy could actually last that long? Hell, what guy could go multiple rounds? Her husband had never been one and neither had any of the boyfriends before him. Her head snapped to attention as she felt a rough tug on the shoulder of her baggy t-shirt.

"What's this still doing on?" Kyle asked.

Jen was slightly confused. Why did he want her to undress if he just came? He probably just wanted to see her body. That wasn't a big deal and she was more than happy to give him a little peek.

He picked up on the confused expression on her face. "You think I'm done with you?"

"You're serious?" Jen asked.

"We're just getting started," Kyle grinned, finally pulling off her shirt to expose her bra.

Jen quickly reached behind her, undoing her hooks and allowing her bra to fall to the floor. The look on his face was priceless. He had a little of everything on his face: admiration, lust, shock, and maybe even a little jealousy. Jealousy over not being able to see this much sooner.

Kyle ran his hands through his hair as he admired the amazing sight in front of him. Her big, perky breasts were flawless above her tan, toned stomach. And her erect nipples were begging for his attention.

Jen was eating up every second of his fondness when it came to her looks. She stood up and slipped her hands onto the sides of her sweatpants, giving them a slight tug down before slowly spinning around. Her hips wiggled as she continued to tease him, lowering her pants inch by inch.

The top of Mrs. K's black thong was now exposed. And another inch of her perfect, perky backside became visible with every squirm of her hips. His eyes were glued on her as she slowly pranced toward the stairs. Every step resulted in her pants dropping a little lower.

She couldn't hide her grin as she began to ascend the stairs. Half her butt was exposed and Kyle was comfortably trailing three or four steps behind. But then she stopped. She stopped and seductively slid her sweatpants completely off. She turned and tossed them at the teen who had his mouth on the floor behind her. The pants landed on his shoulder but Jen's money was on him not even feeling them. How could he when his complete attention was locked on her body?

She strutted up the rest of the stairs and heard trailing footsteps behind her the entire way. What was her game plan? Well, to be completely honest, she didn't have one. She'd played this entire situation by ear and it seemed to work out fairly well so far, but it looked like Kyle wasn't going to sit around and wait for her to decide. Because when she reached the top of the stairs, she felt a powerful man grab her by the arms and roughly push her against the hallway closet door.

He didn't waste any time exploring her body. His lips made their way along all of her edges. To every nook and cranny of her perfect body. She felt a flutter as Kyle took her erect nipple in his mouth while fondling her large breasts. He didn't say a word as his mouth moved on, leaving a wet, saliva filled trail along her smooth skin. But something was long overdue for the teen. Something had been on his mind for a long, long time. He reached down and squeezed Mrs. K's amazing ass that had been driving him insane for all of his post-pubescent life. But he wanted more. He didn't just want to stand here and feel her. He needed to be with her. He needed to experience everything she had to offer. He grabbed two, firm handfuls of her butt, and lifted the mom into the air, carrying her toward her bedroom while he planted kisses on her neck.

He tossed her down on the mattress comforter and wasted no time in sliding her thong down to her ankles. Her pussy was beautiful. It was completely shaven and she had small, trimmed lips. It matched her body perfectly. Everything on her was tight and toned and her vagina was no exception. He could already taste her as he soaked in the glistening shine which radiated from her vulva.

Jen couldn't wait any longer. The last thing she needed was more foreplay. She'd been ready to go from the moment he yanked her out of her chair by her hair bun. She reached out and roughly grabbed at the teen's t-shirt.

"What's that sexy ass still doing with this shirt on?" Jen smiled, turning the tables on her son's friend.

Kyle grinned as he lifted his t-shirt above his head and tossed it to the floor. The mom immediately pulled him onto the bed with her before lunging at his body, planting kisses along his defined chest and rock hard abs. She'd been staring at his body for years, but it was a little different seeing him in her bedroom. She could get used to it.

"I want you right there," she told him, pointing to the head of her bed.

Kyle hurried to the bed and rested his back against the headboard as his long legs sprawled along the mattress sheets. He watched her step out of her thong and give him a look.

"What's the naughtiest thing you've ever done?" Jen asked. "Other than the story about that Sarah girl from last night."

"Naughtiest thing I've ever done?" he repeated. He took a moment to think. "Naughtiest thing I've ever done..."

She waited for the answer as she stood next to the bed, her fingers playing with the mattress sheets while she did her best to contain her excitement. Everything about this was a fantasy. How sexy he was, how naturally dominant he behaved, and how infatuated he was with her. He was just lying there with that amazing body and his big, hard cock, trying to come up with an answer as she waited. God, she could eat this kid up with a spoon.

Kyle suddenly smiled to himself. "We had a sleepover here one night over summer vacation when I was twelve or thirteen. Actually, I'm pretty sure I was twelve. Yeah, I was, because it was before we started the eighth grade."

"At our house?" Jen asked.

He nodded. "I had to use the bathroom when I woke up the next morning but Tom was in it. So, I went upstairs and used yours."

Jen watched as Kyle wrapped his hand around his thick cock and began to slowly stroke it as he took himself back to this moment six years ago.

"So, I'm using the bathroom when I take a peek behind me, and guess what I see?" Kyle asked her.

"What?"

The teen grinned. "Your bra and panties are hanging from the shower rod."

Her fingers promptly found her clit as she started to play with herself.

"I knew I shouldn't but I was constantly horny back then," he continued. "Like, twenty-four seven. Not that I'm still not, but I'm able to at least control myself now, you know? You can't possibly understand what it's like to be a twelve-year-old boy unless you went through it yourself. It's fucking torture. And here I am, having just spent all of the previous day watching you walking around the house. And I'm at a sleepover so I can't just pull my dick out and jerk-off in front of my friends. Believe me, I'm in overdrive by this point."

Jen smiled before closing her eyes to get lost in her own fantasy.

"I really tried to stop myself but I couldn't. I ended up pulling your panties off the shower rod. They were these little red, lacy things and I still remember how they smelled," Kyle smiled. Just like Jen, his eyes were closed now as well. "I wrapped them around my cock and started stroking it. They were so soft..." he groaned from the bed.

Her fingers began to move faster on her clit as her son's friend's story continued.

"And even though I was just this horny, perverted kid, something about feeling you on me like that was overwhelming. It had nothing to do with how soft your underwear were either. I honestly could feel you somehow. In like twenty seconds I was ready to explode. I mean, I had a million different fantasies rifling through my head of all the things I wanted to do to you, so it obviously wasn't going to take long. And when the moment finally happened, I tried to get it all in the toilet but some of it didn't make it."

Jen's eyes shot open. "You came on my panties!?"

Neither Kyle's hand or eyes changed even in the slightest. He was still lost in his memories, slowly stroking his penis to his fantasy woman. "Yeah," he nodded, "I washed it off the best I could and hung them back on the shower rod."

Her right foot found her mattress as she stood just to the side of her bed, mere feet away from the high school jock. She was continuing to diddle her clit with her index finger. As crazy as both yesterday and today were, the idea of a twelve year old cumming in her panties was even wilder.

Kyle softly chuckled before he continued. "Later that day we're all out using the pool when you yell to us that lunch is ready."

Jen wanted nothing more than to be able to remember back to that day, but she couldn't. Her son and his friends using the pool could've been a thousand different days, but there was one special day six years ago that was evading her mind and it was driving her crazy.

"We're all sitting at the table eating when you bend over to pick something up. A little bit of your underwear was peeking out of the top of your jeans," Kyle grinned, opening his eyes to smile at his friend's mom.

She had a big grin plastered across her face. "Was I wearing...?"

"The red panties," Kyle smirked.

She jumped onto the bed and lunged at him, replacing the hand that was stroking his cock with her own.

"I'm gonna show you something none of those little cheerleaders can," she softly whispered into his ear.

"Oh yeah?" Kyle asked, "what's that?"

She spun around, facing away from him as she re-positioned herself. Her toned, perky backside was staring right at him as she reached back to find his cock with her hand.

Kyle could only shake his head. Forty-eight hours ago he was fantasizing about this woman. He was imagining all the different positions and ways he wanted to fuck her. Now he was about to get her in reverse cowgirl. Dreams really do come true...

Jen slowly lowered herself onto his cock, his thick head finally pushing through before his fat shaft followed. It took a minute for her to allow her insides to adjust to his length, but primarily his girth. He was big. Significantly bigger than anything she ever had. Even the guys before Mike weren't hung like this kid. And that strong, powerful body of his meant he could potentially start hammering away at any moment. She needed to be ready.

He couldn't wait any longer. The hottest girl he'd ever been with before was Stacy Kingston. She was pretty, but she looked like a three when placed next to Mrs. K. He couldn't pass up on this chance. What if he blew his load before he was able to do what he wanted and then they never messed around again? He wasn't going to risk that happening. Kyle slowly began to move his hips, the pace of his thrusts rapidly increasing in tempo as he did. She was so wet, and warm, and tight.

And that firm, perfect ass was bouncing after every pump he took. The entire picture was a fantasy turned to reality.

Jen reached her hand back and quickly found his toned, built chest. Her head followed as she looked back to attempt to make eye contact with him. "Stop."

He kept pounding away.

"Stop!"

He didn't stop.

"Stop!!!" Jen yelled with a sense of urgency.

Kyle finally stopped before a distraught look grew on his face. He fucked up. He heard her say stop but he couldn't. The unbelievable feeling was too powerful, and now she was pissed. She was probably going to storm out of the room. Maybe she would call Mr. K or Dan and tell him that he took advantage of her. It was over. It was all over because he couldn't follow one simple order.

But it wasn't over. Jen wasn't upset. In fact, she wasn't upset in the slightest. The only thing Kyle's reluctance to stop proved was that she felt good to him, and that was the ultimate compliment. Her face looked straight-ahead as she turned away from him again. "It's my turn to show you something."

She slowly began to shake and bounce her butt on his stiff cock, emphasizing every movement and vibration the best she could. She wanted to be his dream girl. She wanted to be his dirty little porn star. She wanted to constantly be on his mind.

He was in a state of stunned disbelief. His friend's mom was twerking on his dick. She was forty-two and she was twerking! "Where did you pick this up?"

"Porn," Jen chuckled.

"You watch porn!?" Kyle asked with a shocked tone to his voice. He didn't think women watched porn. Especially older women. Don't girls find that stuff disgusting and degrading? But then again, everything about her was perfect.

"Sometimes," Jen smiled as her soft grinding turned into stronger and faster bounces. Thuds began to ring out from her butt cheeks slamming against his thighs as she traded her twerking for good old-fashioned riding. "Be sure to thank Mr. K the next time you see him," she sarcastically laughed.

"I will," Kyle grinned before hitting one of her bouncing cheeks with a hard slap. He placed both of his palms on her butt as she continued to hop up and down on his rock hard cock.

Cowgirl was something she always had a difficult time with, even when her sex life with her husband was better. Mike's dick would always slide out of her whenever she would try to ride him. The bigger the better when it came to being on top, and this stud certainly wasn't lacking when it came to size.

Kyle leaned back against the headboard and placed both of his hands behind his head. He was fairly certain he was experiencing the pinnacle of his life. He felt like a king. Lying on a soft, comfortable bed while his friend's hot mom bounced her perfect ass on his cock. Where was there to go from

here? Down was the answer to that question. But he would ponder that observation later. He needed to enjoy the moment while it lasted.

Jen slowly slid herself off of him, the sound of his hard cock slamming back against his stomach filled the room as she did.

"How else have you thought about fucking me?" she asked. She already knew the answer thanks to her eavesdropping in the kitchen yesterday, but that didn't mean she didn't want to hear him say it. This amazing kid had a fantasy and she wanted to help him live it. Just like he was helping her live hers.

He promptly rolled off the bed, pulling his buddy's mom with him. Seconds later he was worshipping every inch of her defined body. Her legs, butt, back, breasts, and shoulders. His mouth and tongue didn't miss any part of her body before his lips found her ear.

"I want to bend this sexy ass over."

Exactly what she expected to hear.

Jen placed her index finger on his nose with a smile. "Close your eyes."

"What?" Kyle asked.

"I have a surprise for you," she grinned. "Just close 'em"

He took a seat on the bed and closed his eyes. He curiously listened as he heard her scurry around the room.

"You aren't going to come back with a strap-on, are you?" Kyle joked. "I think that might be more up Tom's alley..."

"We'll save that for another time," Jen laughed.

Kyle's face went flat. Another time? There was going to be another time!? He was already running through the countless numbers of fantasies he had about her over the years. Fucking her in the pool, having her blow him while he was driving, hell, maybe she would be up for showing his buddies a good time too.

"Okay, open 'em!" Jen announced.

His heart stopped beating for a moment when his eyes left the darkness to meet the light of the bedroom. This perfect, angelic woman wasn't just standing in front of him anymore. Not like that wouldn't have been good enough to begin with. She could be wearing a snowsuit for all he cared. His eyes drifted the length of her flawless body which glistened with sweat from the fun they just had. Her toned legs, her flat stomach, and her perky breasts all had a sexy shine to them. But it was something else which was grabbing his attention. Mrs. K was wearing a certain something extra.

"You like?" Jen smiled.

He raised his eyebrows. "Like? No, I don't like. I fucking love."

She was standing in the same platform wedge heels she'd worn during their lap dance last night. He

thought she looked amazing in them yesterday, but boy was he wrong. Her perfect, naked body looked even more ridiculous in the tall heels.

Jen strutted to the edge of the bed, grabbed onto one of the tall, Gothic style bedposts, and arched her back. She gave her butt an inviting wiggle as she watched him drool at the sight he was taking in. The six inch heels were just what she needed to match his six foot two inch frame.

"Well..." Jen smiled, waiting for him to make his move.

He didn't smile back. He didn't have anything cute or playful to say. The look on his face was one of all business. He moved behind her, placed his strong hand on her shoulder, and slowly rubbed his throbbing cock along her wet pussy lips.

Jen gasped as she felt the teen slowly push inside. Her body put up a small fight but it didn't prevail. Sure, he was big, but she could take him. He just needed to go easy on her at first. Doggy style always made the man feel bigger. Hell, even Mike felt big when he was behind her. But he never felt like this.

Kyle slowly eased into her, allowing her to catch her breath during the first few easy strokes as his hands locked onto her soft hips. Sure, the sex was good, but there was something about having his friend's mom bent over like this. And if that wasn't enough, she had these tall, slutty heels on because she knew how much he loved them. He felt like she was his. Like he owned part of her. She wasn't a mom or a wife anymore to him. She felt like his girl. And as those feelings continued to grow, the pace of his movements began to increase.

Jen attempted to say something when she felt those first few rough thrusts but couldn't. Moans were the only sounds escaping from her mouth when she tried to speak. She'd always loved doggy style sex. Especially standing doggy style. There was something so natural and primal about it. The act of a man just taking a woman from behind and having his way with her seemed so right. It was so dirty, and raunchy, and passionate. It just felt raw and real to her. Plus, it hit all of her spots in ways other sexual positions didn't.

But as Kyle's strong thrusts turned into a hard pounding, Jen quickly realized that she'd never experienced rough sex before. No one had ever laid into her at this rate. Loud thuds rang out through the bedroom as she felt his full balls slap into her clit and his pelvis hammered into her butt with every pump. His hands suddenly left her hips and moved up her body until they strongly gripped her shoulders. This was unlike anything she'd ever experienced before. A combination of his size and ferocity had her feeling all kinds of new things.

Jen felt her body tense up as she held onto the bedpost for dear life. No, that never happened during sex. That only happened from long bouts of clitoral stimulation. She couldn't cum from sex, but there was a small warmth lingering deep inside her. A warmth that only occurred when she was going to explode. And that warm feeling was growing with every rough thrust this stud hammered into her with. And suddenly, she was on fire.

Her body twitched and shook and Kyle didn't ease up for a moment. Drool was pouring out of her mouth as she attempted to tighten her grip around the bedpost, but it was like all her strength had left her essence. She was being fucked stupid. This kid was hammering into her and she came all over his cock. She'd never felt so vulnerable and powerful at the same time. Magazines, the internet, friends, they all told her it was a myth. That eighty percent of women never came during sex. But she was no longer part of that eighty percent. Maybe those eighty percent of women just never found the right guy. Maybe they never ran into a loving, caring stud with a big dick and a relentless

sex drive. Maybe they never felt owned.

Kyle felt an immense sense of accomplishment when he watched Mrs. K tense up before going limp on his penis. He didn't slow up for a second. Should he have? He wasn't sure, to be honest. He never had a girl cum on his cock before. So, he did the one thing that was giving her that pleasure. He continued to hammer into the helpless mom throughout the entire experience. It wasn't exactly a tough chore either. Aren't older women supposed to be loose? Especially ones who'd given birth? So why did Mrs. K grip him like a glove? He could feel all of her bumps and ridges as his manhood continued to absorb her insides. But she wasn't too tight where he had to go easy on her. Just like the rest of her, she was perfect. And he couldn't help but feel like a king as he continued to tear into her. Maybe it was time to get a little cocky...

Jen felt his right hand leave her shoulder and grab a handful of her long, blonde hair before roughly snapping her neck back with a yank. A warm breath was suddenly in her ear as she braced himself. He was going to talk dirty to her!

"Did I give you permission to cum?" Kyle whispered.

All Jen could do was attempt to shake her head. She was fairly certain they were going to break the bedpost with how hard he was hammering into her. Squeaks and squeals were sounding from the tall wooden pole and she couldn't care less at this very moment.

"Bad girl," he breathed into her ear. "I think I'm gonna have to punish you."

She tried to speak but still couldn't find the words. All she'd been able to do over the past five minutes was shake her head and drool. Sensing this, Kyle slowed his pace to allow her to join in on the fun.

Jen turned her head slightly to glance back at her son's friend. "I'm sorry for being such a bad girl, Daddy."

Daddy? Did she really just call him daddy? Where did that come from? She didn't have any kind of incest or taboo fetish. She'd never called anyone daddy in twenty-five years of sex. It was like this kid could make her do and feel things she never thought possible. But it made sense the more she thought about it. She wanted to be dominated. She wanted to be taken and ravished. She wanted to be daddy's little girl. And Kyle fit that role to a tee.

Kyle stopped pumping the second he heard the word, "daddy." Daddy? He'd never had a girl call him daddy. What kind of weird stuff was she into? But maybe it wasn't all that strange. Maybe she was getting off on the idea of submitting to him. That was what he wanted, right? He wanted this amazing woman to crave and desire him. He wanted her to be thinking about him while she was at work or in bed with her husband. Yeah, it was exactly what he wanted. He wanted to be her daddy.

"What was that?" he asked as he began resuming the rough pace of his thrusts once more.

Jen's eyes rolled back in her head. He was pummeling her again. "I...I said I'm...I'm sorry...I'm sorry, Daddy."

His hand left her hair as he gripped each of the mom's shoulders with his hands once again. His dick had never felt like this before. Listening to his friend's forty-something-year-old mom call him, "daddy," did something to him that he couldn't describe. He wanted to own a piece of her. He wanted to permanently mark his territory. He wanted to break her in half.

Jen's mind went completely blank as she felt herself being annihilated from behind. She never knew sex could feel like this. Hell, she never knew anything could feel like this. She was being stretched, filled, and completely worn out in ways previously deemed impossible. This was a sensation she wanted in her life. No, it was something she needed.

Kyle knew he wasn't going to be able to hold out much longer at this pace. Thank God he came back in the kitchen or he would've lasted about ten seconds pumping into her like this. He would've slowed down under normal circumstances, he would've eased up and maybe ate her out for a while to give himself time to relax, but he was thinking there were going to be more of these encounters with his friend's mom in the future, so, Kyle decided not to hold back. Instead, he went harder than ever.

It only took three or four more pumps before he knew that he was done. "I'm gonna cum!" was his announcement that the greatest moment of his life had officially come to an end. He pulled out and aimed his penis at her plump, toned butt, ready to mark it like he'd dreamed of doing God knows how many times.

But Jen had a different idea...

She quickly spun to face him before dropping to her knees. Her palms slammed into the floor and longingly gazed up at Kyle with her mouth open and her tongue out. It was like she'd been lost in the desert for a week and someone was dangling an ice-cold glass of water in front of her. Was it his fantasy or her fantasy at this point? She honestly didn't know.

He grinned as he stared down at Mrs. K. This perfect, kind, helpful, thoughtful mother, was in fact, a complete freak. She had porn star-like moves and an appetite for sex that was unmatched by any girl his own age. He slowly stroked his cock, savoring the sight of her pretty blue eyes and beautiful face smiling up at him, just before he was about to mark it. Her butt was one thing but her face was a completely different story. She wanted him on her. She wanted to be his. He'd never seen a woman this eager to accept him before.

Jen closed her eyes and braced herself.

"Fuck..." he moaned as the first shot exploded from his throbbing manhood. A rope of cum cruised down the middle of her face, glazed the top of her hair, and landed on the bedspread behind them.

Jen opened her eyes, thinking back to what she'd heard Kyle tell Tom in the kitchen yesterday about gluing her baby blues shut. Any girl could take a facial with her eyes closed, but only fantasy girls maintain eye contact throughout. And she wanted nothing more than to be his fantasy girl.

The sight of her bright, blue eyes sent a jolt through Kyle's cock. A thick rope of cum fired from the head of his dick and landed on her right cheek. It was quickly followed by another that hit her forehead and drizzled down to the top of her nose.

Jen had enough of him wasting his cum on her face. She wanted to taste him again.

Her mouth lunged at his erupting member and quickly took him between her accepting lips before another drop could escape. He emptied the remainder of his balls onto her warm tongue before stumbling back to the bed and lying down. Did he just play four hours of basketball or spend twenty minutes with his friend's amazing mother?

Jen chuckled to herself as she took in the sight on her bed. This ripped, athletic jock looked like he'd just been through a war. Forty-two and she still had it. She could still wear these boys out with the best of them. She greedily swallowed the large amount of cum that had collected in her mouth before making her way over to the exhausted teen to finish him off.

His legs began to twitch thanks to the feeling of Mrs. K curled up on the bed next to him, her mouth sucking the head of his sensitive cock. She wasn't going to find another drop. She'd completely drained him. His hands ran through his hair as he continued to lie sprawled across the bed, still not believing this had actually happened.

"Let's go, get up," Jen told him while tugging on the bed sheets.

He opened his eyes and shot her a confused look.

"Let's go," she slapped at his leg, causing him to scurry off the bed. She smiled, pointing at a long streak of cum on the far side of the sheet. "Look at what you did!"

"Oh, sorry about that..." Kyle apologized.

"You should be sorry for wasting that," Jen grinned, "but I need to wash this stuff before someone gets home."

"Okay," Kyle nodded. He'd forgotten all about the rest of her family. "Umm...you want some help?"

"I got it, sweetie," she smiled at him before pulling the sheets to the floor "Believe me, you've been more than enough help."

He grabbed his t-shirt and took one last look at Mrs. K before he left the room. Sweat was gleaming on her body, cum was running down her face, and she was still strutting around in those sexy high heels. He never thought he'd see her look like this. And her step seemed to have an extra jump in it now. It's amazing what some good dick will do for a woman.

He made his way down the stairs, stopped off in the kitchen to help himself to a big glass of orange juice, and collected his shorts and boxers off the floor. He found a slice of leftover pizza in the fridge, picked up his glass, and headed back down into the basement.

"Where the fuck were you?" Tom shouted as he heard a noise coming down the steps. "We're up 17-7. You should see how good we're playing today!"

Kyle didn't say a word. He just sat down next to his friend and raised his drink to his lips to quench his thirst.

Tom turned and observed his friend. His hair was going in a million different directions. In fact, it looked like he'd just woken up. His shirt was wrinkled and he had a light sweat running down his forehead. And there was a distinct smell to him. Where did he know that smell from?

"No..." Tom groaned, his eyes beginning to bulge.

Kyle finished his drink and set the empty glass down on the table. He turned his attention to his slice of pizza as he continued to look straight-ahead at the television, ignoring his friend's comments.

"You didn't..."

Kyle continued to silently watch the game.

"Well, fuck me," Tom chuckled. "I guess you were right."

He decided to break his silence. "And..."

"And... And...I was...I was...wrong..." Tom quietly muttered.

"What was that?" Kyle asked.

"I said I was wrong," Tom repeated, this time in a much louder tone.

It was music to Kyle's ears. And as bizarre as it may sound, those words may have been the best thing to happen to him today. There are few things better than hearing your know-it-all friend admit that he's wrong. Well, maybe other than your friend's hot mom.

Tom hastily jumped out of his seat and headed toward the basement steps.

"Good luck, man," Kyle smiled as his friend began to ascend the stairs. "You're gonna need it..."

Hayden

by **mt44**©

A big thanks to readymademilf for her work editing this.

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Chapter 1 -- Home.

"Open the fuckin' door!"

Claire took a deep breath and tried to think. He was in another one of his moods. Angry, miserable, jealous—it was always something. And unfortunately, she had become his punching bag.

"I'm gonna break it down if you don't open it!"

She was sitting on the cold toilet seat lid in just her pink cotton panties and a white t-shirt. Her phone was in the living room so she couldn't call the police. Not like she would call them again anyway. Ever since that time she had Bob arrested, the beatings only got worse.

"Hey, bitch! Open the fuckin' door!"

Claire could see the wooden frame visibly shake with every blow and punch her husband threw. Why didn't she just leave him? Why was she so loyal to a man who treated her this way? Despite years of pent-up fear and anxiety, she had never told a soul about her relationship problems. Well, at least not in person. She had sought help on the internet and was bombarded with hundreds of messages: 'leave him, he's crazy, if this is real you need to call the police.' She knew what to do. She didn't need to receive the validation of strangers from all over the planet to realize what a fucked up relationship she was in.

Bob wasn't always this way. He was smooth, charming, and personable in the beginning. He was a ladies' man, if you will. And that's what caught Claire's attention at the bar that night. The way he effortlessly flowed from conversation to conversation was sexy to her. His control over the room portrayed a certain type of power. And after eleven months of knowing each other, Claire and Bob were married. And that's when things began to change. Well, kind of...

There were signs early on he wasn't the man she thought he was. The late nights when he didn't return her calls and texts, only to show up at 3AM claiming the battery on his phone died. Or the time he ignored her safe word during sex and continued to drive into her, despite the unbelievable pain she was experiencing. And when it was over, he just snickered at her. It was like she was just doing her womanly duties. 'Hey, bitch, bend over the take it! That's all you're really good for anyway!'

"I swear to God, Claire. I'm gonna break this fuckin' door over your head if you don't open it immediately!"

Where did she have to go? Home? Home had been just as awful as her current situation was. She remembered reading somewhere that women always end up marrying a man like their father. And as the pounding on the door continued, it sure felt like Dad was back in her life again.

Twenty years ago.

"Where the fuck were you?"

Claire stopped in her tracks. She was busted.

"Don't make me ask you again, girl."

"With my friends," the fifteen-year-old blonde quietly answered.

"It's midnight..."

"I'm sorry," Claire apologized.

The living room light turned on, revealing her father sitting in his recliner with a half empty bottle of Jameson on the table next to him. "Friends, huh?"

"Yes, Dad," she nodded while looking down at the floor.

"Are any of these friends, boys?"

She shook her head.

"Is that so?" Rick asked.

The sudden sound of skin slapping against skin captured her attention. She peered up to see Dad patting his thigh with the palm of his hand, a pair of white underwear briefs and a white t-shirt covering him on this muggy night.

"I'm just gonna go to bed," Claire told him before turning and heading toward the stairs.

"Get your ass over here!"

She froze. Why was he always like this? Why did he always change when he drank? And why was he so miserable? Their lives weren't bad. Sure, they didn't live in some upper class neighborhood and drive new cars, but none of that mattered anyway. They had enough to get by, so why was her father always so bitter over not having more?

"Now!"

The teen slowly walked over to his chair chair. She was almost knocked back by the smell of whiskey when she arrived. There it was once more: the sound of him slapping his thigh. She hesitantly took a seat.

Rick wrapped his arm around his daughter's waist and pulled her into him. Her back was now resting against his large stomach and barrel chest. "There aren't going to be any boys, are there?"

...

"I asked you a question!"

"No, Dad..." Claire quietly answered.

"Because who's the only man in your life?"

She let out a soft exhale. "You..."

"That's right," he told her.

Fingers began to play with her hair while she was being held in place. Uncomfortable situations like these had become more and more common over the past few years. It was like the second her body began developing, Dad was always having her sit on his lap. And his obsession with her not being around boys

was unbearable. She just wanted normal parents. Like her friend's had. Not some zombie mom who took enough anti-depressants to kill an elephant, and a dad who had no problem touching her in inappropriate places.

She found herself being moved to the center of her father's lap, her butt now resting against his groin.

"And what are you always going to be?" Rick asked.

She hated saying it.

"Don't make me repeat myself, girl!"

Claire took a deep breath. "Your little girl..."

"Not my little girl..."

She took another long inhale before letting the air escape from her lungs. "Daddy's little girl..."

"Daddy's little girl..." he grinned as she felt him press his bulge against her butt. "Now go on up to bed, and if I hear about any boys, you and me are gonna have a problem."

"Yes, Dad..." she quietly responded before slipping off his lap. When she did, her petite backside was hit by a firm open hand.

"Daddy's little girl..." he smirked before reaching for his bottle of whiskey.

Claire waited her entire youth to escape from her father. She went to college, found a good job, explored the dating scene, but soon found herself in abusive relationship after abusive relationship. It was like there was no running away from her past. But when she was twenty-seven years old, she finally decided to tie the knot with a man she could create a stable, safe home with. But these last eight years had been anything but stable and safe. Bob had been in and out of work the entire time, but that was fine. He wasn't lazy or unmotivated. It was just tough out there. Claire had a good paying job as a secretary at a law firm, and was able to provide a decent life for the both of them. And while she saw this as a good thing, Bob felt emasculated by the idea of a woman providing for him financially.

"You have five seconds!"

Claire stood up and scurried to the door. "Honey, can we try talking about this?"

"Absolutely," Bob answered from the other side. "After I teach you some fuckin' manners."

She ran her hand through her long, blonde hair. "I didn't mean anything by it."

"You disrespected me in my house! You should know better by now. Get out here and take your punishment!"

She disrespected him in his house? Why was everything his? His house, his cars, his money—it was always his. Nothing was ever hers. This was a marriage. Everything was supposed to be fifty-fifty. And she contributed significantly more money throughout their partnership than he had! God, the problems never ended!

"I didn't disrespect you, Bob," Claire tried again. "I was just showing you pictures from my friend's trip."

"To Italy!" he angrily rebuffed. "That you know I can't afford!"

"We could afford it if we wanted—"

"You get a kick out of that, Claire?" Bob cut her off. "Knowing you would be the one paying for it? Rubbing my face in your money? Maybe you should've found yourself a kike lawyer husband like your cunt friend!"

There was no use in arguing. All she did was show him her friend's vacation photos on Facebook. It was harmless. But no, Bob interpreted it as a shot at his manhood.

"For once, can we just sit down and discuss your...our problems?" Claire asked. "I honestly wasn't trying to insult you."

"I told you we'll talk about things. After I teach you some respect."

He's not going away. You can wait inside the bathroom for hours and he'll still be sitting there when you come out. Claire, it always works this way. You need to be taught respect. And if you keep acting like a bitch, then he's going to treat you like a bitch. Now go take your beating like a good girl.

She slowly unlocked the bathroom door and hesitantly opened it. Just as expected, Bob was standing five feet away at the edge of the kitchen table.

"Honey, can we please just sit down and talk about whatever's on your mind?"

Bob pointed down at the floor in front of him. She held her breath and slowly approached.

"I deal with enough shit from everyone else," he firmly stated, "so the last thing I need is to come home and take it from you."

Claire opened her mouth but quickly thought better of it.

"Now, since you came out and didn't make me bust that door down, I'm gonna let you decide where you want to take it."

She peered up at his livid face. Her husband wasn't a little guy. Bob was six foot four and pushing close to two hundred and fifty pounds. He had plenty of fat on him these days, but the former college football linebacker still had his fair share of muscle, and it left a lasting impact on Claire's five foot seven, one hundred and forty pound frame.

"Where's it gonna be?" he asked.

Claire slowly turned around and bent over.

"Good girl..." Bob mockingly praised her as he took his position. He reached back and crashed his open hand forward as hard as he could, sending his wife leaping into the air.

"Jesus fuck, Bob!" Claire cried out as she reached for her butt.

"What did you just say?"

The blonde immediately panicked. As if tonight couldn't get worse.

"Did my wife just curse in my house?"

Claire continued to hold her stinging backside. "Bob-Bob, I'm-I'm sorry."

He pointed down at the floor in front of him and watched his wife slither to him once more. Her demoralized attitude was causing his cock to stir.

"On your knees, slut."

"Bob, please..." Claire begged. "Let's just talk."

"Don't make me get my belt."

She meekly sank to her knees and watched her husband unbuckle his jeans.

"We're gonna find some better use for that mouth than cursing in my house. Your father did one hell of a job fuckin' you up, you know that? Some lady he raised..."

Moments later, his pants and boxer shorts were down around his ankles.

Be a good little slut. You know you want to. This will make all your problems go away, Claire. Let him beat you, get him off, and then go to bed fantasizing about having a man who loves you for you. Because a worthless cunt like you doesn't deserve a good man. You deserve exactly what you're going to get! Now open that mouth...

Claire had enough. She cocked her arm back and punched him as hard as she could in the balls. He went down like a ton of bricks. She quickly dashed in the direction of the stairs and climbed the steps until she reached their bedroom. Purse, purse, purse...there it is! Make sure you have your credit cards and some cash. Check! Keys? Check! Take some clothes, take some clothes! The disheveled blonde scurried over to her closet and began piling random garments into her gym bag. What else?

Stomp...stomp...stomp...

Shit...

She sprinted to the door and slammed it shut, locking it as quickly as she could. Mere seconds later it was the bedroom door which was now making itself familiar with Bob's fist.

"I'm gonna fuckin' kill you!"

She ran back to the closet and resumed filling the bag with clothes. Claire zipped it up and looked around. She had all she needed to escape except one thing: a way out!

"I'm going to fuck you until you can't form a coherent sentence, and then I'm going to watch the life fade away in your eyes while I have my hands wrapped around your throat! Do you hear me, Claire!?"

She hurried over to Bob's side of the bed and reached underneath it. Yes! The metal baseball bat he kept for protection was lying on the hardwood floor. She swiftly picked it up and approached the bedroom door.

"Just let me go, Bob!"

"You're not going anywhere, Clare!" he furiously responded. "Not tonight, and if you somehow survive tonight, definitely not tomorrow! If I decide to let you live, you're staying with me: forever!"

She positioned herself behind the door and silently unlocked the handle. Bob didn't hear a thing over his boisterous pounding and punching.

"Let's just talk about it," Claire told him.

She heard him roar with laughter from the upstairs hallway.

Wait. Just wait him out. Don't antagonize him to come barging through the door because he'll be ready. He still thinks the handle's locked, so when he decides to turn it, he's going to be caught off guard. That's when you make your move! If you really want to, that is. We both know you would prefer to just let him beat the shit out of you and hope for the best. That's pretty much your life summed up, isn't it, Claire? Just sheepishly hide and hope things magically change. Like a child. You're a child, Claire. And you're never going to change.

A few minutes of silence passed before Bob suddenly spoke up in a calm, cool voice. "I'm gonna fuck you to death."

Claire's head perked up.

"Because that's how a whore like you deserves to go out. Born to a whore, raised a whore, and living your adulthood as a whore. That's all you are, Claire: a worthless whore."

Her hands strangled the metal bat. Eight years of pent-up rage was seething through her body. The only thing—

The handle suddenly turned as Bob burst into the room, looking toward the empty bed.

It's now or never. Are you going to let him destroy you again, or are you going to take a stand for yourself? You better hurry and decide before he realizes you're behind him!

She silently pushed the door shut before taking two steps forward. As she did, the metal bat made its way behind her shoulders before launching down with everything she had. Boom! It was a direct hit on the side of her husband's right knee. For the second time in the past ten minutes, Bob went crashing down to the floor in pain. It was nice being on the other side of this for a change.

"You fuckin' cunt!" Bob screamed as he reached for his knee.

She sent the metal bat slamming down on his knee for a second time before he had the chance to degrade her once again, shattering his hand in the process. The sound of him screaming bloody murder was one of the most relaxing moments of their marriage. Just to see this despicable man in pain seemed like justice being served. She hustled around him and retrieved her gym bag before heading rushing to the door. She didn't want to look back. She never wanted to look back. This part of her life was over and she never wanted to see this asshole again.

But she wasn't out in the hallway, or heading downstairs, or turning the ignition in her car. No, Claire was

sprawling toward the hardwood floor. Bob had reached out and grabbed her foot as she moved by. She wasn't going to walk out on him that easily.

Claire rolled onto her back and locked eyes with the man she once proclaimed to love. His normally brown eyes appeared black; black with anger, fury, and desperation. But for the first time in their marriage, she saw fear. It was like he knew what was happening. He had finally lost control and she wasn't going to just bend over and take it this time. She cocked her right foot back and sent the heel of her shoe crashing into his rage-filled face. She was finally free.

But she couldn't just move on. No, she was broken. She was broken from a lifetime of abuse, torment, and neglect. You don't just move on from something like that. You need to atone it. In order to escape from her past, Claire needed to go to the one place she could confront it. She needed to go back home.

Chapter 2 -- An Early Midlife Crisis.

Mike casually strolled down the hallway, back toward the living room where he'd been working on his laptop for the past few hours. Something suddenly caught his eye as he passed the bathroom though. He paused, took two steps backward, and leaned inside. "Umm...where are you going?"

"Out."

He checked the time on his phone. "Baby, it's ten o'clock...on a Wednesday."

"And?"

"And I'm asking where you're going at ten o'clock on a Wednesday night by yourself. Dressed like that?"

"I'm not going by myself," Cindy responded with an attitude. "I'm going out with some friends."

Mike watched his wife finish applying her makeup. Sometimes he wondered how he'd gotten so lucky. Cindy was five foot six, one hundred and twenty pounds, and shaped like an hourglass. And the sleeveless leopard print mini dress she was wearing brought out her long, flowing brown hair and dazzling brown eyes to a tee. Mike wasn't a bad-looking guy himself. He was still well put together at thirty-five: with a full head of brown hair and a body he worked hard at the gym to maintain. But as good as he looked, Cindy was out of his league physically. He'd felt stronger mental connections to other girls before, but the sex was just unreal. And the first five years of their marriage was spectacular: constant sex, an onslaught of blowjobs, and a bubbly, carefree personality which he couldn't get enough of. Everything was going great until two things happened. One, his wife turned thirty. Two, was the reintroduction of her college friend, Jessica, into the picture.

"I'm gonna take a guess and say you girls aren't going to a Waffle House?"

Cindy rolled her eyes.

"Listen, honey," Mike continued as he observed her now applying her eyeliner, "I know you feel you missed out on your twenties—"

"I don't feel I did," Cindy responded, focused on her long eyelashes in the mirror, "I know I did."

"Yeah, but—"

"Did you have to work all throughout high school because your mom had a spending problem and pissed away all your family's money?" she inquired. "Did you? No, you didn't, Mike. Your parents gave you a car when you turned sixteen, didn't they?"

"Yeah, a cheap used car which I help pay for, and—"

"And what about college?" she interrupted. "Did you have to work two jobs because your alcoholic dad couldn't even throw you some money for books? Did you? I didn't think so. And then did you go out and get a full-time job right out of school because you thought it was the responsible thing to do? While you watched all your former classmates travel the world and experience things you've only seen in pictures? Did you?"

Mike shook his head.

"Exactly!" she huffed. "I just want to have some fun while I still have the chance."

"Baby, you're thirty," he laughed. "You're acting like your sixty or something."

She rolled her eyes.

"Why don't we start doing more things together? Like, let's go on a hike tomorrow! Or instead of me playing in my softball league this spring, we'll find a coed one to play in together!"

She quickly dismissed his proposal. "I'm not playing softball. I want to have the fun I was supposed to experience during college."

Cindy's lack of hobbies should've been a red flag back when the two met seven years ago. The brunette was only twenty-three at the time and Mike was twenty-eight. He remembered being a little surprised during their first few months of dating. She didn't have any real friends, she had zero hobbies, and her passions in life seemed fairly limited. She had a good-paying job as a dental hygienist, but that was really it. She didn't even go to the gym for the body she had: it was just natural for her. At first, it was cute how his girlfriend took a vast interest in the majority of his many hobbies. Hiking, rock climbing, canoeing, home improvement projects, the gym, basketball, softball, flag football, reading, working on his small business—he hadn't experienced a single moment of boredom in God knows how long. There was always something to do. And he loved how Cindy would fill her free time with his favorite activities.

But then Jessica showed up. Well, she didn't really show up. It started as a Facebook friend request. That led to some messages being exchanged, which resulted in a lunch together, which moved to Cindy finding out her friend had been divorced and living a sorority girl lifestyle for the past three years. And now we're here. Cindy felt like she missed out on her wild, crazy youth, because she had. But she was thirty. And at her age, Mike wanted his wife to be thinking about kids, not clubs.

"You want me to come with you?" Mike asked.

His wife glanced at him and raised her eyebrows. "Really?"

Out of Mike's many hobbies, the club and bar scenes were far, far, far down at the bottom. "How late you planning on being out?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Okay, have fun," he told her before heading back to the living room.

He was thirty-five years old but his wife was making him feel like a grandpa. Was hanging out with him that bad? And the way she dismissed his softball suggestion kind of hurt him. It was something they could do together; something that would get her out of the house and meeting new people. Maybe she could befriend one of the other wives on the team. Anything would be better for her than going out to clubs in mini dresses on Wednesday nights with Jessica.

Mike trusted his wife. If he thought she was going to cheat, then he wouldn't be okay with her new lifestyle, so the idea of her going out wasn't something that worried him. She'd never been anything but loyal over the past seven years. The one person he didn't trust however, was Jessica.

Three months earlier.

"Shots! Shots! Shots!" Jessica loudly chanted as she walked into the family room with a tray of drinks.

Mike raised his eyebrows from his spot in the recliner. Another round? She was still going? It was close to 1AM and the rest of Cindy's new friends had gone home hours ago. His wife decided to have a little get-together at their house and he was happy for her. Making friends could be a good thing for Cindy, but he was ready for bed—hours ago. It was Friday night, well, Saturday morning now, but Jessica appeared to just be getting started.

"What are these?" he inquired, removing one of the small cups from the tray his wife's friend was holding. This new round of beverages had a different color than the previous seven.

"Lime in the Coconut Jello shots!" she drunkenly replied before carrying the tray over to Cindy. "Lemon and lime Jello with some rum and coconut milk. My personal favorite!"

"Alright," Mike announced, "bottom's up..."

Jessica set the tray down on the coffee table and grabbed a cup for herself, before sitting on the couch next to her friend. The three adults tilted their heads back and downed the drinks. They were still adults weren't they? Jello shots sure made him feel like a college kid.

"Mmmm," Cindy smiled. "Tasty!"

"Not bad," Mike agreed.

"Who's up for a game?" Jessica asked.

Mike glared at his wife. She responded with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Like what, Jessica?" he asked.

"Umm...what about...sip, sip, shot?"

He was privy to her juvenile drinking games. "Sip, sip, shot?"

"Yeah, it's like duck, duck, goose, but with drinking."

Mike laughed. "Have anything that doesn't involve us running around?" He wasn't too confident in his ability to stand at the moment, let alone run.

"Most Likely?"

As expected, he had no idea what that game entailed. "Most Likely?"

"One person asks a 'most likely' question," Jessica explained, "and on the count of three, everyone points to whoever they think would be most likely to do whatever act was mentioned. And whoever gets pointed at the most, has to do a shot."

"A few questions and then we call it a night. Deal?" he asked.

"Deal," Jessica agreed. "The man of the house can start!"

"Who's most likely to get shitfaced on a Tuesday night?" Mike started. "One, two, three."

Everyone pointed at Jessica, including herself. She reached forward and grabbed a shot before tilting her head back. "That was lame," she smirked at her friend's husband. "Okay, my turn. Who's most likely to shoot a porn scene? One, two, three."

Mike pointed at Jessica while both the girls pointed at Mike.

"Excuse me!?" he shockingly asked.

"I've heard some stories," Jessica grinned.

Cindy looked down at the floor with a smirk.

He could only laugh while shaking his head. "Okay, shot time I guess." He downed another drink before glancing over at his wife. "You're up, big mouth..."

Cindy smiled at her husband. "Who's most likely to have sex in public? One, two, three."

Mike pointed at his wife while both the girls pointed at themselves. Jessica turned to her friend, surprised. "Really?"

She shyly smiled.

"Alright!" Jessica laughed. "Drink up, girl!"

"Let's end on that note," Mike declared, standing up in an attempt to bring the party to a close. Everything was slightly woozy.

"One more!" Jessica shouted.

"One more round?" he asked.

"Just one more question," she clarified herself. "Who's most likely to love blowjobs? One, two, three."

The girls each pointed at themselves. Mike's hand didn't move.

"Tiebreaker, baby," Cindy smiled at her husband. "Who's it gonna be?"

His eyes moved from his wife to her friend. Jessica was grinning at him. He raised his hand, and slowly pointed at himself.

Jessica bit her lip.

"Shots all around!" Mike laughed as they each indulged in one more drink. "How you getting home, Jessica?"

She stood up and reached for her purse. "I'm good."

"There's no way you're driving," he told her.

"Yeah," Cindy chimed in, "there's no way."

"Uber?" Mike asked.

Jessica reached for her phone.

"Or you could just crash here," Cindy told her.

Mike's attention immediately shot to his wife. She was telling him to be nice with her eyes, but everything about this seemed like a bad idea. Her drunk, flirtatious friend didn't belong anywhere near their house overnight.

"You don't mind?" Jessica asked her friend.

"Not at all," Cindy smiled. "I'll grab you some blankets."

Thirty minutes later.

Mike was mindlessly staring at the bedroom TV, not sure if he'd watched these sports highlights already. The picture was kind of blurry too.

Cindy walked over to the bed in her nightie and lied down next to her husband, sliding under the warm, comfortable blankets. "Thanks for tonight, baby."

He turned his head and looked at his her. "Huh?"

"Tonight," she smiled, "thank you."

"For what?"

"For being so cool about everything," she told him. "I know the last thing you want is a house full of girls, but you were great."

He shot her a smile. "Making you happy, makes me happy."

"I know I don't have a lot of friends, but I'm kinda trying to break out of my shell, you know? It's just so much easier when you have a partner supporting you."

"That's my job," Mike told her before looking back at the TV. Okay, that dunk looked familiar, or did it? God, he was drunk.

"And I wanna say thanks."

"You don't have to thank me," he said, turning back to her again. But she wasn't there. Cindy had already slid under the covers and while he couldn't see her, seconds later, he could feel her.

Three hours later.

Thud...thud...thud...

Mike's head was pounding.

Thud...thud...thud...

The thirty-five year-old quickly remembered why he rarely drank. It was like someone was smashing a bat into his skull. It was just a miserable, pounding sensation which constantly vibrated throughout his head. Water. He needed water. The bathroom sink wouldn't cut it. He needed ice cold water. Mike journeyed down the stairs in his boxer shorts and lumbered into the kitchen, desperate for some relief from his awful headache.

"Hey..."

He jumped in front of the sink. When he turned around, Jessica was standing next to him, leaning against the counter in a pair of black panties and a t-shirt.

"Umm...hey, Jessica. Did I wake you up?"

"No," she answered while twirling her finger through her blonde hair. "Couldn't really sleep."

"It's not the couch, is it?" Mike asked while pouring himself a glass of water.

She slowly shook her head. "No, it's something else."

"Something else?"

"Well, something's on my mind," she told him with a grin.

Mike took a sip of water as he watched his wife's friend move even closer to him.

"Something Cindy told me about..."

Uh-oh.

"Something I wouldn't mind spending a little private time with."

Mike hastily turned back to the kitchen countertop. "I think you're drunk, Jessica."

"I think we're all a bit drunk," she told him before reaching out and attempting to wrap her hands around his bicep. "Your wife's so lucky."

He tried his best to ignore her advances.

"So...fucking...lucky..."

As crazy as Cindy drove him in bed, the temptation to stray was always there. He had never done it, but Mike still loved women: older, younger, black, white, yellow, purple—he liked them in all colors, shapes, and sizes. But he was committed to Cindy, and she was the only woman in his life, no matter how hard it was to say no at times.

Jessica's body actually didn't look all that different from his wife's. She had blonde hair and blue eyes instead of Cindy's dark features, but everything else looked fairly similar. The most noticeable difference was her attitude. While his wife was good in bed, something told him Jessica was unbelievable between the sheets. She just had a vibe about her which oozed sexual fun, and he couldn't help but wonder if he was right.

"Jessica," Mike started, "I'm flattered, really, but, I could never do that to Cindy."

"She'll never find out," the blonde seductively whispered as her finger traced along the bare skin of his wide shoulder. "It'll be our little secret."

He took another sip of water.

Why are you still standing here! Go back to bed, shithead! Go back to your wife! You know, the woman you love. The one you promised to always be loyal to. Standing in the kitchen with her sexy friend isn't a good idea. Especially while she's in her panties! But shit...she is sexy...

"Cindy loves to talk about you. All facets of you," Jessica smirked. "Like how many times you can go in one night, and how you love going down on her, and my personal favorite: how rough you get in bed."

Mike's focus moved back to his wife's friend. She was begging for it with her eyes. "I-I-I can't."

She shifted to her tippy-toes and whispered into his ear, "I wanna suck your cock."

Mike gulped.

"And I love sucking cock."

So did Cindy. But as amazing as his wife's enthusiasm was for giving head, he just knew Jessica possessed the ability to bring a man to his knees in ways Cindy couldn't.

"I'll put my hands behind my back," she continued to purr, "and let you fuck my tight, little throat."

He raised the glass of water to his lips to take another sip. He tilted his head further and further back until he finally realized the glass was empty. Jessica reached out and took the cup from him before placing it on the counter. Before he could process what was happening, her hands were exploring his body.

"We would never leave the bedroom if I was married to you," she seductively told him.

He placed his hand on the top of her blonde head but suddenly froze.

Do it! Push this slut down to her knees and enjoy yourself. You've earned it! You've been nothing but loyal and supportive over the past five years of marriage. Cindy probably wouldn't even mind. She knows how lucky she is. How many husbands are as good as you? How many play fun games and take their wives on adventures every week? You're a catch! A stud! And studs like you deserve the royal treatment! So go for it! See how far you can push this piece of ass!

Jessica patiently gazed up, waiting for him to take control.

Cindy wouldn't mind? Wouldn't mind!?! Are you fuckin' serious? Dude, you're delusional! Of course Cindy would mind if her friend sucked your dick in the kitchen! You have it made! Your wife is sexy, pleasant, and constantly ready to take care of your needs. And you love her! Remember? You're going to throw that all away for a blowjob? A blowjob you could get from Cindy? Hell, she just gave you one three hours ago! Go back to bed!

His hand slowly slid off the top of Jessica's head and down to his waist. "Good night, Jessica."

"Good night, Mike," she grinned before strolling back into the family room.

Current Day. 3 AM.

Mike checked his phone for the hundredth time. Nothing. Should he call the police? What if something happened to Cindy and she was in trouble? She never ignored his calls or texts. But his six calls and seven text messages over the past hour had all gone unanswered.

She's out with Jessica, dumbass. What did you think was going to happen? You know, that sexy thing who's unemployed and lives off her ex-husband's alimony payments? The woman who still goes to frat parties like she's in college. That's the woman your wife has been hanging out with for the past three months. How did you not see it turning out this way?

Relax. Her phone probably died and she crashed at Jessica's place. Why are you being so paranoid? Listen, your wife's a grown woman. She's more than capable of taking care of herself and making her own decisions. And you trust her, right? So, stop worrying. Just go to bed and tomorrow you'll find out everything was fine.

One hour later...

Mike heard his wife quietly sneak into the bedroom. He closed his eyes and tried to go to sleep, saving their inevitable discussion for the morning.

9:15 AM.

Mike's alarm went off. The best part about being self-employed? Well, that would be the hours. And today he decided to sleep in and give himself a little extra time to make breakfast before starting his work.

Shit.

He forgot all about Cindy. He rolled over and looked at her side of the bed. It was empty, of course. She would've left for work close to two hours ago. The thirty-five-year-old husband threw on a pair of basketball shorts and headed downstairs, eventually finding himself in the kitchen. And much to his surprise, he wasn't alone.

"Cindy?"

The brunette looked up from her cup of coffee.

"Are you alright?"

She nodded, "I called in sick today."

"What's wrong?" he asked.

She hesitated for a few moments. "I just...don't-don't feel good."

He joined her at the kitchen table. "What time did you get home last night?"

...

"Hey!"

"Late," she finally answered.

"The club closes at 2 AM, right?"

She nodded.

"So, where were you?"

"We-we went to a friend's house after."

"Someone I know?" he questioned.

She quickly shook her head no.

"Someone you met last night?"

Cindy peered down into her coffee, avoiding eye contact with her husband. "I didn't meet him. Jessica did. I-I just tagged along."

"Him?"

"Nothing happened!" she snapped back with a defensive tone. "We just hung out!"

He shot her a curious look. "I didn't accuse you of anything."

"You don't trust me?"

"Would I be fine with you going out if I didn't trust you?"

"And what about when you tell me you're going to the gym and then you're gone for three hours?" she aggressively asked. "I shouldn't wonder about that!?"

Mike chuckled, "Well, when I'm at the gym, I almost always end up playing basketball. And yeah, that means I'm gonna be there for a while."

She quickly shifted her attention away from him before turning back. His previously guilty eyes now appeared daunting. "You know, Jessica told me what happened that night."

"What night?"

"When we got drunk off Jello shots and she slept over," Cindy told him. "And how you came onto her in the kitchen."

"What!?"

"Oh, please," she rolled her eyes, "don't treat me like some kind of idiot."

"Holy fuck, Cindy! That's what she told you? That I came onto her!?"

She raised her eyebrows and nodded, "Yeah."

"I went downstairs to get a glass of water, and she comes out of nowhere. So I'm just trying to be nice, but she starts flirting with me."

Cindy gave him an amused look.

"Baby, she straight up told me she wanted to give me a blowjob. In the kitchen!"

"Come on!" she laughed. "Give me a break!"

"She did!"

"What fuckin' planet do you live on, Mike?" Cindy asked. "Where you're such a ladies' man? Where women are just begging to suck your dick?"

"That's how it happened!" he told her. "Wait...what was her version?"

"She went into the kitchen after hearing some noise and saw you in there, and you uncomfortably came onto her."

Mike shook his head in disbelief. "That's bullshit."

"Are you calling my friend a liar?" she asked.

"Yeah," Mike answered, "I am. And I can't believe your buying this shit. Baby, you've know her for three months. We've been with married for five years! We've known each other for seven! I've never lied to you about a single thing!"

Cindy looked back down into her cup of coffee.

"When did she tell you this story?"

"Last night," she answered. "In the Uber ride to the after-party."

"You seriously don't see what she's doing?"

She curiously peered at her husband.

"Your thirty-year-old friend is out partying with college kids five or six nights a week. She finally meets a woman her age who also wants to go out and have some occasional fun. You don't think she's trying to cling onto you? Sweetheart, she's trying to drive a wedge between us so she can have you. She wants a permanent friend to go partying with every night. You don't see this?"

"Well, why didn't you tell me about what happened then?" Cindy asked. "You know, if it happened the way you claimed?"

"Honestly?"

"Honestly," Cindy waited.

"Because you finally found a friend, and I was happy for you. And I knew your relationship with her would be over if I told you. I would've told you in a heartbeat if I had any idea what your friendship would be like three months later, but I was honestly just trying to do the right thing."

"I-I need to think," she told him before standing up. "I'm taking a shower and then going to bed for a while. We'll talk about this later."

Minutes later Mike heard the sound of the shower water turn on. It made him feel like a piece of shit, but for the first time in his life, he was going to snoop. He hurried into the bedroom and grabbed his wife's charging phone from the nightstand before entering her four digit passcode.

It buzzed.

He reentered it.

Once again, the phone buzzed.

Oh, shit! You know what this means, don't you, buddy boy? She's fucking around!

Hey! Relax. Maybe she reset her phone or something and changed her passcode without remembering to tell you. That's probably what happened. There's no need to jump to conclusions.

Listen to that idiot! Reset her phone and changed her passcode without remembering to tell you? Are you serious!? You want to know what really happened last night? You're wife got fucked! Well, maybe not. But she at least had someone's dick in her mouth! And guess what? It wasn't yours! That's what you get for letting her hang around with Jessica, you stupid asshole!

Think, think, think. What could she have changed her passcode too? The last four digits of her social security number?

Buzz.

Her birth year?

Buzz.

Mike closed his eyes and thought.

1, 2, 3, 4.

The phone unlocked.

He rolled his eyes and immediately went into her text messages. *Let's see...Tina, Mike, Jessica, Mom, Angela...wait, who's Tina?* He opened the text conversation and his stomach immediately dropped.

3:47 AM -- text received - Had fun.

3:48 AM -- text sent - Me too :)

3:48 AM -- text received - You need to start coming by regularly.

3:49 AM -- text sent - I'm not that easy ;)

3:49 AM -- text received - I beg to differ. Especially with what was coming out of your mouth.

3:51 AM -- text sent - Sometimes I like to be bad. Maybe we'll stop by next week. Kisses.

He should've known when Jessica tried to seduce him three months ago, he really should've known when his wife started going out to clubs regularly, and he absolutely should've known by the way she acted this morning. She tried to make him feel like shit to hide her own guilt. She fucked this guy six hours ago, but sat at their kitchen table and accused him of hitting on her best friend. A five year marriage was over just like that. He did everything for that woman. Every fun date he planned, every creative game he set up which she couldn't get enough of, every afternoon they spent locked in the bedroom—it was all for nothing. Absolutely nothing. What now? Was his entire life a lie? Was he just a gullible idiot?

Mike signed into their joint bank account on his phone and transferred half the money over to his personal checking. He then grabbed his phone and wallet, threw some clothes into a suitcase, and picked up the car keys on his way out the door. He was going back to the one place he truly loved. To the one place that would never cheat. To the one place he knew would always be there for him. Mike was going home.

Chapter 3 -- Hayden.

One Week Later.

Claire had three thousand dollars. That was all the money Bob left in their joint checking account when she finally accessed her banking app six hours later. And she probably had about forty bucks in cash along with a few credit cards in her purse. A lawyer would be able to get her at least half of what they had, but she didn't want to go through that process. Finding a lawyer would mean going back to the town she lived in, which would mean seeing Bob, which would mean confronting him, and that would eventually lead to her giving their marriage another shot. It would only be a matter of time before she found herself hiding in the bathroom again after she made an innocent comment he didn't like. Bob hadn't even bothered attempting to contact her either. She'd tried to leave before but always ended up going back. It was like her husband was just waiting for her to return, but in case she didn't, he was going to make it hurt. But this time was going to be different. She hadn't stopped once on that six hour drive back to her hometown of Hayden, New York. It was a small, blue collar town hidden deep in the Adirondack Mountains. It was the type of place people traveled hours to visit every fall when the leaves changed colors. Pretty mountains, breathtaking vistas, and exquisite lakes covered the terrain, but Claire didn't see any of that beauty. Claire only saw pain.

She was able to secure an apartment with several months rent paid in advance. Here she was, thirty-five years old, still married but not really, unemployed, nearly broke, living in a small, rundown apartment in her least favorite place on earth. Even if she ran into an old friend from school, she couldn't imagine actually recognizing them. It had been seventeen years after all. The only family she ever had was her mother and father, and Dad died in a drunk driving accident five years ago. The most ironic part was he was stone-cold sober at the time of the crash. It was a funeral Claire chose not to attend. And why should she have gone? Who else would even be there other than Mom? And that was assuming Mom was able to drag her sedated self out of bed and make it to the proceeding on time.

Why did she come back to Hayden? She hadn't really thought this over. There wasn't some door she could walk through and get her answer. The answer as to why she couldn't let go of the past wasn't going to be solved that easily. Every time she tried to escape her childhood, she found herself crawling right back to it. She shouldn't have come back to here. She should've driven west. How far west? She didn't care. Maybe she would end up in Chicago. There were plenty of law firms there. She would have no problem finding work, and a big city like that would have plenty of single men who had their shit together. Men who wouldn't abuse and degrade her. Men who would appreciate her for the type of person she was and treat her with respect. Or maybe she would've kept driving until she hit the coast. Maybe she would meet a laid back surfer on a beach in California. The kind of guy who didn't care about money or material possessions. The kind of guy who only cared about two things: surfing and the woman he loved. They would get by on barebones and savor every minute of it. She would be done with the rat race. Life was too short to be caught up in outrageous mortgages and constant stress. They would live on the beach and feed off one another's love. But when Claire looked out from her one and only apartment window on this

damp spring afternoon, she saw a small, dark, evil town full of malicious, venomous creatures.

She had it all wrong. The answer to her problems weren't in Hayden. The answers to her problems were anywhere else. But as long as she was here, it was time to pay a visit to the one person who had never been there for her in the past. It was time to see Mom.

Mike sat at an empty coffee shop table and smiled. Something about Hayden was like a warm, soft, fluffy blanket to him. Whenever life threw him a curveball, this town told him to keep his eye on the ball. Keep your shoulder back and pick up the spin...don't get out in front of it...there you go...now crush it! He had settled into an apartment after crashing at his parent's house for a few days. Just like seventeen years ago, Mom and Dad were as loving and caring as ever. They never lost touch with one another but he hadn't stayed in contact with them as much as they deserved over the years. Sometimes he took them for granted. His parents were special. Did it have something to do with him be an only child? Maybe. He never felt anything but love and adoration from them. Most kids never experienced growing up in that kind of environment, and his parent's warmth seemed to sum up this entire town.

Why'd he leave Hayden in the first place? After college, Mike was hit by a desire of needing to grow up. Hayden reminded him of his youth, but he wasn't a child anymore. He was a man after graduating and a man needs to go out and build his own nest. He attempted to build that nest but last week he watched it fall apart. He decided to ignore the countless number of voicemails and texts from Cindy apologizing. Their trust was broken and that isn't something you can look past. Sure, people make mistakes and no one's perfect, but Cindy didn't just make a mistake: she looked him dead in the eyes and lied. She accused him of cheating when she knew exactly what she'd done just hours earlier. That was the person he placed his complete trust in. A person who decided to throw away seven years together for a one-night stand.

He could work out of his apartment and he was okay financially. Cindy could keep the house as far as he was concerned. He was never going back to his old life, even if it was just a quick stop. Was he going to stay in Hayden? Mike wasn't sure. But wherever he decided to start building his new nest, it wasn't going to be anywhere near the woman he used to love. He needed to start over.

Right, right, right. Turn right!

Claire kept driving.

On my God! How many times are we going to do this!?

Claire turned left and looped around her old neighborhood for the fifth time. She couldn't turn right. Turning right would send her into a tailspin of memories. Turning right meant driving on Tamper Lane. Turning right would put her seconds away from the house she spent the first eighteen years of her life in.

Claire, you need to do this. We're going to turn right after this stop sign! Maybe Mom doesn't even live there anymore. The last time you checked to see if she was alive was five years ago! Just turn right, make the drive down that potholed covered street, and pull into your old driveway. You want to move on with your life, don't you? You're never going to be able to until you overcome your childhood!

Even being in her old neighborhood gave her goosebumps. Everything looked so similar. For every one house that was freshly painted with a new addition added onto it, ten were the exact same. They were the same colors, they had the same basketball hoops in the driveways, and they gave her that same eerie feeling. It was like every day was Halloween in Hayden. Every day had a spooky, disturbing vibe. Every day she spent in this town felt like one too many.

We're going to do this. Please, Claire, turn right.

She took a deep breath and turned right. Panic instantly began to set in. She could still recognize their neighbor's mailbox and the unmistakable wood pile already. Her car crawled down the asphalt surface at

a snail's pace.

Oh my God...

There it was: home. And just as she would've expected, it looked the exact same. The same white paint was chipping off and in desperate need of a new coat, the bushes were still out of control and overgrown to the point where they blocked the downstairs windows, and the upstairs bathroom window had a wooden board over it instead of being replaced. Seventeen years later and it still looked the same! She pulled into the empty driveway and shifted her car into park.

You can do this.

She slowly exited her car and began to ascend the beat, worn-out driveway. The white screen door still had the same red paint on it from when her little cousin thought it would be funny to draw a heart. Claire's dad hadn't found it as humorous as her cousin had. Her shaking finger reached out and pressed the doorbell.

Nothing happened. There wasn't any sound.

Claire opened the screen door and moved her hand to the wooden front door behind it.

Knock, knock, knock.

...

Knock, knock, knock.

...

Knock! Knock! Knock!

...

Knock!!! Knock!!! Knock!!!

...

Nothing. No answer. So, what now? Was this it? No explanation for her shitty childhood? No apologize? No way for her to move on and forget her past? Claire knew what was going to happen. She was going to find a guy, whether it be in Hayden or somewhere else. The relationship would start okay, but it would eventually turn out the same as all the previous ones had. She would become a punching bag, but deep down, maybe she wanted it that way? Maybe a lifetime of abuse was all she had in store. The blonde turned and headed back to her car.

"What?"

She stopped in her tracks. That voice. It was—

"What do you want?"

Claire turned and saw her mother. Her blonde hair was now completely gray, her skin was saggy and loose, and her stomach had doubled in size. But her voice hadn't changed at all.

She stood and stared at Mom.

"Are you deaf?"

"Mom..." Claire quietly said.

Claire's mother turned and walked back into the house, leaving the door open behind her. She slowly

followed her mother's trail. Seconds later she found her sitting in a recliner, watching television. The house was full of garbage, dirty dishes, and cats. Lots and lots of cats.

"Mom...you remember me, right?"

Amy's eyes never strayed from the sitcom rerun she was watching. "Yeah."

"Mom, it's been seventeen years."

She didn't answer.

"I...I wanted to talk."

"About what?" Amy annoyingly asked.

Claire moved a large pile of papers and garbage off the couch and placed them on the floor before taking a seat. "About Dad."

Her mother's eyes suddenly looked over. "What about him?" Her voice was cold and distant.

"Did you know...did...did you know the way he treated me?"

Amy took a deep huff. "That's just how he was."

"Mom...he would...he would touch me."

Amy's eyes moved back to the TV. "What do you want me to do about it?"

"Why didn't you ever say anything?"

"You were a grown woman," her mother harshly responded.

"I was fifteen!" Claire shouted. "I was a kid!"

"Is that what you came here for?" Amy sharply asked, now glaring at her daughter. "To blame me!? To accuse me of something!? What's done is done!"

Her mother was right. What's done is done. There wasn't going to be any closure. Nothing she said was going to make the past twenty years any different. Her childhood was shit, her adulthood was shit, and the rest of her life was going to be shit as well. It was just meant to be this way.

"Hey, Mike!"

Mike quickly stood up and gave his longtime friend a big hug. "Shawn!"

It had been seventeen years since they've seen each other in person, but the two former classmates had stayed in touch occasionally via Facebook. It just made sense to tell his one-time best friend he was back in town. And just like old times, Shawn was ready to hang out.

"Seventeen years," Shawn smiled as he took a seat at the coffee shop table. "Jesus Christ."

"I know, right?" Mike laughed. "So, how's it going?"

"Good," Shawn nodded. "The wife's expecting again so number four is on the way. Hey, let me know if you ever want a kid. It turns out I have the world's most potent dick."

He tilted his head back and loudly laughed. "Four kids. I never would've imagined back when we were young."

"I know," Shawn agreed. "I would've been fine with two, but Jen always wanted a big family, and if I'm being totally honest, I like it."

"Good for you, man," Mike told his buddy. "I'm glad everything worked out for ya."

Shawn reached his finger out and pointed at his friend. "You look the same!"

"I don't know about that..."

"I'm serious," he laughed before moving his hand down to his large beer belly. "I'm bald with a big gut, and then you show up all thin with a full head of hair? You trying to rub my nose in it?"

"I don't have much to rub your nose in these days..."

"So, what happened?" Shawn inquired. "Your message wasn't too specific but I'm not an idiot. You don't just show up after seventeen years asking to meet over nothing."

"Last week...I caught my wife...fuckin' around."

"Oh, shit, man..." Shawn groaned.

Mike looked down and shook his head. "It's a long story. She made a new friend and this girl wasn't exactly the best influence on her. They started partying and whatever. Shit happened. I can sleep well at night knowing I wasn't the reason she did it."

His best friend from high school continued to listen.

"And...I don't know. Something-something in my head just kept telling me to come back. Back to Hayden. I don't know why."

"Because it's home," Shawn said.

"But it hasn't been in forever," Mike told him.

"Listen," Shawn started, "remember when we were young and all everyone talked about was how they couldn't wait to leave this place?"

Mike nodded.

"And I'm sure we said shit like that too. I watched everyone I know leave after I graduated high school: whether it was to go to college, or to take a job somewhere, or whatever. Everyone just wanted out. So when I got a job offer from the town, I really sat down and thought about it. And one night it suddenly clicked for me. I love it here."

"You do?" Mike asked.

"I do," Shawn smiled. "When people complain that it's quiet, I see peacefulness. When people bitch that it's boring, I see safety. When people say there's nothing to do, I look around at all this beauty and laugh. I know I'm never going to have a summer house on a lake somewhere. I'm not going to own a boat, or have a big 401k, or be able to travel the world. But I leave my job every day at four o'clock, I drive home without having to deal with traffic, pull into my driveway ten minutes later, get a big kiss from my wife when I walk through the door, and spend the rest of the day with my three incredible kids. My weekends are free, we don't stress out about money because we live below our means, and we just love being around one another. No big city, or buildings, or anything could possibly make me happier than my family. You see some guys working crazy hours so they can buy all kinds of shit, and they never even see their wife or kids. What kind of life is that?"

"You never regret leaving?" Mike asked. "Even for a second?"

Shawn instantly shook his head. "Not for a single second."

"I don't know," Mike quietly sighed. "I mean, you spend so much time in a relationship with someone, thinking you know them, and then you realize you don't. Is moving back here going to be the same thing? Am I going to wake up ten years from now and realize the place I thought I knew, in fact, is completely different?"

"I can't answer that for you," his friend told him. "You'll never know unless you try, right? I can definitely put a word in if you're looking for a job. I'll tell them the truth: that you're a great guy and a hard worker."

"I appreciate that," Mike said, "but I can work from my place for now. That's one thing I'm happy about. What I'm not happy about is being fuckin' thirty-five and single. It would be hard enough in a big city, let alone a tiny little town where people get married at twenty."

"Hey, you remember Rebecca Ricci?"

Mike's face lit up. "Rebecca Ricci! Holy shit! She still lives here?"

Shawn nodded with a smirk.

Rebecca Ricci had been the 'it' girl since middle school. She was blonde, pretty, and rich. And when she showed up at the start of ninth grade with a D-cup, well, she became high school royalty.

"How she's doing now?" Mike asked.

"Remember what she looked like in high school?"

Mike nodded with a grin.

"Well," Shawn laughed, "you could fit about three of those Rebecca's in current day Rebecca."

"Oh, no!" Mike groaned.

"I have a buddy who works down at the station and they get plenty of calls from the neighbors. Apparently she married a real piece of shit and there are always domestic issues going on. And Rebecca turns into a real bitch when the cops show up."

"So, what's this?" Mike asked. "An update on the ladies of the town?"

"I'm letting you know what's out there..." Shawn laughed. "I'm just kidding! Keep your head up, dude. You'll bounce back."

"I hope so," Mike told him. "I—"

Something caught his eye. Actually, it was someone. His head turned and tracked a blonde woman walking toward the counter in a pair of blue jeans and an older looking red sweatshirt. All he could see now was the back of her head, but he swore he knew that face. Even if he only had a glance at it.

"Mike?"

Mike looked back at his friend. "Do you see her?"

"Who?"

"Red sweatshirt," Mike clarified.

Shawn shifted his attention to the counter. "Yeah."

"Does she look familiar?"

"From the back of her head?" Shawn laughed.

"I swear I know her from somewhere." When he turned back to get another peek, the mystery woman looked over to the side, exposing her face to him. "Oh my God..."

"What?"

"Dude, that's Claire!"

Shawn looked again. "Who?"

"Claire!" Mike repeated. "From high school!"

Shawn squinted his eyes. "Field hockey Claire?"

Mike nodded.

"No, it's not."

"Yes, it is!" he argued.

"Claire had black hair. She was one of those goth girls, wasn't she?"

"She dyed her hair in eleventh grade," Mike said, "but in tenth grade she was blonde. She still lives here!?"

"Not that I'm aware of," Shawn said.

Mike took a deep breath. "I loved that girl."

"Yeah, right..."

"I'm serious," Mike told him. "I was in love with her."

Shawn rolled his eyes. "I bet..."

"I'm not joking, dude!"

"Well, how'd I never hear about it? We were best friends!"

"I never told anyone," Mike stated. "I used to dream about marrying her."

"We all did that shit," Shawn laughed. "Back in high school if a girl smiled at me, I would imagine growing old with her and watching our kids play and stuff. That's how all boys are."

Mike hastily shook his head. "Not like this. She flirted with me for like two straight months and I never made a move. I was so terrified of her rejecting me. Even when I was married and happy, I would still think back to those moments. It was just something about her."

"Well, she's standing there now. Or at least you claim she is."

"She's gotta be married," Mike said. "A girl like that can't be single."

"There's only one way to find out," Shawn smirked.

Mike took the deepest breath of his life. It was time to make up for a twenty year mistake. It was time to finally talk to Claire. He slithered out of his seat and slowly approached the blonde who had her back turned to him as she waited in line.

"Excuse me."

She didn't respond.

"Umm...Claire..."

The blonde turned to face him. "Yes."

Mike's stomach dropped. It was her. It was her and she didn't have any recollection of him at all.

Twenty years ago.

Today's the day, today's the day, today's the day...

Mike's locker was on the third floor and his last class of the day took place on the first floor. It was a simple route to his locker once the bell rang. He would walk up the stairs and straight to the third floor, but he'd been taking the more scenic route the past few weeks. Once the bell rang, Mike would head toward the stairs, climb them until he reached the second floor, and then get off. He would then deal with the crowd before re-entering the stairs on the other end of the second floor, take them up to the third floor, and eventually find his locker. Why'd he go out of his way like this? Well, that answer was obvious: Claire's locker was on the second floor.

Dude, just fuckin' ask her out. Please! If she says no, then she says no. But she isn't going to say no! She's been flirting with you for like eight straight weeks in Biology! Shit, but what if she says no?

Mike looked forward to fifth period Biology more than anything in his life, but at the same time, he dreaded it like nothing else. The fit, perky, energetic, amazing blonde's advances had been growing bolder and bolder over the past few weeks. What started as a simple smile had turned into blatant flirting. Last week whenever he came into class before the period started, Claire was sitting in his seat. In his mind he would do something cool and smooth. He would have a witty lined planned. Or maybe...yes! That's it! He would go over to his desk in which she was sitting, and playfully pull her out of it. He would tickle her to try to get her to move and let his hands slide along her waist. She was just so beautiful...that he completely froze whenever he looked at her.

He never playfully pulled her out of his desk. In fact, he never did anything. He just sat in her empty chair until the unamused teacher eventually told them to go back to their respective seats. And from that moment forward, he made sure to get to class just as the bell rang to evade that situation. The only way to avoid rejection was to never allow himself to be rejected. But that was going to change. That was going to change today.

You're funny, athletic, and good-looking. Man the fuck up and ask her out! No, don't ask her out. Tell her you're taking her out! 'Claire, we're going out this weekend.' Yeah, that's it. Be a man! Her face is going to light up when you tell her that too. Why? Because she's into you, fuckhead! She wouldn't be flirting with you every day if she wasn't! Now, grow some balls.

Every step felt like a mile as he climbed the first flight of stairs. You can't have a life together with someone unless you ask them out, and you can't ask them out unless you have the guts to do it. Mike couldn't get enough of seeing her during those forty-two minutes in Biology class every day, so the idea of spending hours with her regularly was almost overwhelming. Alright, second floor...here we go.

Mike began to walk behind the mass of students as he peered to his left. He could spot that blonde head from three miles away. And as he continued to stare, Claire suddenly turned and locked eyes with him.

"Stalking me?"

"What?" Mike asked from the other side of the hallway over the hordes of students.

"Are you stalking me?" Claire asked again with a slight smile.

"No," Mike firmly replied before putting his head down and continuing down the hall.

"Every single time..."

Claire completely changed the following day. She went from being fun, friendly, and extremely flirty with him, to cold, distant, and almost mean. The smiles were swapped out with eye rolls, the sitting in his seat was replaced by ignoring him, and the passing in the hallways resulted in spiteful glares. He felt his heart ripped out of his chest. The one woman he was head over heels in love with, who he didn't have the courage to make a move on, now hated his guts.

The next year Claire showed up with black hair, all black clothes, and hung out with the goth kids. And he still loved that version of her. But unfortunately for Mike, he didn't grow a backbone until college. And by that time, Claire was long gone.

Or was she?

Back in the coffee shop.

"Hey...umm...I think we...used to go—"

Her face suddenly changed. "Oh my God, Mike!?"

It was like he just snorted a line of cocaine, while getting a blowjob, while winning the lottery. That moment of remembrance from his former high school crush was the single greatest moment of his life.

"Yeah!" he smiled.

"Mike!" she shouted, giving her old classmate a hug. "Oh my God, it's been what? Seventeen years!?"

"A long time for sure!" he smiled before quickly glancing over toward Shawn. He was making his way out the door but made sure to give his buddy a thumbs up before he left. Mike turned back and peeked down at Claire's left hand. No wedding ring! "Do you uh..." he gulped. The nervousness was coming back. He wasn't the same guy he'd been back in high school. He was cool, calm, and confident now. He wasn't a shy, nervous, self-conscious teen anymore, but something about Claire made him feel like a kid again. "Do you-do you live around here?"

"No, well, yeah, no...I-I kinda do now," Claire stammered. "I'm not-I'm not totally sure what I'm doing to be honest."

He was beyond baffled. How could this girl not have the perfect life? She still looked amazing after all this time. Sure, her butt wasn't as firm and under that red sweatshirt her breasts probably weren't as perky, but the glow she had back in high school still radiated from her. She had the ability to walk into a room and immediately demand everyone's attention. And his attention was the exact thing she caught the instant she stepped into the coffee shop. She was smart, personable, and outgoing back in her youth as well. She would've been the perfect catch for some successful businessman or trust fund baby who finally decided to grow up. Would've been? Shit, she'd still be. He had to be missing something.

A voice barked out from behind the counter, "I can help who's next."

Mike looked at his former classmate. "What's your drink?"

"I can buy it—"

"No!" he interrupted, "I-I got it. What's it gonna be?"

"Umm..." she went over the menu on the wall. "A vanilla latte."

"A vanilla latte and a black coffee," Mike smiled at the barista. It took twenty years, but he was finally going to get his date.

Twenty years ago.

"Why won't he ask me out?"

Beth looked across the lunch table at her friend. "Claire, you need to stop."

"Stop what?"

Her friend disgustedly rolled her eyes. "You're gonna get a reputation if you keep doing this."

"A reputation? Beth, I don't care. I like him. Maybe I should just ask him out..."

Beth immediately shook her head. "No! We're not supposed to do that!"

"Why?" Claire asked.

"Because it looks bad," Beth told her. "He's the man. That's how it works."

The blonde shrugged her shoulders. "Maybe he's not into me..."

"That's ridiculous," her friend told her. "He's just a wimp."

Claire had never felt like this about anyone before. It was weird in a way. She never even had a conversation with Mike, but she felt like she knew him. And while her friend had a point, why did she have to wait for him to ask her out? Life isn't a Disney movie. Every girl doesn't have a prince waiting for them to sweep her off her feet. Maybe she needed to find her man.

"You know," Claire said, "his locker is on the third floor, but he goes out of his way to pass mine on the second when school ends."

Her brunette wasn't finding that as romantic as her friend. "God, that's so pathetic."

"It's cute," Claire smiled. "I'm-I'm gonna say something to him when he does it today."

"Tell him to grow a set of balls for me, will ya?" Beth joked.

"We had class outside yesterday and I sat next to him," Claire told her. "I know he likes me. I can tell. I don't know why he won't make a move."

Beth looked her friend in the eyes. "Claire, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but it's one of two things. One, he might not be into you and you're picking up on vibes that don't really exist. Two, and this is by far the most likely, is he's a wimp. And he's never gonna ask you out because he's scared. I don't get why you would waste your time with a guy like that."

"Stop calling him a wimp!" Claire huffed. "He's cute, and funny, and every time I go to his football and basketball games, he totally stands out. Like, he's really good!"

"Two months," Beth shot back. "Two months, Claire! You could've been dating another guy for two months! Okay, promise me this? If he doesn't make some kind of move on you today after you call him out in the hallway, you'll move on?"

Claire peered down at her salad.

"Hey!"

"Okay, fine," the blonde agreed.

Two hours later.

Please say something to me today! Just do it! I can't make it any more obvious. Maybe Beth is right. Maybe he isn't into me. And maybe throwing myself out there for this long is pathetic. God, just say something!

Claire opened her locker while peeking over her shoulder.

Any second now. What are you gonna say to him? Umm... 'stalking me?' God, that's perfect! You're letting him know you've noticed him going out of his way to see you, you're being flirty, and you're giving him an easy segue to say something. Claire, you're a genius!

She turned her head and noticed a royal blue shirt far back in the cluttered mess of students. That was him! He was tall, strong, and had dark features. He was the exact type of guy she liked. But at the same time, he was different from those other guys. He wasn't loud and obnoxious. He was quiet, but everything that came out of his mouth made her laugh. She found herself fantasizing about spending time with him. She wanted to go on long walks together and explore parts of him no one else knew. He was like a sealed box which had never been opened, and she wanted to be the one who unwrapped him.

"Stalking me?"

"What?" Mike asked from across the hall.

"Are you stalking me?" Claire repeated, making sure to give him a smirk so he knew she was joking.

"No," Mike replied before disappearing down the hallway.

What was that!? Oh my God... Beth's right! He isn't into you! In fact, he hates you! You spent two months trying to win him over, and that's what he thinks of you! He thinks you're trash! He thinks you're worthless! He doesn't even want to give you the time of day to stop and talk! Claire, he hates your guts!

The blonde slammed her locker shut and stormed toward the stairs.

Back in the coffee shop.

Mike hated coffee. He didn't just dislike it, he despised it. It was so bitter and disgusting. Well, it usually was. This cup didn't taste too bad. Maybe it was that mom-and-pop flair. He always had a soft spot for small, local businesses. Or maybe it was due to the person sitting across the table from him. It was like everything was better in her presence. He just always wanted her around.

"So, what brings you back to Hayden?" Mike asked.

Claire took a sip of her latte before looking up, full of hesitation. "I don't wanna burden you with my problems."

"Claire, we're catching up. It's been a long time. Believe me, chances are I know what you're going through."

"I left my husband," she admitted. "Well, technically I'm still married, but, I'm never, ever going back..."

"Jesus, what happened?"

She looked back down into her drink. "He's a terrible person. And those are the only kind of guys I end up with."

Mike raised his eyebrows. "He didn't...you know...like, abuse you or anything, did he?"

Claire paused for a few moments before answering, "I don't want to get you involved."

"I'm here if you need someone to talk to."

The blonde glanced up and into the eyes of someone she barely knew. For the first time in her life, a man offered to listen to her talk. "We just...had um...a lot of problems. It's just, kind of tough to talk about."

"That's fine," Mike said. "If you decide you want to talk about it, I'll listen. If not, I completely understand."

Claire flashed him a smile before swiftly changing the subject. "What about you? Do you live here?"

"No," Mike shook his head, "well, I came back this week. Something just drew me back, you know?"

"Not married?" she asked.

Like you, technically, I'm still married. But that marriage is dead and buried."

"What happened?"

"She cheated," Mike told her, "and then she sat at the kitchen table across from me, looked me dead in the eyes, and accused me of cheating on her. It's amazing how some people are. You spend years with them and suddenly realize you have no idea who you're going to bed with every night."

"I'm so sorry."

"Maybe it's for the best," Mike went on. "I've thinking about it a lot this past week, and other than it not working out, I'm not sure I miss much."

"Really?"

"I mean, she's beautiful, and nice, and we never even fought, but, we never really connected, you know? Like, mentally or emotionally. It was just physically we clicked. And is that really the type of person you want to spend your life with? But I was happy for seven years with her so maybe I'm delusional. Maybe I would've been fine going through life with a girl I never really had anything with. Who knows?"

In the past thirty seconds, Mike said a hundred times more to Claire than he had in four years of high school. What he would do to be fifteen again.

As the years went by, Claire would sometimes look back at the tenth grade and laugh. She knew Mike liked her. If she didn't think that, she wouldn't have been excited to bump into him today. It was easy to reflect on the situation once she got into her twenties and thirties. Mike was a nervous teenager who was scared of rejection, and instead of being able to see that at the time, she just assumed he didn't like her. But she was feeling something at the table with him at this very moment. He was listening to her. Sure, guys had listened in the past, but it was different. They always had ulterior motives. She just wanted a guy who liked her for who she was. A guy who didn't judge her solely on her looks, but on her mind and personality. Because someday she was going to be old and gray, and she needed to be able to look over at her partner and know he still loved her as much as the days when she was young and blonde.

Mike gazed across the table and smiled.

Jesus, you're not going to pussy out again, are you? You're thirty-five years old! Say it! Just say it and get it out of the way!

"I had the biggest crush on you in tenth grade."

A big grin promptly filled Claire's face. "I knew it!"

"And I never made a move on you because I was terrified of you rejecting me," he laughed.

"Stalking me?"

Mike's jaw dropped. "Holy shit! You remember that!?"

"Of course I do!" she giggled. "You went so far out of your way just to pass my locker every day. I guess I never really appreciated it until I got older. You know, it's the little things that stand out now. And that was the cutest thing ever!"

Mike ran his hand through his hair with a laugh. "It was embarrassing is what it was."

"Well, I call it cute."

"I could've filled a book with the amount of things I had planned to talk to you about," he told her. "I used to lie in bed for hours and run through fictional conversations with you in my head. But every time I saw you, it was like my mind would blank. I would walk into class and see you sitting in my desk and just panic."

"I can't believe you remember I did that!"

"Yeah, you little flirt," Mike joked. "Teasing me like that..."

"Could I have made it more obvious?" the blonde smirked.

Mike pretended to ponder her question. "Well, I mean, if you've jumped on me, ripped my clothes off, and then screamed 'I love you!' into my face, there probably would've been like a thirty percent chance I would get the message."

Claire laughed.

"And then you got all mean and cold with me, which at the time I didn't understand. Now I do, obviously."

She looked down, ashamed. "I shouldn't have done that."

"No, you had every right to. There's only so much rejection a person can take, and my dumbass couldn't see it."

Claire opened her mouth but Mike wasn't done.

"So, eleventh grade rolls around and you show up with black hair, black nail polish, and your Tones on Tail t-shirt on."

"Oh my God!" Claire laughed, "I was such a dork!"

"You were adorable," he told her. "And in that very second, I went from loving blondes, to loving goth girls."

She looked up with bewilderment. "You're kidding me!?"

"No," Mike smiled, "I ended up getting into The Cure, Sisters of Mercy, Siouxsie and the Banshees..."

"Oh my God, stop!"

"I'm serious," Mike said. "I needed to be well prepared for when I made my inevitable move on you in eleventh grade. That of course never happened, but hey, I still listen to a bunch of those bands. So at least I got that out of it."

...

Mike took a deep breath. He was finally going to go for it. "We're going on a date."

Claire looked up from her coffee. "We are?"

"Yeah, we're going on the date I had planned when we were fifteen years old. Tomorrow. Make sure you wear sneakers too."

She had an ear-to-ear smile. "Hey, better late than never, right?"

"Better late than never," he smiled back.

The two exchanged numbers and greeted each other farewell, but as Mike began to walk away, he suddenly stopped.

Attaboy. Now go do the one thing you wanted more than anything back in high school.

He headed back over to the table, softly placed his right hand under her chin, turned her face toward him, and planted a kiss on her lips. No amount of sex and no number of drugs had ever given him the high he'd just experienced. That kiss was twenty years in the making, and when he pulled back and gazed into Claire's sparkling blue eyes, he knew he wasn't going to let this opportunity slip through his fingers again.

Chapter 4 -- The Date.

"Where are we going?" Claire asked as she struggled for breath. "Oh my God, I was in such better shape when I was in high school!"

Mike smiled as he continued to lead his date through the woods, following a beaten path he'd become very familiar with over his youth.

"Seriously! We gotta stop!"

He turned around with a smirk to see Claire leaning against a paper birch tree. "What about all that field hockey?"

"That was seventeen years ago!" she laughed while tilting her head back for oxygen. "I gotta start doing more cardio."

"You still look great to me."

She shot him a smile before letting out a long exhale. "Okay, I'm good."

"Alrighty..." he said before turning around. "We're a quarter of the way there..."

"A quarter of the way there!?" Claire shouted.

He laughed as the trail led down the steep side of a mountain, the path beginning to zigzag to allow them to descend. "I'm just kidding! We're almost there!"

"We have to come back up this way, don't we?" she asked, still struggling to keep up with her date. "I'm not gonna make it."

"I'll carry you."

"There better be a big buffet, or a massage, or something at the end of this," she joked.

"You'll see..."

Mike had played this moment over and over in his mind as a teenager. Maybe it was the hopeless romantic in him, but he couldn't help but feel it was a can't-miss. The hours he'd spent hiking alone in his childhood had taken him through relatively unexplored acres of Adirondack wilderness. Unmarked trails became easy to navigate throughout his high school days, and while it was close to two decades later, following this path took him right back to his youth. To the days he would hike with his Discman and headphones in, but none of the music would register in his ears. He wouldn't hear anything because his mind would be running a million miles a minute. He would be busy playing through imaginary conversations and scenarios as his lungs adsorbed the fresh, clean, upstate New York air. His mind was constantly thinking about Claire.

But it wasn't 1997. It was 2017. Twenty years had passed. It was a failed marriage and seven years of broken trust later. Discmans didn't exist anymore. Neither did those bulky, low quality headphones he would explore the rugged terrain in. Now there were phones which doubled as music libraries and wireless

earbuds. But some things hadn't changed: like the woman on his mind.

A small creek finally came into view. The trail descended another twenty feet or so until they were on the ground, following the narrow creek in the quiet, desolate woods. Suddenly, the sound of pouring water came into light.

"Oh my God..." Claire smiled.

Mike led his date the length of the long creek which emptied into a small pond. A large, ancient wall of rock towered along the far end of the water, and green, vibrant moss scaled the side. Forty feet up, water rushed over the edge and slid down the stone, pouring into the pond below. It was the waterfall he always imagined taking his dream girl to.

Claire shook her head. It was like a scene out of a movie. Out of a Hollywood romance or an animated Disney film she grew up on. It was something none of her ex-boyfriend's would've ever dreamed of leading her to. It was something—

She suddenly felt a hand on her arm.

"Give me your phone."

"What?" she asked.

"Your phone," he grinned. "Give it to me."

"Why?"

"Because I asked," Mike told her. "Let me see it."

Claire dropped her phone in her date's hand and watched him place it on a rock along with his.

"It's a good thing you wore gym clothes," Mike said while lifting his t-shirt over his head.

"What are you doing?" She smiled as she took her in former high school classmate's lean body. Instead of an answer, she felt a hand lock around her own. "Mike?"

Just like he wanted to do twenty years ago, he pulled his crush into the pond with him. The cold, knee-deep water quickly gave way to chest-high depth. Slowly but surely, he began leading her toward the waterfall.

Nervousness had been replaced by excited energy as Claire followed him further into the water. Romance had been redefined to her over the past fifteen years. Being surprised with flowers or spending the afternoon on a surprise date was just fantasy. Those types of experiences only took place in movies and novels. They were for fictional characters. Real people like Claire didn't experience moments like those. She was greeted by an angry man when she arrived home from work, and his idea of love was to roughly fuck her whether she was in the mood for it or not. That was the kind of affection she had grown accustomed to. But as that waterfall grew closer and closer, she couldn't tell if Mike was truly different, or if she was caught up in a romance which should've taken place two decades ago.

"Ready?" Mike asked.

"Ready," Claire answered with a smile.

He led her under the pouring water before pulling her cold body into his, holding her as tightly as he could. Their lips locked and for the second time in two days, Mike kissed his fantasy girl. And much to his surprise, Claire's mouth opened, allowing their tongues to dance as the forceful water continued to empty onto their heads and shoulders. He quickly moved her from the waterfall and smiled as he looked into her blue eyes.

"That kinda hurt..." Mike grinned.

Claire's eyes shifted a few feet toward the pouring water before looking back at her date with a smile. "I know, right?"

Mike let out a laugh before leaning in and kissing the blonde again. In the waterfall, to the side of it, on the moon—everywhere he took this girl felt like heaven. He knew one thing for certain: he wanted to spend every waking moment he could with this woman.

Forty minutes later.

"I have to start hiking regularly," Claire gasped for breath as they exited the woods, back to Mike's car which was parked on the shoulder of a backcountry road. "I'm so-so out of shape."

Mike popped his trunk and dug around inside, pulling out a beach towel and handing it to Claire. He was infatuated. Even the simple things she did drove him insane. Like the way she gave her wet hair a playful shake before wrapping the towel around it. And the cuteness of her bright, red nose from the cold water made him tingle. Every adorable, perky thing she did made him feel like a kid again. And she wasn't even trying. It was just how she naturally was. When she finished attempting to dry herself, he took the towel from her and tossed her a clean pair of sweatpants and an old Foo Fighters concert t-shirt. She responded with a grin.

"I'll turn around..." he sarcastically huffed before facing the other direction. The things he would do for a mile-wide mirror hovering in the clear, blue sky right now.

"You're not going to change?"

Mike turned around to one of the greatest sights of his life. Claire was standing on the side of the road, barefoot, dressed in clothes he would be wearing on a lazy Saturday afternoon. He knew he wanted to see this again. No, not again. He wanted to see it all the time. He wanted to see this woman wake up after sleeping in late on a chilly weekend afternoon, stroll into his kitchen to make herself a cup of coffee, and greet him with a big kiss while she wore one of his shirts. Was it a primal thing? Was it his way of marking her? Mike didn't think so but he wasn't completely sure. It felt more like acceptance. Like a way he could always be with her even if he wasn't. Mike wasn't hugging Claire at the moment, but his clothes were. So in a way, he was too.

"I'm good," he told her. "Ready to go?"

Claire nodded with a smile as the two got into his car. "I want to make you dinner."

"Yes! Totally, yes...I would-I would love that!"

"Tonight," Claire told him.

"Tonight?" he asked. "Yeah...yeah, tonight-tonight would be great!"

"I'm not much of a cook," she stated, "but I'll do my best."

"I'm sure you're a great cook," Mike told her before pulling out his phone and syncing it to the car stereo. "But I have a question for ya. What would you be listening to in 1997?"

"1997..." Claire pondered. "What was I listening to in the tenth grade...? I was...oh my God!" She dropped her head into her hands with embarrassment, her still damp hair dangling below. "Boy bands..."

"No way!" Mike shouted.

The blonde laughed, refusing to look at her date. "I loved The Backstreet Boys."

"What!?" Mike yelled. "So in tenth grade you listened to boy bands, and then you show up in eleventh grade dressed in all black while listening to goth music? Oh, you sellout!"

"I know!" Claire continued to laugh. "I was so easily influenced when I was young."

"So, what about thirty-five year-old Claire? Boy bands or goth music?"

"Definitely more toward goth," she answered.

He played with his phone for a few moments before one of his favorite bass lines in the history of music kicked in. If someone would've told him he was sixteen right now, he would've believed them. He was sitting in his car next to his dream girl, while "Go" by Tones on Tail began blaring through the speakers. This is what his life should've been. But he couldn't go back and change the past; now he could only create the future.

Claire's face lit up as she was taken back to those days alone in her bedroom, listening to music on her headphones. And Mike was probably doing the same thing in his bedroom on the other side of town. All throughout high school and up until the past week, she had begged for someone to accept her. For someone to love her for who she was. Mike had been doing that this entire time and she didn't even know.

He turned the ignition but left his car in park as his shoulders slowly began to move. Claire watched him turn his head and smile as the sounds of clapping joined that unbelievable bass line.

"We're not going anywhere until you start dancing!" Mike shouted over the music.

Claire embarrassingly shook her head. "I can't dance!"

"Neither can I!" Mike shouted, his head now dipping and moving with the rest of his upper-body. "But we aren't going anywhere until you start moving! Come on, goth girl! I know you want to paint your nails black and shadow dance to this!"

She rolled her eyes before slowly beginning to move.

"There we go..." Mike encouraged her. "Gonna need a little more though."

Claire's body started moving to the music as she sat in the passenger seat of her former high school classmate's car. The bass line dropped and she waited for the lyric. Three...two...one...she turned to Mike and smiled. He smiled back.

"Go!"

The car shifted into drive and the forty-five minute journey back to her apartment was under way.

Chapter 5 -- Spaghetti.

Claire was in a panic. She wasn't exactly the world's greatest cook so she decided to keep it simple: spaghetti. You couldn't mess that up, right? She ran to the grocery store after Mike dropped her off, grabbed a few boxes of pasta and two jars of sauce, a loaf of french bread, and hurried home to make dinner. Well, if you want to call it home. Home was a small, dinky apartment with a card table and folding chairs acting as a kitchen table. The only other piece of furniture she owned was a twin size mattress which had yet to be joined by a frame or box spring. To be honest, Claire was embarrassed by how little progress she'd made in rebuilding her life. Part of her still felt like a child. And as she hurried to check on the now boiling pasta sauce, she was desperate to impress her former crush the best way she could. With a good meal.

She wasn't a delusional princess. Claire knew what she was. She was a thirty-five year old, soon to be divorced woman, with a little extra fat on her, and a face which was beginning to show her age. But at the same time, she wasn't some staunch feminist. The idea of cooking for her man turned her on. Her man? That had a nice ring to it.

It's been a week, Claire. How about you cool it with the happily ever after? You've yet to bring anything to the table other than tagging along, so make sure you don't fuck this up! Mike has been married for the

past five years so he's used to being taken care of. Just do your best to not be worthless, okay?

Buzz.

Shit! He's early!

She scurried to the door and unlocked it, and now she couldn't help but smile. She texted Mike to keep it casual but wasn't sure if he would know just how casual she meant. The truth was she didn't have any nice clothes. Her dresses, skirts, and higher end fashion were still in her closet back in the place she used to call home. The black yoga pants and pink t-shirt she managed to stuff into her gym bag were about the best she could do at the moment, especially on her limited budget. So when Mike showed up wearing a pair of orange basketball shorts and a gray t-shirt, she felt unbelievably relieved.

"Wine for the lady?" Mike asked with a medieval accent as he held out a bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon.

"Red wine..." Claire grinned. "The key to my heart."

Five minutes later.

"How hungry are ya?"

"Very," Mike answered as he watched the blonde dump a sizable amount of pasta onto the paper plate in front of him.

"Sorry, I haven't gotten any real dishes yet."

He looked up and smiled at his date. "Hey, I'm not eating the plate."

Claire laughed before allowing a substantially smaller amount of spaghetti to land on her plate. She shuffled over to the counter and put the pan of pasta which had already been mixed with sauce back on the stove. She made sure to do one last check over everything before taking a seat.

Pasta?

Check.

French Bread?

Check.

Wine...in plastic cups?

Check.

"Oh!" she shouted, running back to the kitchen area. She dug through a bag before returning with a tall dinner candle and a small holder to place it in.

"Fancy..." Mike teased.

She pulled a lighter out of her pocket and lit it.

"This is awesome, Claire."

Truth be told, this was about as fancy as Mike liked it. Paper plates, plastic cups, and pasta was right up his alley. It was a hell of a lot better than going out to some overpriced restaurant where you have to wait forty minutes for your food to come out. And when he watched his date sit across from him in her gym clothes, he felt a tingle run through his body.

"Okay," Claire announced, "dig in."

Mike punched his plastic fork into the pasta, gave it a quick twist, and raised the tasty looking dish to his lips. The eating utensil slid into his mouth and he bit down.

Claire was observing her date's every movement. She wanted to see his face light up when he tasted her cooking. She made sure to go extra heavy on the sauce and butter to make it as delicious as possible. But when he took his first taste of her dinner, she didn't get the reaction she expected.

Mike took a few struggling chews before eventually swallowing. He looked up and smiled, "Good. No, great!"

Something wasn't right. There was a hint of surprise on his face after he took that first bite. Claire wasn't always the most aware person in the world, but even she couldn't miss that one.

He quickly wrapped more of the saucy strands around his fork and took another bite, trying his best to show how much he loved it. Claire gazed down at the pasta on her plate and hesitantly stuck her fork into it. She lifted some to her mouth and allowed her teeth to clench down.

Crunch.

That didn't happen. Claire, you imagined that. Just take another bite. Everything will be normal when you do.

Crunch!

Holy shit, Claire! You fucked up pasta!

Mike watched her slowly look back up at him with a ghostly white face. He could feel her panic. And while her eyes were looking at him, he could tell she wasn't really there.

"Claire...Claire," he tried to get her attention with a smile. "It's great. Really. It is."

"It's...it's"

Mike dug in for another forkful. "I love it!"

"It's...it's...crunchy..."

Mike slowly took another bite, laboring to get it down. "It's fantastic!"

"I made...crunchy pasta..." Claire quietly said while looking back down at her plate.

"Hey, hey, hey, it happens, okay? Pasta isn't easy make."

"What?"

"Pasta," Mike reiterated, "it can be tough to make."

"No, it isn't," the blonde shamefully rebutted in a shy voice. "It's-it's easy to make. That's why I made it."

"Honestly, Claire? I don't think a lot of people would even be able to tell. It still tastes great!"

She glanced at him with a puzzled expression. "No, it doesn't." Her voice was beginning to have a whimper to it. "How did this happen? I made sure it was done—"

Her face suddenly dropped.

No, you didn't, dumbass! How stupid are you, Claire? You were so worried about everything else being perfect, that you forgot to check if the pasta was even cooked before you turned off the stove! Are you even a woman? How worthless are you?

"And the bread is awesome!" Mike told her before raising a slice of french bread to his mouth. "I haven't had french bread in forever!"

Claire looked like she had shell shock. "I ruined pasta..."

"Nooooooooo, no, you didn't! Everything's great!" he reassured her.

"I need a minute," she said, standing up and hurrying to the bathroom. She locked the door behind her and slowly approached the sink, resting her hands on the ceramic surface. Her eyes struggled to look up, but when they finally did, she observed her petrified reflection in the mirror. Bob's voice was deafening in her head.

Ha! Oh my God, what a worthless cunt you are, Claire! Pasta? You fucked up pasta!? See why I treated you the way I did? You're not good at anything. In fact, there's only one thing you're halfway decent at it. So go out there, suck his dick, and try to show at least a little value as a woman. Or you can come back home. I'm still waiting, Claire. Sure, you're going to have to deal with the belt, but you know that. We'll get it out of the way and move on from your mistake. I'm waiting...

Maybe Bob was right. Maybe she was worthless. She blamed her father for the way her life turned out, but maybe Dad was just trying to look out for her. Maybe he was trying to protect her. Maybe she really was daddy's little girl. A grown woman who needed to be looked after and protected like a child. She couldn't even make pasta! And they were sitting at a card table with paper plates! Why didn't he laugh in her face and leave? He was a handsome, funny, great guy who was obviously wasting his time with her.

Just end it, Claire! On the off chance Mike is actually different from those other guys, he's eventually going to see you for what you are. Every time you two hang out, he's going to see another flaw. Your inability to cook, clean, and your general lack of common sense. Guess what? Men aren't into ditzes. You're not in high school anymore! Boys like ditzy girls. Men like grown women. And, Claire, you're just a ditzy little girl.

Mike knocked on the bathroom door. "You alright in there?"

"Yeah, I'll-I'll be out in a minute."

"Okay! Take your time!" he told her.

She collected herself and checked her makeup. Okay, she could do this. She opened the door and walked back to the little table setup in the kitchen. Several slices of bread on her date's plate immediately jumped out at her when she took a seat.

"This bread is phenomenal."

She shook her head with an embarrassed laugh. "Let's go get something to eat."

"No, Claire, I'm good."

"No," she told him, "and it's my treat. It's the least I can do."

Mike finished his slice of bread before looking back at her. "I actually had a different idea."

Here we go, Claire. You know what he wants, don't you? He wants what all the others wanted once they realized just how useless you really are. Are you going to give it to him? Of course you are, Claire. You know your real value.

"So, I was thinking..." Mike smirked.

What do you think is on his mind, Claire?

"It was 1997 when we were fifteen years old."

She shot him a curious look. "What?"

"When we were fifteen," Mike told her, "it was 1997. So, what would we be doing if our fifteen year old selves dated in 1997?"

Drop to your knees, slut.

She nervously waited.

"Watching a movie!" Mike smiled.

"A-a movie?"

"Yeah, we would've gone to the movies," he told her.

"Yeah," she smiled, "we-we probably would've."

"So, let's watch a movie from 1997!"

Claire's face lit up. "Yeah, totally!" She hurried to her bedroom before returning with her laptop. She placed it down on the table, opened the search engine, and typed in '1997 movies.' The first result was a best of list for that year.

Mike moved his chair next to Claire's and took a seat as they both observed the list. "I'm leaving if you say yes to number one"

The blonde smiled before looking over at her date. "*Titanic* sucks."

"You're perfect," Mike laughed, looking back at the list. "*Home Alone...3*. Because the threequel is always the best..." he sarcastically stated.

"*Jurassic Park!*" Claire excitedly yelled.

"*The Lost World...*" Mike groaned. "The worst *Jurassic Park*."

Claire continued to scroll down the list. Suddenly, she stopped and pointed at the screen. When she turned to her right, Mike had his index finger aimed at the laptop as well.

"Are you serious?" Mike asked.

"Maybe my favorite movie of all-time," she said.

"You think we would've appreciated it when we were fifteen?"

Claire shook her head, "There's no way."

"Alright," he told her, "let's watch it."

She navigated her way through a series of web pages before giving one last click. "I rented it", she announced before looking around the kitchen. "Umm...how are we...how are we gonna do this?"

Mike grabbed the laptop and disappeared down the hallway.

"Where you going?" Claire called out.

There wasn't a response. She hopped out of her seat and followed him toward her bedroom. When she entered, she saw her laptop sitting on the end of her mattress with Mike lying on his stomach, his face only a foot or so from the screen. She giggled and quickly joined her date on her bed.

"When I was fifteen, I wouldn't have had a frame or box spring either if it was my choice," Mike smiled.

Claire laughed before starting *Boogie Nights*. She could get used to date nights like these.

Fifteen minutes later.

Buzz.

Claire's head perked up. "Was that my bell?"

Mike paused the movie before sliding off the bed. "One minute," he told her before leaving the room.

...

...

"Great. Keep it. You too."

She listened to the sounds of footsteps approaching her bedroom before a big smile grew across her face. "Thank God!"

Mike laughed as he walked back to the bed with a pizza box in hand.

"What about my pasta?" Claire asked with a sarcastic grin. "I thought it was amazing..."

He set the box down on the bed and the two of them dug into it. He then leaned into her ear and whispered, "It was."

Chapter 6 -- A Fancy Dinner.

Three days later. Friday. 6:12 PM.

Mike glanced at his bathroom mirror and smiled. He was freshly shaven, dressed in a pair of khakis and a collared shirt, and ready for a more serious date. They were going to have a nice, expensive dinner together, come back to his place, and enjoy each other's company for hours. While fancy dinners weren't typically his thing, he wanted to treat Claire to something nice. Everything was going to change after tonight. Mike knew he finally found the one. This was going to be the start of his new life.

You thought you found the one seven years ago too, shithead! God, you're such a sap. Remember when you were crazy about Cindy? Like, two weeks ago? Right up until you found out she fucked some other guy? You actually think Claire is going to be any different? It might take a week, it might take a year, or it might take a decade—but she's eventually going to break your heart. Why? Because she's a woman. And when she sees the first sign of weakness in you, she's going to leave. She's going to go find a wealthier, better-looking, more intelligent guy because you know what, she deserves it. Not some thirty-five-year-old underachiever who was still dreaming about his high school crush a few weeks ago. Face it, Mike, you aren't spectacular. And Claire deserves a spectacular man.

He glared into the mirror. That negative voice had been following him around since grade school. The times he didn't ask girls out, the playoff game against Northridge when he dropped that wide-open pass to cost his team a shot at the state title, and the time his dad walked in on him jerking off in the seventh grade. His deep, dark, and fairly self-aware inner voice was constantly reminding him of what a loser he was. Every time he felt good about himself, that voice brought him back to earth. But it wouldn't stop there. It kept pushing and pushing and pushing—trying to bury him as far down as it could.

That's right, Mikey. I'm always going to be here so get used to it, pal. And when this broad eventually leaves you, I'll be right here to remind you that you deserved it! Now have a fun date, buddy!

Fuck that voice.

Buzz.

She was here. Claire texted him thirty minutes ago asking if they could meet at his apartment rather than

have him pick her up. And that was fine with him. Hey, it meant an extra ten minutes of time together, and he would never turn that down.

Mike skipped out of the bathroom and moved across his apartment floor, floating like a feather. It was like neither of his feet touched the ground. Why? Because on the other side of that door was the most amazing woman in the world. And for the next however many hours, she was going to be all his. And sooner than later, those hours were going to continue to increase until she was his all the time.

"Hey," Mike smiled while opening the door. His face instantly changed. "Umm, you didn't get my message?"

Claire slipped past him and set a bottle of red wine down on the kitchen table.

"Claire, I'm not sure they're going to let you in wearing that..."

The blonde was standing in his apartment in a pair of black Nike flip flops, gray sweatpants, and a blue tank top. It looked like she was either heading to the gym, or had just rolled out of bed. Make no mistake about it, Mike was still infatuated by the sight he was taking in. The restaurant however, might not be as love-struck.

He watched his date turn and slowly begin to approach him, increasing her pace with each stride.

"Claire, what are—"

She leapt into his arms. Mike caught her and let his hands explore her butt. Sure, he probably could've propped her up by her thighs, but he wasn't going to pass on this chance. He felt her arms and legs wrap around him and then it happened: she locked her lips onto his.

Their last date ended in a drunken, greasy, pepperoni flavored make out session on Claire's bed. It was the type of date the two should've experienced back in high school, but neither had. So when the pair of thirty-five year olds decided to act like teenagers that night, their lust for each other only grew. Mike eventually kissed her good night and walked back to his apartment. It took him forty minutes to drunkenly walk the ten minute drive, but he wanted to save it. He wanted to save that moment for when they weren't drunk. For when both of their breaths didn't smell like pizza. For when they had a bed with a frame.

He immediately regretted his decision the second he collapsed onto his own bed that night. He didn't need to be sober, he didn't need expensive food, and he definitely didn't need a box spring. The only thing he needed was the girl he was with. He didn't need an apartment, or money, or a job. Mike would live in a sewer with Claire if she wanted. And as he attempted to fall asleep, he couldn't help but hear that voice again.

It's high school all over again, Mikey. At least this time you had the balls to talk to her. And a make out session? Oh boy! You know, the thing you should've done twenty years ago! You're never gonna pull the trigger! She's going to wait, and wait, and wait, and when a different, better guy comes along, she's gonna jump to him. And you're going to be sitting here all alone, wondering how you blew it again!

Mike wasn't going to wimp out tonight. Nope. But apparently, Claire decided not to take that chance.

She broke off their kiss and moved her mouth to this ear, "We're not going out tonight."

"We're not?"

"Nope," she grinned, "we're eating in. And I have something a lot better than pasta..."

Five minutes later.

A trail of clothes tracked from the kitchen, through the narrow hallway, and into a now shut bedroom door. A pair of sweatpants here, a collared shirt there, and yes: that's a flip flop. But behind that wooden door, Mike was being introduced to his new favorite meal.

"Jesus Christ..." Claire moaned as she placed her boyfriend's pillow over her mouth and bit into it. Could she call him her boyfriend at this point? It was only date number three. Well, date number four if you counted the coffee shop encounter. Did that count though? That was just kind of a run-in that resulted in a catch up.

Really, Claire? You see why I'm always here? It's because you're an idiot! You don't know if he's your boyfriend or not? Why don't you lift that pillow up for a second and tell me what you see?

She raised the pillow and looked. When she did, she was greeted by a thick head of brown hair between her legs, and a warm, wet tongue rapidly slide over her clit. If that's not a boyfriend, then she didn't know what was.

You know what it is, don't you? You're afraid of him being your boyfriend because of what every one of your exes did to you. Did Bob ever even go down on you? Ever? Savor it while it lasts because it's only a matter of time until he turns into an asshole. But deep down you love being treated like shit, don't you, slut?

Shut up.

Claire let her hand slide down her body and inter twine with her boyfriend's—yes, her boyfriend's, thick, brown hair. A pair of hands moved up her legs and grabbed her hips, holding her in place as his tongue moved from her clit and explored the rest of her vulva. Her muscles begin to contract and she couldn't tell if she was becoming even more wet, or if it was just the dampness of his tongue. Whatever the case, it wasn't going to take much longer.

The pillow went back over her face as she felt his tongue make it's way to her clit once again. She loudly moaned, "I'm going to cum," before clenching her teeth around the silk case.

Those were the four greatest words Mike had ever heard.

Seconds later Claire exploded in her lover's mouth, her hips shaking and jolting with every sensation which propelled throughout her body. It was like someone lit a match and dropped it down her throat. She felt an indescribable warmth run the length of her skin and end in her curled toes. It was the hardest she'd cum in fifteen years. She felt worked over, satisfied, and taken care of without having to move a muscle, and now it was her turn to return the favor.

Mike watched his date move to her knees and grin at him. She pointed to the bed headboard and he quickly followed her direction. The next thing he knew, warm, wet lips were pressed against the right side of his neck. With each and every kiss, Claire slid lower: down to his traps, his pecs, and eventually his flat stomach. When she reached his groin which was covered by the last remaining piece of clothing either one of them was wearing, she looked up with a smirk.

Claire let her hand slither inside the soft cotton boxer shorts as she wrapped her fingers around the waistband. She gave them a slow pull, unknowingly dragging out the moment as long as she could. And when Mike's cock finally sprang out, she felt her heart skip a beat.

Of course he looks like that. Why wouldn't he?

She lied flat on her stomach, in between his legs, and wrapped her small hands around his towering pole with a smirk. The only thing she cared about was making him feel what she experienced minutes ago. That warm, smothering, exhilarated sensation which rocketed through her body? She needed to share that with Mike. And whatever it took, she was going to give his man the greatest blowjob of his life. Why? Because he deserved it.

A million different adolescent fantasies were coming to fruition. For every dream Mike had which involved walking hand in hand with his tenth grade biology crush, there was another dream which looked similar to his view at this very moment. The top of that blonde head bobbing up and down on his manhood as he rested his back against the headboard with a smile. Something about this felt different. It felt special.

Cindy gave good head, something told him Jessica gave amazing head, and a girl he dated before Cindy named Samantha gave world class head, but nothing felt like this. Hell, the three of them at the same time wouldn't have felt like this. It wasn't just her warm, wet mouth around his sensitive cock that was giving him this feeling. It was more than that. There was a deeper and more meaningful explanation. Everything about Claire exuded love. And it wasn't just sexual. It was every smile she shot his way, every effortless flip of her hair, every giggle over something ditzy she did—everything about her was so real and raw. But at the same time, Mike could feel pain. He could feel pain from previous relationships which ended in abuse. Pain from ex-boyfriends who didn't appreciate what they had and took advantage of her. She was such a simple woman: not mentally or emotionally. She was far from simple in those departments. She was profound and complex. She was simple in the way she acted. She wanted to love, and in return, she wanted to be loved. There was never going to be another painful moment in her life as long as he was alive. He was going to make sure of that.

Claire relaxed her throat and took her new boyfriend as deep as she could, allowing his thick girth to stretch her esophagus. The way a man squirmed whenever she did this drove her crazy. She loved the feeling of giving head. It was one of the few times in life she actually felt in control. But she wasn't getting off on controlling Mike. She was getting off on pleasing him.

She suddenly felt a hand on her head.

Annnnnnnnnnd I'm back! Miss me, Claire? Guess what time it is? Time for you to take some abuse! Open up that throat and let him gag you until tears are running down your cheeks! Because guess what, Claire? You're just a sex toy to him. You're just three warm, wet holes for him to get off in. Bob is right. You know he is.

No, Mike's different.

No, they're all the same, Claire.

The hand drifted from the top of her head, down to her cheek, before moving the long, blonde hair out of her face.

"I want to see your eyes."

Claire instantly looked at her former classmate.

He didn't want to abuse her, he didn't want to take advantage of her: he just wanted to see her. At that moment, Claire knew she'd heard her inner voice for the last time. No one was going to call her a slut, or a whore, or worthless ever again. If she undercooked spaghetti, Mike was going to laugh. If she overcooked a burger, Mike was going to smile. If she bought the wrong thing at the store, she would be greeted with a big kiss, not a slap to the face or a degrading spanking. The man she was staring in the eyes while she had his most intimate of parts in her mouth, was going to be the man she spent the rest of her life with. She just knew it. She had never craved another person like this.

Mike squirmed out of her hold and flipped the blonde onto her back. He propped himself on top of her, allowing her to feel his weight before sliding inside.

"Fuuuuuck..."

Claire placed her hand on her lover's chest and gently pushed back. "Slow, slow, slow..."

He relaxed his pace and began taking long, deep, tempered strokes inside her. Every mild thrust sent her head back into the pillow as she attempted to catch her breath. Her breasts and pink nipples heaved as she gasped for air. Claire was experiencing the most filling, satisfying, rewarding sexual experience of her life, and Mike was barely moving.

"Harder," she requested with her eyes closed in ecstasy.

Mike increased his tempo.

The fifteen-year-old version of himself would've cum the instant he pushed inside her, and the thirty-five year-old version wasn't doing much better. Something about her drove him crazy. Actually, it wasn't something. It was everything. Every curve of her voluptuous body, every girlish moan which escaped from her mouth, and every time she glanced up to show him her vivid blue eyes. It was overwhelming. And while their first time together wouldn't be the longest and it certainly wouldn't be the best, it would leave a lasting impression on his soul.

He began taking hard, firm thrusts inside her, waiting for her head to shoot up in pleasure. When it did, he grasped the sides of her face with his hands, held her in place, and kissed her.

Mike and Claire both came together.

Five minutes later.

It was such a simple, basic moment of bonding. Mike, lying on his back with his head resting on a pillow and his arm wrapped around his lover. Claire, with her head snuggled on his shoulder as her fingers played with his dark chest hair. It was an affection Claire spent the past two decades of her life searching for, and a feeling Mike spent the past twenty years missing out on. They were two puzzle pieces who completed each other in a world full of jagged edges.

"You remember Tommy Bargins?"

"Who?" Claire asked.

"Tommy Bargins," Mike repeated. "Scrawny, kinda goofy looking kid. He graduated with us."

"Tommy...oh!" Claire remembered. "Red hair?"

Mike chuckled to himself. "Yeah."

"What about him?" she inquired.

"Tommy was in my English class in ninth grade. One day we show up and the words 'pop quiz' are written on the chalkboard. Everyone in the class instantly knew they were screwed. We'd been reading *Hamlet* and literally no one could pay attention. It was just so fuckin' boring."

Claire laughed.

"Unbeknownst to any of us, a couple of seniors decided to fuck with Tommy that morning. They pretended to be his buddy in the hallway, one of them slipped a laxative into his water bottle, and Tommy ended up drinking it without having a clue."

"Really?" she asked. "Kids can be so cruel."

"I know, right?" Mike said before continuing. "So, our teacher passes out this surprise quiz, when Tommy raises his hand and asks if he can go to the bathroom. Now, our teacher was this old lady who was kind of a bitch. She was always nasty and in a bad mood. And her number one no-no was letting anyone go to the bathroom during tests and quizzes. She thought it was a way to cheat."

"Oh no..." Claire groaned.

Mike smiled as vividly remembered that moment from his youth. "A minute goes by and he asks again. This time the teacher tells him the next time he asks her to leave, he's going to get a zero. So it's quiet for a few more minutes, but then suddenly this smell starts wafting through the room."

Claire stopped playing with her boyfriend's chest hair and moved her hand over her mouth. "He didn't..."

"I still remember the look on the girl's face who sat in front of me," he laughed. "It was like someone told her her dad died. Standing next to his desk, with beige khakis, and a big shit stain on his ass.: is Tommy."

And from that point on, Tommy Bargins was known as 'Tommy Shits.'"

"That's where that came from!?" Claire shouted. "That's why everyone called him that!?"

"Yep," he chuckled. "One moment in ninth grade gave him a reputation for four years. And if I ran into Tommy now, you know what I would say to myself? I would say, 'hey look, it's Tommy Shits.'"

She giggled before moving her hand back to his chest.

"We had a moment in tenth grade," Mike told her. "No, it was more than a moment. We had a thing. And you ended up hating me."

"I never actually hated you," Claire rebuffed.

"Whatever it was," Mike said, "it wasn't good. I'm just happy I ran into you again and had a chance to redeem myself. That you didn't remember me in that coffee shop as a scared, nervous fifteen year old."

"Mikey No Balls," Claire laughed. "Has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?"

Mike burst out into laughter. "It most certainly does," he smiled. "How many people get a chance at a do-over twenty years later? I-I just feel so lucky."

Claire tilted her head and looked at his face. "I'm the lucky one."

"My wife texted me last night and told me she got a lawyer, and he encouraged her to press for full alimony payments."

"Why didn't you say anything?" Claire asked.

"Because I don't care," Mike smiled. "I mean, she makes like twice what I do so who knows how that's going to work? But even if she didn't, it wouldn't bother me. You wanna know why?"

"Why?"

"Because last night, the only thing I could think of was you," he told her. "And it clicked to me, that there's nothing in the world that could bother me, because I finally found the one."

Claire gazed up with her mouth agape. "Mike, I don't know what to say..."

"I want to marry you."

She instantly propped herself up on her arm. "What!?"

He turned to her with a smirk. "I want to marry you."

Claire's free hand moved over her mouth. "Oh my God, Mike..."

"I wanted to marry you twenty years ago," he told her, "and I'm not waiting any longer. The second both of our divorces go through, we'll go to some tiny chapel somewhere, just the two of us, and I want you to be my wife."

As Mike felt his soon to be wife lean over and kiss him, two decades of regret promptly vanished. And that inner voice which always told him what a failure he was? That disappeared as well. How could you be a failure if you're with the woman you love? Money, success, big houses, and expensive vacations don't mean anything if you aren't with someone you truly care about. Every meal he ate, every place he traveled, and every moment he spent lounging around was going to feel like he was on top of the world—because he finally had his girl.

Chapter 7 - Memories.

Twelve months later.

"Here we are...1...1:17 PM on a Monday. May 25th. D-Day plus two."

The sound of footsteps complimented a camera recording the journey from the basement, up into the kitchen.

"Two days ago the greatest moment in the history of humanity happened," the voice continued as the camera made its way around the kitchen table and toward the living room. "Weighing in at six and a half pounds with sparkling blue eyes and adorable blonde hair..."

Claire looked up and immediately raised her right hand over her face, attempting to block herself from the view of her husband's phone. "Oh, come on, Mike! Seriously!?"

The new dad laughed as he made his way into the living room.

"I look like shit!" Claire said, still trying to hide her face.

"You look amazing," he rebutted. "Come on, let me see that smile!"

Claire gave an exaggerated smirk to his phone. "Happy?"

"Not as happy as someone..." he sarcastically moaned while taking a seat next to his wife on the couch. He zoomed in to record his two-day-old daughter suckling on Claire's right nipple. "Save some for Daddy, now..."

"Oh my God!" she rolled her eyes with a laugh before turning her attention to her daughter. "Please don't end up like your pervert father!"

Mike cleared his throat and began doing his best impersonation of a British TV newscaster. "Now, the media and paparazzi have been clamoring for footage of the royal baby for days now. This is however, the first video we have witnessed of the child. Baby Elizabeth."

"Royal baby..." Claire laughed. "My blood is the furthest thing from royalty."

"Here we see the child, feeding from her mother," he continued in his British accent. "The Queen of Yorkshire."

"Yorkshire?"

"I don't know," Mike laughed back in his regular voice. "It sounds British to me."

Claire shook her head.

He quickly got back into character. "And as beautiful as the baby girl is, the media is dying for an update on their Queen. So, the question, Queen Claire. How are you feeling?"

"Ugly."

"And?" Mike asked.

"Fat...still."

"Ugly and fat...still," Mike repeated from behind the phone. "Insightful..."

The camera zoomed in on Claire's makeup-less face. Deep, heavy bags hovered below her eyes. "You're gorgeous," Mike told her, back in his normal accent.

"Yeah, right..."

"You are," he repeated. "You're just as beautiful as the day I laid my eyes on you the first time back in tenth grade. I can still remember you strutting into biology with little boy shorts and a cute t-shirt on. Your blonde hair bouncing around and your blue eyes gleaming. It was like every butterfly in the world was stuffed into my stomach."

"That was a long, long time ago..."

"And I still get that feeling every time I look at you," Mike continued. "Every time I see you shake the hair out of your eyes, every time you flash that smile at me, every time you strut around in your little boy shorts," he laughed. "You drive me fuckin' crazy."

Claire turned to the camera and laughed, "Are we making home movies?"

"Uh-huh," he replied.

"Do you think one day our daughter is gonna want to listen to her pervert father talk about watching Mom strut around in boy shorts?"

He pretended to contemplate the question. "I was actually thinking sometime down the road we invite my parents over, maybe a few friends, pass some popcorn around, and watch this together..."

Claire chuckled at her husband, "I may feel like I just got hit by a truck, but I wouldn't trade this for anything in the world."

The parents both smiled down at their newborn baby girl.

"What if you never walked into that coffee shop?"

Claire looked up. "What?"

"That coffee shop," Mike repeated. "What if you decided to go somewhere else that day? I never drink coffee so why did I ask Shawn to meet me at a coffee shop? For me to be there at that exact moment was such a stroke of luck. And then for you to come walking in. What if it never happened?"

"But it did, Mike."

"I know," he told her, "but what if it hadn't?"

"Who knows?" Claire said. "Maybe some other girl would've walked in. Maybe you would've decided to go talk to her. Maybe she would be holding your child right now."

Mike gazed down at his baby daughter as he processed what his wife was saying. "But it wouldn't be this."

"What?"

"It wouldn't be this," Mike told her. "You or Elizabeth or any of this. It would be different. And this...this is perfect."

Claire smiled at her husband.

"We're going to watch our daughter flourish into an amazing woman, and we're going to grow old together, and someday we'll be sitting in the backyard, watching our grandchildren run around. And I'm going to wrap my arm around you and still feel a million butterflies dancing in my stomach."

Seventeen years, three-hundred and sixty-three days later.

"I'm not doing it!"

Claire tracked her daughter into the kitchen, following the sound of soccer cleats tapping on the wooden floor the entire way.

"Let's save it for next year!"

"Elizabeth!" Claire firmly stated as she grabbed the teen's arm, "we're doing this!"

The young blonde began to rapidly shake her head back and forth. Snuffles soon gave way to streams of tears. "But, Mom, it's the last time!"

Claire wrapped her arms around her daughter's body, consoling her the best she could. "I know, baby, so let's enjoy it."

Ten years ago Mike began experiencing shortness of breath. A few days later he felt a pain in his chest and right shoulder. Then a horrific cough with bloody mucus set off alarm bells. Claire drove her husband to the emergency room and later that day, Mike was diagnosed with stage IV non-small cell lung cancer. He was given a six percent chance to make it five years. When Claire pulled the doctor aside and asked for his honest opinion, she was told it was the most aggressive case of lung cancer he'd ever seen. It didn't make sense to her. Mike had never smoked a single cigarette in his life.

"I wanna save it!" Elizabeth whaled into her mother's shoulder. "I don't want him to go away!"

Claire ran her hand through her daughter's long blonde hair. "He's never going away! He's always with us!"

The chemotherapy didn't help. In fact, it only made the suffering that much more excruciating. The strong, vibrant, full of life father had been reduced to a bald, pale, shell of his former self. His energy was gone. And despite the happy face he put on every time he saw his wife or daughter, there was no hiding the pain he was in. But Mike couldn't just fade away. He couldn't just leave his wife and eight-year-old daughter all alone. He needed to be there for his family. He needed to guide them and remind them just how special they truly were. So, Mike started writing, and writing, and writing. Nineteen multi-page, handwritten letters later, he was done. Every year on his wife's birthday, and every year on his daughter's birthday, they were instructed to open a sealed envelope with a date marked on it. The letters consisted of reminders, life lessons, jokes, and memories. Once Elizabeth hit puberty, her letters turned more detailed and took a different tone. He wanted her to respect herself for the type of person she truly was. There was no need to seek male approval or put her body on display, because her mind was the prize. But if she found a man, he needed to be strong. He needed to be able to make her a better person. He needed to never consider taking advantage of her or using her in any way. Mike saw the life he wanted for his little girl, and he was going to walk her through it, even if he wasn't there.

Claire's letters were different from their daughter's. They weren't as detailed. They weren't full of instructions and advice. Mike adored his wife. Everything she did in his eyes was perfect. As the years went by, the writings encouraged her to move on. To go out and find a man who deserved her, but more importantly, a man who could guide Elizabeth along her life's journey the right way. He wanted her to always remember how lucky she was to have their daughter in her life. Somehow, someday, the two most special women on the planet lived together, and they needed to remember that.

Claire remarried two years ago but not a day went by where she didn't think of Mike. Whether it be a slight smile when she remembered the way he would imitate the news anchor's voices on the TV, or a painful cry alone in the bathroom when she thought about the afternoons in bed they would spend cuddled together, talking for hours on end. Her new husband was a good man. He was great with Elizabeth and he treated her the right way, but he wasn't Mike. There was only one Mike and she lost him. She lost him forever and despite her best efforts, she wasn't ever going to be able to move on from him.

"Sit," Claire instructed her daughter.

Elizabeth took a seat at the kitchen table, dressed in her soccer uniform, before watching her mother leave the room. Her stepdad always gave them space on their birthdays. Sure, they would go out to dinner later, but he wouldn't be around until the girls were ready to leave. He knew how special Mike still was to both of them, and he didn't want to take away from that.

The teen moved her forearm under her nose and wiped away the snot which was dripping from her

nostrils. She was trying not to cry, she was trying to push her feelings down, but she couldn't. And when she saw her mother re-emerge in the kitchen was a manila envelope in hand, Elizabeth lost control of herself.

"I-I-I can't do it!" she barely managed to get out.

Claire slid a chair next to her daughter and took a seat. "We're going to celebrate this," she smiled. The mom's eyes were red and puffy. Despite her now calm demeanor, she had lost control of her emotions the second she retrieved the envelope. She had received her last letter two months ago on her birthday. It was five pages of memories, moments she barely remembered and some she could still vividly see in her mind, and paragraph after paragraph explaining how special she was to him. Claire read that letter every single week. Mike spent an entire page going into detail about all the things he remembered from high school. The clothes she would wear to class, how shocked he was when she showed up in eleventh grade with black hair, and the regret he had over not asking her out when he was fifteen. They could've spent a lifetime together instead of only nine years! But those nine years felt like an eternity. She made every single day an adventure. He woke up every morning excited to see her smiling face. No words would ever be able to describe how much he loved her.

She handed her daughter the envelope. Elizabeth reached out with a shaking hand and took her dad's final writings. After a deep breath, she tore open the seal and pulled out a small bundle of notebook paper.

"No! No! No! No! Mom!!!"

Claire began to panic as well. The first page was blank. When Elizabeth tossed it aside to reveal the second page, it was also blank. Pages three and four followed suit. Finally, when they got to page five, something was different.

Elizabeth's face lit up. "Oh my God!"

Claire shook her head with a smile. "Your father always had a flair for the dramatic."

Taped to the fifth piece of paper was a USB flash drive. Elizabeth sprinted upstairs and quickly returned with her laptop in hand. She set it down on the kitchen table and hurriedly pushed the drive into the USB port before seeing a 'removable disc' menu pop up on the screen. The teen double clicked on 'files' and immediately turned toward her mother.

"Mom! Mom!!!"

Claire felt a tear run down her cheek. There was an unnamed folder on top, and a video file titled 'Happy 18th Birthday' below it. Elizabeth instantly double clicked the video. Suddenly, they were taken back a decade. It was like the last ten years hadn't happened. Mike was sitting on the couch, alone, looking into his phone recorder.

Mike rolled his eyes with a smirk. "Isn't it funny how your mother never wants to be in pictures because she doesn't think she looks good enough, yet here I am, recording myself?"

Claire immediately knew this was filmed during the late stages of his treatments. He'd fallen and badly bruised the left side of his face near the end, and the marks were clearly visible in the video. This was probably two weeks before he passed away. He was bald, sickly looking, and clearly hurting—and she loved this version of him more than any other man on the planet.

Elizabeth was crying with her watery blue eyes glued to the screen.

"Happy eighteenth birthday, Babygirl!"

The teen lost it. She hadn't been called 'Babygirl' in ten years. Just hearing him say that sent a cavalcade of emotions pouring through her.

"Ten years..." Mike pondered as he looked off to the side. "Hopefully you guys just got back from an

awesome birthday dinner in your flying car."

Claire laughed.

He looked back at the screen. "Lizzy..."

The teen lost it again. Every nickname that came out of her dad's mouth was too overwhelming. She just wanted to see him again!

"I hope your life is going great," Mike continued. "You're—" he began to laugh. "Hey, Claire! You wanna know what our daughter wrote for me yesterday?" he asked as he held up a piece of notebook paper for the camera before turning it over to show both sides covered in handwriting. "Lizzy wrote a story that has a nonlinear narrative. A nonlinear narrative, Claire! She's eight!"

The two girls both smiled at the computer screen.

"I swear, I've never seen a more talented person in my life. Listen, I know I'm biased, but Lizzy, you're so unbelievably special. Most kids can't grow up to be anything they want, but honey, you can. And you won't realize this until you're older, but you're so lucky to have your mother. I really, really hope you two are still close. That you guys are always there to strengthen each other."

Mike turned to the side and let out a deep, disturbing cough.

"Well, I'm pretty sure you could pin me now, Lizzy."

Elizabeth smiled at the screen as she thought back to those Saturday mornings she spent wrestling her dad on the living room floor while Mom refereed. "No, I couldn't," she tearfully stated.

"I know we sometimes didn't see eye to eye on things."

The teen shook her head back and forth while sniffing.

"I know how much you hated soccer. How it's boring, and the field's too big, and there isn't enough scoring. But, Babygirl, low scoring is what makes it great. Just likes hockey..."

"Every goal matters," Elizabeth smiled as she finished her dad's sentence along with him.

"And I know sometimes you wanted to watch TV, or a movie, or whatever, but I would make you sit down and write before you could. Sometimes you would yell at me, and tell me how unfair it was, and how your friends got to watch as much TV as they wanted, but your creativity was too special to waste. I've seen the way your mind works. When you were six, you wrote me a story three days before Easter about a vengeful bunny rabbit who tries to put an end to the tradition of giving candy."

Elizabeth curiously gazed at the screen with no recollection of this moment.

"'Mr. Rabbit,' as you called him," Mike smiled. "Now, Mr. Rabbit went around town the night before Easter and stole all the Easter baskets from every house. He took them back to his burrow and decided the only real way to punish everyone, was to eat all the chocolate himself. That way it could never be recovered. But chocolate releases chemicals in the brain that make you happy. And after that first bar of chocolate, Mr. Rabbit was a changed bunny. He was suddenly cheerful and merry and returned all the candy to the little boys and girls. Babygirl, you were six!!!"

"Claire," Mike continued, "I know I don't need to tell you this, but our girl is special. And if she ever doubts herself even for a second, you need to remind her of it!"

Claire wrapped her arms around her daughter's body as she felt tears pour through her cotton shirt.

"I know you guys have lots of recordings and pictures that I took over the years, but I wanted to save some stuff. I don't want to drag my memory out or make every year some somber experience. I want you girls to move on with your lives in a positive way, but at the same time, I want you to remember the great

times we had together. To celebrate the life we lived. I know both of your lives are great, and are going to get even better, so if you don't want to reflect on the past, I completely understand."

"No, Daddy!" Elizabeth shouted as she sprang from her mom's grasp and moved closer to the screen.

"The other folder on this flash drive is full of videos I took. Every day I recorded something. Sometimes I recorded multiple things. It may have been just Lizzy, other times it was only Claire, and sometimes it was all three of us. There are over three thousand videos in that folder. Some of them are long, some are just a minute, but the first eight years of our lives together are documented. Lizzy, if you want, you can see what I saw. I got to watch you grow from this adorable six and a half pound baby, into this two-year-old who seemingly always had a chip on her shoulder, to a playful and fun five-year-old angel, and finally into the amazingly creative and artistic eight-year-old I know today. You know, when I was in college, I decided I was going to be a bachelor for life. I was never getting married and there was absolutely no way I was having a kid. I can't believe how much I changed. I literally can't imagine not having both of you girls in my life. You two are the greatest things that ever happened to me."

Elizabeth reached out and was now comforting her mother. Claire had tried to stay strong and be a rock for her daughter to lean on, but she couldn't any longer. She was breaking down.

"Over the past month, I've scanned everything you've ever written and it's all in that folder as well. You can look into the mind of a little genius," he softly laughed. Mike looked down at his watch before his ghostly white face lit up with excitement. He raised his index finger to the camera. "One minute," he stated before setting it down, letting it record the white living room ceiling.

The girls separated from each other, curiously looking at the screen.

"Where he'd go?" Claire asked.

"Come back!" Elizabeth whined as she sniffled again.

Suddenly, they both heard footsteps. The screen flipped over and Mike carried his phone to the front door before walking outside, recording the concrete pathway as he went.

"What are you doing?" a voice off camera asked.

"No..." Claire smiled.

"I'm making a recording for a very special girl," Mike answered.

"Who?" the voice chimed in again.

Elizabeth continued to curiously gaze at the laptop screen.

"Well, she just so happens to be the most talented, creative, special little girl I've ever met," Mike answered.

The camera suddenly shifted to an eight-year-old Elizabeth who was walking toward the front door with her backpack on.

Eighteen-year-old Elizabeth smiled.

"Hmm..." the young girl pretended to ponder the scenario as she made her way to the house, letting her father record her journey. "Is it...Mommy?"

"Nope," Mike answered. "But good guess. Mommy definitely has all those qualities."

Claire laughed as tears began to flow again.

"Is it...Grandma?"

"Not Grandma," Mike answered.

The young blonde turned to the camera with a smirk. "Is it...me?"

"It's you, Babygirl!" Mike cheered.

The eight-year-old version of Elizabeth skipped into the house and tossed her schoolbag onto the couch.

"You gonna write me a story today?" Mike asked.

The young girl huffed. "Do I have to?"

"Do it!" Elizabeth pleaded from the kitchen table as she watched a decade old scene unfold.

"I'd like you to," Mike told her. "Well, what do you want to do instead?"

"Paint your nails!" she excitedly replied.

"My nails?" Mike inquired. "I don't know, Babygirl, my nails are a little funky." The chemotherapy not only affected his skin and hair, but his nails had turned a disgusting black and yellowish mix.

"I know!" she answered. "I'll make 'em pretty!"

Claire reached over and wrapped herself around her daughter's right arm.

"I would love pretty nails!" Mike told her. "You can paint my nails, but then you have to write me a story. Deal?"

"Deal!" she excitedly agreed before scurrying upstairs to her room.

Mike turned the camera to his face as tears began to fall from his eyes. "I love the both of you, so, so, so much. You'll never understand just how special the two of you were to me. "Claire," he smiled at the camera, "you changed my life. Every inch of your body, every thought in that amazing mind, and every moment we shared together was perfect. Just...perfect. I'm so thankful I found you again." He closed his eyes to regroup before looking back into the screen. "Babygirl, I see so much of your mother in you it's crazy. And that makes me so happy. Hey, thankfully, you didn't get your dad's ears," he laughed before collecting himself again. "You're smart, and talented, and beautiful, and truly unique. Your mother would always make fun of me for talking about her glow. Like, I was delusional or something. But I'm not! Mom has a glow. I could eat a bowl of pasta by myself, and then eat that same pasta later with her at the table, and it would taste ten times better with her there. And then you came along, and it was the same way! Every meal I ate with the two of you tasted like chocolate ice cream! Just your presence makes everything better. I want you two to remember how special you are. Neither of you deserve anything but the best. And one day..." he tried to compose himself while peering off to the side. He turned back with a tearful smile. "One day...very, very, very far from now, we're all going to be together again, and we're going to sit down at a table together, the three of us each with a bowl of pasta, and I'm going to soak in both of your glows. I love you two so much."

The video ended.

"Noooooo! Daddy!!!" Elizabeth cried as she reached her hand out to touch the screen. It showed no time left in the recording. She looked at her mother who also had tears streaming down her cheeks. "That's it! He's gone!"

Claire placed both her hands on the sides of Elizabeth's face before staring into her watery blue eyes. "I don't know what the future holds for us," she told her daughter. "Maybe we'll be neighbors or maybe you'll end up on the other side of the world, but whatever happens, we'll always have each other. Every day, every moment—I'm there for you. And someday when I get old and gray, I know you'll be there for me too. And for the next eight years, every day, whether it be in person, on the phone, or over the internet, we're going to watch a video Dad left for us together. Deal?"

Elizabeth nodded while wiping tears away with her fingers. She turned her attention to the folder on the

screen and clicked the first video.

"Here we are...1...1:17 PM on a Monday. May 25th. D-Day plus two..."

Like Mother, Like Daughter

by **mt44**©

This story is currently being illustrated by the great DarkBreezly. Be sure to keep an eye out for it in the illustrated section.

Chapter 1 -- The Wild Girlfriend.

Monday. September 21st. 7:13 PM.

Who had it better than Jeff? He'd be willing to take on all challengers when it came to a battle of lifestyles. The eighteen-year-old high school senior had it made. Let's look at today for example: he attended school, went to football practice where he was the star safety on a team which would most likely be competing for a state championship, and he didn't have any real bills or concerns in life. And, oh yeah, he had a beautiful brunette bobbing up and down on his dick.

He ran into Abby—who was referred to as Abigail by everyone except himself, at a pool party over summer vacation. It took two hours but he finally made a move on her. Hey, YOLO, right? He promised himself his days of not asking girls out were over. He had a thing for Abby since they were in the same Algebra class back in ninth grade, but just like all his previous crushes, he never asked her out. Something clicked for him on that muggy June day in Chris Bocchetti's backyard. Was it seeing his classmates flirting with their own crushes? Or maybe it was all the bikinis that were on display for the testosterone fueled teenage boys? Whatever it was, thank God something finally woke him up.

There was no way around it: Abby was his dream girl. She was a fit and perky five foot five, with long, wavy brown hair, and light brown eyes which were constantly smiling. Those doe eyes were so inviting and comforting. She was a bundle of positive energy that always put him in a good mood. If he had a shitty day, a simple smile from his girlfriend made everything better. If he was sick, a hug relieved his fever. Sure, he was only eighteen, but the idea of spending the rest of his life with this girl was very much a possibility.

"That feels so good..."

It took two months for them to take that giant leap together. They were both virgins: Abby a complete novice when it came to anything sexual, and Jeff having only received one blowjob from a cheerleader during a tenth grade football party. The two decided to take things slow. A week of dating passed before they shared their first kiss, two weeks before they started making out, a month for Abby to allow him to feel her up, and two months before her first attempt at oral sex. But once they got their feet wet, well, they decided to make up for lost time.

He felt like a porn star over the past thirty days. When wasn't he getting his dick sucked? Abby's sex drive was insane, and when they finally had intercourse for the first time three weeks ago, things went into overdrive.

"Suck my balls."

Come on. Jeff was still waiting for someone to make a case for their life being better than his. On the sofa in his girlfriend's parent's family room, with his dream girl kneeling in front of him on the floor, and his

balls in her mouth as per his request. He felt like a rock star. Except he didn't need or want a line of groupies every night. He wanted one girl, and lucky for him, she wanted him too.

Abby took a break from her task at hand to peer up at her boyfriend. "Am I doing good?"

He could only smile. That juvenile, childlike cadence she loved to talk in during sex was causing his cock to throb. This girl was an angel.

"So good," he told her. "You're so fuckin' sexy."

She flashed her long, dark eyelashes at him. "Thank you, Daddy. It's my job to make you feel good."

He didn't even start the daddy shit! It was all her! See how awesome his life was? His sexy girlfriend was constantly referring to him as 'Daddy.' The perks of being him just kept rolling in.

Abby had one requirement during oral sex: Jeff had to take his shirt off. How couldn't that be her demand? Her six foot one, brown-haired, brown-eyed boyfriend was a stud! He was all muscle. Thick traps, wide shoulders, chiseled abs, and big biceps. He was being scouted by a few colleges but she wasn't some jersey chaser. She wasn't really even obsessed with his body either. Did she love it? Absolutely. Was it a deal-breaker? No way. It was his confidence that drove her crazy. And confidence and good looks seem to go hand in hand, don't they? The better you look, the better you feel. And the better you feel, the more confident you are.

Every day together made her appreciate him more. He was so funny, and smart, and good to her. She knew what most the boys at school were like, and she was very familiar with the boyfriends her friends had. Let's just say Abby hit the jackpot. Her sweet, sexy, kind boyfriend was the perfect guy.

But as crazy as the blowjobs, and sex, and dirty talk all were, it was the way his girlfriend liked to be treated which surprised Jeff the most. Sure, she enjoyed romantic gestures, and she loved when he surprised her with flowers or planned a picnic in the park. Deep shoulder massages and long bouts with his head buried between her legs were probably her second and third favorite things on the list, but coming in at number one with a bullet, without a challenger in sight, was when he took control and dominated her.

It'd originally started with the lightest of pumps into her mouth during a blowjob. It was hard not to try it. He'd spent the previous seven years watching porn after all. He had no intentions of making her gag, or choke, or anything like that, but the desire to be in control was something he wanted to test out. And when she looked up, smiled, and told him to do it again? Well, he knew he'd won the lottery.

"You gonna deepthroat me?"

She began planting kisses along the length of his cock. "Is that what Daddy wants?"

"You know it's what Daddy wants."

"Well, maybe Daddy should take what he wants," she grinned up at him.

His hands clamped onto the sides of her head and roughly pushed down.

Abby wasn't just a novice before dating Jeff—she was somewhat naive to the world of sex. She'd learned so many things over the past three months. So many nights were spent on her computer, scouring the

internet for every drop of information her young mind could absorb. She wanted to be amazing in bed. She didn't want Jeff to ever think about straying. And as much as she'd learned over the past ninety days, four things in particular really stood out.

One: not having a gag reflex isn't normal. The internet told her that her oral prowess was sought after by not only every boyfriend and husband on the planet, but by every girl who would choke and gag during oral sex. Her ability to effortlessly swallow her boyfriend was something only a small percentage of women possessed, and she was fortunate enough to be in that group. She couldn't imagine only being able to take a few inches of Jeff in her mouth. Not like she had to worry about that. She was her boyfriend's very own deepthroat queen.

Two: receiving oral is AMAZING. She didn't need the internet for that one. Something told her Jeff had put some quality time into reading up on the art of cunnilingus though. His unbelievable tongue could take her places she didn't know existed. And the thing he did with his two fingers inside her? He told her he was stroking her G-Spot. Whatever it was, she was ready to marry him each and every time he did it.

Three: rough sex might be even more incredible. Having her hair pulled, her ass slapped, and her neck lightly choked were indescribable feelings of submission. She was so vulnerable under the big, strong hold of her stud boyfriend, and her body seemed to turn to goo when she experienced that sensation of helplessness. It took the feeling of being dominated for her to cum during intercourse, and much to her surprise, that was another thing the internet told her most women couldn't do.

Four: and this caught her the most off guard, was Jeff had a really big dick. How was she supposed to know? She'd never been a porn watcher. The only porn she partook in before dating Jeff was erotica. In fact, the only reason she'd been watching X-Rated filth lately was to pick up some new tricks to surprise her boyfriend with, but realizing he stacked up extremely well against Porn Valley's finest was shocking. But it really hit home when her best friend Kate showed her a dick pic she'd received from some guy she'd met at the beach. It palled in comparison to what her boyfriend was working with, and when Kate asked to see a picture of Jeff after she made a comment about the difference in size, her friend only confirmed what she already knew. Kate gasped, responded with 'Lucky bitch,' and Abby had a big smile on her face for the rest of the day. She really was a lucky bitch.

And now it was time to show her boyfriend just how lucky he made her feel. Abby relaxed herself and allowed that strong hold to force his towering cock down her throat. It was one effortless slide of fullness. Her lips met his groin, her nose pressed against his pelvic bone, and she was submissively taking all of her man—just like daddy's little girl should.

Her pulsating throat humming on his cock always turned his legs to jelly. Nothing stroked his ego like the way she deferred to him. He wasn't some dominant asshole who needed a woman to look up to him. He also wasn't some chauvinist jerk who thought women belonged in the kitchen. Abby was talented, charismatic, and a hell of a lot smarter than he was, but he's a man. And as a man, he liked to be in control. And as a woman, sexually, Abby got off on submitting to him. They were a perfect match.

His right hand journeyed from her head and found his balls. He lifted them up and watched her tongue struggle to slide out of her mouth. Slowly but surely it managed to work its way to his testicles, where it began licking them with his dick still rammed down her throat.

This was heaven. This was zen. Whatever this was, nothing could possibly be better than this moment. He loved this girl. He loved her so much he was going to be a bit of an asshole...

His hand dropped his balls and instead moved to her nose. His thumb and index finger wasted no time in

pinching it shut.

Abby instantly gagged.

Her head attempted to recoil but he held it in place. Those gentle brown eyes were repeatedly blinking as a tear trickled from the corner of her right eye and ran down her cheek.

He didn't relax his hold.

She gagged again and a thick wad of spit exploded from her mouth and ended up on her chin. He could feel the slime dripping to his bare thighs but he wasn't easing up. Instead, he pushed down harder.

Dominance was meeting submission. A guy who liked to be in control had a girl who lived for being owned in his grasp. They were exploring new boundaries together.

More and more saliva poured from her mouth before he finally released his grip. She immediately lunged backward, allowing her oxygen deprived lungs a chance to collect the air they desperately needed.

Jeff glanced down at thighs which were covered in his girlfriend's slobber. When she turned back to look at him, her light purple t-shirt had a mess of drool all over the front of it. That was rough, and messy, and exactly the way he liked it. Abby wasn't so pleased, however...

"You're an asshole!"

The smile which promptly washed over her face helped to ease his worries. "You love it."

There was no denying that. Those fifteen seconds of not being able to breathe was something she'd never experienced before. Her true feelings were located under her jean shorts and inside her cute pink cotton panties: they were soaked.

"You love choking on my cock, don't you?"

She sheepishly glanced off to the side. "Maybe..."

"Who's daddy's little slut?"

She bit her lower lip before peering back at the stud sitting in front of her. "I am."

"Louder," he demanded.

"I'm daddy's little slut!" she shouted. "I'm your little whore!"

"You certainly—"

"Choke me again!" she frantically interrupted. "And pinch my nose too! Don't let go until I tap your leg!"

He reached out and grabbed two handfuls of her brunette hair before making a slight detour. Instead of impaling her throat on his cock again, he pulled her closer and kissed her.

Abby could cum this instant if she touched her clit. What was all that stuff her dad told her when she was younger? About finding a successful guy who could give her a great life? Fuck that. She didn't know if Jeff

would end up making six figures or six thousand dollars, and she honestly couldn't care less. Her boyfriend loved her, respected her, and knew the exact way she liked to be treated. Was she really going to pass all that up for a vacation house in the Florida Keys? Hell no. Some other girl could enjoy the beach. Abby would be too busy choking on her man's cock.

There was a war raging in her soul. Keep kissing the man she adored, or get back on the cock she loved? Lust won this time as she broke off their embrace and wrapped her lips around the head of his manhood. Moments later, her nose met his trimmed pubic hair for the second time tonight.

Did his girlfriend have a limit? Every time he thought they were approaching the endpoint of what Abby could handle sexually, she cruised right on past it. Five seconds quickly turned to ten. And before he knew it, ten turned to twenty. Twenty seconds of only the faintest of breaths allowing air to pass into her barely open mouth. This girl was something else.

"You okay?"

She responded by balling her fists on his thighs to defiantly protest any intentions of tapping. Abby did her best to hide it, but she was the jealous type. And while she would never not allow her boyfriend to watch porn, it still bothered her that he did. She wanted to be the girl on his mind twenty-four seven. She worked hard at the gym, but she wasn't some porn chick with eight percent body fat and big, fake tits, and part of her couldn't help but be envious of those girls. Is that what Jeff really wanted? Were all the compliments and sweet gestures just a placeholder until he found a better girlfriend?

Of course they weren't. His adulation was sincere, so why was she doubting their relationship? She needed to control her jealousy. Actually, what she really needed was to breathe.

Jeff's nerves kicked into high gear as he watched her captivating brown eyes begin to fade. The clumps of spit which had fallen from the sides of her mouth were now joined by a steady stream of saliva. She was drooling like some kind of ravenous animal. His hand began to ease on her head before he thought better and clamped back down. He didn't want to kill her, but at the same time, he desired nothing more than to give her what she craved: to be dominated.

Her throat was washing wave after wave of vibrating bliss over every inch of his cock. The pulsations were growing stronger as she clung to consciousness. Her little button nose pressed against his pelvic bone represented something stronger than pleasure. It represented trust.

Abby's mind was starting to wander now. The simplest of recollections had become cloudy. What room she was in had turned into a guessing game. As badly as she wanted to hold on, she just couldn't do it any longer.

She finally tapped his thigh.

Jeff instantly released his grip from her head and reached out to hold his girlfriend upright. She rapidly panted for breath while he comforted her weak body. Her distant, faded brown eyes gradually came back to life. Every passing second resulted in more vivid animation to appear on her pretty face. Moments later, his girlfriend was back.

"Oh...my...God..."

His smile couldn't possibly be wider. "You're amazing."

"I stayed down there for so long!" she excitedly told him. "Like a good girl!"

"You're a very go—"

She curiously gazed up at her boyfriend's handsome face. Everything about his strong nose, chiseled jawline, and wavy unkempt hair screamed masculinity. And don't even get her started on that layer of dark stubble which he'd been maintaining for the past few weeks! It was enough to bring her to her knees. But the concern on his face was her primary focus. Why had he cut himself off mid-sentence?

"Is something wrong?"

He brought his finger to his lips and whispered, "Shhh." Something had caught his attention but he couldn't lock in on exactly what.

She silently waited with him for what felt like hours before jumping to her feet. There was no mistaking that noise. The garage door was either opening or closing—preferably the former.

"Is everything back to normal!?" she asked, her eyes darting around the family room in a panic.

Jeff's eyes followed a similar path as he hurried to get dressed and tucked his rock hard erection into the waistband of his basketball shorts. Everything looked okay to him. He retrieved the remote and turned up the volume on the muted television. Abby quickly snatched the control from his hands and found a movie. Perfect. He'd just come over to hang out, they were watching a movie together, and everything was innocent. No blowjobs or deepthroating going on here...

The sound of keys jingling just outside the door connected to the garage caused both of them to tense up. Something still felt off. It was like they were forgetting something.

"Your shirt!"

How did she almost miss that? Thank God her boyfriend was more observant than her, because the front of her purple t-shirt was a mess of spit and drool. She sprang to her feet and hustled upstairs just as the door opened.

Rapidly approaching footsteps replaced the sounds of his girlfriend hurrying up to her room. He looked toward the entrance of the family room just in time to see Mr. P abruptly barge in, before he moved right past him and headed upstairs without even acknowledging his presence.

Well, that about summed up his relationship with Abby's dad.

Look, Jeff understood the rapport they had. He didn't blame Mr. P either. Jeff was fucking his daughter, while he was positive Mr. P didn't want that to happen. He would be the same way if he was a father of a sexually active daughter. But then again, maybe Mr. P didn't know they were having sex. The guy seemed pretty oblivious. Actually, he was more of a prick than anything. He was always miserable. The guy wasn't funny, or charismatic, or even good-looking. He was a scrawny man in his mid-forties, balding, with big, black framed glasses—not the hip ones either, and he had absolutely zero sense of style. The beige dress pants, navy blue short sleeve button up dress shirt, and tie combination he brisked past him in certainly proved that.

His annoyed look quickly turned to a smile. Clack...clack...clack. It was the sound of high heels! And he knew what that meant. Mrs. P!

As much as Abby's dad seemed to hate him, his relationship with her mom was the complete opposite. Mrs. P loved him! Claire was friendly, nice, and constantly laughing. How many times had she told him he should be a comedian? Or what about the time she innocently brought up the idea of Mr. P going to the gym with him? That didn't go over so well. There were two girls Jeff wanted to date in the world: his girlfriend, and if things went south in their current relationship, he wouldn't be above asking out Mrs. P.

His head turned as those clacks on the hardwood grew louder. His still rock hard erection was throbbing again. He'd never seen her in heels before!

And then Jeff lost his breath.

There are a few great mysteries in life: Stonehenge, the Voynich manuscript, what's really going on at Area 51, and how the fuck Mr. P managed to marry the goddess he was currently gazing at.

Where to start? How about with those heels? White platform pump heels with ankle straps which made the five inches of lift even more provocative. His eyes journeyed up her smooth, bronzed legs and just kept going. Her toned calves were the perfect precursor to a seemingly never-ending amount of exposed skin. How short was this dress? His lust made its way past her knees before he felt his body shiver. Those muscular thighs were on full display! She always seemed to be heading to or returning from the gym, and while the tight yoga pants she loved to wear definitely showed off her amazing lower body, he'd never been privy to a show like this before.

Inch after inch of tanned thighs engulfed his eyes. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, he regrettably met the bottom of her dress. It was white, tight, and as he moved further north, he realized just how snug it hugged her heavenly body. But that's when shit got real. That's when Jeff came to the conclusion he might be dating the wrong girl.

Holy fuckin' cleavage! There was no beating around the bush—Mrs. P was a busty gal, and while the tight shirts and snug sweaters she occasionally wore revealed that, he'd never seen her show off her chest like this. Two big, pushed-up, mouthwatering, knee-weakening, life-changing, masturbation-inducing breasts were on the verge of falling out of her dress. Abby definitely wasn't light in the chest department, but she didn't have anything on her mom. His trek up this perfect woman continued as he moved past her plunging v-neck and found her angelic face. God, did she look just like Abby. Long brunette hair which came down to her breasts, pouty lips, rosey cheeks, and those same brown doe eyes.

"Hey, Jeff!"

And just like always, she was over the moon to see him.

"Hey Mrs.-Mrs.-Mrs. P," he stammered. Her strut over to the recliner where she tossed her white purse down on the cushion had rattled him a bit. As much as her flowing hair was bouncing with every stride she took, that cleavage was jumping even more.

"Where's Abby?"

He instantly smiled. No one called his girlfriend Abby except him. Well, except him and Mrs. P. Eighteen years of referring to her daughter as Abigail had changed within two months of them dating. They had something! He could feel it! His girlfriend's mom liked him a little more than she probably should, at least that's how he saw it.

There was no need to answer her question as Abby came back downstairs in a clean shirt and joined him on the sofa. "Hey, Mom."

"Hey, sweetheart," she greeted her daughter. "Where were you?"

"Just had to grab something from my room. You guys are back already?"

"Already?" Claire laughed. "We left two hours ago."

Had she really been messing around with her boyfriend for two hours? Well, maybe. There was the making out, the Chinese buffet they went to, more making out when they returned home, and finally the oral fun they were having before things got interrupted. Hey, time flies when you're having fun...

"Where did you guys go?" asked Jeff.

"To this Italian place called Delevon's. And then we went out and got some ice cream after."

Abby's brow furrowed after hearing that. A fancy dinner and ice cream? That certainly didn't sound like her father.

"Is Mr. P okay?" Jeff inquired. "He kinda stormed in here and booked upstairs."

Claire swiftly rolled his eyes. "He's in one of his moods. Big surprise, right? Anyway, I gotta get out of these heels. They're killing my feet. I was gonna read down here but I don't want to interrupt you two."

"Not at all!" he smiled. "You're more than welcome to join us."

She shot her daughter's boyfriend a smile before heading toward the stairs. Unbeknownst to her, Jeff's eyes followed her every step of the way. He turned back to Abby after Mrs. P disappeared from his sight. She wasn't happy.

"What?" he asked.

She was glaring at him.

"What?" he asked again.

Her glare turned to a hiss. "Just say it."

"Just say what?"

"What you really want to say," she went on. "I know it's killing you."

His attention moved to the TV where some awful sounding rom-com was playing. If his otherwise perfect girlfriend had a fault, it was her terrible taste in movies. But the corny comedy he was pretending to watch wasn't what was causing the grin to slowly form on his face. It was how annoyed she was getting.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," he slyly told her, not looking her in the face for fear of laughing.

Abby wasn't finding this funny. "Just get it out of your system so we can move on. It's not like you haven't said it a million times before, and I know you really want to say it now. I promise I won't get mad."

He finally turned to her. She was seething and he couldn't find it more hilarious. "Your mom is so fuckin' hot."

She cocked her right arm and roughly punched him in his left shoulder.

"What the fuck, Abby!?" he shouted, quickly lowering his voice to prevent her parents from hearing.

"You're a pig!"

A tingling pain was quickly spreading throughout his shoulder and down into his arm. "That was really hard. I got hit there with a helmet earlier and we didn't have pads on. Fuck..."

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry," she apologized. Her hands moved to his shoulder in an attempt to subside his pain with her touch. "Is your other shoulder okay?"

He gritted his teeth and answered, "Yeah, it's just my left one."

This time Abby wound up and cracked her boyfriend in his right shoulder.

He started laughing, partially surprised by the strength her punch packed, but mostly giddy by how pissed off she was. "I thought you weren't going to get mad. And do you really blame me? You saw that dress."

She cocked her arm again but he scurried out of her reach to the end of the couch. "Guess what? I lied! And I'm so sick of hearing these comments about my mom!"

"Keep your voice down."

"No!" she shouted. "It's ridiculous! Who are you dating? Me or her?"

His laughter only grew. "Oh my God, like I don't give you enough attention..."

"Do you think I want to hear about how hot my mom is? Or how hot you think she is?"

"First off," he started, "I don't think your mom is hot. She is hot. That's not debatable. Second, all I do is tell you how sexy you are. Like, nonstop. You can't honestly be jealous. Abby, it's your mom. I'm not going to date her or anything. Besides, you should be happy."

"Happy?"

"Yeah, happy," he told her. "You're gonna look like that in twenty-five years. Lucky girl..."

She lunged at him in another attempt to throw a punch but he hopped off the sofa, barely able to control his laughter. But his guffaw was promptly interrupted by footsteps. He turned to see Mrs. P walking down the stairs in a pair of black sweatpants and a white t-shirt.

"You're not leaving, are you?" Claire asked.

"Nope, just going to the kitchen." He looked back at his girlfriend with a smirk. "You want anything to drink, honey?"

Abby's glare was deafening.

"You want anything, Mrs. P?"

The mom took a seat in the recliner with her Kindle in hand. "Actually, a glass of water would be nice."

"Coming right up," he told her before slipping into the kitchen to fill up two glasses. He returned and handed one to his girlfriend's mom before taking a seat next to Abby on the couch again. She was still steaming.

Jeff couldn't help himself. He'd inherited a trait from his father which he wasn't necessarily proud of: he loved to tease. And when he saw someone he loved fuming as a result, it only egged him on.

"Can I ask you a question, Mrs. P?"

Claire was busy trying to figure out what movie was on the television. It looked awfully familiar. "Sure."

He didn't need to see his girlfriend to know how angry she was. Instead, he kept his eyes on the other angel in the room. "Were there a lot of people at the restaurant?"

"There were enough. Especially for a Monday night."

"Like, how many do you think?" he asked.

Claire attempted to visualize the layout of the fancy Italian joint in her mind. "Umm...probably like...fifty?"

Jeff nodded, pretending to be processing vital information. "Mostly couples, right?"

"I think most of the tables were couples."

He suddenly shook his head, showing disappointment without having to open his mouth.

"What?"

"How cruel," he said.

Claire was baffled. "Cruel? What's cruel?"

"Twenty-five men. That's pretty mean of you."

She was still lost. "What are you talking about, Jeff?"

"You show up to a restaurant in a dress like that, and expect twenty-five men to be able to keep their composure?"

Claire blushed while Abby groaned. The mother and daughter shared so much in common, but their reactions couldn't have been any more different.

"I think you gave twenty-five guys Parkinson's tonight," he laughed. His hand started shaking as he attempted to raise it to his face. "They probably couldn't even get their forks to their mouths."

"Jeff!" Claire laughed. "Oh my God!"

"And I know one other thing for sure," he went on. "Those guys aren't getting action tonight because of you. You pissed off a lot of wives."

She placed her hand over her mouth to hide her smile. She would need a few more hands to cover the bright shade of red her cheeks had turned. "You're so bad!"

He glanced back at his girlfriend. He'd never seen her so livid. "That's what they tell me... By the way, where did you get that dress from?"

"I think I got it online," Claire answered, still blushing. "I'd have to double-check though."

"Because I would love to buy it for Abby," Jeff announced. "You set the bar awfully high but I think Abby can match you."

She couldn't get enough of her daughter's boyfriend. "You're such a gentleman! Abby, you really need to appreciate how lucky you are. Guys like Jeff don't grow on trees. You got yourself a good one."

His shit-eating grin was only growing wider as he peered back at his girlfriend. She was staring a hole through him.

"Yeah, I'm real lucky..." she groaned.

"What do you say, Abby?" Jeff asked. "You want to try out Delevon's this week? My treat, of course. Since I'm such a gentleman..."

Before she could answer, her boyfriend jumped in. "And your mom is coming too. Only if she wears that dress though."

Claire's feet were wiggling. Every compliment made her giddy. She loved this kid!

"I just remembered I have homework to finish," Abby declared, "so, you should probably head home."

"He can stay."

She looked over at her mother. "What?"

"Jeff can stay," Mom told her. "He can hang out down here if you want some peace and quiet to do your homework."

"That sounds fun," Jeff stated with a big smile.

"And what about your project?" Abby asked him through gritted teeth. "You have to get started on it, don't you?"

"No, I don't think I do."

"Yes, you do," she scowled at him again.

Jeff had probably pushed things too far as-is. Maybe it'd be best to quit while he still had two functioning shoulders. "Oh yeah, that project. I should get started on it."

Claire let out an noticeable sigh of disappointment.

A petite hand grabbed him by the arm and pulled him toward the front door. He shouted goodbye to Mrs. P who yelled it back. Was he the president being escorted away from an assassination attempt by the secret service, or just a guy with a really pissed off girlfriend? It felt like a little bit of both.

It didn't take long before he was on the front step with Abby, the petite brunette slamming the door shut behind them. Steam may as well have been whistling from her ears. The last thing those brown eyes were was inviting. She was furious.

"That was so far over the line!"

"I was joking," he laughed. "Relax."

Her body was shaking. "You totally flirted with her! Right in front of me!"

"I wouldn't call it flirting..."

"You wouldn't call it flirting!?" she yelled. "What the hell would you call it then?"

"Well—"

"Because telling someone how hot they are sounds like flirting to me!" Abby loudly cut him off.

Jeff stared into her eyes. "You wanna know the first thing I thought when I saw your mom in that dress?"

She was impatiently waiting.

"How hot you would look in it," he told her. "How I want to take you out for a nice dinner, show you off to all those guys who want you but can't have you, go grab some ice cream, and then fuck your brains out. How I want to be a perfect gentleman who takes you out for a great night, and then your daddy who sends home walking sideways."

Abby immediately jumped at him. His strong arms effortlessly caught her and held her in his hold while his hands squeezed her butt. Seconds later, they were making out on the front step.

She broke off their kiss and whispered into his ear, "I still have a job to finish."

God, did he love this girl. He carried her to his car where they both hopped in. It didn't take long for his rapidly growing dick to be back in the place he loved so much. She was leaning over from her spot in the passenger seat, doing her best to send him home satisfied and taken care of.

There wasn't going to be any teasing or theatrics this time. Especially with Mom knowing she went outside. No, Abby wrapped both her hands around his big dick, and began sucking and stroking at the same time. There was a thirty second timer in her head, and she had no intentions of hearing that buzzer.

It took all of fifteen seconds before Jeff was ready to blow. He was surprised he'd made it that long. The blowjob from earlier, seeing Mrs. P in that dress, and all the sexual tension in the family room already had him on edge. Throw in his girlfriend's amazing oral technique and he was a goner.

"I'm gonna cum..."

She felt the first burst of cum fire into her mouth and continued her frantic pace. Her boyfriend didn't cum a few drops. He was a stud. Every load was big and thick—just like the rest of him. Her mouth quickly filled as his loud moans died down. There was just one last thing to do.

She took a big gulp, showed him her empty mouth, and then wrapped her lips around him one last time to clean him off.

"I gotta get back inside. Love you."

Jeff snapped out of his post-orgasmic fog. The world was such a simple place after he came. Especially when it was courtesy of his amazing girlfriend.

"Love you too..." he faintly answered, still riding high.

Abby planted a big kiss on his cheek before hurrying back inside.

Five minutes later he finally started his car and headed home. He really needed to look into getting her that dress...

Chapter 2 -- The Wannabe Wild Wife.

Fifteen minutes ago...

"Tonight was great."

Stan nodded from behind the wheel, his eyes never venturing from the road.

"I really mean it," Claire continued. "We should go out more often. Weekly!"

This time he didn't bother to acknowledge her proposal as they approached a red light.

What kind of relationship was this? Hell, what kind of marriage was it? This is what twenty years had come to? Refusing to talk? They'd been on a downward trending path for a long time. Things seemed to change on their honeymoon. The fun, romantic, thoughtful man she married, transformed into someone she didn't recognize in that Cancun hotel. She was suddenly looked at as a wife who was to cook, clean, and take care of his sexual needs, and now as a forty-one-year-old woman, she would kill to be burdened with those three tasks.

They arrived back in the states after their two week honeymoon to discover Claire was pregnant. That would certainly help to get them back on track, right? The flowers, and surprise picnics, and the caring gestures had to come pouring back. She was pregnant! That's how it works! Wrong. Stan only grew more distant, and the sex faded right along with him.

Twenty years later her husband was neurotic, short-tempered, and solely driven by his sales job. All he cared about was work. When wasn't he checking his phone? He must've looked at it fifty times during dinner!

But dinner and ice cream still constituted as a great night in Claire's mind. She was so starved for attention that any interaction with her husband was heaven. She'd been ignored for so long that she'd taken up a number of hobbies: reading, working out, and maintaining the garden she planted in their backyard. She had to do something to keep herself occupied.

It was almost like Stan looked down on her. Like she was just a social worker while he had an important sales job making high status deals. She wasn't just a social worker! She was a mother, and a wife, and a great person! But he didn't even care anymore!

But as bad as things were, she'd be willing to look past all the silence, and lack of affection, and how they'd grown into roommates over the years. All it would take is one simple thing: some good dick.

Stan wasn't hung by any means, but the sex was pretty good back when they were dating. In fact, it was the best sex of her life. And it was constant! She just wanted that again. Did she expect her forty-three-year-old husband to be able to keep up with her relentless sex drive? No. Was three to four times a week too much to ask for? She didn't think so. Maybe they could find a common ground. Whatever the solution, she needed more than the once a month they were currently going through the motions in the bedroom.

She was done waiting for him to see the light. Claire was going to take the reigns tonight and get her sex life back on track. She had to!

"You know what would be the perfect way to end the night?" she purred. "Maybe a little fun after Abby goes to bed?"

Her attempts at flirting were met with more silence.

This time she reached out and rubbed his thigh. "What do you think, honey? How about I put on something real sexy, and give you a nice, long, relaxing blowjob?"

He swiftly moved her hand off his leg. "Not tonight."

Who says no to a blowjob? "Why not?"

He answered, "Because I have work to do."

"That excuse is getting old."

He shot her a dismissive look before following the car in front of them as the light turned green. "I work so we can live in a nice house, and drive new cars, and not have to worry about where our next meal is coming from. That's not an excuse. It's called life."

She was so sick of hearing that. "We're fine financially, so, yeah, it is an excuse. Turning me down every night has nothing to do with putting food on the table. There's something else going on!"

"Nothing's going on."

"We both work," she raised her voice, growing increasingly more agitated as they turned onto a side street, "we have a healthy chunk in our savings and retirement accounts, and Abby's college fund is all set. This obsession with your job is bullshit!"

"I'm on call twenty-four seven," Stan argued. "What if a client in California wants to place an order in the middle of the night? Do you think he's going to wait around for me to finish having sex with my wife? No, he's going to take his business elsewhere. I work on commission."

"That's such bullshit."

This time it was Stan who raised his voice. "How is that bullshit?"

"We can't mess around for twenty minutes because you might miss a call?" she inquired. "And what about at dinner? You were staring at your phone the entire time!"

"Because of work," he huffed. "How many times do we have to go over this?"

"But—"

"And a thank you would be nice," he interrupted. "You know, I take you out for a nice, expensive dinner,

and this is the appreciation I get? More bitching?"

Claire felt like a teapot. She'd been whistling for close to two decades and now water was pouring from her spout. They had talks like this before, and they always ended the same way: she gingerly brought up her unhappiness, he told her to deal with it, and everything went back to normal. But not tonight. Tonight, she was finally going to get this monkey off her back.

"I want to get fucked!"

He was disgusted as he glanced over at his wife before turning his attention back to the road. "Jesus Christ..."

"But I do!" Claire continued to whine. "I want to get ravished! I want to walk into the house one day, have you pin me against the wall, and just get unloaded on!"

"You and those stupid books..."

Stupid books? Erotica was all she had! "They aren't stupid!"

"Yes, they are," he debated. "People don't do things like that. Porn isn't realistic. Our sex life is fine and we're done discussing it."

"But—"

"I said we're done!" he cut her off.

They sat in silence as the distance to their house grew less and less. She was letting it happen again. She was giving up. But she promised herself not tonight. It was time to make a serious stand.

"We're having sex tonight."

Stan groaned, "What did I say? We're done discussing this."

"Absolutely," she nodded in agreement. "No more discussing it. We're having sex though."

He attempted to ignore her but now his blood was boiling. It was always something with this woman. She was never happy.

"No, we aren't."

"Yes, we are," she shot back.

"We're not having sex tonight, or tomorrow, or for the rest of the week," he filled her in. "I have a shitload of calls to make, inventory to check, I still need to come up with a presentation for a potential client who's flying in at the end of the week, and dipshit Larry decided to order the wrong supplies since he can never be bothered to double-check. So, like usual, I'm the guy who has to clean up everyone's mess. I don't have enough hours in the day to do my job, let alone play out your ridiculous fantasies."

Claire hastily rolled her eyes. "You can't squeeze twenty minutes of sex into your exhausting schedule? It's nice to see where I fall on your list of priorities..."

"You want to live in a big house and send our daughter to a great school?" he snapped back. "Well, some sacrifices come along with those luxuries."

She was drained. Every conversation they had turned into a fight, and every fight left her defeated. He would never see things her way. Maybe it was time to just give up and accept her life.

"Maybe you should try for a promotion."

She turned and peered at her husband. They were mere minutes from arriving home. "What?"

"Maybe you should go for a promotion," he repeated. "I think you have too much time on your hands."

Well, if there's such a thing as a tipping point, then Claire just found hers. "How dare you!"

"Am I wrong?" he asked with a snicker. "Explain why we have a garden in our backyard if you don't have

too much free time."

"We have a garden because I thought it would be nice to have fresh tomatoes and carrots on hand!" She was yelling now. "That's so unbelievably disrespectful! I work, then I come home and cook, clean, and do all the shit your lazy ass can't be bothered with!"

"Because I'm busy making real money."

Claire wanted to put his head through the windshield. She'd never felt so disrespected in her life. "You're such an asshole!"

"You aren't calling me an asshole when my paycheck hits our account every Friday," he told her, his tone growing more and more condescending. "You aren't pissed when you go shopping, or drive your nice car, or when you and Abigail go on vacation together."

"A vacation you didn't even come on!"

"Because I'm too busy to take a week off," he said. "Someone in this house needs to pay the bills."

They turned onto their street as her legs began to shake. She was furious. "Money, money, money. That's all you care about! Guess what, Stan? I'd rather be married to a guy who makes ten thousand a year and fucks me, than a guy who makes ten times that and doesn't want to touch me!"

"I'm sure you'd trade your current life to go live in a dump somewhere," he sarcastically voiced. "Fuckin' spoiled princess..."

"I'd trade my life to be married to a real man!"

He turned into the driveway, pulled into the garage, and stared at his wife. "Apologize."

Claire ignored him.

He locked the doors and continued to glare at her. "Apologize."

"I'm not apologizing for anything."

"A real man?" he asked. "Where would you be without me? I'll go ahead and answer that question for you, Claire. Nowhere. You're married to a real man. So, how about instead of acting like a self-centered little bitch all the time, you take a minute to appreciate just how good you have it? I'm sick of being disrespected, and talked down to, and having to deal with all the fucking nonsense you add to my life. And if that isn't enough bullshit, look whose car is here like always: Jeff. Another pain in my fuckin' ass. I'm not going to ask you again. Apologize."

She defiantly scowled at him, "I would kill to be married to that kid."

Stan pressed his remote to close the garage door before storming out of their vehicle and slamming the car door shut behind him. He stomped toward the door connecting the garage to their laundry room and aggressively unlocked it. Another day, another problem. It was the same old shit with his wife!

Claire took a moment to collect herself. That certainly seemed like the end of any potential hope to reviving their sex life. It was just another awful night in her disappointment of a life. But on the bright side, Jeff was here, and that was never a bad thing.

Chapter 3 - The Wannabe Wild Wife Meets Her Wild Daughter.

One week later. Monday. 5:32 PM.

Claire knocked on her daughter's bedroom door. "Dinner!"

"I'm not hungry!" Abby shouted back.

Not hungry? How was that possible? Abby had been in her room from the minute she'd arrived home from work, and she hadn't come downstairs to get anything to eat. The idea of her daughter starving herself was horrifying. This is what social media does to teen girls! It creates an unrealistic image of what they're supposed to be! She need to nip this problem in the butt before it grew out of control.

"Can I come in?" she asked after knocking on the door again.

"I'm busy!"

She wasn't accepting that for an answer. Claire turned the unlocked handle and opened her daughter's door.

Abby was lying in bed and quickly hid something under her leg at the sight of her mother. "What the hell, Mom!?"

"Why aren't you hungry?"

"I didn't tell you to come in!" she continued to shout. "I could've been naked!"

Claire rolled her eyes. "I'm your mother. I don't think that would've been the end of the world. Why aren't you hungry?"

"Because I'm not. I didn't know it was illegal for me not to be hungry..."

She stared at her daughter who was uncomfortably looking off to the side. Something wasn't right. "Are you okay?"

Abby nodded.

"What did you put under you leg?"

"Nothing, Mom," the teen huffed.

Claire approached the bed and wasted no time in scanning the covers for any sign of a problem. Her eyes quickly moved to Abby's leg. "What's under there?"

"Nothing! You're so intrusive, you know that?"

She silently waited for the real answer.

Abby groaned before retrieving an ice pack from beneath her leg and holding it in the air to show Mom. "It's an ice pack. It's that a big deal?"

"Did you hurt yourself?" Claire asked.

"Yeah, I rolled my ankle in gym class."

She wasn't a detective, but she'd been around long enough to know things weren't adding up. "Then why was it under your leg?"

Abby huffed again and said, "Why do you have so many questions?"

"Because I'm your mother and I love you."

The high school senior ran her hand through her long brown hair and sighed, "It's personal, okay?"

"Is it anything I can help with?" Claire asked. "You know I'm always here for you."

"It's-it's kind of-of a girl problem," she stammered.

"Well, lucky for you, I'm a girl," Mom laughed. She hopped up onto the bed and took a seat Indian style on the end of the mattress. Her daughter's outstretched feet were just inches from her crossed legs. "No rolled ankle, I presume?"

"No rolled ankle," Abby softly smiled.

She began to gently rub her daughter's feet. "So, what's the problem?"

Was she really going to tell her mother about her situation? The internet helped out a bit, but what if Mom had experience with her issue? But what if she got upset? Mom wasn't usually like that, but she'd never admitted to anything like this before.

"You have to promise you won't tell anyone."

"I promise," Claire agreed.

"Dad included," Abby went on. "I know spouses tell each other everything. I'm being serious! Dad can never know."

She could only laugh at hearing that. "Believe me, your father and I don't tell each other everything. Your secret is safe with me."

"And you won't get mad?"

"Have I ever gotten mad at you, sweetheart?" Claire asked, almost offended by the notion she could be upset with her daughter. "It's my job to help you. I swear I won't tell a soul and I won't get upset. Now, what's going on?"

Abby took a deep breath. "Have you ever gotten...umm...sore, you know...down there?"

"Down where?"

Her daughter avoided eye contact once again. "Has your...umm...vagina ever gotten sore?"

Claire squinted her eyes as forty-one years of memories flooded back. "I've had soreness before."

Abby's head snapped to her mother. "Really?"

"Sure," she nodded. "I experienced it after sex when I was younger, and I had soreness when I was pregnant with you." Her face suddenly dropped. "Oh my God! You're not pregnant, are you?"

"No, I'm not pregnant."

"I won't get upset if you are!" Claire passionately told her. "It's fine!"

"No, Mom, I'm not pregnant!"

Claire let out a deep sigh of relief. "Thank God..."

"You just said it would be fine if I was," laughed Abby. "That didn't sound fine to me."

"It's just, you're eighteen, and—"

"And I know," Abby interrupted. "Believe me, I'm not looking to get pregnant anytime soon. I take my pills religiously just like we went over."

That was music to her ears.

"You said you've experienced soreness after sex?" she asked her mother.

"When I was younger," Claire told her. "I dated a guy before your father who had a really have sex drive. Actually, Dad had a high sex drive back when we were dating too."

She never thought she'd be hearing about Mom and Dad's sex life, but maybe this would result in her getting the answer she needed.

"You have sex four or five days in a row," Claire continued, "and you can get sore down there."

Abby needed to be straightforward. Gingerly hinting at what she really wanted to discuss would only drag this out longer. "Can I be totally honest with you?"

"Absolutely."

The teen took a deep breath. Here goes nothing. "Okay, Jeff and I lost our virginities to each other last month."

Claire wasn't exactly surprised by this news. She figured the two were sexually active. She was more startled to be privy to the details.

"Remember when I told you I was staying at Kate's for the weekend? Well, I didn't. Jeff's parents went out of town so I stayed at his house. I'm sorry for lying."

"It's okay," Mom said. "That's not a real lie. You didn't hurt anyone. I would've done the same thing when I was your age."

"Really? That's such a relief because I've felt guilty about lying to you. Okay, so we were doing more and more things like oral and stuff, but we wanted to try having sex. It ended up being way more difficult than either of us expected."

"Real life isn't the movies," Claire said with a comforting smile. "Your first time usually isn't good. It can be painful, and a struggle, and pretty uncomfortable."

"It was super uncomfortable," Abby verified. "We went really slow, and used so much lube, but it just wouldn't fit. It took like an hour before he finally got it inside me, and, Mom, I was in so much pain."

What was she supposed to do? She wasn't there for her little girl when she needed her, but at the same time, she couldn't have been. This was just one of the many difficulties of being a parent to a teenager. Sometimes they had to learn on their own.

"Jeff went really, really, really slow," she continued, "and was gentle, and caring, and made me as comfortable as he could. And this went on for the rest of the weekend and the following week. But it got a little better every time we did it. I wouldn't need as much lube, and foreplay, and stuff like that. I still needed it, but not nearly as much as I did at the start."

Claire continued to intensively listen.

"And then everything changed one day. Suddenly, I felt used to him. Well, that might not be the best way to word it. I could take him, but it was still a lot. Kate has slept with a few guys and I ended up showing her a picture of Jeff's dick."

"Abby!" Mom exclaimed.

Her daughter couldn't hide her smile. "I know, but I trust Kate. I had to, Mom! I would look at porn and think I was seeing things, but Kate confirmed exactly what I thought: Jeff has a really big dick."

Claire's jaw dropped.

"Like, a porn dick," she went on. "It's just...big."

"How big?"

"In inches?" Abby asked.

Claire nodded.

"I don't know. I've never measured it."

"What about with your hands," inquired Mom. "Give me an estimate."

Abby held both of her index fingers in the air and positioned them a decent ways apart from each other.

Well, Claire wasn't expecting that. "Jesus..."

"But it's the girth that's the craziest part," she told her mother. "He's so thick. Like, I can't even wrap my fingers around it. I know I have small hands, but still."

Suddenly, she wasn't on her daughter's bed. Now, she was back in college, sitting on Beth Risen's bed, listening to her promiscuous roommate wax poetic about her most recent sexual escapade. If her husband couldn't take care of her, then she was going to live vicariously through her daughter.

"Have you ever been with a really big guy?"

Claire immediately shook her head. "Nothing like what Jeff sounds like."

She was about to fill Mom in on something even crazier. "His size isn't the wildest thing though. It's the way we have sex."

Claire bit her lower lip as she waited. She wanted every juicy detail.

"He gets really rough."

Abby heard her mother gasped.

"I know, right? You know what he's like though. He's big, and strong, and aggressive. It only makes sense

when you really think about it. He's the same way in the bedroom that he is on the football field. He can be slow and romantic, but more times than not, it's a pounding."

Claire had never been more jealous in her life. "Sweetheart, this is why you're sore."

"Because of the rough sex?" Abby asked.

"Because of everything," she explained. "You're still relatively new to the world of sex, Jeff sounds well-endowed, and you two are going at it hard. That's a recipe for soreness."

Abby held up the ice pack. "You don't mind, do you?"

Claire's confusion vanished as her daughter slipped the cold pack inside her sweatpants and immediately let out a sigh of relief.

"Maybe we should take you to a doctor."

"It's not that bad," Abby protested. "I'm just...sore."

"Listen, honey, it's your life, but you should say something to Jeff. Tell him to slow down. I'm sure he's excited and—"

"No!" Abby cut her off. "I don't want him to slow down!"

"You don't?" Claire asked.

"God, no! I love it!"

Claire gulped. The surprises just kept coming.

"It's the only way I can orgasm during sex," Abby told her. "I need him to pound me while he's pulling my hair, or choking me, or doing something along those lines. I need to feel dominated, and, Mom, when I do, it's AMAZING!"

"You can orgasm during sex?"

Abby proudly nodded. "It's so much better than the orgasms I have during oral. Don't get me wrong, those are awesome too, but the ones during sex make me lose my mind. Sometimes I forget where I am."

Remember when Claire told her husband she wished she was married to Jeff to hurt his feelings? Well, things had changed. She'd trade Stan for Jeff in a heartbeat now. He made her cum during sex and from oral? Abby was getting oral!? She wanted her own Jeff!

"Have you ever cum during sex?" she asked her mother.

Mom responded with a shake of her head.

"The internet said it was rare," Abby went on. "I guess I'm lucky. Or maybe it's Jeff's size. Either way, you see my dilemma, right? I love having sex and I can't get enough of when Jeff tees off on me, but it isn't exactly comfortable to feel like someone hit my vagina with a baseball bat the next day.

"I—"

"Oh, you wanna know what happened on Saturday?" Abby cut off her mother. "It's a perfect example of what I'm talking about."

Did she want to know? Claire was dying to know.

"So, I go over to Jeff's house and the front door is partially open which was really weird. I kind of cautiously step inside, when out of nowhere there's a hand on the back of my neck. It roughly pushes me up against the wall. Suddenly, I hear Jeff's voice whisper in my ear, 'You're late. Only bad girls are late.' Mom, he yanks down my jeans and panties, and pushes inside me. Right in the foyer! The wind swings the front door completely open but he's too busy hammering away at me to notice, and my face is being pressed against the wall so I can't tell. But then everything stops. The hand on the back of my neck slowly turns my face toward the open door, where two old guys—probably in their seventies, are standing on the sidewalk across the street, watching us."

Claire's jaw was on the floor.

"He shouts, 'Jealous?' out the door to these two guys, pushes me back against the wall, and starts fucking me harder than I've ever experienced. It was the single hottest moment of my life."

Jealous didn't even begin to describe what Claire was feeling. That was her fantasy! She told Stan about it last week in the car! About being pushed against a wall and fucked hard. And what did her husband reply with? 'You and those stupid books...' Her fantasies which her husband laughed at, were things her daughter was actually experiencing! While she was daydreaming about a big, powerful stud having his way with her, Abby was getting it. Life isn't far.

"I can't believe I told you all of this," Abby giggled. "It feels good though. I like talking to you. Even about personal stuff."

"Absolutely, sweetheart. I'm always here for you. I'll be sure to pick up a few more ice packs the next time I'm at the store."

Her daughter smiled.

"Are you still not hungry?"

"Jeff and I got something to eat earlier. Is Dad home?"

Claire shook her head.

"I can come downstairs and keep you company if you want."

"I think you should stay in bed for the day," Claire laughed. "So you can walk tomorrow. Text me when your ice pack gets warm and I'll bring you another."

"Thanks, Mom."

"No problem, honey. And remember, I'm always here for you, okay?"

"Okay," Abby nodded.

Claire gave her daughter's soft feet one final rub before hopping off the bed and leaving her room, shutting the door behind her. Instead of going downstairs to eat, she ventured off to her bedroom for a little private time. Today, while her daughter was resting up, she was going to get fucked by Jeff, even if her vibrator was the one taking care of her.

Chapter 4 -- The Wild Warm-up.

One month later. Monday. 5:07 PM.

"Let's go!!"

Jeff's demand was met by the sound of a hair dryer. It was always the same thing. Whether they were going to a movie, a funeral, or dinner at the White House—Abby took forever to get ready.

He sat on the sofa in his girlfriend's parent's family room and waited. Honestly, he'd prefer to just hang out—maybe grab a pizza and watch a movie. His girlfriend, ever the social butterfly, refused to celebrate his birthday in such a manner.

"I'm sure you look fine!! Let's go!! I'm starving!!"

This time his phone buzzed. He checked it to see a text from Abby saying, '5 mins.'

Actually, on second thought, going out to eat wasn't what he really wanted. Neither was ordering a pizza and watching a movie. Abby told him her father was out of town for work and wouldn't be back until Friday, and Mrs. P was nowhere to be found. They had the house all to themselves. What Jeff truly wanted was some birthday sex.

Things had gotten even more crazy over the past thirty days. Abby was relentless, and the last person who was going to complain about the onslaught of physical affection was him. Friday nights after football games, Tuesday mornings before class, and even over FaceTime before bed—they were always messing around. It was insane. Sometimes he wondered if he was living a dream. His buddies were always bitching about how little action they were getting. Jeff's biggest problem was keeping up with his girlfriend.

His stomach was growling now. Okay, maybe messing around could wait. He just wanted to eat!

His head snapped toward an unexpected sound. He was waiting for his girlfriend's footsteps to come down the stairs, but was instead greeted by the back door opening. It could only be one person...

"Happy Birthday, Jeff!"

Black yoga pants, a baby blue tank top, and a gym bag slung over her shoulder. Even when she was sweaty and messy, Mrs. P was a perfect ten.

"Hey, Mrs. P," he smiled back. "And thanks."

She sat down in the recliner to spend a few minutes with her daughter's boyfriend. "Abby said you guys were going out to dinner. I didn't know you were meeting here though."

"We should've left by now, but someone takes forever to get ready..."

"She gets that from me," Claire giggled. The pair of blue jeans and plain white t-shirt he was wearing were throwing her off a bit. "So, where are you two going?"

"Applebee's."

She waited for him to make some kind of joke. It didn't take long to figure out he was being serious. "Applebee's?"

He nodded, "Yeah, I like it."

"Jeff, honey, it's your birthday."

"I already went over this with Abby," he told her. "I don't want to go to some expensive restaurant because your daughter is hellbent on paying, so, we're going to Applebee's. I like it, it's cheap, and I'm not gonna allow her to spend eighty bucks."

Claire adored every single thing about this kid. What a gentleman! She knew how hardheaded her daughter was, and if she said she was paying for dinner, then she was going to pay. So what was Jeff's solution? To go somewhere cheap. What an amazing guy!

"I told her I wanted to get a pizza or something but she said we had to go out," he complained. "Something about how staying in on your birthday is ridiculous. You know how she is."

"I could've made you guys dinner."

He threw his hands up in the air. "That would've been perfect! Chicken à la King!"

Claire's eyes bulged. "You like my Chicken à la King!?"

"It's my favorite thing ever!" he smiled. "Abby didn't tell you? I came over after school a few weeks ago and found it in the fridge. I heated it up and almost lost my mind. I've never tasted anything like it."

"I totally would've made that for you!" she loudly announced. "Why didn't Abby say something?"

Footsteps came downstairs as Abby joined the party in an orange, sleeveless, spaghetti strap sundress. Jeff loudly whistled which resulted in his girlfriend rolling her eyes.

"Worth the wait," he commented.

She rolled her eyes again before looking at her mother. "Hey, Mom. We're going out to dinner."

"I heard," Claire said. "Applebee's?"

"That wasn't my decision," her daughter groaned. "I wanted to go to that Delevon's place but someone wouldn't allow it..."

"Yeah, I'm not gonna let you pay for us to go to some overpriced Italian restaurant," Jeff told her. "Besides, I like Applebee's."

She looked back at Mom. "He's such white trash..."

Jeff hopped to a feet with a chuckle. "I am what I am. You ready, gorgeous?"

"Ready," she smiled. "We'll be back later, Mom."

"See ya, Mrs. P."

"Have fun, you two!" Claire shouted as they disappeared out the front door.

Gorgeous? He called Abby gorgeous? God, what she would do for a husband who referred to her as gorgeous. Or really by any pet name. Well, it was time to jump in the shower and spend another night by herself. But, hey, on the bright side, at least Stan wasn't around.

An hour later...

The front door opened as Jeff trailed behind his girlfriend. "I can't believe you made them sing to me! That was so embarrassing!"

"It's your birthday!" Abby laughed. "Of course they're going to sing to you."

"Yeah, because you told them!"

She giggled before pushing him onto the couch. "You ready for your real birthday present?"

An amazing dinner with his awesome girlfriend was a pretty fantastic present. Every high school kid in the world would be over the moon to experience an hour alone with a girl like Abby, but things didn't end there for a guy like him. His life was the shit, remember? He didn't know if Mrs. P was home or not, and he honestly didn't care. He was more than ready for some fun.

"I'll be right back."

He watched Abby skip upstairs. His cock was already starting to grow at the idea of a nice, long birthday blowjob, and by the sounds of her hurrying back, he wasn't going to have to wait long.

Abby plopped down next to him, picked up the remote, and turned on the TV.

Jeff curiously glanced at her. Well, this wasn't going as expected. He'd planned on his cock being in a particular warm, wet mouth, but instead, his girlfriend was nonchalantly flipping through the channels. What kind of birthday present was this?

"So, what do you want to watch?" she asked. "A movie?"

A movie? Did he want to watch a movie? No, he wanted a blowjob. "Umm..."

"I know how much you love your action movies," she went on. "Maybe we can find a Schwarzenegger one or something."

What was going on?

She opted for the guide channel, and typed 'Schwarzenegger' into the search. "Three movies are on right now! Okay, we have *Terminator 3*, *Batman & Robin*, and *Predator*. It's up to you, birthday boy."

He stared at her.

Abby finally turned to her silent boyfriend. "What?"

His eyes didn't move from her face.

"What?" she asked. "Can't decide on what movie to watch?"

His stoic face swiftly filled with laughter.

"What?" she asked for a third time.

"Are you messing with me?"

Her confused look was hard to miss. "Am I messing with you?"

"First off," he started, "*Predator* would be the answer to that question. It's on a completely different level than those other two movies. Why the hell is *Batman & Robin* even on TV? Anyway, I wasn't exactly expecting this."

"What were you expecting?"

He really needed to explain himself? "Umm...maybe a little fun..."

"Watching a movie with your girlfriend isn't fun?" she questioned.

"You know what I mean."

"No, I don't think I do," Abby told him. "I thought it would be fun to hang out and watch a movie."

Clack...clack...clack...

He peered at the TV but there was a beer commercial playing on the screen. He turned back to his girlfriend who was still sitting on the couch. Where was that tapping sound coming from?

Clack...clack...clack...

Suddenly, his ears locked in on the noise. It was coming from the stairs, and it sounded an awful lot like high heels. But if Abby was on the couch, and it wasn't coming from the TV, that meant it must've been...

Maybe he wouldn't get birthday sex tonight. Maybe he wouldn't even get a blowjob. But the angel strutting across the hardwood family room floor made for quite the present. It was Mrs. P, and she was wearing that white dress and those high heels again!

Before he could fully process his surroundings, she took a seat next to him on the sofa.

Jeff glanced back at his girlfriend who was busy searching for more movies. A big smile was waiting for him when his eyes moved to the busty goddess who'd decided to sit just inches to his left.

"Going somewhere?" he asked.

Mrs. P shook her head. "Nope."

He'd never faced a more difficult task in his life. That cleavage was screaming for his attention. It wanted to be looked at, and gawked over, and admired. That's why it was on display, right? But Mrs. P was sitting right next to him, staring into his eyes. It would be too obvious if he checked her out. It was the toughest challenge in his eighteen years of existence, but he stayed focused on her pretty face.

And boy, was it pretty.

His girlfriend's mom was all made up. In fact, she looked exactly the way she did on that night five weeks ago: long, wavy brunette hair, red lipsticks, and dark eyeliner. And those seductive brown doe eyes she shared with her daughter were flashing at him. But why was she all dressed up if she wasn't going somewhere?

Jeff asked, "What's with the dress then?"

This time it was Mrs. P who turned her attention to the TV and seemingly tuned him out. He'd was so confused. He was now being ignored by two women and he didn't have the slightest of clues as to why.

"Does someone want to explain what's going on?"

Abby and her mother were both busy reading the synopsis for *Predator*.

"A team of commandos on a mission in a Central American jungle find themselves hunted by an extraterrestrial warrior," Abby read aloud. "An extraterrestrial warrior? That sounds stupid."

"Yeah, it seems kind of goofy," Claire commented.

"It's not goofy!" he firmly protested. "It's the greatest action movie of all-time!"

Wait, was this really his main concern at the moment? Weren't there more pressing matters at hand? Perhaps like what Mrs. P was doing in that ridiculously sexy dress. Or maybe why his girlfriend had pulled the rug on anything sexual happening between them. Defending his taste in movies could wait for another day.

Abby went back to scrolling through the listings before her face suddenly lit up. "*Forgetting Sarah Marshall* is on!!"

Well, mark it down: 6:15 PM, October 26th, 2018 officially represented the worst moment of his life. It was his eighteenth birthday and he was sitting on the couch, surrounded by two of the most beautiful women on the planet, about to watch *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*. He wasn't fooling around with his sexy girlfriend or flirting with her super hot mom. No, he was about to watch an awful romantic comedy. Lucky him...

"Can I tell you a secret?"

His head turned to his girlfriend who was watching TV, visibly enjoying one of her favorite movies. "Sure."

"I had a talk with someone a while ago," Abby told him. "Wanna guess who?"

"How am I supposed to know?" he asked.

Abby smiled as her eyes finally left the television and moved to his handsome face. "This talk actually involved you."

His eyebrows perked up. "Me?"

"Yeah, you. Now, this person is extremely important to me, and I found out some rather disturbing information. The first talk we had wasn't bad, but the discussions we've had since then really set off some alarm bells. Jeff, her sex life is awful."

Why was he involved in this? And who was his girlfriend talking about?

"Like, really awful," Abby went on. "The guy she's with isn't attentive to any of her needs. That's no way to go through life in my opinion. So, here's what I did. I considered all of my options and really thought about it over the past month. I mean, Jeff, I REALLY thought about it. This isn't something to take lightly. It's serious."

He still wasn't following.

"I had a quick talk with this individual a few minutes ago to see if she was on board with my idea, and like I expected, she was. In fact, she was ready."

Who are you talking about?" Jeff questioned.

Abby's smile turned to a grin. "Guess."

"No idea."

She leaned closer to him and planted a soft kiss on his lips, before pulling back and placing her hand under his chin, rubbing the rough stubble of his facial scruff. Very slowly, Abby turned his head toward the other end of the couch.

Right to where her mother was waiting with a big smile.

It took a moment, but everything finally clicked for Jeff. "No..."

Abby's mouth moved to her boyfriend's ear and whispered, "Happy Birthday."

He'd never seen Mrs. P look like this before. Her always gentle, passive eyes were grinning. This was the woman his girlfriend was talking about? This was the girl who wasn't being taken care of sexually? And 'Happy Birthday' couldn't possibly mean what he thought it meant. There was no way...

"My mom hasn't had good sex in...ever," Abby continued, her murmur tickling and teasing his inner ear. "At least by my standards. Twenty-five years of duds, so, I decided to help her out."

"Hel-help her out?" he nervously stuttered, still staring at the stunning forty-one-year-old brunette sitting next to him.

"Since I'm such an awesome girlfriend," she giggled, "I'm gonna give you the best present ever. I'm gonna give you something I know you've thought about a million times. For one night, I'm gonna give you my mom."

Jeff gulped.

Abby pulled away from him. "Under one condition. Isn't that right, Mom?"

Claire was trying to play it cool. Tonight was a fantasy after all. She was going to have a hot, sexy, high school stud all to herself. She was going to get the chance to mess around with the star football player she never hooked-up with in her youth. But as the seconds ticked by, her ability to play the seductress from all the erotic novels she loved to read was rapidly deteriorating. Her jittery legs were evidence of that. She was going to at least give keeping it cool a shot.

"It's a very important condition," Claire purred, doing her best to be this hunk's mature fantasy woman. Wasn't that all the rage with younger guys? Milfs? Tonight, she was going to be just that.

"Wha-what's the-the condition?" he anxiously inquired.

"I might be asking a lot but Abby told me you'd be up to the task," Claire continued. "Jeff, I have an extremely important job for you. I need you to do something no other man in my life ever has."

He couldn't possibly be listening more keenly.

"Jeff, sweetheart, I need you to fuck me the way you fuck my daughter."

His heart momentarily stopped beating.

"Abby told me all about the crazy stuff you two do," she went on, loving the stunned look on the always confident high school senior's face. "How amazing you are in bed, and how rough you get, and how she needs to put an ice pack on her vagina because of what you do to her. I want all of that."

Jeff's head snapped back to his girlfriend who had an ear-to-ear smile on her face. "An ice pack?"

"Yeah, sometimes I need to use a couple of ice packs after we have sex," Abby explained. "I get a little sore."

The absurdity of the moment immediately left the room. The fantasy of being able to mess around with Mrs. P was put on the back burner thanks to the news that had just been revealed to him. His girlfriend was in pain?

"Why didn't you say something?"

"About what?" Abby asked.

"About what?" Jeff questioned her. "About the fact I'm hurting you. Abby, I would never want to do that. You should've told me."

She quickly shook her head. "There's nothing to say. I don't want to change a thing. I love the way you make me feel."

"Ice packs though?"

"It's a good sore," Abby told him. "I love it. And judging from the conversations I've had over the past few weeks, I think someone else wants the same exact thing."

"I don't want to be able to walk tomorrow," Claire boldly announced.

Jeff snapped back around to Mrs. P while Abby returned to her movie. "Have fun..." she told her boyfriend.

His eyes took a long look at that enticing cleavage. Was checking out this amazing woman no longer taboo? Check her out? Forget that. Did he actually have permission to take things further? He loved his girlfriend, but Abby didn't possess the curves her mother did, and Mrs. P's fit yet busty body drove him insane.

"This isn't a joke, right?"

"It better not be," Claire laughed.

"I can do...you know...whatever?"

"You're the birthday boy," Claire smiled. "That's how it works."

Two seconds later his hands were clamped on the sides of her face and he was kissing his girlfriend's

mom. But as swiftly as his mouth found her lips, his right hand slid down to her left breast even quicker. He gave it a rough squeeze, his palm absorbing the feel of her dress while his fingers grazed her exposed cleavage. This busty angel was about to check off every box on his list of fetishes: older women, milfs, his girlfriend's mom, and on, and on, and on. It'd only been ten seconds and this was already the best birthday of his life.

His mouth journeyed down to her neck as both his hands clutched her partially hidden bust. Sure, it was his birthday, but tonight was going to be about Mrs. P. She wasn't being taken care of properly? But actually, when he really thought about it, that made sense. Mr. P was a nerd. And he wasn't coming home tonight, or tomorrow, or for the rest of the week. Tonight, he was going to make this unbelievable woman forget all about her shithead husband.

Claire moaned as his lips continued to plant kisses on her neck. Her daughter was in her view—watching a movie on the end of the couch, but Claire didn't care. She desperately needed this. Just to feel like a woman for a night. She needed a guy to get rough with her, and toss her around, and confidently fuck her senseless. She needed a real man.

Jeff's hands moved to her back and frantically searched for the zipper which was somehow eluding his hold. He finally found it and was now well on his way to unveiling this busty goddess in her most raw state: naked.

Her bare back caused his cock to immediately jump. No bra! He pulled back and soaked in the smiling face gazing into his eyes. All he had to do was glance down and three months of curiosity would be fulfilled. The top of her dress was collected in her lap and he no longer had to dream about those amazing tits which he couldn't help but stare at every time he stepped foot in this house. It was time for his first birthday present.

His eyes moved down, and when they did, he knew he was the luckiest guy on the planet.

Two big, perky, teardrop breasts were waiting for him. How in the world did a forty-one-year-old mom look this good? She had the lift Abby possessed! But she wasn't Abby. She was twenty-three years older than his girlfriend. Those perfectly round tits with even more impeccable small areolas and nipples were never going to leave his mind.

"Are they real?"

"Are they real?" Claire asked, completely insulted by the notion her most prized body part might be enhanced. "Of course they're real."

"Abby, look at this."

His girlfriend's attention stayed locked on the television.

"Abby!" he tried again. "Look at this!"

"I don't want to look at my mom's boobs," she groaned.

"You need to see this shit," Jeff told her, his mouth watering at the sight of perfect chest just inches away from him. "Your mom has the greatest tits ever."

Claire lunged at him, this time her hands locking on his face as they fell back onto her daughter.

"What the fuck!?" Abby shouted.

Claire was lost in a world of lust. She loved her breasts. She always had. They made her look slimmer, got her free drinks whenever she went out, and caused most men to turn into gooey pushovers. But twenty years of almost no compliments made her crave male attention, and when Jeff said she had the greatest tits ever, well, she may have lost control of herself.

But she didn't care. She was busy passionately making out with her boyfriend for the night while they were sprawled across her daughter's lap.

"Oh my God, seriously!?" Abby continued to yell.

Jeff's hands clasped onto those two big pieces of heaven as he explored every inch of her breasts. They were so soft. His fingers seemed to melt right into her tender skin. Mr. P wasn't playing with these? Shit, he would be using them as a pillow if he was married to this woman.

"Get off of me!"

He finally sat up with Mrs. P before glancing back at his girlfriend. "Sorry about that."

"You two are like animals..." Abby remarked.

"But, Abby, seriously, you need to look."

She knew how her boyfriend was. He would just keep bugging her if she didn't look. Would checking out her topless mother really be the end of the world? Sure, it was weird, but it wasn't any more strange than allowing her boyfriend to fuck her mom for his birthday.

Her head turned and her eyebrows hastily perked up. "Jesus..."

"Told you," Jeff laughed. "How amazing is this rack?"

She rolled her eyes and went back to the movie she'd been watching before two horny perverts landed on her. Maybe something Jeff said a while ago was true. Maybe she was a lucky girl. Because if her boobs looked like that in twenty-three years, then she was going to be one happy woman.

He lowered his mouth to her gravity-defying tit while his hand firmly squeezed her other breast. His lips clamped around her nipple and the noise he heard come from above made him feel like a little kid in a candy store: Mrs. P was moaning!

Claire's nipples were being sucked for the first time in who the hell knows how long? It felt like forever. That big, strong hand made her large breast feel so small in his grasp. This is what her lucky daughter had access to? A stud who cared about her pleasure? Maybe she needed to trade Stan in for some high school kid who actually appreciated her.

"You know what I really want for my birthday?"

She peered down into the eyes of the hunk who was taking her to cloud nine. She didn't know what he wanted, but she knew what she wanted: twenty more minutes of her nipples being played with.

"What's that?" Claire asked.

"For you to get down on your knees so you can suck my cock."

So, this is what her daughter meant when she said Jeff was aggressive? And the look he was giving her was demanding she follow his order. Not like Claire needed to be persuaded—she was already sliding off the couch.

Two petite hands tugged at the button of his jeans as one of the world's sexiest women knelt before him. "This is so fucking awesome."

Abby tried to keep her emotions in check as she continued to stare straight-ahead. It may have been an uncomfortable situation, but at the end of the day, she lived for making her boyfriend happy. And if he was elated, then she was too.

Claire couldn't get that zipper down fast enough. The big bulge in the front of his pants wasn't helping matters either. She finally managed to tug the rough denim down to his knees, and his boxers swiftly followed. And with that one little—or more like big revelation, she found out not only was her daughter not lying, but she wasn't exaggerating either.

Jeff was big.

Big, thick, and about to be buried in the back of her throat.

Claire was going to blow this kid's mind. Her daughter was a sweet girl, but she was eighteen, and what did an eighteen-year-old high schooler know about oral sex? Not a whole hell of a lot. Especially considering Abby never even had a boyfriend before Jeff came along. And as much as tonight was about Jeff, it was equally about herself. She needed to get her mojo back. Having some stud tell her she had the greatest rack ever was a start, but she wanted him squirming and holding on for dear life once she got her lips wrapped around him. Tonight was her opportunity to feel like a woman again. Tonight was her chance to be with a real man.

She took his rock hard erection inside her mouth and all her problems swiftly vanished: her annoying husband, her awful sex life, and the fact she'd been feeling more and more like some worn-out housewife over the years. Accepting his stud between her lips trimmed over twenty years off her life. She wasn't forty-one anyone; she was eighteen again. She was the cute high school senior with the jock boyfriend,

and it was time to give her man the royal treatment.

Claire took Jeff all the way down to the base and held herself there, her nose pressed against his pelvic bone.

"Oh, you gotta be fucking kidding me!"

She knew it! Listen to how he reacted! Jeff was never going to forget this moment. Hell, he would probably never experience anything like this again. She was finally being appreciated.

Her throat bolted skyward as she gasped for breath, eager to hear the next group of words which were going to escape from this jock's undoubtedly stunned mouth at any moment. How awesome was she now? Her boobs were nothing compared to her lack of gag reflex. He was going to lose his mind!

"You too!?" Jeff shouted. "Are you serious!?"

You too? What did that mean?

Claire looked over at Abby who was taking in the situation with a fairly conflicted expression on her cute face. There was definitely some shock, but her daughter's slight grin of approval was catching her by surprise.

"Like mother, like daughter," Abby giggled.

Claire turned back to Jeff who couldn't be more happy. "I love this family!!"

All the mom could do was laugh. "What?"

"You don't have a gag reflex either!" he continued to celebrate. "This is so fuckin' awesome! Get back over here."

His post-deepthroat celebration was promptly cut short by his excited hand pulling Mrs. P back to his dick. She willingly accepted him between her lips and he took over from there. Before anyone could say another word, he had his cock all the way down his girlfriend's mom's throat again.

"Did you know about this?"

"No," Abby answered, continuing to watch her boyfriend dominate her surprisingly submissive mother. Is this what she looked like when Jeff took control during their oral sessions? Her mother's hands were gripping the sofa cushion with zero hint of fighting back. Just like her, Mom apparently loved to be helpless too.

"We need to move to Utah or something," he said while thrusting his hips upward with his hands still clamped down on the back of Mrs. P's head. "I want to marry the both of you."

Claire's laugh caused her to choke and resulted in a wad of spit flowing out of her mouth and collecting on Jeff's thigh. Abby, ever the jealous girlfriend, wasn't as receptive to her boyfriend's fantasy.

She huffed before turning back to her movie. Maybe this was a bad idea.

Jeff finally freed her from his grasp as he sensed his girlfriend's mother's desperation for air. Just like Abby, she would never admit that though.

"Oh my God, it's so big!" Claire exclaimed, leaning back to collect some much needed air.

"Bigger than Mr. P?"

"Oh my God, Jeff!" Abby yelled. "Are you seriously asking her that?"

"Yeah, I want to know," he shot back. "So?"

"I don't want to hear about my dad's dick," she went on, grossed out by the thought of her own father. "Don't tell him, Mom!"

Claire grinned up at the excited football star and silently mouthed, "Way bigger."

Her daughter immediately groaned, "Oh my God, I saw that..."

"How's it feel to finally have some real cock?"

Abby just had to tune this conversation out. She couldn't believe Jeff was talking this way right in front of her, and even more surprising was how Mom was going right along with it. Actually, she wasn't just playing along: she was into it!

"So good," smiled Claire, her small hands attempting to wrap around the big piece of meat in front of her. He looked even bigger from her spot down on the floor. "I miss having a big dick to play with."

Abby took a deep breath.

"You like playing with Daddy's cock?"

Abby's head snapped to the left. Daddy? Daddy!? Jeff was her daddy! Not her moms!

Claire's tongue started at the base and slowly slithered all the way up to the fat head of his manhood. "I love Daddy's cock. My daughter is doing a good job taking care of you, right?"

"Of course," he answered.

Her hands squeezed tighter around his dick, causing him to twitch in pleasure. "Good, because a big stud like you needs lots of attention. It's a tall order to keep a guy like you happy."

Jeff closed his eyes as her amazing mouth joined the unbelievably soft hands which were already already about his cock. "Abby is the best..."

Well, that helped put her worries to rest a bit. She still wasn't a fan of some of the dirty talk between her mother and her boyfriend, however. Her thoughts were swiftly disrupted by a particular face which was now staring at her.

Mom was no longer blowing her boyfriend. Now, she was gazing directly into her eyes.

"What?" Abby inquired.

"What does Jeff love?"

"What does he love?" Abby asked. "Like, what? Sexually?"

Mom nodded.

Her daughter paused a moment to think. "He really likes when I suck his balls."

Claire turned back to her boyfriend for the night. "Is that right?"

"I love it," he told her with a big smile.

"I bet you do," Claire laughed. "And I assume you get that a lot then?"

He grinned, "All the time."

She bit her lower lip. How good did these two have it? "And what's something Abby loves?"

"Rough sex," Jeff instantly answered.

"I already knew about that one. What else?"

"She loves oral," he told Mrs. P. "Especially when I use my fingers at the same time. It makes her crazy."

"And how often do you go down on her?"

"Whenever she wants it," he announced. "If my girl wants some oral lovin', then she gets some oral lovin'. Mrs. P, your daughter's happiness is my biggest concern."

"God, you two are so perfect for each other," Claire smiled, now looking at her daughter. "How does he like his balls sucked?"

Abby couldn't believe she was answering this question. Especially with Mom stroking her boyfriend's cock. She shouldn't be surprised after initiating all of this, but it all seemed strange.

"I mean, he likes to have 'em sucked, and licked, and—"

"You can't go wrong," Jeff chimed in. "I love everything!"

"Is that right?" Claire asked Jeff with a giggle. "So, what does the birthday boy want?"

"I want you to suck my fucking balls, Mrs. P."

How long had it been since she was ordered around sexually? The only orders she received now were notes from her husband telling her to clean the house. It'd been forever since a man demanded she suck his balls, and she'd never been involved with a high-status guy like Jeff before. It was exhilarating.

She playfully raised her finger in the air. "Can I make one request, birthday boy?"

"I think you're allowed one request," he smirked back.

"I want the birthday boy in his birthday suit."

He could only laugh. How much more in common could she have with his girlfriend? He lifted his shirt over his head and tossed it off to the side.

Claire passed on her previous priority for more pressing matters: those abs! Jeff was ripped! Big biceps, a chiseled chest, and those rock hard abs she hadn't seen in person in over two decades. And not only was she seeing them, but she was going to taste them.

She leaned forward and ran her lips and tongue all over his defined midsection. If she had a jock all to herself tonight, then she was going to enjoy each and every inch of him. Her mouth hadn't be privy to anything like this since she was in high school. Her days of messing around with athletes were in the past. Well, not anymore. For one night, she was eighteen again.

Her lips continued their journey south as she was soon kissing his muscular thighs. But it was time to take care of his request. If this kid loved having his balls sucked, then she was going to be a good little girl and make the birthday boy happy.

"Just like that..." Jeff moaned.

Abby felt her boyfriend's strong hand wrap around her shoulder and pull her into him. She received a kiss on the cheek before a voice told her something in her ear, "I love you."

She still couldn't get over what she was seeing: Jeff's big dick towering straight up, her mother kneeling in front of him with her amazing breasts on display, and her mouth currently full of balls. She would never say it, but Mom loved pretty fuckin' good down there.

"You better," Abby chuckled.

What Claire noticed most was how drastically different his scent was from Stan. The aroma emitting from his groin screamed masculinity. It yelled dominance. It was what every woman desired: the presence of a man other girls wanted. Jeff stepping into their house always resulted in three things: Stan growing jealous, herself becoming smitten, and Abby being completely captivated by the man she loved. And after their current sofa session, Claire was wondering if maybe she was a little in love with her daughter's boyfriend as well.

But before she could ponder that situation further, those two big, full balls took off like an eagle, high above her as her now empty mouth yearned for them back. Her body suddenly propelled into the air as she found herself over Jeff's powerful shoulder. He'd effortlessly lifted her up and was carrying her toward the stairs like a caveman claiming his newest wife.

"Time for my real present," he laughed, ascending the stairs with a giggling brunette slung over his shoulder.

"Have fun," Abby told them before turning back to the TV.

Chapter 5 -- The Wild Birthday.

Ten minutes later...

The television had been muted for at least the past five minutes as Abby sat in stunned silence. Did two porn stars head upstairs or was it her mother and boyfriend? She couldn't recall ever being this loud. Skin hammering into skin, Mom's constant yelping, or screaming, or whatever the hell noise she was making, and Jeff's clearly audible dirty talk—it was a barrage of sounds. And what about when she heard Jeff ask

her mother who owned her? Mom shouted back, 'You do, Daddy!' Who's birthday was it again? It sure seemed like Mom was enjoying this more than anyone.

But maybe that was a good thing. Abby had been seeing her parents in a different light after the discovery that Dad wasn't taking care of Mom. Her mother was amazing! She was so kind, and sweet, and loving, and a woman like that deserved the world.

"Fuck me harder!!"

Slap!

Mom demanding to be fucked harder followed by a deafening slap? Yeah, Abby could connect the dots. Jeff and Mom were going at it doggy style, and the brunette sitting all alone on the couch was starting to get jealous. She loved doggy style! It was Jeff and hers go-to position. And that slap had to be Jeff cracking Mom on the ass. That was their thing! Rough sex!

Slap!!

That was hard. Really hard. What if she took a quick peak to make sure they were alright? Mom had never been with a guy like Jeff before, and her boyfriend had a tendency to get carried away—especially when he was excited, and she'd never seen him as overjoyed as he was tonight.

But then again, they were two consenting adults. She wasn't really worried about their safety, was she? She told herself she wouldn't do this! Tonight was about Jeff and Mom, so why was she growing envious? What was going to happen? Was her boyfriend going to run off with her mother? Of course not. These were the two people she trusted most in the world, so she was just going to watch the rest of her movie and enjoy the night. Easy-peasy.

Thirty seconds later...

The loud sounds of rough sex were growing as Abby climbed the stairs. A quick check on these two wouldn't hurt anyone. Okay, she'll admit it: she might be a bit jealous. Actually, yeah, she was jealous. But still, Mom sounded like she was being broken in half and that worried her. She made her way down the upstairs hallway and to her closed parent's bedroom door. She silently cracked it open an inch and sneaked a look inside.

She knew it!

Mom was bent over the edge of her bed, and being held in the air by a handful of her long, brown hair. She was completely naked with only her sexy white high heels on. And it didn't take a rocket scientist to guess what her boyfriend was up to. Just like when they had sex, he was attempting to fuck her senseless.

"Oh...my...God..." Claire moaned, now being impaled as her body stayed suspended above the bed. "Har-har-harder!"

Jeff grunted through clenched teeth, "Little fuckin' slut," before resuming his mission of destroying his girlfriend's mom. "Who are you gonna call when you wanna get fucked?"

"You-you, oh my God, you!"

He pushed her upper-body down onto the mattress and grabbed onto her hips, continuing his onslaught on her helpless pussy. "Maybe I'm dating the wrong girl."

Claire was drooling. She'd never felt anything like this before. This kid easily had three inches on her husband, and he was using every single one of them. But his girth was the real difference maker. She was being stretched in ways never deemed possible. There wasn't some average, half-hard dick giving her a mediocre lay. No, she had a big, thick stud who was hellbent on claiming her as his own. The two quick orgasms she'd already experienced on his fat cock was evidence of that.

"Maybe it's time you and I start going out," he mumbled as he gave her a vicious thrust forward.

Claire emphatically yelped. Every part of her pussy felt that. Maybe it was a good thing Stan never wanted to touch her, because chances are he wouldn't be able to feel a thing for the next few weeks. Her insides were being completely rearranged.

"Abby is getting on my nerves anyway."

Clare attempted to look back. "What?"

"I'm just kidding!" Jeff laughed. "I know you're at the door, Abby! I can see you!"

The door pushed opened to reveal a not so assumed brunette still in her orange spaghetti dress. "Getting on your nerves?"

"It was a joke!" he chuckled, now slowly moving inside Mrs. P. "I could see you at the door the entire time! Get over here. I want a kiss."

She defiantly placed her hands on her hips.

"Are you not listening to Daddy?" he questioned, his sly grin fueling Abby's playful side. "You know what happens when you're a bad girl."

"I get punished," Abby answered.

Claire was ready to explode again. It didn't have anything to do with the guy behind her either. It was the fact her daughter had the exact relationship she wanted! These two needed to get married, and have kids, and oh yeah, Grandma was going to require a few hours alone with her son-in-law every week...

"Get your sexy ass over here, young lady," he smirked.

Abby pouted the entire way across the bedroom until she was standing next to boyfriend. She quickly dropped her act and hoisted herself up onto her tippy-toes so she could make out with her man.

"Oh my God, you need to fuck me."

He began pumping inside Mrs. P's snug pussy again while he intensely kissed Abby. Remember when Jeff thought he had the greatest life ever because he was getting blown on the couch by his girlfriend? Forget that. Making out with the world's most amazing eighteen-year-old girl while fucking the hottest mom alive? Now this was the life of a king.

His mouth moved to Abby's ear where he whispered something. Her eyes lit up in response.

"Are you serious?" she asked.

"It's my birthday, isn't it?" he smiled. "Hey, Mrs. P, close your eyes for a minute."

Claire's eyes immediately shut. She would do anything for this guy. If he told her to go make him a birthday cake, then she would rush downstairs and make him the best cake he'd ever ate. If he demanded she divorce Stan and move in with him, then she would have a serious discussion with her daughter about that very topic. So if he wanted something as simple as for her to close her eyes, then she was taking a trip to a world of darkness for however long he wanted.

Two minutes passed and the only thing she heard was faint moving, slight giggles, and the sound of something being placed on the bed.

Jeff finally spoke up, "Keep your eyes shut, Mrs. P. Now, believe me, I'm just as surprised by this as you're going to be, but it looks like someone really warmed up to the idea of what's happening. No one has ever had a better birthday than me. Okay, open 'em."

Claire's eyes opened and she instantly gasped. Lying in front of her, completely naked, with her legs parted: was her daughter.

A firm hand gripped the back of her brunette head and slowly began pushing her toward Abby's completely shaven vagina. This was wrong. So wrong! Incest wasn't part of the plan tonight. She was supposed to have her daughter's boyfriend all to herself. But once again, Claire found herself giving in. If this is what Jeff wanted, then the birthday boy was going to get his wish.

"That's so fucking hot..."

Jeff was officially in heaven: inside the perfectly wet, warm, and tight Mrs. P, while she lapped away at his amazing girlfriend's flawless pussy. He had a mother and daughter going at it for him! Every guy's fantasy is two girls at the same time, but he'd taken that dream to the next level. And listening to his girlfriend moan as a result of her mom caused him to start pounding away again. He suddenly had a new goal...

These two were going to cum at the same time.

"She likes fingers," Jeff reminded her.

Claire's right index finger did the unimaginable and joined her tongue, rubbing along the outside of the one part of her daughter she couldn't believe she was playing with. Abby's trim pussy lips were glistening thanks to her wetness and now a friendly tongue. And just like that, the finger exploring her eighteen-year-old labia swiftly disappeared inside her tight hole.

"Fuck..." moaned Abby.

How could her daughter even fit Jeff inside her? One finger alone was a tight fit. Her left index finger pulled back her clitoral hood to reveal the little pleasure button her tongue was about to become very familiar with. The idea of doing something like this just minutes ago was unfathomable, but that was before she had a man like Jeff in her life. Stan wouldn't be able to get her to kiss another girl, let alone take part in the indecency her mouth was moving closer to. And then Claire did it. She officially crossed the line.

She ran her tongue over her daughter's clit.

Jeff was in quite the predicament. On one hand, he wanted to destroy Mrs. P. He wanted her walking sideways for the rest of the week. The idea of giving her something Mr. P couldn't was hard to pass up. That guy didn't deserve a wife at all, and here he was, with all-day access to a perfect ten. And what was that asshole doing with his amazing situation? Not even taking care of his wife! But on the other hand, the more he limited his thrusting, the louder the moans that were fleeing from Abby's adorable mouth.

His cute girlfriend was off in a world of pleasure: the back of her head pressed against the mattress, her closed eyes pointed skyward, both hands gripping the blankets, and her body writhing around courtesy of her mother's mouth. And at the end of the day, Abby always came first. She was his number one priority in life. So if not teeing off on her mother resulted in her cumming harder, then he was going to be a good boyfriend and only fuck her mom kind of hard...

Abby was right there. Mom's was hitting all the spots. Her tongue was like a magnet on her clit while her finger provided highly concentrated bliss—all focused in one tiny region of her body. It was a sensation of fullness meeting one of oral heaven. It turns out Jeff and Mom had something in common: they were both amazing with their mouths.

"Don't stop, Mom."

Did she really just say Mom? Well, that's what she was, wasn't it? It was time to look past all the weirdness because Abby was about to cum all over her own mother's tongue.

Jeff's hands locked tighter on those sexy hips of Mrs. P's while her perky ass bounced with every thrust forward. He knew Abby was close. His girlfriend's squirms were looking an awful lot like when she was moments away from exploding. His birthday wouldn't be complete without getting these two to cum at the same time. It hadn't taken him long to figure out what got Mrs. P off, and that was rough, aggressive sex. So he did what worked the previous two times—he began hammering into her to bring her right to the edge.

"Oh-oh my-my-my God!"

He was pummeling Mrs. P now and her cries were all too familiar. Just like her daughter, she was about to erupt.

And then the birthday boy got his wish. Abby's hands left the bed and grabbed two handfuls of her mom's hair as she wailed out in orgasmic euphoria. The way she wiggled and writhed while losing her mind drove him crazy. His smart, savvy, sarcastic girlfriend always turned into a blubbery mess when she came, and her mom wasn't all that different.

Claire was trying her hardest to keep her tongue on her daughter's clit as her finger went limp inside her. It was happening again! Three times! Three fuckin' times! Stan probably made her cum three times in the past ten years, but it only took this stud ten minutes, and he never even went down on her! It was all from that perfect cock of his. It was a world of heat and every part of her body was on fire. She didn't care anymore. This kid was moving into the guest room. She needed this fire in her life! Daily!

Loud panting and moaning created a symphony of post-orgasmic elation as the mother and daughter both attempted to catch their breath. Abby still couldn't believe she came all over her mom's tongue, while Claire was trying to grasp the idea of orgasming three times from intercourse. Neither girl said anything, but they were both on the same page: they were up for doing anything Jeff wanted tonight.

He slid out of that warm, wet slit of paradise and gave Mrs. P a firm smack on the ass for good measure.

Her yelp was a reminder of who owned her pussy from now on. The next time Mr. P was actually up for initiating something, he wanted a firm 'no' as a response. The only who had access to this mature goddess was going to be him.

"Get up on the bed," he ordered, watching his girlfriend's mom instantly follow his command.

His big hand wrapped around Abby's petite shin and pulled her over to him, so her legs were now dangling off the bed. Every crazy porn threesome he'd ever watched was being speedily processed in his mind and he'd landed on the perfect position. Having these two girls wasn't enough. He wanted them to get dirty for him. They could save their ladylike behavior for guys like Mr. P. Real men like Jeff got women's inner porn stars. He got their slutty sides.

"Sit on her face."

No hesitation, no asking questions, and no resistance. This was his movie and he was the director. Mrs. P swiftly moved over to her daughter and sat on her face, her knees resting on the comfy mattress as complete joy washed over her. He didn't even need to instruct Abby. His girlfriend was well-schooled. She was a good girl for Daddy after all. And what do good girls do? They return the favor, of course.

Abby was eating her mother out.

Jeff pushed inside his girlfriend and immediately smiled. How did a forty-one-year-old mother and an eighteen-year-old girl—who was recently a virgin, both feel so similar? They were both so tight and warm. Their snugness gripped him like a mitten. He had two perfect pussies at his disposal and he wasn't about to let either one of them go to waste.

He reached out and pulled Mrs. P closer to him by the back of her head and kissed her. His tongue deep inside her mouth, his cock stretching his tight girlfriend, and Mrs. P's vagina being fully attended to thanks to Abby's tongue. This wasn't porn or some outlandish fantasy—this was his awesome life, and things were about to get even more amazing.

His mouth left those intoxicating lips and clamped back around her nipple as he began playing with her breasts. Those tits needed to become commonplace in his life from this moment forward. These boobs should be out and wrapped around his cock whenever Mr. P went off to his study to take care of some work related issue. Why did it only have to be on his birthday? Shit, he probably loved Mrs. P more than her dumbass husband did. These were his tits from now on.

"I want to tell you something," Jeff spoke up, reluctantly taking a break from the world's most perfect set of breasts. "Your husband is a fuckin' bum."

"Jeff!" Abby shouted.

Claire promptly sat down more firmly on her daughter's face, smothering her in the process so she couldn't speak.

"It needs to be said," he went on. "I can't stand the guy. He's always in such a bad mood and it's like he doesn't realize what an angel he's married to. I want you coming out with us from now on. If you're around and Abby and I are going out to eat or whatever, you're invited. You deserve to spend time around people who care about you. Not some fuckin' asshole."

Claire leaned in and kissed him again. Someone finally said the exact thing she'd felt for almost her entire marriage! See, she wasn't delusional. Jeff had only known her for a few months, and he understood her situation perfectly. Stan was a dick and she deserved better!

"The guy probably can't fuck either," he commented after she broke off their kiss.

Abby attempted to say something but her words were muffled. The only thing she could do was keep working on bringing Mom to orgasm number four.

"Not like you," Claire smiled. "I've never had anything like you."

"Yeah, well, maybe we should sit him down some night so I can give him some lessons," Jeff laughed. "We'll put a kid's chair off to the side and he can watch his wife get fucked properly."

She was about to let him in on a secret she'd been holding onto for the past two months. "It might be my fault Stan is a jerk to you."

Jeff curiously stared at her as he slowly fucked his girlfriend.

"Okay, so he didn't seem to like you right off the bat, but things—" Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as Abby was really pushing her buttons now. It wouldn't be much longer until she went off again. "Things kinda got worse after I said something."

"Said something?"

"We were lying in bed one night and I was watching a show about older women and younger men," she admitted. "I guess I made some noise or something and it caught his attention. I don't totally know what I did to be honest with you, but like usual, it annoyed Stan. Long story short, he asked me if I had fantasies about younger guys. Like, why would he even care, right? He never wants anything to do with me sexually, but he was totally hung up on this. So, I told him the truth: that I had a thing for young guys."

"Is that right?" Jeff asked with a grin.

Claire attempted to collect herself. Abby had quite the tongue on her. "Yeah, that's right. He asked me if I thought about guys from the gym, or work, or whatever, and I had a complete moment of honesty. I told him there's one guy who kinda makes his way into my alone time more than he probably should. I told him I thought about you."

His mouth latched onto the pouty lips of the busty angel in front of him as he began feverishly pumping inside his girlfriend. He fuckin' knew it! Mrs. P thought about him! Who knows how often either? Was it only when she was playing with herself? Or maybe it was during those rare occasions when Mr. P actually took an interest in her? Who cares! The only thing that mattered was he was on her mind, and that meant this sexually repressed woman deserved to be fully attended to tonight.

Jeff's lips moved to her neck before he gave his girlfriend a request, "You better make her cum, Abby."

Yeah, Abby was on that. Not that she had much of a choice. Mom was grinding on her face and judging by her moans: she was almost there. This night was becoming less about Jeff and more about Mom. Just how stifled was her love life? Was Dad really that big of a zero inside the bedroom? Her mother deserved to cum again, even if it was her tongue doing the work.

Claire lost control of her body as she fell forward into Jeff's strong hold. Four times! She was cumming again! And this time she had a stud worshiping her neck while she erupted all over her daughter's face. She could get used to this treatment. Being idolized from every possible angle was pretty freakin' awesome. Stan didn't want to kiss her, let alone go down on her. And what was going on now? She was getting both of those things!

Claire rolled off her daughter and sprawled along the bed, completely overwhelmed by the roller coaster her insides had been taken on over the last twenty minutes. This might be too much even if it was a weekly thing, let alone a once in a lifetime experience. She hadn't cum four times in one day since she was a teenager. At this very moment, she was in desperate need of a few minutes to regroup, and lucky for her, two extremely horny eighteen year olds were busy going at it.

This is what it looked like when a real man fucked? Would her daughter know her middle name if she asked her right now? Abby's right hand was busy playing with her clit while her left hand gripped the blankets under her, meanwhile Jeff was absolutely unloading on her. His grunts were being drowned out by her daughter's loud moans and constant begging to be pounded harder. As much as Claire was missing love, loyalty, and respect in her relationship, a guy who could rock her in bed may have been number one on her new list of requirements.

"Oh my God, harder, Daddy!" Abby begged.

Jeff's hands gripped Abby's waist as her wobbly legs lifelessly dangled over the edge of the bed. She was three full orgasms behind her mother and he wasn't okay with that. His amazing girlfriend had some catching up to do.

"You gonna cum for Daddy like a good girl?" he asked.

Her attempts to verbally respond went for not. She was being fucked too hard to find the words to his question.

"Tell her to cum for me, Mrs. P."

The stunned look on Claire's face said it all. She'd never seen sex this rough. "You better cum for your daddy, baby."

"Her daddy?" he questioned between rough thrusts. "I'm your daddy too, slut."

She bit her lower lip and took in the sight of the handsome stud who was teeing off on her daughter: thick brown hair, a ripped physique, and an aggressive, take-charge demeanor. He was eighteen and just told her he was her daddy! And he called her a slut too! He wasn't wrong. She would be anything this kid wanted her to be, and if that was a slut, then she was going to be daddy's little slut.

"You better cum for Daddy or he might take it out on me," Claire giggled to her daughter. "And, sweetheart, I need a break."

Abby's right hand drifted away from her pussy and joined her left hand down on the sheets. "I'm-I'm-I'm not-not cumming, Daddy."

Jeff grinned while Claire curiously took in the scene. His fingers moved toward his girlfriend's clit only to be swatted away by Abby.

"Oh boy..." he remarked.

"I'm-I'm not cumming," Abby told him, doing her best to push her bubbling orgasm down as deep as she could. "What are you-you gonna to do-do about it, Daddy?"

"You know what's going to happen. I'm going to take it out on your mom."

The cute eighteen-year-old's grin was growing wider by the second. "Well-well then, fuck-fuck you, Daddy."

Jeff turned to Claire whose eyes were bulging. He slid out of his girlfriend and motioned her mom closer with his finger. She didn't budge.

"I'm not going to ask you twice, Mrs. P," he stated. "Get your ass over here immediately."

There was no going back to Stan. This was her man from now on. Cool, confident, and sexy—Jeff was everything she desired in a partner. She crawled over to her new stud where she was promptly flipped and found herself in the same position as her daughter: on her back with her legs hanging off the mattress.

Jeff picked up his girlfriend and effortlessly lifted her into the air, before gently resting her on top of her mother. Both his girls were on their backs, but Abby's back was resting along Mrs. P's body. There were three boxes left on his birthday fantasy list, and he was about to check two of them off.

He peered down to see two sparkling vaginas begging for his attention: Abby's on top, and Mrs. P's just inches below. His throbbing cock pushed inside his girlfriend before pulling out and journeying inside her mom. And then back to Abby before moving to her mother again. He felt like a rock star.

"This is so hot," Abby commented.

As similar as they felt, both of his girlfriends, yes, you read that right—both of his girlfriends had differences. Unique bumps and ridges gripped his manhood as he explored them one after the other. Mrs. P was unbelievably wet while Abby had the slight edge in tightness, but they both gripped him like warm hugs. They both possessed that same immense feeling of passion. He just wanted to soak in his girlfriend's vast love, and Mrs. P's yearning desperation to be appreciated. She wasn't going to have to dream about a man who adored her any longer. She had that guy now.

He decided to stay inside Mrs. P as he checked off his second of three fantasies. "Kiss."

Abby tilted her head to the side where her mother's mouth was eagerly waiting for her. How naughty was this? Forget that she was about to kiss another girl for the first time. She was about to kiss Mom! But something about seeing how into this Jeff was got her fired up. She always knew her boyfriend had a thing for her mom—he'd made that perfectly clear a million times, but how into each other they were made her want to step up her game. If Mom was up for doing whatever Jeff wanted, then so was she, and her jealous and overly competitive side wasn't about to be outdone.

A simple kiss quickly turned into a passionate make out session. Neither one of them had ever kissed a girl before, and they wouldn't considered themselves to be bisexual either. But if Daddy told them to kiss, then they were going to kiss.

"This is the hottest thing I've ever seen," Jeff noted, still inside his girlfriend's mom.

Watching his two dream girls make out like long lost lovers was causing him to thrust harder. This wasn't just his amazing girlfriend and her ridiculously hot mom anymore. These were his two personal porn stars. These were two girls who would wear any outfit he wanted, play out any fetish he requested, and do any

little thing his heart desired. His deviant mind had a never-ending list of perverted tasks for his girls to take part in, but someone still needed to be punished, didn't she?

His strong thrusts turned to ferocious slams. He was engaged in a silent and unannounced battle with his girlfriend. Abby was more into making out with her mom than he'd expected, and he was trying his hardest to break them up without using either his hands or his words.

"Oh-oh my-my—"

Abby's mouth locked on her mother's before 'God' could escape from her lips. Kissing her was fun! Her lips were so soft and pouty. It was the polar opposite of her boyfriend's rugged mouth. And Mom was a really good kisser too! But by far the hottest part of it all was how crazy it must've been making Jeff to watch. And, yes, she was fully aware of what her wiseass boyfriend was up to. Despite his best efforts, she had no plans of cutting her first girl-on-girl kiss short.

His fingers moved to Abby's glistening vagina before slithering up to her throbbing clit. If he couldn't fuck these two apart, maybe he could overwhelm his girlfriend.

Their tongues tangled before Abby gently bit her mother's lower lip in an attempt to keep herself from throwing her head back. This wasn't far! All she wanted to do was kiss Mom, and now her clit was being played with? Sometimes her boyfriend was such a jerk!

"Who's gonna cum first for Daddy?" Jeff asked, clearly enjoying the struggle both of his girls were having to keep their smooch going.

"I wan-wan-wanna," Claire barely managed to answer, thanks to the pounding she was receiving.

"You had him all to yourself before I showed up!" her daughter argued. "It's my turn!"

His fingers found Mrs. P's clit. A combination of his big cock stretching her tight pussy, and his fingers delicately rubbing her clit were going to make her go off for the fifth time tonight. She couldn't fight it if she wanted to. His girlfriend's mom was putty in his hands.

"No, Daddy, I—"

Abby cut herself off as a result of her boyfriend's firm glare. That wasn't a playful look. It was a serious one.

"Help your mom out, princess."

Being called 'princess' immediately made her smile. She couldn't get enough of the pet names he gave her. His teasing was over and now it was time to help Mom get to that magical place once again. Her boyfriend was busy doing the heavy lifting, so the least she could do was chip in and be a good girl.

Abby kissed her mother again. She could feel Mom's orgasm growing through her mouth. The previous control she had over her tongue and lips were gone. Just like when she came, Mom was turning into a gooey mess, and no one deserved it more than the amazing woman who raised her.

Jeff felt Mrs. P cum on his cock for the fourth time, her pussy pulsating and squeezing his dick as she experienced her fifth orgasm of the night. Every time she came, psychologically, she was losing her loyalty to Mr. P. Each time she lost control and allowed herself to enjoy those forty-five amazing seconds of pleasure, she was his. Mr. P might help pay the bills around here, but that was where his job ended. Abby was his, and Mrs. P was coming right along with her.

"How you feeling?" Abby asked.

Her mother wasn't exactly thinking clearly at the moment. Five orgasms in thirty minutes will do that to you. "I love him."

"Mom!" Abby shouted.

"I do," Claire went on, completely lost in her own world. "I want to marry him."

"Will you stop!" the teen giggled. "Oh my God!" She turned and looked at her boyfriend who couldn't appear happier. "You love hearing that, don't you?"

"She's just being honest. Now, we'll get around to the wedding arrangements later," he said with a wink, "because someone needs to cum, doesn't she?"

"I do, Daddy," Abby whined. "I need to cum sooooooo bad."

He pulled out of Mrs. P and slid back inside his girlfriend. "Here's what I want you to do, princess," he started, slowing moving inside her. "I want you to tell your mom just how much you love and appreciate her. She doesn't get to hear it enough."

Abby turned her head and gazed down into her mother's waiting eyes. "You mean the world to me."

Claire's face lit up.

"You're my best friend, and my role model, and I couldn't ask for a better mom," she went on. "I love you so much and you have no idea what seeing you have fun does for me. Mom, no one deserves this more than you. And, actually, I thought about it, and I decided to let you and Jeff have some more fun. If you're up for it."

"I'm up for it!" Mom enthusiastically replied.

"That's what I thought," Abby laughed. "I don't see why you and Jeff can't mess around more often. When Dad's out of town or whatever. You're entitled to a good sex life."

Claire's lips softly pressed against her daughter's mouth. "And my baby's entitled to cum too. Be a good girl and give Daddy what he wants."

Jeff began pounding away as Claire's fingers found her daughter's clit. It was time for the architect of his amazing birthday to cum all over his cock. But wait, what about his third and final fantasy? What if he missed his chance and after they were done, his girls decided this was a one-time thing. He would never get a shot at anything like this again. He couldn't pass up the chance at doing it.

He picked his girlfriend up and placed her next to her mother. Seconds later, he had a handful of Mrs. P's sexy hair, and pulled her head directly above Abby's little pussy. The right side of her face was pressed against her daughter's stomach as his cock continued to bask in the smothering snugness that was his girlfriend. And when his manhood left that warm piece of heaven, it did so for good reason: Mrs. P's open mouth.

"How's she taste?" he asked, pushing back inside Abby.

"Sweet," Claire answered. "I wanna taste her again."

He brought his girlfriend right to the cusp of orgasm before pulling out and roughly pumping between a pair of waiting lips. His cock which had been previously covered with Abby's juices, was being thoroughly cleaned off by her mother's mouth. Jeff no longer felt like a rock star. He was a rock star.

"I wanna cum sooooooo bad!" Abby pleaded. "Please!!!"

He turned his attention to Mrs. P. "Should we let her cum?"

Claire unwillingly watched his cock move away from her mouth and push back inside her daughter. It looks like that question was being answered for her. "I guess..."

His index finger slipped inside Mrs. P's mouth to give her something to suck on while he diddled Abby's clit with his thumb. "Cum on my cock, princess."

The last of Abby's jealousy completely vanished. The cock that was inside her had just been in her mother's mouth! And now Mom was sucking on her boyfriend's finger like some insatiable high school girl. Abby knew what it was like to have a high sex drive. The feeling of constantly craving Jeff was always there, so what was life like for her mother? She must've been miserable. Not only was she helping Mom out with her needs, but she was giving Jeff every guy's fantasy: access to multiple women whenever he wanted. But her incredible boyfriend didn't have to cheat or mess around with some random girl they found on Tinder. There weren't any diseases or drama to worry about. No, it was just her sexy mom who had quite the dirty side to her.

Her insides began to heat up and tighten as she felt herself growing close. She wanted to cum all over Jeff's cock and then watch Mom lick it clean. Shit, who was the dirty one again? Maybe Abby was a bigger pervert than she'd previously realized.

She erupted and loudly screeched, "I'm cumming!"

Jeff had been able to withstand Mrs. P exploding on his cock multiple times, but Abby was too much. Feeling her clamp even tighter around his dick caused him to lose control. How he'd been able to hold out

this long was a miracle in itself. It was time for his last fantasy.

His throbbing manhood fired two powerful shots deep inside his girlfriend's gripping pussy before pulling out and aiming at Mrs. P's face. Without instruction, she stuck her tongue out and wagged it at him. His girlfriend's always polite, well-spoken, perfectly mannered mom was about to be his little cumslut. Every time he looked at Mr. P, he was going to see Mrs. P with his cum all over her face. She was officially his.

A thick burst exploded from the tip of his penis and painted a line up the side of Mrs. P's face and into her hair. Another rope slammed into her giggling cheek before he pushed back inside his girlfriend and emptied the rest of his load into her warm embrace.

"More!" Claire begged. "Gimme more!"

As much as he loved his girlfriend's mom, Abby was the one who had his heart, and Mrs. P was just going to have to wait.

Abby's still pulsating pussy drained every drop of fluid he had. His girlfriend was full of his seed and her mom was covered in his cum. It was exactly how he wanted life to be from now on. Abby was always his number one priority, but Mrs. P was going to be getting in on the fun from this moment forward.

"Leave it..." moaned Abby. "Leave it in me for a minute..."

She could feel his semen inside her. The heat of his fluids meeting the warmth of her vagina was electric. Nothing resembled him cumming inside her. Sure, she was on birth control, but the primal act of being ejaculated in brought them together in ways nothing else could. His seed was a gift. It was a gift all for her. Well, maybe not all for her anymore...

Jeff slowly pulled out of his girlfriend and watched Mrs. P's mouth instantly move down to her dripping pussy. She wasn't actually going to do what he thought she was, was she? As crazy as tonight was, this was next-level porn stuff. But when her tongue slipped out of her mouth and began lapping at Abby's vaginal lips which were coated with his semen, he knew he was the luckiest guy alive. No one had a girl like Abby or Mrs. P, let alone both of them!

Claire gulped down the tongue full of cum she'd collected before going back for another helping. Just like Abby, Jeff tasted sweet. Both of their flavors were full of youth, and energy, and vibrancy. There was a childlike enthusiasm to the entire evening. Maybe what they were doing was wrong, but none of them cared. They were just enjoying one another. It was life in its rawest state.

She collected another mouthful of semen and carried it up to Abby's mouth. Inside of swallowing it, she parted her lips and allowed it to slowly drip onto her daughter's tongue.

"Oh my God, that's so fuckin' hot."

Hey boyfriend wasn't lying. Feeling his cum touch her tongue courtesy of her mother's mouth was unbelievably sexy. Knowing Mom was officially as dirty as her was crazy. No one pushed her into licking her pussy clean. That was all her! Her forty-one-year-old mom was a horny little slut at heart, and she couldn't get enough of it.

"Kiss me," Abby requested.

Claire kissed her daughter again, this time Jeff's sweet flavor adding to their already taboo exchange of fluids. Jeff made her cum five times, so she wasn't holding back from being his fantasy girl for the night. A thin strand of cum connected their lips as she pulled away from Abby, causing both of the girls to giggle.

"Little slut," Claire grinned down at her daughter.

"Yeah, well then what does that make you?" Abby grinned back.

"A big slut," Jeff chimed in.

Claire turned back to her stud and eagerly sucked his still dripping cock dry. "Your big slut, Daddy."

"My big slut," he repeated with a smile. "So, does the birthday boy get any birthday cake?"

"I made brownies!" Abby yelled, jumping off the bed. "They're in the fridge. I put a thick layer of vanilla frosting on them just how you like!"

He gave his girlfriend a big kiss on the cheek before she scurried out of the room and hustled downstairs.

"You want some brownies, Mrs. P?"

"I have the only treat I need," she told him between licks and kisses on his cock. "It's way better than brownies."

He pulled the sexy brunette off the bed and helped her to her feet. "Lose the heels and let's go get some dessert. You and Abby are gonna get cleaned up, put on some sexy outfits, and then we'll come back upstairs for round two."

"Round two?" Claire asked. "You have another round in you?"

"Another round?" he laughed. "I have like eight more rounds in me. I'm going to text my mom and tell her I'm staying at my friend's house tonight. Mrs. P, you aren't going to be walking right tomorrow. Now, let's go. That sexy ass could use a brownie or two. I like my girl's thick."

She stepped out of her heels and headed toward the door, not before receiving a firm slap on the ass. She heard Jeff mumble 'My girl' as the two made their way downstairs. For the first time in her life, Claire was finally someone's girl, even if she had to share that guy with her daughter.

She took a quick peek behind her when they reached the bottom of the stairs and could only laugh to herself. He was still hard! Yeah, there was plenty of Jeff to go around...

Mom Is Mine

Tom takes Mom from his incompetent father - a cuckold story.

[mt44](#)

Chapter 1 -- Establishing a New Set of Rules

June 6th. Thursday. 10:15 PM.

"Will you get your fat ass out of the way?"

Beth ignored her husband's enraging comment. What she really wanted to do was cut his throat with the sharpest knife that she could find, but she'd worked hard on turning the other cheek lately. Maintaining her composure wasn't exactly easy though.

He turned up the volume as his wife continued to dust in front of their bedroom television. "I can't see the game!"

Heaven forbid that he couldn't see some stupid football game! She'd just about had it with Andy. Had she officially reached her breaking point after twenty years of marriage? It certainly felt like it.

Lazy, condescending, nasty, fat, and downright mean at times: those were just a few adjectives that she would use to describe her not so lovely husband. Each and every turn of the calendar resulted in him turning into a bigger asshole. She would kill for the return of the fairly lazy man who she fell in love with a lifetime ago.

The present-day version of her spouse was vile to her. The comments about her weight were endless. Was she a little more plump than she was back in her twenties? Sure, but who wasn't? And she'd tried so hard to lose weight lately! And she'd lost some! Countless numbers of her excess pounds had been trimmed courtesy of her new diet and gym-going habits.

Beth had always considered herself to be a curvy five-foot-five. Her D-cup breasts and sizable backside complemented her brown eyes and shoulder-length brunette hair perfectly—at least that's how she felt a decade ago. Years of verbal abuse had completely crushed her self-esteem, and she could pinpoint the exact moment when things really took a turn for the worst.

It was when Tom went off to college.

The majority of her husband's previous negativity was reserved for when they were in private. Andy's true colors only showed when their son wasn't around, but with Tom off at college for the past eight months—with the exception of him returning home for winter break—the nasty remarks soon became commonplace everywhere. If she overcooked something, she was an idiot; if she bought the wrong item at the grocery store, she was stupid; and no matter how much she exercised, she was always fat.

Being the house's primary breadwinner only emphasized the irony of her situation. She made a living in real estate while her husband worked in warehousing, and her salary almost doubled what he brought home. Their vast differences in financial contributions had never been an issue, however. It was the burden of having to run the house all by herself that drove her mad.

How did Tom turn out so sweet? She liked to think that she had something to do with her son developing into the amazing nineteen-year-old man who she adored; and to be completely honest, Tom was the only thing keeping her married to Andy. Her baby needed to grow up in a stable environment. She couldn't just rip him away from his father.

"Can you move any fuckin' slower?" he huffed. "Jesus Christ, Beth."

She finished wiping off the dresser before turning back to glare at him. The casualness of her pink sweatpants and black t-shirt didn't reflect her anger whatsoever. She couldn't possibly despise him more at the moment.

"Move!" he ordered loudly.

She placed her hands on her hips defiantly and stared at him. His big beer belly and thinning brown hair only angered her further. A guy like him should be over the moon to have a woman like herself in his life!

"It's third down!" he shouted. "Get the fuck out of the way!"

Did part of her actually prefer that he be such an outright jerk? She certainly didn't love him anymore, and his reprehensible personality caused her to experience significantly less guilt regarding her own feelings. How many times had she dreamed of leaving him? Hundreds? The urge to cheat consumed her every time a nice, respectful, good-looking man showed her even the slightest bit of attention. All she desired was to feel loved and respected. Was that really too much to ask for?

What did she wait for? Sure, Tom had returned home for summer break, but he spent most of the year living in the dorms at his university. He also wasn't a little boy anymore. He could handle his parents going through a divorce, couldn't he? She just never expected her marriage to come to this.

She'd always looked at herself as a supermom. She was the one who worked full-time, ran school fundraisers, drove Tom to practices, and kept their household in check. Filing for divorce would be an admission of failure. It would display a crack in the pristine life that she portrayed to everyone around her. No one in her social circle had any idea that she couldn't stand the man she was married to.

The dating market wasn't exactly welcoming to women on the wrong side of forty, let alone to those with a few extra pounds to boot. Yes, she was kind, friendly, and loved to have fun, but who would pick her over some twenty-two-year-old cutie?

Perhaps it would be best to just accept the life she had? The man lying in bed was her husband, and the only thing she had to look forward to was forty more years of negativity.

"Over the middle...what a catch! Thomas reels it in with one-hand! Oh my goodness!"

He was fuming now, and his intense look of anger from missing a spectacular play in his precious football game brought her joy. Part of her was happy with her decision to block his view by refusing to move. Ruining her asshole husband's night brought her happiness. It was refreshing to make him experience a hint of the misery that he brought to her life on a daily basis.

"Move!" Andy demanded, enraged. "Now!"

She didn't have anything to show for her effort to be the better person for all these years either. Turning the other cheek was bullshit. All it did was allow the other side of her face to be slapped. Her days of being a pushover were behind her, because she was ready to finally stand her ground.

"You're an asshole."

His eyebrows perked up at the sound of her strong tone. "Excuse me?"

"I said that you're an asshole," she repeated calmly, still blocking his view.

"Is that right?" he asked with an arrogant chuckle. "Well, do you want to know something, Beth? I may be an asshole, but you're a fat, old, unappreciative bitch, and the last thing I need is for some cunt to intentionally block my view when I want to watch a football game after a long day at work. Now, get your fat fucking ass out of the way before I snap."

Tears poured from her eyes as she scurried out of the room, slamming the door shut behind her.

"Oh my God, are you kidding me?" he remarked under his breath. "Fuckin' crybaby."

She couldn't stand her ground. She wasn't strong enough! Years of being called fat and old took its toll on her. Her life had turned into a nightmare, and there wasn't any escape.

What if she wasn't the nice, kind, lovable person that she always thought of herself as? Maybe she was delusional? Perhaps Andy hated her because she was unlikable?

"Are you crying?"

She stopped in her tracks. Standing in the middle of the hallway—pausing from his trek back to his bedroom with a glass of water in his hand—was Tom.

"No," she answered, doing her best to hide her red eyes from her son.

"What's wrong?" he asked, concerned.

She turned and looked away. She didn't want him to see her like this. The last thing her nineteen-year-old son needed was to be burdened by her problems.

"Mom," he said, his tone reflecting a man who wanted an answer.

And what would he do if she told him anyway? Tom was her little angel; not her problem solver. Maybe he would mention something to his father the next time he saw him, but Andy would eventually return to his degrading ways—especially once their son went back to school.

But how good would it feel to get it off her chest? She needed someone to vent to. It felt like a godsend to simply have someone in her life who was willing to listen to her problems.

"Mom!" he said louder, demanding to be informed of the situation.

Forty-two-year-old women shouldn't turn to nineteen-year-old college kids for advice. Shouldn't it be the other way around? Was this really where her life was at? Had she merely become a helpless old lady who couldn't even stick up for herself?

Messy, thick brown hair; a dark shade of stubble on his handsome face; striking brown eyes; and a body that show just how much time he spent in the gym: her son should be busy chasing girls on this Thursday night, but he wasn't seducing some lucky nineteen-year-old knockout, was he? No, he was about to be weighed down by her headache instead.

"Your-your-your father," she stammered. "He is-is-is so-so..."

Tom waited for her to finish patiently. He would stand here all night if need be. He couldn't just move on from seeing his amazing mom cry.

"He's-he's-he's so-so mean to me!" she finally managed to spit out.

Relief flooded her body. Her confession was over a decade in the making, and now she wondered why she never acted on her instincts sooner? She no longer carried the weight of the world on her shoulders.

Everyone in her life thought of Andy as a good guy. He always put on such a fake persona at all their family events. Her own mother still talked about how lucky she was to be married to such a charming man, for God's sake! Charming? He wasn't charming! He was an asshole, but no one knew it!

Well, someone else did now, and he just so happened to stand in front of her with a baffled expression all over his face.

"What?" he asked.

"Dad is so mean to me!" she repeated, still flustered but significantly relieved. "He always calls me names, makes fun of me, and treats me like shit!"

His confused look grew. Was Mom messing with him? Since when was Dad nasty to her? He'd never heard negative or nasty comments from his father, and while his parents didn't exactly seem lovestruck with each other, things weren't horrible either.

"He's mean to you?" he questioned. "When?"

"When you're not around," she answered. "He always waits until we're alone. Everyone thinks that he's this great guy, but he isn't. He's a total jerk!"

His brown eyes squinted slightly as he continued to stare at her, dressed in black basketball shorts and a red tank top. His big biceps and muscular shoulders showed just how much he'd grown since leaving for college. Her little angel had left for school as a boy, and returned as a man.

"I'm being serious!" she raised her voice. "I'm not lying!"

"I never said that you were lying," he told her, surprised by her revelation. "I've just never heard any of these comments before. What does Dad say?"

Why should she hold back now? She already admitted to Tom that his father wasn't the man that he thought he knew. She may as well tell him everything.

"He calls me stupid, old, and he always tells me I'm fat," she admitted. "Constantly."

His blood began to boil. "He says those things to you?"

"Every day!" she continued to vent. "I'm so sick of it! I do so much around here and he doesn't appreciate any of it. Like, I was trying to dust our bedroom a few minutes ago, and told me to get my fat ass out of the way because I was blocking the TV."

His hand balled into a fist instinctively. He didn't realize it, but his water almost spilled from the manner in which his arms shook with rage. He was furious.

"And then he called me a fat, old, unappreciative bitch," she told him.

His left eye twitched.

"And a cunt too!" she shouted, her anger beginning to rise as she replayed Andy's conceited tone in her head.

"Hold this," he said, handing her his glass of water. He stormed past her and made a beeline straight for his parents' closed bedroom door at the end of the upstairs hallway.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

He didn't answer. He was far too preoccupied with what he'd heard to find the words to respond. So, this was his father? It was no secret that Dad was on the lazy side, but this version of him sounded like hell to live with. How long had this been going on for? Had his amazing mother actually been miserable for years?

He burst into his parents' bedroom to find his dad lounging in bed.

"Back already?" Andy asked, his eyes yet to leave the television.

Stomp! Stomp! Stomp!

"Jesus, it sounds like you're going to fall through the floor," Andy snickered. "Maybe you—whoa!"

Tom grabbed a big handful of his father's t-shirt and slammed him back against the wooden headboard of the bed. Dad's eyes finally left from the TV and stared at his face, confused and maybe even a little fearful. If what his mother had told him was indeed true—and she'd never lied to him before—then he wanted Dad to be terrified.

"What did you say to Mom?" Tom growled.

"What did I say to Mom?" Andy asked after taking a deep gulp. He'd never seen his son so enraged. "What?"

Tom's fingers dug deeper into the cotton fabric in his grasp. "What did you say to her before she came out into the hallway?"

"I-I-I did-didn't say anything," Andy sputtered, attempting to conceal his lie.

He roughly pushed his father again, causing the back of his head to thud against the wood behind him. "Don't lie to me!"

"I-I-I don't know what you're talking about," Andy said.

He stared deeply into his father's frightened brown eyes. "Did you call Mom a fat, old, unappreciative bitch?"

"I—"

"And did you call her a cunt?" he cut off his father.

"We—"

"It's a yes or no question," Tom interrupted.

Andy would never admit it, but he was scared. Tom had always been a strong kid who excelled in sports throughout his years of school, and the muscular frame he possessed reflected the past decade

of year-round physical competition. The fifteen pounds of muscles that he'd put on since going off to college only enhanced his already impressive body.

He couldn't help but be intimidated by the way his son effortlessly jolted him back against the headboard. Tom was taller—at an imposing six-foot-one compared to Andy's five-foot-seven stature—significantly fitter, and undeniably stronger. The vein which bulged in his bicep as he continued to squeeze his shirt was scary. For the first time in his life, Andy found himself legitimately worried for his safety inside his own house.

"I may have-have-have sa-said some things," he stuttered, glancing at his son's powerful forearm which held him in place.

"Did you call her a cunt?" Tom asked again. "And did you tell her she's fat?"

His father nodded meekly.

"Sweetheart, relax!"

Tom's head snapped around to find his mother now in the room with them. She kept her distance cautiously, just inside the entryway. Her look of concern was impossible to miss.

"It's fine," he told his mom. "You shouldn't be here for this."

She'd never seen anything like Andy's look of panic. He appeared so weak—like a younger sibling being bullied by his big brother—but her husband couldn't be further from a little kid, and the guy with a handful of his shirt certainly wasn't his older brother. Andy was a forty-five-year-old man being dominated by his own son!

She never could've imagined watching something like this unfold after informing Tom about her personal life. The optimistic part of her had hoped for her sweetheart of a son to sit down and have a mature discussion with his father regarding his behavior, but he clearly decided to handle the situation differently—much differently.

And even more unexpected was how much she found herself enjoying it.

Tom moved his mouth next to his father's ear to keep his voice hidden from Mom. "I'm going to say this extremely slowly and clearly so there isn't any confusion. Mom and I talk every day, and once I go back to school, we'll text every day as well. She's going to keep me updated on what's going on around here. Now, if I find out that you even utter a disrespectful word to her—let alone call her something like a cunt again—I'll fuckin' kill you."

Andy's heart stopped beating.

"And I'm not trying to sound like a tough guy either," Tom went on, still forcibly pressing the back of Dad's head against the wood to his rear. "I'm simply telling you how things are going to work from now on. You either treat Mom like the amazing woman she is, or you shut your fuckin' mouth. Understood?"

Andy nodded gingerly, terrified.

Tom released his hold on his father's shirt before turning to look at his mother, and he couldn't help but be caught off guard from what he saw. She didn't appear stunned, confused, or even scared. Instead, she looked pleased.

"You can sleep in my room tonight."

Beth's focus left her shocked husband and shifted to her son. "What?"

"You shouldn't have to sleep in the same bed as someone who talks down to you," Tom told her.

"You can sleep in my room."

"Thanks, honey," she said with a smile.

"No problem," he smiled back. "Is there anything you need to get?"

She walked over to her nightstand, her eyes locked on the dispirited asshole who'd acted so cocky mere minutes ago. Andy was a tough guy when it came to mocking her, but he crumbled the moment a real man stepped up to him. His recent behavior reaffirmed everything she already knew about him.

She grabbed her Kindle and followed her son into the hallway.

"You didn't need to do that," she said, thrilled to finally have someone stick up for her, but slightly troubled from what she witnessed.

"No, I did," Tom said as he shut his parents' bedroom door. "Has this been going on for a long time?"

She nodded.

"I wish you would've told me about this earlier," he said. "You don't deserve to be talked to like that."

She wrapped her arms around him and gave him the biggest hug of her life. Everything about him was perfect. As if he wasn't smart, funny, athletic, and handsome enough to begin with, now he was a total gentleman on top of all his other amazing traits? Those college girls were probably fighting each other for the privilege of getting his time.

"I put your water on your nightstand if you want to grab it," she told him after breaking off their embrace. The two headed into his room where Beth slid into his bed. "Thanks again, honey. I really appreciate it."

He swiftly joined her under the covers. "No problem, Mom."

Watching her son slam his father against their bed headboard took a back seat to her current moment of confusion. She couldn't have been more baffled. "Um...what are you doing?"

He reached out to retrieve his water from the nightstand. "Huh?"

"I thought you said that I could have your bedroom tonight," she reminded him.

"I did," he answered nonchalantly before helping himself to a sip.

She continued to stare at him.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Did she really need to answer that? She was comfortably under the covers in bed, all ready to read a few chapters on her Kindle before calling it a night, except she wasn't alone. A certain nineteen-year-old had decided to join her, but he wasn't some hunk from her latest romance novel. No, the guy a few feet to her left just so happened to be her son.

"I wasn't expecting you to be here too," she said awkwardly. Nothing about this felt right.

His curious look had yet to alter. "It's a queen size bed. There's plenty of room."

Spacing wasn't her problem. It was who she shared the bed with. "Honey—"

"Is this weird for you?" he interrupted.

"It's not weird for you?" she asked.

"Why would it be weird for me?" he questioned, casual as ever.

"Because I'm your mother," she answered, flabbergasted that she needed to explain the situation. "I assumed that you would sleep downstairs on the couch."

He took another sip of his water before setting the glass back down on his nightstand. "I can leave if you want."

"No, I don't want to kick you out. I just wasn't expecting this. You know what? It's fine."

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Totally sure," she said with a warm smile. "You're right. It's a big bed. There's plenty of room."

He shot her a smile of his own before turning on the TV and finding the football game that was still underway. She powered on her Kindle and the mother and son went about their night, disregarding any of the awkwardness that came along from sharing the same bed with each other.

Chapter 2 -- A New Man of the House

Twenty Minutes Later.

Beth decided to call it a night after the football game ended. It was funny in a way. She never had any interest in watching sports with Andy, but it was fun to cheer on her son's fantasy football running back. He just made everything so enjoyable!

Heavy clouds covered the moon on this cool June night, preventing any hint of light to seep in through the bedroom windows. She didn't like her chances of being able to sleep anytime soon either. Her mind raced with the thought of who she was in bed with, but even more disconcerting was a certain question that she'd wanted to ask for the past twenty minutes. She couldn't keep quiet any longer.

"Do you think I'm fat?"

Tom turned on his nightstand light before rolling over onto his back. A quick peek to the right revealed his mother in the same position. "What?"

"Do you think I'm fat?" she repeated, still under the covers.

"Of course not," he answered without a moment of hesitation.

"Be honest with me. Don't just say no because I'm your mom."

"I'm being honest," he told her. "Fat? Are you crazy?"

"I—"

"You need to forget everything that Dad has said to you," he jumped in. "First off, you're not fat. You're curvy. You're thick. You have some meat on your bones but that doesn't make you anything close to fat. Second, there's something that I've waited to say since I got home last week. I didn't

think it was my place to comment on something like this, but I don't care any longer. You need to hear it."

She waited anxiously.

"I've noticed that you've lost weight."

Her face lit up with excitement. "You can tell!?"

"Absolutely, I can tell," he nodded, smiling as a result of her excitement. "I don't want you to think that I thought differently before either. You've always looked great, but you just look extra amazing now. Your new body is ridiculous."

Her excitement turned to shock at what she just heard. "Ri-ri-ridiculous?"

"You're a smokeshow now," he said.

She stared up at the white bedroom ceiling, confused. "What's a smokeshow?"

"A dime-piece," he explained.

"Sweetheart, I have no idea what any of these things mean," she laughed nervously. While she desperately wanted to believe that he called her attractive, she couldn't fool herself into pretending to know his college boy lingo.

"You're really hot," he admitted brazenly.

Well, she certainly understood that. His Generation Z jargon may have confused her, but even Generation X'ers were familiar with what that meant. Her son just called her hot! And while in bed with her!

"You-you-you think I'm hot?" she asked, flattered but beyond baffled from hearing that come from the last guy she ever would've expected.

"Absolutely," he confirmed his words.

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"You don't think you're hot?" he questioned, interrupting the silence.

"I...um..."

"Come on, Mom," he laughed almost arrogantly. His voice dripped with confidence. "Are you serious?"

She didn't know what to say.

"You kept all of your amazing curves even after losing some weight," he filled her in on what his father should've already done. How in the world could Dad call her fat? Was he crazy? "Mom, you have an insane body now. You have a great butt, sexy hips, and that unbelievable bust, but you slimmed down too. It's crazy."

She'd never been more speechless. Years of being called fat and old crippled her self-esteem. This was her dream, wasn't it? To be fawned over by someone she loved? She definitely received her wish tonight—even if it came from the last guy she ever expected.

"You're hot as fuck," he announced bravely. "Not that you weren't hot before. You're just extra hot now."

She was still in bed with her son, right? Someone else hadn't slipped under the sheets instead? Tom had never talked this way to her. He was always respectful and polite—like a good son should be—but this side of him was unlike anything she'd seen before. He just called her "hot as fuck!" What in the world?

"Baby, I don't know what to say," she told him, blushing and struggling to conceal her smile. It'd been a long time since someone complimented her appearance. "I—oh my God, what are you doing!?"

Tom rolled over and kissed her. It wasn't a smooch on the cheek, the forehead, or any of the already inappropriate places to embrace your own mother. No, he kissed her on the lips.

It was a bold move from a bold guy, but he'd decided to change his life for the better after he went off to college. His days of waiting around for what he wanted were in the past.

If he liked a girl, then he asked her out; if the way someone behaved annoyed him, then he told them to stop; and if his sexy mother didn't receive the proper love and attention that she deserved, then he would personally attend to her needs.

Beth quickly pushed him off of her. What the hell was that!? Not only did he kiss her, but he kissed her on the mouth! But what caught her most by surprise was the sight of him coming in for round two.

"No, sweetheart, we—"

Her protests were cut short by a shock wave that electrified her lips. What happened to her protests? Had she given up that easily?

Not only had she accepted her son's daring move, but her hand squeezed his bulging bicep as he became acquainted with her mouth. As impressive as her own weight loss was, Tom's decision to hit the gym at college was even more amazing. He was ripped now!

She did it again. She drifted up into a world where Tom was a cute guy from the gym. This was her son, and she needed to snap back to reality!

She finally managed to push him off, only for him to move his affection to her neck instead.

"We really shouldn't do this," she opposed, making little progress with her attempt to push him off. His vast muscles resembled a brick wall. He was so strong!

Gentle kisses moved along her skin until he found her ear. "You deserve someone who cares about you."

She really did, didn't she? All she truly yearned for was a guy who treated her like a queen. Actually, she didn't even need that! She just wanted to be loved!

She desired to remember the feeling of being respected, cherished, and thought about. What was it like to come home to flowers and chocolate? Who was president the last time she went out to dinner and a movie? It couldn't have been more obvious that Andy didn't care about her, but the hunk worshiping her neck certainly seemed to hold her in high regard.

"This isn't right," she told him, her hand moving up to his wide shoulder. "We really can't do this."

He brushed several strands of stray hairs out her eyes as he gazed at her and said, "I love you."

"I love you too, but—"

"No, I really love you," he interjected. "More than you can possibly imagine. The idea of you being miserable makes my blood boil. Even the thought of Dad treating you poorly makes me want to snap. Mom, you're the most amazing woman I've ever met, and I can't let you be anything other than happy."

Her face softened courtesy of his touching words. She was the most amazing woman that he'd ever met? How could she possibly resist his advances now? And as his mouth moved back to her neck, she decided to let him do whatever he wanted. Tonight, whether it was right or wrong, she would allow herself to be appreciated.

"I can't get over how sexy you are now," he told her.

His deep purr in her ear caused the hairs on the back of her neck to stand up straight. He lusted after her! He told her she was sexy more times in the past five minutes than Andy had in the last five years. What was she supposed to do? Pretend that his unbelievable compliments didn't mean anything? But they did! They meant the world to her!

"Thank you," she said quietly, his lips continuing their amazing trek of worship along the soft skin of her neck. "That's very sweet of you."

"Well, you taste sweet," he whispered before planting a kiss on her lips. And just like that, he was back in her ear again. "There's something I've wanted for a long time."

Her heart beat out of her chest. The intensity of the moment kicked into overdrive. He wanted something more than a kiss?

"What's that?" she asked timidly.

"Take a guess," he whispered, his voice barely audible despite speaking directly into her ear."

His hand crawled slowly along her stomach, the cotton of her black t-shirt providing the only barrier between his fingers and her skin. The heat which radiated off his body comforted her. It calmed her worries. Somehow, his touch made everything right.

Tom was propped up on his right side with his mouth next to her ear, but he may as well have held her in his grasp. Being this close to a big, strong, muscular guy was foreign territory for her. It felt like a lifetime since she was intimate with a man who carried himself with confidence and power, and she swiftly found herself seduced by his charm.

But what could her son want from her?

"In fact, it's been my biggest fantasy for quite some time," he revealed before planting a loving kiss on her outer earlobe.

Her body quivered. She didn't just feel it in her chest, stomach, or her feet either. Her entire body shuddered from the immense amount of love wrapped up in a single smooch. She'd never felt so cherished.

But she still couldn't get the mystery of her son's biggest fantasy out of her mind. Who knew how deep his lust ran? For how many years had he held her in such high regard? What if instead of

dreaming about dating cheerleaders and cute blondes at school, her little angel actually fantasized about her?

"What's your biggest fantasy?" she asked.

His lips couldn't possibly be closer to her ear. "For you to suck my cock."

She stopped breathing. The revelation of his true feelings flattered her, but she couldn't deny how inappropriate her night had turned. She wasn't one of his cute classmates. She was his mother!

She had almost four billion men to choose from. The world was full of guys who would be up for fulfilling her sexual needs, and she could most likely find at least a few willing suitors to provide her with the emotional support that she so desperately craved as well. Why couldn't she go land one of them? Why didn't she download some dating app to find a fling?

Her problem was that she didn't want some regular guy.

Was it wrong to admit that her son was a hunk? His thick head of messy brown hair was the envy of every man who crossed his path, and his handsome face caused her to question his relation to his father. They barely looked alike at all!

His brown eyes were sharp but soft. His warm smile caused her heart to melt. His muscular body reminded her of the studs from her dirty novels, and his aggressive behavior from tonight washed away any doubts that he hadn't fully grown up. Just look at how he defended her from his father!

But a brief moment of unbridled lust couldn't compare to his request. They could move on from twenty seconds of kissing. Heck, she could forget all about the incredible—but monumentally inappropriate—compliments he gave her too. She could put it all behind her!

What she couldn't leave behind was her love.

Tom was her perfect angel, and he was also the only thing keeping her with Andy. She spent all of these years dreaming about a perfect man who would love her for who she was. She craved a partner who admired and respected her. She just wanted someone who valued her as a person.

It wasn't until this very second when she realized that her ideal match had been in her life all along.

But his request was a drastic step up from a simple kiss. She couldn't actually mess around with her own son. Even considering such an act of degeneracy caused her to question what kind of person she really was, and that only made her following words so much more confusing.

"Okay," she said with a shy smile.

Tom didn't celebrate, scream for joy, or even return her rather uncomfortable smile. He simply positioned his pillow against the headboard as he sat up in bed. Suddenly, the blankets were on the floor and his t-shirt followed, and it was in that moment when she came to a sudden conclusion while propped up on her side.

She made the right decision.

Tom was a man. Andy didn't behave like a man, but he didn't look like one either. Her husband was a slob. Tom, on the other hand, was anything but.

Her son was lean and muscular, but it were his shoulders that caused her body to go limp. They were so strong and wide. His powerful physique reflected a man who could pick her up and throw

her around in the bedroom. He was a man who could have her way with her whether she wanted it or not.

Not that she was worried about unsolicited advances. She knew that her son would never hurt or take advantage of her, but she couldn't pretend that she wasn't turned on by the idea of submitting to a stud who could dominate her physically.

His calm demeanor captivated her. His refusal to ask or beg for what he wanted didn't even remotely resemble his father. Andy would order her around, but in a condescending fashion; meanwhile, Tom possessed an effortless confidence that his dad couldn't dream of owning.

His basketball shorts were next to fly off the bed as his boxers swiftly followed. And there he was—her son in all his naked glory—and boy, was he something.

"That's—"

"I know," he interrupted his mother boldly. "You don't have to tell me. I'm way bigger than Dad."

Now, *this* was a man. You aren't cocky if you have the ability to back up your claims, and her eyes gazed at a certain something which was more than capable of doing just that. His handsome face, big muscles, chiseled abs, and towering cock caused her to instinctively wet her lips. She'd never shared a bed with a guy like this.

"How did you know?" she asked, still staring at his erect manhood.

"That I'm bigger than Dad?" he questioned while gazing at her. "I just do. There's no way that asshole doesn't have a little dick—especially with the way he talks to you."

Tom's size fourteen feet were a recurring joke in their household for as long as she could remember. The sight of Andy's size eight shoes next to her son's sneakers sometimes caused her to do a double take as to who was the adult in her life. It turned out her husband's quips about their son's rather large features weren't far off. In fact, his remarks were right on the money.

She looked at the biggest cock that she'd ever seen.

His manhood was big, thick, and veiny. It was the polar opposite of Andy's below-average and usually half-hard penis. Physically, there wasn't anything soft about her stud son, and his impressive size would appear intimidating if she wasn't deeply in love with the angel who it was attached to.

And then she got an up close and personal look at it.

A strong hand reached out and gripped the back of her neck, and she didn't put up a hint of a fight as she allowed herself to be pulled toward his groin. She found her purpose. She finally understood her meaning. Her key to eternal happiness involved the stud sitting against the bed headboard with his long legs running the length of his soft mattress, and she was done fighting what she truly craved.

"Fuck yeah, Mom..." he moaned as her lips wrapped around the swollen head of his throbbing meat.

Of course, his precum tasted sweet—unlike his father. And why wouldn't his cock have felt right at home inside her mouth? The boy she once drove to football and basketball practice on a daily basis had turned into a man who college girls fought over the chance to date, but she had no intention of sharing him. Nope, this hunk was all hers.

How long had it been since she bobbed up and down on a rock-hard cock of a man she loved and desired? Fifteen years? Maybe longer? Hearing him groan with pleasure as she serviced his member gave her chills. She could stay curled up in his bed forever. She just wanted to make him happy.

"Deeper," he demanded.

She officially found her happy place. A cool wind shot down her spine as a result of his strict order. Her perfect son treated her like one of his college girlfriends, but she couldn't be further from some cutie who he attended school with. She was a forty-two-year-old woman! And she was his mother!

She found herself in such a trance that she never noticed his hand slide along her back—over her shoulder—and latched onto her right breast. His touch calmly rested on her boob, over the outside of her shirt. His simple action was more than enough confirmation of how sexy she was in his eyes, and she would soak in every second of his validation.

Those girls at school were just that: girls. They weren't women. They didn't know about the time he cut his foot from stepping on broken glass as a kid. They weren't there for the energetic Christmas mornings, the heart-wrenching high school football defeats, or the time he called her for a ride home because he got drunk at a party with his friends in tenth grade.

But she was there for every single one of those moments.

A man like him required a woman. Some ditzy nineteen-year-old college girl couldn't cook him her homemade lasagna that he loved so much, and she certainly wouldn't be able to attend to all of his needs. Her baby deserved the royal treatment, and she planned to give him exactly that.

She expanded her throat as far as possible in an attempt to swallow him whole. Even with her impressive oral ability, her gag reflex kicked in halfway down his thick, slippery shaft. His big feet may have made Andy look like a child, but his perfect cock reduced her husband to a distant memory.

"That feels so fuckin' good," he moaned, holding her hair after he moved it out of her eyes.

She tried her best to deepthroat him again, but came up well short. She wanted nothing more than to take every inch of thick cock. He deserved it! But he was just too big!

"Remember when we ran into each other downstairs the other night?" he asked.

How could she forget? Their encounter qualified as slightly awkward to say the least. Well, it was before tonight. Now, it was small potatoes compared to what they'd done.

She underwent a bit of a change in wardrobe after losing twenty pounds over the past three months. A handful of sexy outfits—at least by her standards—made their way into her closet. Perhaps the most risqué being the black satin nightie that she started to wear to bed. It may not have displayed any cleavage, but the sleeveless gown certainly showed her arms and quite a bit of her thighs.

She bumped into Tom earlier in the week downstairs at midnight. They'd both stumbled into the kitchen for a glass of water, and he seemed more than surprised by her choice of clothing. He never said anything to her about her nightie, but she had a feeling that she would discover his true thoughts on her latest purchase now.

"Mm-hmm," she answered, her mouth rather full at the moment.

"Where's that sexy nightie you had on?" he asked.

Her head almost exploded! Sexy nightie! She knew it! Andy never even commented about her sultry gown, but Tom thought it was sexy!

Her lips left his manhood as she gazed into his eyes. "You think it's sexy?"

"The girl wearing it made it look sexy," he told her with a grin.

She wanted to scream. She was done with her husband. There wouldn't be any more hugs, kisses, or attempts at sex. She no longer desired to rekindle the special bond that they once shared. This was the guy she wanted now. This was her new man.

"That's so nice of you," she said with a smile.

"How about you go put it on for me?"

"Now?" she asked.

"Yeah, now," he nodded.

She scurried up to his face and planted a big kiss on his cheek before hopping off the bed and hustling for the door. Her hunky son wanted to see her in a nightie. How sexy was that? And she found more than enough confirmation of how he viewed her when she took a quick peek back at the bed. Whose eyes were locked on her every step while he stroked his big dick? None other than the love of her life.

She hurried down the hallway and burst into her bedroom.

"Look who decided to come back," Andy snickered.

She ran over to her dresser, her eager hands hurrying to rifle through her underwear drawer.

"We need to talk about what happened," he said.

Why wasn't her nightie in her drawer? She couldn't keep Tom waiting!

"Hey, Beth!" he raised his voice, not appreciating being ignored. "Our son was completely out of line earlier!"

She dug through the rest of her dresser drawers feverishly, desperate to find the one thing that her baby wanted.

"He made me bleed!" Andy shouted. "The back of my head slammed against the headboard when he pushed me!"

She dropped the pair of sweatpants in her grasp abruptly. Tom made Andy bleed? Not only had her son stormed into her bedroom and put his father in his place, but he made him bleed on top of it? She couldn't believe it, but she'd never been more turned on in her life.

"Good," she remarked under her breath.

"Excuse me?" Andy asked, stunned. "What did you just say?"

She ignored his question and instead moved to her walk-in closet where a particular piece of clothing hung from a hanger in plain sight. A light may as well have shone upon the sexy attire. She yanked the nightie off the hanger and dashed back through the bedroom.

"Beth," her husband attempted to get her attention. "Beth!"

She slammed the door shut behind her as she made her way through the hallway and inside the upstairs bathroom. Damn it! She forgot new panties! It looked like she would just have to deal with how wet her underwear was, because there was no way she would go back to deal with Andy again.

She checked her hair, opted for a little eyeliner, and pulled down on her nightie to show a hint of cleavage. Moments later, she was on her way back to her son's room.

A loud whistle immediately rang out after she opened his bedroom door, causing her to giggle as she closed it behind her. Of course, he was still rock-hard, and obviously he stroked his big dick at the sight of her. Was there any question that he wouldn't have playfully whistled after seeing her in her nightwear too? Why wouldn't the compliments continue to pour in?

"Jesus Christ, you're so fuckin' hot," he grunted, his hand wrapped around his thick cock.

She felt like a model. A simple step toward the bed caused Tom to lick his lips. A flirtatious spin culminated in his eyes worshipping her body. Every single one of his reactions made her feel like a queen. She was a goddess in his eyes, and he reminded her of that—constantly.

He coaxed her in his direction with an inviting finger. "Get your sexy ass back up here."

She scrambled onto the bed and curled up next to him again, her mouth wasting little time finding the piece of meat that her lips so desperately missed. She was on a mission to take him to cloud nine. Her son deserved to be treated like a king, and no one could be his queen better than her.

The sudden sensation of his big, strong hand massaging her breast under her silk nightie caused her to force her throat as far down on his dick as possible. She'd never been so turned on. Even the masculine odor which gushed from his pores didn't resemble any prior scent in her life. He was the first real man that she'd ever been with.

He possessed the ability to make her feel so warm and protected, yet simultaneously vulnerable. Could she possibly say no to him? Her baby would be able to get her to do anything he wanted, but without any concern for her safety. There was an immense sense of trust in the man she shared the bed with.

"Good girl," he moaned. His clutch on her soft right breast grew stronger as her blowjob turned deep and sloppy.

Could she debate it? Why would she even bother to question herself? It couldn't have been more obvious.

She was madly in love.

His hand reluctantly slipped away from her breast and found the back of her nightie. He gave it a soft tug upward, exposing her black panties as his cock continued to bath in the blissful waters that were his mom's mouth.

"I think I know why Dad talks shit about you," he said.

His comment caused her head to pop up, her hand stroking her favorite new toy. "What?"

"I said that I know why Dad talks shit about you," he repeated. "Do you want to know why?"

She gulped nervously before immediately relaxing. Her days of being mocked and talked down to were well in the past. Now, she had a man who would never hurt her.

"Why's that?" she asked.

"Because his little dick can't handle an ass like this," he grinned, leaning forward and grabbing a big handful of her plump backside. He gave it a shake before checking off another box on his list of fantasies.

He spanked her.

His powerful smack caught her by surprise. "Oh!"

"You need a real man for this body," he told her as he gave her ass another rough crack.

She locked eyes with him, their seductive grins fueling each other's naughty sides. "I think I have a real man now."

"You do have a real man now," he corrected her firmly.

"I do, don't I?" she giggled, visually worshiping the towering dick that her slick hand continued to slide along. "I have a big, thick, fat cock to keep me nice and happy now, isn't that right?"

"Fuckin' right you do," he confirmed, his voice oozing of confidence.

"And it's my job to make sure that my man is taken care of," she said with a playful smirk. "Now, how do I go about doing that?"

"Well, for starters, you can keep sucking my cock," he told her while slapping away her hand that played with her pussy. "That's my job now, by the way."

Who knew that it could feel so good to be helpless? She had no idea how much she craved to be at the complete mercy of a man whom she couldn't get enough of. Experiencing his touch slip inside her underwear and graze over her little landing strip changed her life, and it was about time that she finally allowed herself to be loved the way that she so rightfully deserved.

"You're so fuckin' wet," he noted.

Her soaked pussy dripped on his fingers as he gently touched her vulva. He wasn't even inside her. A simple rub along her vaginal lips could make her squirm. His touch was electric. His movements enraptured her. Her incredible son had her in a trance.

But nothing compared to what happened next.

Her head rocketed off his dick as she gasped for breath. "Oh my God, baby!"

He rubbed her clit.

She was on the verge of exploding already? Really? It certainly didn't take long for her impending orgasm to bubble deep inside her stomach—not that she expected anything different. Everything about her angel was magical.

The big head of Tom's cock pressed against the side of her face as she hung on for dear life. It'd been so long since she experienced an orgasm with another person that she almost forgot how unbelievable the build-up could be—or how fast.

"Put that cock back in your mouth," he ordered. "I want you gagging on me when you cum."

Another order! No please, no begging, and no whining like a little boy. Her son knew what was best for her, and if that meant choking on his big dick, then she would be a good girl and do whatever he said.

His right hand rubbed her pussy while his left hand tangled in her hair. Could life possibly get better than this? She couldn't believe how much she missed slurping and slobbering all over the cock of a man she loved.

"This is something I could get used to," he told her with a chuckle.

She wanted nothing more than to tell him that she felt the same way, but the big dick currently stuffed in her mouth didn't allow her to speak. Besides, she was moments away from cumming harder than she had in years. Could she even form a coherent sentence at the moment? God, she could barely think straight!

His fingers electrified her skin. Every rub of his increasingly faster-moving fingers sent her body into a frenzy; and now, curled up on her angel's bed with his big dick in her mouth, she was about to experience the most forbidden pleasure possible. She was about to be a very bad mother.

Her mouth went limp around his manhood as her body shook and twitched courtesy of his touch. The pleasure center of her brain went haywire. The big dick between her lips was all that prevented her from screaming, and you better believe that she would make a racket if her son's thick cock didn't reduce her passionate cries to moans of bliss.

A deep fire exploded in her stomach, shooting the length of her body as her eyes rolled back in her head. Her world turned white as her surroundings temporarily ceased to exist. Forget about Andy. None of her boyfriends before her husband had ever made her feel anything like the heat which consumed her soul either.

She'd allowed herself into the hands of the one person she loved more than anyone in the world, and the rewards were endless. She was a satisfied mess curled up next to her man. Tonight, she was her son's little slut.

He raised his hand to his mouth, the wetness from her pussy lips clearly visible to her eyes. She watched his fingers slip between his lips with a devilish grin in his eyes. Oh my God, he tasted her! Her own son tasted her!

"You taste so good," he told her as he licked his fingers clean.

She bobbed up and down on his hard member frantically. He loved her taste? How unbelievable was that?

She now had two goals for her baby. One, he would cum harder than he ever had before. Two, she would swallow every drop.

"Just like that," he moaned. "Good girl."

His dominant demeanor drove her crazy. His powerful cadence caused her to desire him further. The same guy who'd called her Mom for the entirety of his life, now ordered her around like one of his college girlfriends, and she couldn't get enough of it.

His powerful hand yanked her head back by her hair, causing the left side of her face to press against his chiseled abs. What was going on? Why was his cock out of her reach as he stroked himself? But she wanted to make him cum!

"I'm gonna cum all over your pretty face," he grunted, his strokes turning short and rapid.

Well, question answered. Andy always begged to give her facials but she never allowed him to do it. Why would she have? Her husband disgusted her. She couldn't imagine submitting to a man who didn't show her an ounce of respect.

Once again, Tom didn't ask or beg for what he wanted. He simply told her how things would work. He wanted to cum all over her face, and she would be a good girl and take it. She finally found a man who she would do anything for.

She closed her eyes and extended her tongue as far as possible. She would be a dirty, filthy, slutty mess in a matter of seconds, and she planned to receive a mouthful of her son at the same time. He'd turned all of her fantasies to reality without even discussing her desires. He somehow already knew what she craved!

He moaned passionately as the first explosion of cum burst from his cock. Shot after shot slammed into her face as he firmly held her in place by her hair. She couldn't see the damage that he did, but she absolutely felt it, and she could more than hear it. His intense grunts sent a chill down her spine.

Seven thick, powerful blasts of cum left his signature all over her face. His warm semen dripped down her skin, coating her pouty lips as she soaked in his essence. Even the intensity of Tom's orgasm put his dad to shame. Andy only ejaculated a few drops, but her son fired ropes.

She lunged at his cock, wrapping her lips around the throbbing head of his manhood eagerly. She'd never found herself in a situation like this before. The right side of her face dripped with his fluids, and her tongue had the good fortune of receiving a direct blast of cum which she swiftly gulped down.

Why wouldn't he have tasted better than Andy? Her angel's cum was sweet! He was so yummy that she wanted more!

She thoroughly cleaned him off, extracting every drop of his precious seed. She couldn't believe how bad he made her want to be. She wanted to be dirty. She wanted to be slutty. She wanted to be his fantasy girl.

"You got me all messy," she giggled after pulling her mouth off his cock and turning to look at him.

"Get used to it," he said, lowering her mouth back to his dick. "You're my dirty girl now."

She could live in her nightie, and she never wanted to leave his bed. She belonged curled up next to her hunky son. Everything felt right with the world while his cock was between her lips.

She pulled her mouth off his dick and used her finger to slide a wad of cum toward her mouth; but suddenly, a loud yell caused her to freeze.

"No!" he shouted.

She looked at him, her face still dripping with his fluids.

"Where's your phone?" he asked.

A quick glance at her side of the bed revealed that she'd forgotten her phone. "Crap, I left it in my room."

"How were you planning to wake up tomorrow without an alarm?" he asked, his cock still hard as a rock.

"I totally forgot," she told him. "It slipped my mind between how upset your father made me, and then you sticking up for me, and everything else that happened. It's a good thing that you noticed."

"Yeah, it's a good thing I did," he said with a smirk. "Go get it."

"My phone?"

He nodded.

"Now?" she asked.

He nodded once again.

She hopped off his bed before the sound of him clearing his throat caused her to look back. "Don't get cleaned up first either. Go straight to your bedroom."

She returned his smirk with a wicked grin of her own. "You're so bad!"

"You bring it out in me," he smiled, soaking in every inch of her sexy body. "Bedroom first."

She hustled out of his room and skipped down the hallway. She was seriously about to do this? Shouldn't she stop to reconsider her plan first?

Sucking her own son's cock was one thing, but showing her husband the results of her incestuous fun was an entirely different story. And Tom wanted this! He demanded that his father saw what he did to her!

How sexy was that? Her baby claimed her, and it was time for Andy to be informed of the changes that were made while he watched TV obliviously. Her husband was about to be in for one hell of a surprise.

She opened her bedroom door and strolled over to her nightstand.

"Back again?" Andy asked harshly, his eyes never leaving the television. "I was serious earlier too. We need to talk about that kid's behavior. Beth, he can't disrespect me like that in my own house."

She tried her hardest not to laugh. "Oh, I agree."

"Someone needs to smack some sense into him," he said. "My father would've killed me if I pulled something like that."

"It was completely uncalled for," she told him, grinning as she retrieved her phone and charger. "We all know that you're the real man of the house. Maybe you should go show Tom that?"

"Well, he's grown a lot over the past few years," he said, finally turning to her. "It isn't so easy to—"

She never felt more alive than when she watched his jaw drop as he cut himself off mid-sentence. He couldn't have been more stunned. Why wouldn't her rude, obnoxious, and annoying husband be at a complete loss for words? She didn't exactly expect a different reaction.

"Wha-wha-wha what's on your face?" he stammered.

He knew the answer to his question, didn't he? And even if he honestly couldn't tell what was on her face, then she would fill him in real fast. Standing next to their marital bed—in a cute nightie—her index finger slid a big wad of her son's cum into her mouth where she swallowed.

"Yummy," she giggled.

"That-that-that can't be wha-wha-what I think it is," he stuttered again, baffled by what he just saw.

"Oh, you better believe it," she laughed. "Our son made quite the mess."

His already bulging eyes grew bigger with each passing second. "Beth..."

"He's such a stud, but I think the evidence of that is crystal clear," she told him, helping herself to another serving of her son's sweet seed. "I mean, just look at the size of his load! He just kept cumming, and cumming, and cumming..."

"You let our son—"

"Cum all over my face?" she finished his sentence. "I sure did. Not before I gave him a well-deserved blowjob though. He earned it, don't you think? No one has ever stood up for me like he did."

It didn't happen often, but Andy was speechless.

"He didn't even ask for a blowjob," she revealed. "He told me to do it, just like he ordered me to go change into my nightie because he thinks it's sexy. God, that kid drives me crazy, but he isn't a kid anymore, is he? No, my little angel is all man now. He's big, strong, and aggressive, and he made you look like a little kid earlier. Watching him pin you against the headboard made my body do a million different things, but do you want to know what caught me the most by surprise? Andy, it got me wet."

He didn't have a clue what to say.

"You were so helpless," she went on. "You're so mean and condescending to me, but I saw fear in your eyes when he talked to you, and I know that he'll always protect me no matter what. So, go ahead and keep making your nasty remarks and treat me like garbage, and I'll just tell Tom. We both know what he'll do if that happens, don't we? He'll kick the shit out of you."

"What the fuck is wrong with you!?" he shouted, finally snapping out of his haze. "He's our son!"

She turned and headed for the door, but not before treating herself to another helping of cum. "God, does he taste good. Sure, he's our son, but he's more than that. Will he always be my little angel? Absolutely. Part of me will always see the child in him, but he's also a man—my man. He's my baby, my best friend, and now he's my man too. So, I'm going to get cleaned up and then head into his bedroom so I can snuggle with him. Sleep tight, asshole."

And with that, she strutted out the door and headed into the bathroom, more confident than ever. She was invincible, because at the end of the day, she was protected. Andy wouldn't dare step up to Tom.

She washed her face and hair before strolling back into her son's bedroom, where a strong arm swiftly wrapped around her after she slid under the covers. And what was waiting for her when she wiggled into him? A big kiss on the neck, of course.

"Good night, sexy," he whispered in her ear.

"Good night, baby," she smiled, feeling his drained cock rub against her butt as she savored his hold. She instantly drifted to sleep.

Chapter 3 - You Snooze, You Lose

The Following Day. June 7th. Friday. 6:19 PM.

"Where are you going?"

Beth continued to apply her eyeliner in the bathroom mirror while she completely disregarded her husband's question.

"Beth, where are you going?" Andy tried again.

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"Beth!" he yelled as a result of her ignoring him. "Answer me!"

"Out," she finally answered.

"Out where?" he asked.

She let out an annoyed huff before leaning in closer to check that her makeup was perfect. "That's none of your business."

"None of my business?" Andy questioned as he leaned against the bathroom countertop in disbelief. "Of course, it's my business. I deserve to know where my wife is going on a Friday night dressed up like this, and we still haven't discussed that shit from last night either. Whatever it was. Your idea of a fucked up prank or something."

"Oh, that was no prank," she laughed. "Believe me. It was very, very, *very* real."

Andy still struggled to believe that. Everything from the way that Tom slammed him against the headboard, to how he declared that he would kill him if he disrespected his mother was surreal. And what about when Beth returned to the bedroom with what appeared to be cum on her face? No, it couldn't have actually been cum. It just couldn't! This was all some kind of sadistic joke. His family was simply messing with him.

"We need to sit down and—" Andy's train of thought was derailed by heavy footsteps trotting down the upstairs hallway. It was no secret who it was, and if he couldn't get an answer from his wife, then perhaps he could get one from his son?

"Holy fuckin' shit!" Tom exclaimed as he brushed past his father. "This is the dress you bought?"

A surprise text from Tom during her lunch break notified her that he planned to take her out for dinner and a movie tonight. Her first real date night is close to fifteen years didn't come courtesy of her husband, boyfriend, or even a friend. No, it was her son who decided to take her out.

She spent the rest of the workday giddy before sneaking out early to do a little shopping. It definitely qualified as her first time ever participating in something so promiscuous, but she snapped a picture of her cleavage in the changing room and sent it to Tom. And when he responded with a drooling face emoji? Well, she just about lost her mind. Her perfect son had easily trimmed twenty years off her life.

She spun to show Tom all of her black spaghetti strap dress. Not only was it sleeveless, but it was backless. Two straps ran over her shoulder blades and showed off her toned back; and God, did it hug her butt perfectly. The very ass that her idiot husband talked down about, was what her hunky son couldn't take his eyes off of.

The picture that she texted him earlier didn't do her gown justice. The v-neck dipped well into her bust, displaying plenty of her creamy cleavage. And what about her sexy black heels? She felt like a movie star!

She couldn't remember the last time that she put so much effort into her hair and makeup. Tonight felt like a first date! She'd never been so desperate to impress someone before. Her baby possessed the ability to make her feel like she was twenty-two all over again, and she needed to show just how much she appreciated him.

"Do you like it?" she asked while spinning once again.

He approached her methodically, his lustful eyes refusing to leave her body. She soon found herself with her butt pressed against the bathroom countertop, and her imposing son standing mere inches in front of her. His hand reached out and found her hip.

"Sexiest woman alive," he whispered as he leaned in and planted a big kiss on her ear.

She didn't look nice, pretty, or even amazing to him. In her son's eyes, she was the sexiest woman alive, and his opinion was all that mattered. She lived for his feedback.

Andy had some serious doubts about this still being a prank. Since when do sons kiss their mothers on the ear? They certainly don't call them sexy either. This started to feel very real.

She smiled as she took in her baby from head to toe. A white long-sleeve dress shirt, a navy blue tie, gray dress pants with a brown belt, and sharp brown dress shoes. His big frame and strong muscles accented his stylish outfit to a tee. Not to mention that his always messy thick hair was slickly combed and styled! He even shaved his stubble! When was the last time that she saw him with a clean-shaven face?

She finally had a man who she wouldn't feel embarrassed to be seen with in public. In fact, she was eager to show him off. There wasn't a girl alive who wouldn't kill to date a guy like Tom.

"Well, aren't you quite the stud?" she asked with a big smile. "But I already know that, don't I?"

Any remaining possibility of this being a joke swiftly went out the window after Andy watched his wife and son kiss. They didn't exchange a quick peck, a hug, or even a warm embrace. No, Beth and Tom passionately made out while her butt continued to press against the bathroom vanity.

Suddenly, he felt like the kid in the household. What was he doing? How could he stand here and watch his son take his wife from him? He needed to grow a set of balls and act like a man.

"We—"

"We're going out," Tom interrupted, breaking off his deep kiss just in time to cut off his father. "Not like that concerns you anyway. Let's go, gorgeous."

Beth strutted out into the hallway, glaring at her husband the entire time. He was cowering again! She could smell his fear, and watching his eyes hit the floor timidly when Tom passed by gave her chills. God, her son's dominance drove her crazy!

Andy finally spit out, "We need to talk," but it was far too late. The sound of high heels and dress shoes clacking down the hardwood stairs was a slap of reality across the face.

He was scared.

He was scared, and deep down, he wouldn't do anything about it. It was time to admit that he was outmatched by his own son.

Chapter 4 -- Date Night

Four Hours Later. 10:27 PM.

"Oh my God, that was so much fun!"

Tom trailed his mother up the stairs as she headed for her bedroom.

"I haven't had a night out like that in forever!" she continued to bask in excitement. "Seriously, in forever!"

The past four hours wouldn't have set the world on fire for most people, but Beth wasn't most people. She was a simple girl who craved having a guy in her life who showed interest in hearing about her day. She dreamed about going out to a nice dinner with a man who actually cared about her thoughts and opinions. She just wanted someone who appreciated her.

They both enjoyed their own big plate of pasta, she treated herself to a few glasses of wine, and then they went out to a movie together. And who got to pick the flick? You guessed it. The entire evening was about her!

Doors were opened, chairs were pulled out, and her son acted like a perfect gentleman throughout the course of the night. They even held hands during the movie! Had she suddenly turned into the luckiest nineteen-year-old girl in the world? His youthful energy made her feel alive. Every part of her was sexier, flirtier, and up for anything.

She was transformed into an entirely different woman.

"We should do this every week," she told him. "I loved—"

Tom wrapped his hand around her arm and pulled her into his bedroom, closing the door behind him. Mom would have to wait to further reminisce about her awesome night. Did he love anything more than seeing her happy? Absolutely not, but there were far greater issues at hand. Primarily, something that he fantasized about for the past four hours.

She was pushed against his bedroom wall roughly. Just like last night, there wasn't any asking, begging, or any behavior that resembled a child. There was only a firm hand and a strong push.

The deafening silence in the bedroom built her anticipation. What did her son have planned for her? While she expected a little post-movie fun, this ultra-aggressive side of him made her feel jumpy. It was a tension that she wasn't exactly familiar with.

And just like that, the quietness was broken.

By the sound of a belt.

Millions of fantasies consumed her mind. A lifetime of sexual bliss awaited her thanks to the last person she ever expected, and she still struggled to grasp her hold on reality. What if this wasn't

real? What if she was caught up in the most realistic erotic novel ever? What if she would wake up back in bed with Andy?

And then it hit her. No amount of daydreaming could prevent her from understanding her situation either. Their night had turned very real.

Her son's big cock rubbed against her moist pussy lips.

"Stop!" she demanded firmly.

Tom froze. Were the past twenty-four hours just an illusion? What if nothing actually happened between them? Had he lost himself in a dream?

Mom was just Mom. She certainly wasn't his girlfriend or his wife. How had she ended up pressed against his bedroom wall? Had he snapped? What if he'd lost his mind? How could he treat his own mother this way?

But he instantly realized that the past twenty-four hours was very real when her gentle eyes locked onto his. They enjoyed an amazing dinner together, he laughed throughout a romantic comedy while holding his amazing mother's hand; and yeah, she sucked his dick last night too.

Mom didn't belong to Dad anymore. She was his. All the confirmation he needed was found in her loving eyes, and he'd never been more sure about anything in his life. He knew exactly what she wanted.

He grabbed a big handful of her hair and pulled her off the wall, allowing her to sink to her knees as he dragged her toward his bedroom door. She crawled while he pulled. An unannounced urgency from both parties swept through the room, reinforcing that they were indeed on the same page. Neither of them could reach their destination fast enough.

They hurried out of the room and down the hallway. There, they came to a stop just outside of a closed bedroom door. Once again, no words were exchanged. Verbal communication was for people who didn't exist on the same wavelength. They both knew exactly what they wanted, and they were seconds away from getting it.

He opened the door and dragged his mother into the bedroom—pushing her over the edge of the mattress roughly—so that she could stare straight-ahead into his father's eyes.

"Wh-wha-wha-what?" a stunned Andy finally got out, his back resting against the wooden headboard behind him.

"Hey, Dad," Tom greeted his father with a big smile. "We decided to come by and say hi."

Beth's grin couldn't be bigger.

"She's so sexy, isn't she?" he asked while soaking in the view of his mother's big backside. "I mean, just look at this fuckin' ass."

Reality officially set in for Andy, and he finally realized that he wasn't caught up in some sick practical joke. Beth was bent over the end of his bed, and his son stood behind her, naked. Well, he appeared to be naked. Everything below his chiseled abs was blocked from his view.

"I was telling Mom that last night felt right to me," Tom said. "Did it feel right for you? Watching her walk into your bedroom with my cum all over her face?"

Andy didn't know what to say.

"But your opinion doesn't really matter, does it?" Tom snickered. "The only person I care about is Mom, and she certainly seemed to enjoy herself."

"Last night was amazing," Beth chimed in.

"And what about tonight?"

"Tonight was even more unbelievable," she answered her son. "The past twenty-four hours have been the best of my life."

His attention moved to his still shocked father. "You're a fuckin' idiot, you know that?"

"I—"

Andy's words were immediately cut off by his son. "This woman is an angel, and she's had to put up with your bullshit for all these years. I wish that she would've told me about her problems a long time ago. I would've straightened you out real fast."

As stunning as his son's statement was, his wife's glare unsettled him even more. He could feel her aggression through her eyes. She didn't resemble the gentle, fairly-timid woman who he'd spent the past twenty years with. No, she was someone else.

A loud slap suddenly captured everyone's attention. Andy's eyebrows perked up, Tom grinned, and Beth may as well have been drooling. An electricity shot through her body from the feel of her son's powerful hand smacking her bare butt-cheek. Not only did she just experience the roughest spanking of her life, but it happened mere feet from her spouse.

It was time to let Andy know how she really felt. Frustration from years of mental and verbal abuse were ready to come to a head. Her husband was about to know what it was like when the shoe was on the other foot, and last night wouldn't compare to what she planned to admit.

"I hate you."

The look on Andy's face was magnificent. While she confessed to messing around with their son last night, she avoided unloading on Andy. Not tonight though. Tonight, with her new man's hands all over her butt, she finally had the support to be herself. Her days of putting on a fake smile and accepting her situation were behind her. She was on top of the world when her baby had her back.

"I hate everything about you," she continued, scowling at her husband. "Every single little thing. I hate the way that you act like you do so much around here, how condescending you are toward me, and the phony facade you put on when we're around other people. I despise how you call me fat when you're so out of shape yourself, and I can't stand how the TV takes priority to helping me with anything."

She felt her tension slowly seep away. It took a decade, but she finally got the monkey off her back. "My friend from work had her husband come and pick her up a few weeks ago. He was nice, polite, and very handsome. Andy, it just about blew my mind. You can be married to a man in his forties who's actually a gentleman? I thought guys like that were mythical, but it turns out that I've been with such a jerk for so long that I forgot men like him even existed. And—oh!"

Andy didn't need ears to know what had just happened. Once again, the satisfied expression on his son's face told him everything. It was yet another crack of his wife's ass, and just like before, Beth couldn't appear more in love.

"Who's this handsome guy?" Tom asked with a sarcastic smirk.

"He's a poor man's version of you, baby," Beth answered her son, refusing to look anywhere other than her despicable husband. "Andy, I did some thinking, and it really hit home for me during my date tonight. Our son is perfect, and I'm not referring to the way that most mothers love to talk about their sons. Am I guilty of gushing over my little angel? Sure. I mean, he's the smartest, handsomest, most perfect person to ever exist, but he's everything I've ever wanted in a man as well."

Andy continued to observe the most bizarre scene of his life, stunned and at a loss for words.

"He's so different from you," she went on. "He's sexy, funny, and I can't get enough of being around him. Our conversation at dinner was so effortless. We can talk about everything and nothing ever feels forced. We really are soulmates. Now, it pales in comparison to his personality, but I haven't even gotten to his body yet."

Andy's focus moved to his son who calmly stood behind his mother with a big grin. Suddenly, Tom didn't seem like his kid anymore. Forty-three years old, and Andy felt like the little boy of the household.

"Have you ever seen anything like him?" Beth asked, her question a rather rhetorical one. "Just look at how muscular his arms are; and God, those shoulders make me melt. They're the polar opposite of yours, aren't they? And that stomach? When was the last time that you could even see your own dick, let alone had abs? He's so tall, strong, and handsome. You know, I felt something today for the first time in my life. Guess what it was?"

Her husband remained silent.

"Answer her question," Tom demanded calmly.

"Um...I-I don-don-don't know," Andy stammered, growing nervous again from his son's authoritative tone.

She wanted this to hurt. She needed him to experience all of the pain that she was exposed to over the years. For the first time in their relationship, she planned to be the vicious one.

"I've been craving to suck his cock," she admitted. "I've never felt that feeling before either. Sure, I've desired sex and love, but I've never lusted after anyone to this extent. I could barely focus at work because all I wanted to do was crawl into bed with my man and take care of him. I've never experienced that with you—even when we dated. Look at Tom."

His eyes didn't leave her.

"Look at him!" she yelled.

His attention turned to his one and only child.

"That's what a real man looks like," she informed him. "Did you get a look at his cock when he dragged me in here?"

He shook his head timidly.

She inched to the side, revealing her new man in all of his naked glory. Watching her husband's eyebrows instantly perk up as a result of what he saw fed her libido. Witnessing him gulp sent a chill down her spine. Andy knew that he was outmatched in every facet of masculinity, and she couldn't get enough of it.

"You're pathetic compared to him," she growled.

Tom never had a problem with his father until last night, but he'd been rendered worthless from the revelation of the way that he treated his mother behind his back. Dad went from a good guy, to complete shit in the blink of an eye. He deserved to suffer. He needed to feel what he caused Mom to experience over the years. He never wanted to hurt someone more.

Tom grabbed a handful of his mother's hair and pulled her off the bed, allowing her to squat in front of him so that she would still be in Dad's view. It was time to establish a new order in the household.

"Suck my balls, Mom."

She accepted his testicles inside her mouth feverishly, watching as he moved his big cock over her head. Before she knew it, he pressed his thick manhood down against her face. She never knew that lust and passion could be so intense. It was dominance. It was order. It showed who called the shots around here from now on.

Down in front of her son while he covered her face with his cock felt like home. Andy's dick wouldn't reach her eyes, but the head of Tom's manhood ended up in her hair. Every part of her big, strong, aggressive son was grandiose.

She knew how guys thought. So many of them defined their manliness by their penis size. Andy didn't have much else going for him as is, so it brought her nothing but joy yesterday when she discovered that he was inferior to their son in yet another category.

Tom began to move his hips slowly. He didn't realize it, but he grinded his cock along his mother's face while she continued to suck his balls. It was the most natural of primal instincts. She was his woman, so he decided to rub his dick against her. He needed to absorb every inch of her skin. He wanted to worship her feet, legs, stomach, and her pretty face. Every little part of her belonged to him.

Tom shifted his attention to the defeated guy up on the bed and grunted deeply, "Mine."

The kissing, dragging his wife into their room by her hair, and even watching her suck his balls couldn't compare to Tom's most recent declaration. His son had just scowled "Mine" at him. He'd verbalized his intention with his mother.

Andy would be lying if he didn't admit to being outmatched when it came to his son's manhood. Not only was Tom longer, but he was significantly thicker, and seeing his cock run the length of Beth's face while she passionately sucked his balls startled him. But his "Mine" comment was what he still couldn't shake. Beth was still his wife, but she didn't necessarily feel like it anymore.

She allowed his balls to escape from her mouth before sliding her tongue along the underside of his thick cock. She gave the glistening head a big kiss before peering back at her husband.

"Tom would do anything for me."

"Anything," Tom confirmed.

"Do you have any idea what that's like for a woman?" she asked Andy, stroking Tom's dick with her hand. "To know that a man has your back? I never knew if I could trust you, but I know that I can count on my baby for anything. He would kill for me."

"I would absolutely kill for her," Tom echoed.

Andy lost his breath. His son's particularly disturbing comment had been made while he glared at him. It couldn't have been more obvious who he referred to when he mentioned killing for his mother.

Tom talked about him.

"I know—"

Beth was interrupted by a strong hand gripping her arm. Suddenly, she was bent back over the bed again, her mouth just inches from her husband's foot. She'd been snapped back to reality by the sensation of Tom's fat cockhead rubbing against her moist pussy lips. They were finally going to do it!

Tom turned his attention to his father, still unfortunately on the outside of Mom. "Remember what I told you yesterday?"

Andy nodded hesitantly.

"What did I say?" Tom asked.

"To not disrespect your mother anymore," his father answered quietly.

"Or what?" Tom inquired.

Andy's eyes shifted to the wall. "Or you would kill me."

Beth reached behind her and grabbed at her son's cock desperately. He wouldn't just kill for her, but he would kill his father? He needed to be inside her!

Tom slapped her hand away. A very important discussion took priority to the intensity of their undeniable lust. "The rules have changed around here, Dad. You see, I'll still kill you if you hurt or disrespect Mom, but now I'll also kill you if you touch her. Hell, I'll kill you if you look at her the wrong way. You're to have absolutely no involvement in her life from this moment forward. Understood?"

"I need you inside me," Beth begged, her stomach and chest buried into the bed sheets while she waited impatiently. "Please!"

"One second, Mom," he told her before looking back at his father. "Are we clear?"

"She's my wife," Andy reminded him, his voice sheepish.

"No, she isn't. She's nothing to you now," Tom said as he took control of Mom's hand which had yet to stop attempting to move him inside her. "On three, Mom."

Actions speak louder than words, and that expression certainly rang true in their particular situation. Giving Tom a blowjob in front of Andy was nothing compared to what her son truly desired. They were about to change everything.

She felt Tom tug at her wedding ring.

There wasn't a moment of hesitation on Beth's end. "On three, baby."

He gripped her ring and counted, "One...two...three."

Twenty years were ripped away in a single yank. The final symbol of her marriage was officially removed. Her ownership had been transferred with one swift tug, and there was no more confusion over who she belonged to.

Tom tossed his mother's wedding ring at Dad, eager to get it out of his sight. He didn't even want to think about what that gold band had felt like around her finger for all these years. It served as a constant reminder of the worthless man she was married to, but her problems were in the past now. He would make sure of it.

"Lose the dress, Mom."

Beth shot off the bed and hurried to wiggle out of her dinner dress. If her baby wanted her naked, then she would get naked for him. Watching him stroke his big cock to the sight of her disrobing certainly didn't discourage her either.

"You're a fuckin' idiot, you know that?" Tom said.

Beth tracked her son's eyes as her hands dashed behind her back to unhook her bra. Nothing did it for her like listening to him scold his father. She didn't know what he referred to for sure, but the idea of Andy being put in his place turned her on beyond words.

"Just look at this fuckin' body," Tom grunted as he soaked in his mother's endless curves. "Keep the heels on, Mom."

She tossed her dress and bra out of the way, smiling as she reflected on the absurdity of the past twenty-four hours of her life. Here she was—nude with the exception of a sexy pair of four-inch black pump heels—standing in front of her husband, while she watched her naked son stroke his perfect dick as he mocked his idiot father. Not to mention that she'd never been more wet in her life.

She observed Tom take a step in her direction, his eyes locked on her like a hawk. The way that he towered over her caused her to feel warm and protected. His big muscles reminded her that her little boy was all grown up, and his throbbing manhood represented a limitless number of fantasies. She could live out each and every one of her dreams with a stud like him.

"How in the world could anyone talk poorly about you?" Tom asked as he moved directly in front of her. He raised the tone of his voice so that his father couldn't misunderstand his following words. "What is it about Mom that you hate so much? Is it her flawless personality? Or maybe it's how sweet and kind she is? But then again, perhaps it annoys you how she puts literally everyone else's needs ahead of her own?"

She gazed lovingly up at her son's masculine face. She couldn't recall the last time that Andy complimented her. Actually, come to think of it, she wasn't sure if he'd praised her a single time over the past decade; but here was her incredible son, raving about all of her qualities that he loved so much. It was as good as life could get.

"Or is it her amazing cooking that you hate?" Tom questioned as he pressed the tip of his index finger against his mother's mouth. She immediately parted her lips to accept it inside. "Mom

deserves to be treated like a queen, and you're lucky that I don't kill you for the misery that you've brought to her life for all these years."

Her heart skipped a beat as she sucked his finger harder. How had she missed it all this time? Andy never loved her the way that Tom did, and she refused to make the mistake of failing to realize that again.

"It's probably her insane body that deep down, you know you don't deserve," Tom spoke harshly at his father while never breaking eye contact with Mom. "That big, perfect ass is too much for him, isn't it?"

She giggled before making the finger in her mouth disappear. Everything about her spectacular son caused her to misbehave. She wanted to be his bad girl.

"Dad might be gay," Tom said.

She burst into laughter while turning to look at her husband. "And why do you think that, baby?"

A firm push sent her over the edge of the bed once more, and Tom had some rather choice words for her after his aggressive actions as well. "Let's see here. Well, we could start with your fat ass," he said before giving her a firm spank which caused her to yelp out in surprise. "Or maybe your sexy hips, or your big tits, or that gorgeous face?"

She glared straight-ahead at Andy while the love of her life continued to gush over her traits. She could feel her husband's pain. Despite the horrible manner in which he treated her, Andy still viewed her as his, and it killed him to see Tom take her as his own.

"What do you want, Mom?" he asked, admiring the view of his mother wiggling her ass at him as her chest and stomach remained buried in the bed sheets.

"Your big cock," she responded immediately. "I need it."

"How much bigger am I than Dad?"

"Soooooooooooooooooooo much bigger," she answered her son with a lustful grin. "That didn't exactly surprise me though. Everything about you is significantly better than your father. You—"

She cut herself short as her eyes rolled back in her head. The feel of Tom's cock probing at the entrance of her pussy sent her into a frenzy. She needed this, but it was more than just the physical side of things.

She yearned to be claimed.

Andy wouldn't completely understand the situation until he watched their son bury his fat cock inside her. They could continue to talk dirty to each other, she would gladly drop to her knees if Tom demanded that she suck his balls again, and nothing made her wetter than when her little angel put his father in his place, but they wouldn't officially reach that point without taking the next step.

And fortunately for her, Tom did just that.

A blissful smile washed across her face from the sensation of her son's throbbing cockhead pushing inside her. The vast difference from his father was undeniable. Nothing in her life compared to her current sensation of euphoria, and her mind was opened to a world of potential.

She felt so full. Each additional inch that journeyed further into her pussy stretched her in previously unimaginable ways. The stud behind her made her feel like a real woman for the first time in her life, and he'd yet to even take a single thrust.

"You're so fuckin' tight," Tom moaned as more and more manhood disappeared inside his mother.

"It's because you're so big," Beth panted, temporarily forgetting where she was. It only made everything so much sweeter when she remembered that her husband was still in bed. "Your father's never made me feel anything like this."

He pushed in further, causing her outstretched hands to squeeze the blankets in disbelief. It was like her first time all over again. Her son's ample size restored her virginity, and it only felt right to be broken in by the one man she loved more than anyone in the world.

"I need to apologize to you, Dad," Tom said.

Beth snapped back to reality. Did Tom just experience a change of heart? He needed to apologize to Andy? For what?

"That little dick of yours kept this pussy nice and tight, didn't it?" Tom laughed while exploring his mother cautiously. "Shit, I've never had pussy this good."

It didn't take much to bring her right back to the moment at hand. Not only did her baby not regret his decision, but he continued to taunt his father! And he said that he'd never felt anything as good as her! Did that mean what she thought it did? Did her son just admit that those cute college girls couldn't compete with her? She felt on top of the world!

"You like that big dick, Mom?" he asked as he increased his tempo. He gave her plump ass a firm crack while he waited for a response.

"Oh!" she yelped as a result of his big hand smacking her butt. A sharp but satisfying pain shot down her legs as she locked eyes with Andy. "I love his big dick so much."

Tom's hands locked on her hips as lust swiftly overtook his formerly tender ways. She soon found herself being driven into like one of the women in her erotic novels. What if she felt so good that her son couldn't control himself? What if her curves caused him to lose his mind? What if he forgot all about his many girlfriends at college, and instead focused solely on her?

"Who's pussy is this?" Tom asked as he attempted to impale his perfect mom.

She couldn't respond. Her body wouldn't allow her lips to part. She struggled to understand how the stud behind her could possess so much power, and her fury with Andy only grew as she finally realized what she'd missed out on for the past twenty years. Her husband subjected her to two decades of mediocre sex!

"Hey, I asked you a question, shithead!" Tom growled, raising his voice.

Shithead? Why would her baby call her a shithead? He never swore at her or treated her with an ounce of disrespect, so where did this unfamiliar side of him come from all of a sudden?

And then she realized who Tom spoke to, and it certainly wasn't her.

Andy's disheveled look sent a tingle through her body, only aided by the heatwave that could be credited to Tom's flawless cock. Her perfect angel refused to slow down while he waited for an

answer from his father. He appeared hellbent to make her cum in the most primal way possible, and it wouldn't be much longer until she achieved a much-desired climax.

"Um...it-it-it's...uh..." Andy stammered.

His defeatist attitude propelled Tom into overdrive. Could it have been more obvious that he got off on cuckolding his dad? Tom didn't just want her, but he needed Andy to know it, and that made everything so much hotter.

Tom slowed the pace of his movements, unknowingly halting his mother's impending orgasm. "Do you want to help Dad out, Mom? I know it's a tough question, and Dad isn't exactly the smartest guy in the world."

She giggled while bathing in her new heaven. Slow, fast, rough, tender: it didn't matter. Everything her son did was magical.

His slow pumps allowed her foggy mind to clear. He still touched parts of her for the first time, but she could process her surroundings now that she wasn't on the verge of being broken in half. It also gave her a chance to join in on the fun verbally.

"He definitely isn't the smartest," she laughed, opening herself to the idea of being able to orgasm courtesy of Tom's delicate side. His cock may as well have been electric. "I know whose pussy this isn't."

"And why don't you fill us in on that?" Tom said, taking a deep, long stroke inside her.

She lost her breath as the entirety of his thick cock filled her tight hole. What would happen if she had sex with Andy after this? Obviously, she would never even entertain the idea of such an act happening, but part of her was curious as to how it would unfold. Would she be able to feel him? Had her son ruined her for any other man who may enter her life?

The good news was that she had a man. In fact, the only guy she would ever be intimate with again had his fingers clenched into the skin of her naked hips, and every inch of his gorgeous dick buried in her wet pussy. He rearranged her to his liking.

"I don't think it belongs to your dad anymore," she said. "Actually, I don't think that anything around here belongs to him."

"Is that right?" Tom asked, glaring at his motionless father.

Beth had some very important plans to inform both Tom and Andy of. "We're moving your stuff in here, baby. This is our bedroom now."

Tom liked the sound of that, and he decided to start throwing his weight around a bit. "Get the fuck off my bed."

Andy's eyes peered curiously.

"Get the fuck off my bed," Tom repeated, pointing at the floor to the side of the mattress. "Go stand there."

"I wouldn't make him ask you again," Beth chimed in, grinning at Andy. "It won't turn out well for you if he has to do that."

"Listen, we need to talk," Andy said, finally finding the courage to speak up. "This has gone way too far. It—"

The look on his wife's face caused him to think better of his protests. He couldn't miss her smile as she visualized the scene of Tom beating him to a pulp, and it was time for him to stop ignoring the obvious. What would he do if Tom attacked him? He definitely wouldn't stand much of a chance of fighting back. Unfortunately, he needed to swallow his manhood and protect himself, no matter how humiliating it may be.

He slid off the bed—dejectedly—and stood on the floor where he'd been instructed. How could he compete with the guy positioned behind his wife? His son owned a body that he desperately desired to have, and he possessed a cock that he could only dream of. His impressive combination of traits were more than enough to fill him with jealousy.

And now that Andy thought about it, Beth had always favored Tom. When didn't she put their son first? She would drop everything and immediately prioritize Tom's needs over his own, and the focus of her affection truly hit home now that he watched Tom give her another stiff crack on the ass.

"You have five seconds to answer my question," Tom said while looking at his father. "Who's pussy is this?"

"Don't answer him!" Beth rushed to speak up. Her son's long, deep strokes had her on the cusp of orgasmic euphoria. "I want to watch him put your head through the wall."

The brutality of her statement cut through Andy like a knife. She didn't just want to hurt him emotionally, but physically as well. Would Tom actually harm him if Beth requested it? It was like his son had turned into a completely different person after the revelation of how he treated Beth, and his newly acquired menacing demeanor caused him to rethink everything.

"It-it-it's your-your..." Andy stuttered nervously as Tom's tempo picked up once again. "It's your...um...your..."

"It's my what?" Tom asked, grabbing a handful of his mother's hair and snapping her head back.

Andy looked on in a daze at the sight of both his wife and son grinning at him as Tom continued to hammer away. Should he actually answer his son's question? And what if he didn't? Beth just said that she wanted to see him get his head put through the wall, for God's sake! And sadly, that's most likely how things would play out based on Tom's muscular body.

Andy took a deep breath and conceded to what the rest of the room already knew. He couldn't deny the obvious. "It's your pussy."

A wave of intense pleasure burst through Beth's body. Everything came together in a moment of complete clarity. The world made perfect sense while the love of her life drove into her from behind, and her explosion grew more profound as she watched her poor excuse for a husband look on helplessly.

She wasn't just her son's new girlfriend. She was so much more than that now. In a way, their rather coarse dirty talk couldn't be more true. Her body belonged to Tom, and nothing did it for her like listening to him announce just that.

"My fuckin' pussy," Tom echoed his father's words with a masculine grunt. A rough slap on her ass while he continued to hold her head back by her hair further emphasized his demands. "Who do you belong to, slut?"

Her limbs went numb as her orgasm turned more powerful. Tom's impressive length and girth filled her in ways never deemed possible, and his love transferred through his touch. She didn't care if it was merely an incredibly sexy attempt to act raunchy, because at this very moment, she wanted to be his slut.

She would be the woman who made him feel things that those college girls couldn't, she would be the one who received all of his love and affection, and she would get dirty for him in ways that he couldn't even comprehend. She would be his slut, alright. She would be anything her baby wanted.

"I be-be-belong to-to your fa-father," she announced with a wicked grin, stuttering from a mixture of his rough pounding and her own intense orgasmic explosion.

He yanked her neck back further as the loud ring from his most recent harsh slap on her plump ass bounced off the bedroom walls. The warm, wet, tight pussy which engulfed his dick belonged to him. So did the amazing personality inside the body that he constantly craved. He owned the woman being mercilessly fucked in front of the man she once viewed as her husband, and he wasn't interested in entertaining any other possibilities.

"What was that?" Tom asked.

"I said that-that-that I-I belong to-to the real man of-of the house," she giggled, finally regaining the feeling in her hands and feet once again. It'd been a long time since she last orgasmed with a man, and she never experienced anything like what her body just went through. "I belong to your father."

Tom's muscular arm slammed down, driving her face into the bed sheets below. With her bent over the mattress and her playful taunts now muted thanks to his decision to press down on the back of her head, he decided to give her the one thing that all the girls at school loved so much. It'd become his mission to bring one thing to his incredible mother's world.

He fucked her senseless.

"Your amazing smile," Tom said as every inch of his manhood made itself at home inside her snug hole. His right hand pushed down harder on the back of her neck, reflecting the force with which his hips rocketed forward and back. "Your flawless body, your incredible mind, and how soft and caring you are. Who does it really belong to?"

Her muffled reply didn't answer his question—not that he actually needed a response.

"I didn't hear you, slut," he chuckled, turning his attention to his stunned father who'd certainly never fucked Mom properly. "Maybe I should let Dad have another shot at you? You know, now that he's seen how a real man fucks."

Andy's lips parted but only air escaped. He couldn't find the words to describe what he witnessed.

"I think I'm going to let him fuck you one last time," Tom said. "And do you know why I'm going to do that, Mom? I'm going to do that so the moment that Dad's finger touches your perfect skin, I have permission to slam him against the wall, wrap my hands around his stupid throat, and watch the life fade in his eyes as I choke him to death."

Her outstretched hands squeezed the blankets as she felt a deep warmth rumble around in the pit of her stomach once more. It was about to happen again. She was moments away from cumming all over her son's perfect dick, and his wildly-inappropriate words took her to the gates of heaven that much faster.

Tom had some very choice words for her as his strong arm attempted to drive her face through the mattress. "No one looks at you, no one touches you, and no one gets a minute of your time except me. You're mine. All mine."

Someone shot her, except the bullet she was struck by consisted of every orgasm that she ever experienced in her forty-two years on the planet. Every moment of happiness, every minute of joy, and every sense of pride and accomplishment during her life circulated throughout her body, but with the added bonus of a nineteen-year-old stud fucking her within an inch of her life.

Her already hectic world turned completely white as her second orgasm hit her like a freight train. Nothing existed except for the unparalleled sense of pleasure that flooded her being, and her violently shaking legs showed just how foreign this pleasure was to her underappreciated body. She'd gone a lifetime without a man who cared if she orgasmed or not, but her happiness was the only thing that the hunk behind her concerned himself with.

Her quivering body continued to shake as her pussy gripped his pumping cock. The idea of her current situation becoming commonplace in her life was almost too much for her to handle. Sure, there would be plenty of nights consisting of romantic dinners and sensual lovemaking, but more times than not, she wanted to find herself in this very position.

Her baby couldn't get enough of her. Her nineteen-year-old son could barely control himself at the sight of her body, but he adored everything inside her equally as much. He truly loved her for her.

Her world filled with color. Her head was snapped back by her hair, allowing her eyes to soak in every inch of her surroundings. The white bedroom walls, the wooden nightstand that Andy's smartphone sat on, and her disheveled husband who looked on in a state of incredulity: her observant eyes didn't miss a thing. She was brought out of the depths of the bed sheets for a reason, and Tom didn't make her wait long to inform her of his plans.

"You're gonna make me cum," he announced.

Her snug pussy instinctively squeezed tighter around his thick cock as she glared at Andy. "Are you going to cum all over my face again, baby?"

"That's awfully tempting," he said as his thrusts turned short and rapid. He fast-approached the end of the road. "Or I could cum all over your perfect ass?"

She couldn't get enough of the way that he admired her body. "Are you going to put your big load all over my ass?"

"All over your fat ass," he corrected her with a grunt, savoring every remaining second that he had left inside of her. "Or maybe I'll cover those big tits?"

Her little angel could cum wherever he wanted as far as she was concerned.

"But I'm not going to do any of that," Tom told her, placing her head on the mattress gently. Instead, his hands locked around her hips as his tempo increased. "It's hard not to cum all over you since you're so fuckin' sexy, but fortunately, I have just enough discipline to resist that temptation."

She basked in the bliss which were his compliments. Her hunky son could have any girl in the world, but he only wanted her. And he referred to her as sexy! But that wasn't a big deal anymore, was it? No, admiration would be her new routine.

But where did he want to cum? She would be willing to let him finish anywhere—her face included—because nothing did it for her like making him happy. It also didn't hurt matters that he brought out her wild side either. She craved to get dirty for him.

"You see, Mom, I'm going to cum in the one place that makes sense," he said, savoring his final few moments inside her. "Because as much as I loved blowing my nut all over your face last night, it still didn't feel right. Something about that moment was off to me. It didn't quite make sense."

She didn't follow. Her son displaying his love and dominance made perfect sense. In fact, it made more sense than anything!

"Did I love seeing your gorgeous face covered in my cum?" Tom asked with a snicker, taking a moment to grin at his dad. "You better believe it."

She never wanted this paradise to perish. She didn't even need the things that most women craved. She simply desired to be showered in praise by her favorite person in the world.

"Do I want to mark your fat ass and big tits with my load?" he continued with his rhetorical questions. "Absolutely. I've been thinking about doing exactly that for as long as I can remember."

It was funny in a strange way. She found herself sickened whenever Andy referred to her ass as fat, but she couldn't get enough of it every time Tom said those very same words. Actually, it turned her on beyond reason.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm going to cum all over you for the rest of my life, but it's time to officially take what's mine," Tom informed the room on his plans. "I'm gonna cum inside you."

Beth gasped while Andy's eyes bulged; meanwhile, the stud with his cock placed comfortably inside his mother's warm hole didn't show a hint of surprise. Why would he? Everything about this situation felt right to him. He loved Mom more than anyone, and he deserved to have her. His most pressing concern regarded all the years that he wasted viewing her as only his mother.

"You can't do that!"

Everyone looked at a concerned Andy. The guy who'd stayed fairly quiet throughout the evening's stunning activities, had just protested passionately at what he heard.

"I don't recall asking for your opinion," said Tom.

"You can't cum inside her!" Andy announced, frazzled. "Absolutely not!"

"He can cum wherever he wants," Beth voiced with an ecstatic smile. She couldn't get over what she just heard. Her son wanted to mark her!

"No, he can't!" Andy raised his voice. "Are you out of your mind, Beth? You aren't on birth control!"

Tom's ears perked up at the sound of Dad's revelation. "She isn't?"

"No, it makes me nauseous," she told her son.

"What did you use when having sex with Dad?" Tom asked, disgusted by the thought of his father sticking his little dick inside his perfect mom. Unfortunately, addressing that issue would be the only way to receive an answer.

"We used condoms," she said.

A flabbergasted Tom burst into laughter. "Condoms? Holy shit, are you serious? You made Dad use condoms with you?"

She took a moment to decipher his reaction as his thrusting cock calmed, slowly exploring every inch of her tight hole. Did Tom laugh at her because he never used condoms at college? God, she hoped that wasn't the case! Her baby's health and well-being took priority to everything!

But then it hit her. She wouldn't dream of making her son use a condom, would she? In fact, it was an absolute impossibility in her mind. She wanted him to experience the best that she had to offer, and that involved feeling her in her most natural element.

"I would get on birth control for you," she said, glancing back at him. "I would never make you use a condom."

Tom's look said that she still didn't understand his mindset.

"What, baby?" she asked.

"You're not using birth control and I'm sure as hell not wearing condoms," Tom announced. "You see, Mom, I still don't think you comprehend how much I love you. You're the only woman I've ever cared about. You're the only person I truly adore. I don't know what I would do without you in my life."

This was the pinnacle of motherhood. She'd raised the world's most unbelievable son, watched him grow into the type of man that guys like Andy couldn't dream of possibly being, and now soaked in the bliss of his endless onslaught of praise. She was meant to spend the rest of her life with her little angel.

"And that's why I'm going to get you pregnant."

Everything came to an abrupt stop.

Andy's jaw dropped as Beth's eyes bulged. The two parents looked at each other while completely different thoughts raced through their heads. Tom's unexpected declaration spiked Andy's worst nightmare, while simultaneously confirming Beth's biggest fantasy.

"I'm going to cum inside you over, and over, and over again," Tom said.

"Are you out of your mind!?" Andy protested. "You can't do that!"

"Until I get you pregnant," Tom went on, not even bothering to address his father's pleas. "And do you want to know why, Mom? Because you belong to me."

His thrusts turned stronger and more aggressive as his hands locked on her curvy hips. His lust was fueled not only by his immense love for the woman bent over the bed, but from Dad's continuous protests. Mom wasn't just Mom anymore. He wanted her as a girlfriend, he still needed her as a mom, but he desperately desired for her to be even more than that.

And he planned to make that happen.

"Oh my God, cum inside me, baby!" Beth cried as the pummeling grew more intense. "Please!"

Two more rough pumps was all he had left before he lost control of himself. His throbbing cock exploded deep inside his mother as he grunted fiercely, temporarily blocking out everything with the exception of the most intense orgasm of his life. Nothing rivaled the euphoria of burst after burst of his cum marking the only woman he cared about. Nineteen years of life had all been for this one moment of heaven. He was put on this planet to take care of his mom.

He never wanted to leave. Her warm, tight, lovingly pussy not only accepted his seed, but squeezed his completely drained cock. He longed for evenings that started with fun dinner dates, continued with enjoyable movies, and ended with Mom bent over the bed in a pair of sexy high heels. Her big ass provided the ideal contrast to her tight pussy. Her breathtaking curves reflected a woman who could get any man she wanted, but he knew that he was the only guy in her heart.

He regrettably pulled out of her hold after his orgasm subsided, admiring the sight of his cum running down her toned thighs. Everything felt right in the world as he observed his work. Mom was an exhausted mess bent over the very bed that she shared with a man she hated, but everything changed. She would never go another day without feeling loved. Constant reminders of her exquisite looks were in the daily forecast, because she truly was the sexiest woman alive in his eyes. Every single day would be incredible from this moment forward.

"You might want to find some earplugs while you're sleeping on the couch," Tom said to his father, helping himself to another look at his seed dripping from his mother's pussy. "Because I'm just getting started with Mom."

Beth finally managed to look back at her son. Sweat coated his muscular body, his softening cock—which was still bigger than Andy's completely erect dick—glistened with her fluids, and an unfamiliar deviant look twinkled in his eyes. He was just getting started with her? She definitely liked the sound of that.

"What do you have planned for me, baby?" she asked.

"We're going to start with the bottle of baby oil that I have in my room, and I'm going to cover every single inch of your insane body," he told her. "Your big tits, your sexy hips and stomach, your fit legs, and that fat fuckin' ass I love so much. Well, everything's getting drenched except your feet, because those heels are staying on."

She struggled to get herself off the bed, her legs still wobbly from her two powerful orgasms courtesy of her son's perfect cock. Luckily, a certain stud was more than happy to provide some much-needed support for her shaky lower body. She wouldn't have expected anything different either.

Tom grabbed a big handful of her butt as he locked lips with her, but not before giving her a firm spank. This was her life from now on? Being groped by a young stud who was madly in love with her? The speed in which his hands moved along her body and squeezed her big breasts reaffirmed just how much he cherished every part of her. It was heaven.

She broke off their kiss to relay a very important message to her husband. "Get out of my sight, and don't bother with the earplugs either. I want you to hear everything our son does to me."

"I'm going to put about five more loads in her tonight," Tom grinned, his cock already stiffening at the thought of the endless hours of fun ahead of them.

A defeated Andy attempted to speak up one final time, only for his son to plow over him with his plans for the night.

"I want you twerking on my cock in reverse cowgirl while I'm hosing you down in oil," he said to his mother. "You're going to shake your fat ass for me like a good girl, aren't you?"

Beth immediately bit her lower lip. It drove her insane how much her son loved her body—the very body that her husband constantly criticized. "None of those girls at school have an ass like me, do they?"

"Nobody does," he grunted, staring at her intently. His cock was rock-hard once again. "I'm gonna fuckin' destroy you."

"Out!" she shouted at her husband. "Out of our room now!"

"Let's take the fun to my room," Tom spoke up. "Things are going to get awfully messy, after all. That way we'll have a nice, clean bed to sleep in after I'm done with you in about four hours."

Beth and Tom headed out of the bedroom together, following a dejected Andy as he shuffled in the direction of the stairs. He turned back just in time to see his son roughly push his wife against the wall as intense lust once again overtook them. His lips worshiped her neck as his hands soaked in everything from her large bust to her big backside.

And then he watched his son push Beth down to her knees, take control of her head with both of his hands, and fuck her face like some slut from a porn scene.

They couldn't even make it to his bedroom. Their sexual appetite for each other was far too strong for common sense. They may have had two nice beds to choose from, but they decided to go at it in the middle of the hallway like a pair of crazy teenagers.

Andy knew that he watched the rest of his life. Beth was gone as a result of the last person he ever expected to take her. Listening to his wife gag on their son's cock officially cemented what he'd lost, and he would never get it back.

Chapter 5 -- New Beginnings

Eight Days Later. Saturday. 11:21 AM.

"You're wearing that hiking?" Tom asked with a big smile inside the bedroom that he shared with his mother.

Beth had a hard time hiding her grin. Was it too much? Perhaps, but her son requested that she start dressing sexier. She couldn't believe some of the risqué outfits that she'd worn around the house over the past week, but it was far from common to wear something this revealing in public.

"I was planning to. Unless you want me to change," she said.

"No, I definitely don't want you to change," he laughed to himself. "I just don't know how you expect me to keep my hands off of you."

"Maybe that's my plan?" she giggled before giving him a quick peck on the lips.

Black booty shorts that barely covered her butt, a pink v-neck t-shirt which showed plenty of cleavage, and a pair of big hands that decided to remind her just how much a particular man loved

her body: this moment perfectly described the previous eight days of her life. It was heaven. It was paradise. It was exactly what she dreamed about.

Andy moved out last Saturday without much of a fight. What other choice did he have? He was clearly intimidated of Tom, and the six hours of non-stop sex that she had with her baby last Friday all but sealed the deal. He had to find an apartment of his own just to get some sleep. Lord knows that they spent the past week going at it like rabbits until the early hours of the morning.

It was more than just the sex though. She had no idea how much joy she could get from simply watching a movie while she cuddled on the sofa with her angel. How unbelievable was it when Tom made dinner on Tuesday night? Or how about when they went out to eat on Wednesday? But then again, merely having a man who was interested in hearing about her day at the dinner table was about as good as it could get.

But none of that compared to the sixty straight minutes of oral sex that she received on Thursday night. That's right! Sixty minutes!

She went to bed exhausted, satisfied, and overjoyed each and every night. Her son could be sweet and gentle with her one evening, and then rough and aggressive with her on other nights. The quickies in the kitchen and the laundry room made her feel nineteen again. Giving him roadhead on the way to the movies brought her back to her high school days. Not only was she happy in every part of her life for the first time in forever, but she easily felt twenty years younger than she really was.

"We actually have to make a quick stop before we go hiking," he told her. "Throw on some sweatpants and a t-shirt over your outfit."

She didn't expect to hear anything like that. "Where are we going, sweetheart?"

"I got you something."

"Really?" she asked, smiling. Presents weren't exactly commonplace throughout the course of her marriage. "What did you get?"

"It's a secret," he said.

"No, tell me!" she whined playfully while tugging at his arm.

"What kind of secret would that be then?" he asked.

"I wanna know!" she pouted, her cadence resembling that of a girl half her age. "Pleeeeeeeeease."

"Nope," he shook his head, getting a kick out of how lively she'd become over the past week. He felt like he was dating a college-aged girl. He loved it!

She pushed him against the wall, quickly dropping to her knees. "Is that right? Well, I bet that I can get it out of you."

"Not happening," he laughed.

She tugged his shorts and boxers down, only to have his cock rock-hard moments later. She knew the key to her angel's heart, and it involved keeping his big dick nice and happy. It was also the most sure way to reveal his secret.

"Okay, maybe I can tell you?" he smirked down at her as her mouth moved to his balls. "I'm getting you a ring."

She froze.

"I don't want you to walk around in public without one," he said. "Shit, every guy you come across probably hits on you now that you're not wearing one. I'm getting you a ring to not only show everyone that you're taken, but as a constant reminder that you belong to me. I love you so much."

She didn't know what to say.

"You're not my girlfriend or just some girl that I'm in love with," he told her. "You're not even my mom anymore. No, you're my wife."

She wrapped her hands around his thick meat and began to suck and stroke simultaneously, fueled by his deep grunts and moans. It was the only thing that made sense to her. Her perfect son had given her the world, and she would return the favor constantly.

Mom Likes it Rough

by [mt44](#)©

This story contains several elements of rough sex and BDSM play. I would suggest skipping it if you're looking for a romantic, tender type of story.

One other note. I'm well aware of my inability to write short stories. I've honestly been trying to lately and this was originally intended to be a short one, and then I ended up at 44,000 words. I can't help it...

*A big thanks to **AlbertaBelle71** for editing this.*

Chapter 1 -- Not Rough Enough.

November 7th. Sunday night. 10:17 PM.

"Harder..." Sarah begged.

Jack continued to lightly pump into his wife, his body hovering over hers in the relative darkness of their bedroom.

"Harder!" she loudly demanded.

"Shhh!" he instantly scolded her. "Do you want Mike to hear you?"

The forty-three-year-old mother temporarily lost her breath at the idea of their son hearing them. "Oh my God, that would be so hot! Make him hear us!"

"No, Sarah..."

"I want him worried about what you're doing to me!" Sarah interrupted her husband as she grinned up at him. She grabbed his hand and placed it on her neck. "Choke me."

"Are you crazy?"

"Then slap me," she countered. "Hard."

He let out a loud huff. The forty-seven-year-old dad was tired of whatever faze his wife had been going through. Was it even a faze at this point? She'd been obsessed with rough sex for the past two or three years despite knowing he wasn't into it, and the constant nagging was becoming exhausting.

"I'm not choking, or slapping, or doing any of that stuff to you," he firmly told her. "Cut it out."

She pulled his limp hand off her throat and attempted to make him slap her in the face. Jack quickly yanked his arm away before she was able to do so.

"What's wrong with you?" he asked, sliding out of her and rolling back over to his side of the bed.

Sarah took a deep breath and gazed up at the white ceiling of their bedroom. "Stop acting like I have something wrong with me."

"But there is something wrong with you. Normal women don't act this way."

She was so sick of hearing that. He was always saying that there was something wrong with her. So what if she wanted to have rough sex? Was mixing up their love life and trying some new things really that crazy? The sex they were having once or twice a month couldn't possibly be more vanilla. She was tired of being turned down, and laughed at, and told to behave. Sometimes, she wanted to be more like the girls in the erotic novels she loved to read. Sometimes, she wanted to be bad.

"This all started when you got that dumb Kindle," Jack stated. "At least I knew what you were reading back when you always had a paperback in your hand. Do you have any idea how strange it was for me to find out that my wife was reading porn? Sarah, that's not normal."

"Yes, it is," she argued.

"No, it isn't," he told her. "And then you tell me that you've been watching porn too. Am I married to a grown woman or a teenager? You're constantly nagging me for sex, you're reading and watching porn all day, and you want me to choke and slap you in bed. It's ridiculous!"

The blonde mother of one rolled her brown eyes. She couldn't control her sex drive. It'd always been higher than Jack's but things kind of exploded after her fortieth birthday. She was constantly horny. Sure, it felt like a burden at times, but she was always ready to go. What guy didn't want to be married to a woman like that? She would come home after a long day, desperately craving to give her husband a blowjob, and he acted like that was some kind of hardship!

So, with her sexual needs and urges not being attended to, she decided to direct her pent-up frustration elsewhere. Two years ago Sarah signed up for a gym membership and lost those extra twenty pounds which she'd been carrying around for God knows how long. She was five foot, six inches tall, and coming in at just under one hundred and forty pounds. She was fit, lean, but still retained all her curves. Her plump backside and sizable breasts were still there, but it was like her husband didn't even see them!

"Trying some new things in bed could be really fun," she said. "I don't understand why you refuse to have an open mind. What's the harm in giving me a little slap? If you don't like it, then fine. But you won't even try it!"

Jack placed his hands on his beer belly before his right palm ran through the little remaining brown hair on his mostly bald head. "I don't need to slap my wife in the face to know that I wouldn't like it."

"No, it's..."

"I thought you were reading romance novels or something," he interrupted. "Never in a million years would I have guessed it was graphic sexual stuff. What's the appeal of being dominated by some jerk boss? It's disgusting."

She took a deep breath. "It's the appeal of being dominated, period. Lots of women love the idea of a powerful man making them submit. Sure, that's hot, but I want to submit to a man I love. Why's that so hard for you to grasp?"

"So, you want me to make more money?"

Sarah shot him a confused look. "What? No, I don't care about money. The power fantasy for women is the same as the eighteen-year-old schoolgirl fantasy for men. It's something lavish and out there. It's just a fantasy. What I really want is for my husband to treat me like a slut in bed."

He let out an exhale.

"But I do!" she whined. "And I can't understand why you don't want that! What guy turns down blowjobs, by the way? Huh? It's fuckin' crazy, Jack!"

"Because I'm tired," he told her. "I work a ton of hours, I have to travel an entire week every month, and sometimes I just want to relax."

"Then work less."

Jack shook his head. "I can't."

"That's such bullshit!" she argued. "Our mortgage is paid off, we don't have any debt, and we have everything we need. Stop using that as an excuse!"

"It's not an excuse. What about retirement? You want to be working until you're seventy? I bust my butt to give us a good life. Sorry if that takes priority to your ridiculous sexual fantasies, but it does."

"What good is money when we're dead?" Sarah asked. "Sure, it would be nice to leave Mike a nest egg, but our happiness is more important. We only have one life, Jack. We should enjoy it."

He rolled his eyes. "God, this is the perfect example of how men and women are different."

"What?"

"It is," he went on. "Guys are always striving for more. I work hard, I've started side businesses, and I'm always thinking and trying to create new things. Women just go with the flow. There's no motivation or creativity in your gender."

"That's nonsense," she argued.

"Name something invented by a woman,"

...

"Exactly," he laughed. "Yeah, work is more important to me than sex, and that's why..." Jack quickly cut himself off.

"That's why, what?" Sarah asked.

"Nothing," he told her.

She wasn't going to accept that as an answer. "Tell me what you were going to say."

He shook his head. "No, it's going to hurt your feelings."

"I'm a big girl, I can handle it. Tell me."

His eyes moved to his wife's face. "That's why you're a secretary."

Sarah's brow furrowed. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Because you don't strive for anything greater," he explained. "No guy would work that job. We want bigger things, we want more, and you girls just accept mediocrity. You'd rather sit around and read a book than work."

Maybe she should've felt insulted by what she just heard, but Sarah honestly wasn't. Jack was right. She loved going along with the flow. She never desired much more than to have a decent job and a family, and she had both. She was a secretary at a chiropractic office and had no intentions of leaving. It paid decent money, provided health insurance for her family, and most importantly, it was a low-stress gig. So, what was the problem?

She started laughing. "Of course I would rather read a book than work! So would everyone else!"

"No, they wouldn't. I never would."

"Yeah, because you're the most neurotic person I've ever met," she continued to laugh. "You can't even sit down and watch TV without pulling out your laptop or doing something on your phone. It isn't normal."

"Not normal?" he asked with his eyebrows raised. "Not normal is wanting to have sex in the shower

because you saw some dumb movie with your friend the other week. What kind of trash are you watching where people are having shower sex, by the way?"

"The movie was goofy but that scene was really hot," she told him with a smile. "Sex in the shower doesn't sound awesome to you?"

He shook his head.

"I don't know how else to tell you what I want at this point," Sarah said. "I want to have rough, physical, aggressive sex. I want to be treated like a whore when we're inside our bedroom. It doesn't have to be every time, but it needs to start happening. Oh! I found that article, by the way!"

He watched his wife reach toward her nightstand and retrieve her phone. She scrolled for a few moments before handing it to him.

"Read that for me," she said.

Jack began silently reading.

"Out loud," she added.

"What's your favorite sexual position..." he mumbled. "Seventy-one percent of women say doggy style, while a whopping ninety-two percent of men prefer it in doggy as well. It turns out America's favorite sexual position is also the most primitive."

"I told you!" Sarah loudly said. "I didn't make that up. Everyone loves doggy style!"

"I don't."

"I know," she agreed with a chuckle. "You and eight percent of men. I HATE missionary sex. Like, you can't possibly understand how much I resent it. It literally does nothing for me. And when you actually decide you want to go at it, it's always in missionary. I fucking hate it!"

He handed the phone back to his wife. "Well, there's something I've wanted to talk to you about too, and it's your potty mouth. Do you have to swear all the time? It's embarrassing to listen to you do it in front of strangers. And our son talks like you too. It's so trashy."

"How about this?" she offered. "I'll swear less if you start fucking me properly."

He shook his head while a light groan escaped from his lips.

Sarah's playful tone was rapidly changing. She was growing frustrated. "What do you want me to do, Jack? Play with myself for the rest of my life? Let's go over the things you won't do."

"Can I just go to bed?"

"No!" she sharply told him. "One, you won't go down on me. You haven't done it in three years! And I couldn't even tell you the last time you made me cum. Ten years, maybe? You know, I originally bought a vibrator way back when we first got married because you were going to be away for a week every month on business. I never would've imagined using it the way I currently am."

"Sarah..."

"It's fucking ridiculous!" she interrupted. "We'll have sex, you'll cum, and then you roll over and go to sleep. I pull out my vibrator and get myself off while my goddamn husband is sleeping two feet away from me! That isn't right!"

He groaned again.

"It isn't! I can't even comprehend the reverse happening. Do you know what I would do if you pulled out your dick and started masturbating? I would immediately give you a blowjob. And you want to know why? Because you're my husband. It's my job to take care of you. Just like it's your job to take care of me."

"If you cum, you cum," he annoyingly groaned. "Who cares how it happens?"

Sarah shook her head in disbelief. "Two, we only have sex in missionary, and it's like once a month. I want it like seven days a week. We need to find a middle ground."

"You can't force me to be in the mood for sex," he told his wife. "If I'm not, I'm not. I can't control it."

She breezed past his rebuttal and moved ahead. "Three, I want to give you random blowjobs. I don't understand why you fight me on this. Why can't I give you head when I'm horny and I want a quick fix?"

"Because I'm trying to get stuff done."

"I'm not asking you to stop!" she told him. "Keep working on whatever. Pretend like I'm not even there. I love giving head!"

"Are we done?" he asked, fed up and tired.

"How about you go down on me?"

He glanced in her direction. "Now?"

"Yeah, now," she smiled.

"No, I have to go to bed. I gotta wake up early tomorrow."

"Shocking..." she sarcastically muttered under her breath.

Sarah watched her husband turn off the light on his nightstand before closing his eyes. She smirked with a devilish twinkle in her eyes. She was done holding back. The frustrated mom pulled her vibrator out of her nightstand and turned it to the highest setting. The loud buzzing from her sex toy quickly filled their bedroom.

She slid her pajama bottoms and panties down, and promptly found her clit with the large, purple, buzzing head. She was going to make a production out of the next five minutes.

"Oh, fuck!" she loudly moaned.

Jack huffed before rolling over, now facing away from his wife.

"That feels so fucking good!" she cried again. "Make me cum, Daddy!"

"Mike is going to hear you..." Jack quietly commented.

"I don't care," she panted. "I'm gonna cum so hard. Like a little fuckin' whore!"

He rolled his eyes before pulling the blankets up over his head.

Sarah had gone through many fazes over the past fifteen years. That's really how long she'd been responsible for getting herself off. The five year mark of their marriage was when her husband seemed to tap out when it came to the bedroom, and she'd been on her own ever since. Her first faze was tried-and-true. It'd been her biggest weakness since she was just a little girl, and sometimes you never grow out of certain fantasies: and that was musicians. Few things got her off like one of her favorite artists, or primarily, a sexy lead singer from a band she loved. But things began to change...

Movie stars soon followed and she found herself dreaming of being a co-star in one of their latest blockbuster hits. Maybe she would hit it off with the hunky heartthrob and they would end up fooling around on set throughout the shoot. But Hollywood eventually gave way to pro athletes. This seemed to be around the time her son was ten or eleven and always had a sports game or highlights playing on the TV. She quickly realized just how sexy quarterbacks were. They certainly didn't look like that when she was growing up. Her long baths turned into exotic sessions of fantasizing about wearing her stud boyfriend's jersey while she waited at home for him to return from the big game.

But then she turned forty and her sex drive completely exploded.

Everyone and everything had been fair game over the past two and a half years. She'd masturbated to the package delivery guy, the college kid stocking shelves at the grocery store, and to a few of her son's teachers after meeting them at parent-teacher conference day. Even the sexy, fresh out of college math teacher, Ms. Thompson made an appearance during her alone time, but the most popular item on the menu recently were the guys at the gym. Tall, lean, and muscular. Jocks with wide shoulders, defined biceps, and ripped abs had been her go-to poison of choice over the last twelve months.

But there was one jock who'd been on the outskirts of her fantasies over the past year. He'd been lingering around, occasional stepping in to make a quick appearance before scurrying away. He wasn't some meathead. He was kind, caring, sweet, and just so happened to possess that athletic body so loved oh so much. He was also the one guy who shouldn't have been anywhere near her fantasies, but she couldn't control what got her off. Maybe her husband was right. If you cum, you cum. Who really cares how you get to the finish line, right? As long as you got there.

"Oh my God, I'm such a slut!" she loudly cried, her index finger in her mouth as the vibrator continued to buzz on her clit. "I'm gonna cum all over that big cock!"

A sexy body, a handsome face, and a big, fat dick. He was everything she wanted in a man. He was charming and thoughtful, but aggressive and rough. He was her perfect guy.

Tonight, in her fantasy, Sarah was getting fucked by her son.

Chapter 2 -- A Change of Plans.

November 8th. Monday. 6:49 AM.

"Hey, sweetheart."

Mike looked up from his bowl of cereal at the kitchen table. The brown-eyed, brown-haired, eighteen-year-old high school senior was all dressed for school in a pair of jeans and a red t-shirt as he finished the rest of his breakfast. He was six foot, one inches tall, with a lean, athletic build from years of sports and weight training. The charming teen was never one to have problems with the ladies.

"Hey, Mom," he smiled back.

Sarah fired up the coffee machine dressed in a black pencil skirt which ran just past her knees, and a white button up blouse. A pair of short black heels completed her stylish outfit. She normally missed both her son and husband in the mornings. Mike and Jack both left by 7 AM, while Sarah didn't need to be at work until 8:30. The biggest perk to her job other than the lack of stress? Definitely the hours. 8:30-4 is as good as it gets.

But one Monday every month was a different story. She would wake up early to drop her husband off at the airport before heading into work, and today was one of those Mondays. The timing couldn't have been better either. They could use a week apart from each other. She was extremely fed up with Jack at the moment. Last night's conversation was annoying her more and more as she replayed it in her head. Who the hell was he to criticize what she did for a living? She was a working mother who ran a household pretty much by herself. The only other person who contributed was Mike. Her son would handle the yard work while she kept the house clean and prepared the meals. Come to think of it, Jack didn't do too much...

"What are you doing up?"

Sarah's head snapped around at the sound of her husband's voice. "Morning, Jack."

"What are you doing up?" her husband repeated, dressed in his all black business attire. "I told you I don't need a ride."

She curiously looked at him. "When did you tell me that?"

"Last night," he stated. "The company is sending drivers from now on. I told you this."

"No, you didn't," she said.

"Yeah, I did," he argued. "Your head is all over the place lately."

Sarah was trying her best to remember. Did he tell her that he didn't need a ride? She honestly couldn't recall hearing that, but maybe he did. And, yeah, her head was definitely all over the place lately. In fact, it'd been all over the place for the past two and a half years. She desperately needed some good dick in her life.

He moved over to the coffee machine and swooped in to fill his cup. His phone buzzed in his pocket which caused him to speedily pull it out.

"Driver's here," he announced. "I gotta get going." He turned to capture his son's attention. "You know the drill, Mike. You call me if there are any problems, and don't do anything stupid until I get home."

Mike rolled his eyes as he waited for Dad to finish his speech. He must've heard it a hundred times by this point. 'Call him if there are any problems, don't do anything stupid until he gets home, and make sure nothing happens to your mother.' It was the same exact quote every time he left.

"Alright, see you two next week," he said before heading out the door.

The high schooler's head perked up with a baffled expression. "Bye," he directed at his dad, caught off-guard by what he'd heard. He quickly peered over at Mom. "What was that?"

She poured herself a cup of coffee before joining her son at the kitchen table. "What was what?"

"That," he repeated. "What Dad said."

She stared at her son, waiting for him to make some kind of point.

"He always tells me to make sure nothing happens to you," Mike clarified himself. "Every single time he leaves. He's never not said that. Except for today."

Sarah shrugged her shoulders.

He squinted his eyes at his mother, picking up on some kind of uneasiness. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, why?"

He set his spoon down, allowing it to rest against the edge of his cereal bowl. "Did something happen between you two?"

"What?" she asked.

"Dad has never not told me to look after you, and you seem a little distant now too. Are you okay?" he inquired.

"Of course."

"You would tell me if you aren't, right?" Mike continued. "You know I'm always here for you."

"I know, baby," she softly smiled again.

The two sat in silence for a few moments.

"We had a bit of a fight last night," Sarah finally admitted.

Mike's face grew extremely serious. "Dad didn't do something to you, did he?"

"No, of course not," she laughed. "We just had an argument and it got a little more heated than usual."

"About what?"

She took a sip of her coffee before shooting him a look. "I can't tell you that."

"Personal?" he asked.

"Very," she told him.

The teen nodded. "Okay, I can take a hint. And I know you understand this, but I'm always here if you need to talk to someone. I know you have friends and stuff, but maybe they aren't around sometimes or something. Or maybe you want a man's advice or opinion. I don't care what the subject is. I'm never not here for you."

She nodded with a smile. What her son just told her didn't need to be said. She already knew it. There wasn't anyone on the planet she felt more comfortable with than her little angel, but at the same time, he was an eighteen-year-old high schooler. He didn't need to be burdened with her problems.

Thirty seconds of silence passed before Sarah finally cracked. She needed to get it off her chest.

"Dad and I aren't getting along so well lately."

He'd resumed eating his cereal, but swiftly dropped his spoon back into his bowl to give her his complete attention. "Is that breaking news?"

She raised her eyebrows.

"Mom, you and Dad not getting along isn't exactly shocking to me," he told her. "I don't think I've ever seen you guys enjoy being around each other."

"No, we do," she argued.

"You do?" he asked. "Maybe I'm wrong then. You've met Kevin's parents, right?"

"Yeah, we sat next to them at your football banquet last year. They're super nice."

"They're awesome," he agreed. "Mom, Kevin's parents are best friends. I always thought that was a corny thing people said. You know, to marry your best friend, but I've never seen anything like those two. They literally can't get enough of being around each other. Mr. B grabs Mrs. B's butt right in front of us all the time when we're at Kevin's house," Mike laughed. "And Mrs. B acts all embarrassed but you can tell she loves it. They're so into each other."

Sarah smiled.

"And I don't want to sound like a dick, but I'll come home after being at Kevin's house for the day, and it's like you and Dad are roommates or something. I don't think I've ever even seen you two kiss. He didn't even say a real goodbye to you when he just left."

Well, the one thing Sarah couldn't call her son was a liar.

"I've always thought that's just how you guys were or something," he continued, "but as I've gotten older, I started to think that maybe you two don't really like one another."

She took a deep breath. She didn't want to admit this to her son, but he was right. They never had some over-the-top, loving marriage. Jack had been somewhat cold and distant to her for a long time, and as the years went by, he only moved further away. Deep down she knew that, but actually saying it was a different story.

"Listen, we don't need to talk about it," Mike went on. "I'm just letting you know that I'm here if you change your mind."

Sarah was done beating around the bush. Mike wasn't some little kid. He was a man. He could handle hearing what was about to come out of her mouth. She desperately needed to tell someone, and at the moment, who better than her son?

"Dad isn't taking care of me..."

He peered across the table, perplexed by what he'd just heard. "What does that mean?"

"He isn't taking care of me..." she quietly repeated. "You know..."

Mike took a deep gulp. Never in a million years would he have imagined having this conversation with his mother. "Umm... Like, sexually...?"

She slowly nodded with her eyes locked on the oak table below.

He tried to calculate his next move. "Umm... Do you want me...to uh...to talk to him?"

Her head immediately shot up. "No!"

Mike swallowed again. "Mom, it's okay. Maybe something's off and he's embarrassed to tell you."

"You can't say anything to him!" Sarah loudly declared. "He can't know that we had this conversation!"

"Okay, I won't," he reassured her. "Maybe his testosterone levels are low or something though. He's getting close to fifty. That stuff probably starts happening around that age."

She shook her head. "No, baby, it's not that..."

"Listen, Mom, you're very, very good-looking, but this part of life," he continued. "I'm sure Dad would love to be all over you, but nature is cruel sometimes."

"No, sweetheart, you don't understand. It's..."

Her sentence was cut short by her son's phone alarm going off.

"Shit, I gotta get going," he told his mother. "I can be late if you need to talk though. You just have to write me a note saying I had a dentist appointment or something."

She smiled. "No, baby, it's fine. Go to school."

"Are you sure? Mom, you take priority to everything. If you need to talk right now, I'll talk."

"I love you," Sarah smiled. "I really do. You're great. But, no, I'm fine. Honestly. Go to school."

He tossed his drawstring backpack that he used as a bookbag over his shoulder, picked up his basketball bag, and headed toward the door.

"I have practice after school so I'll be home around five," Mike told his mom. "So, I'll see ya for dinner."

Sarah nodded. "Sounds like a date."

"See ya later. Love you, Mom!" he shouted before closing the front door.

"Love you too!" she hollered back.

Sarah closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She had no idea what to do...

Chapter 3 -- A Conversation Over Pizza.

Later that same day. 5:20 PM.

Mike arrived home with a pizza box in hand. Mom texted him at 4:45 PM telling him that she ordered a pizza under his name. He swung by their favorite pizza joint on his way home and picked up dinner. It was little surprising to receive that text. Mom was always so good about eating healthy, especially over the past few years, but maybe she was too tired to cook today.

He plopped the box down on the dining room table and listened for any hint of a noise. The house was silent.

"You home!?" he shouted. Mom's car was in the garage but he didn't hear a sound.

A light rumble came from above before conceding to footsteps on the stairs. Moments later he was greeted by his mother, still dressed in her work attire. She reached out and handed him a twenty dollar bill.

"It's alright, I got it," he smiled.

"Are you crazy?" she laughed. "You're not buying dinner. Take it!"

He took the money and slipped it into his pocket. "I gotta be honest. Pizza sounded really good today."

I know, right?" she agreed with a grin.

Sarah disappeared into the kitchen before returning with two plates in hand. Her son took a seat at the end of the table and she sat in the chair next to him. A now opened pizza box found its way between them.

"Oh! I got something!" Mike announced before picking up his schoolbag and digging around inside. "Where did I put it...?"

She took a bite of the cheesy, greasy slice of pizza in her hand, when her eyes suddenly shot down thanks to her son tossing a stack of papers on the table in front of her.

"I did a little research during seventh period study hall," he told her. "I went to the computer lab and printed out all kinds of information on low testosterone and erectile dysfunction."

Sarah closed her eyes and took a deep breath. He was still hung up on this...

"Listen, I can't say anything to Dad. There's no way he would want me knowing about this. And I wouldn't wish this shit on my worst enemy either. It sounds horrifying. I have to be honest, I made it like ten minutes before I was searching for if ED is hereditary, and thank God it isn't. And, Mom, you can't ever criticize or make some nasty remark to him about his situation! That shit is emasculating already, so the last thing he needs is to be mocked for it."

"No, sweetheart..."

"I think I know the main causes," he interrupted. "It says high stress, poor diet, and certain types of medications are all leading factors of ED. Dad has all of those! The low testosterone thing is something out of his control, but they have supplements for that. So, he can get all of this fixed!"

She smiled while shaking her head. "Baby, your father isn't interested in me."

"I know, because of his situation. But he can fix that."

She shook her head again. "No, that's not why. He's pretty much always been like this. We never went through a period of sexual craziness. Even back when we were dating. Our sex drives never matched up and they've only grown apart as the years have gone by."

"They've grown apart?" he hesitantly asked.

"Baby, my sex drive is insane. I don't know what happened. It was always high, but it's completely out of control now. And it's been that way for probably three years at this point."

The teen gulped. He wasn't expecting to hear this. "Umm...so, it's not his testosterone levels?"

"No, it's definitely not," she laughed. "He just isn't into me sexually. It was manageable back when I was younger but it's becoming harder and harder to deal with now."

"How is that possible?" Mike asked.

"How is what possible?" Sarah replied.

"How can he not be into you?" her son specified. "That doesn't make any sense."

Sarah took another bite of her pizza before curiously glancing in his direction.

"Mom, you're extremely attractive," he sheepishly said. "How can't he be into you?"

She had an ear-to-ear smile planted on her face. "You think I'm attractive?"

"Are you serious?" he laughed. "Umm...yeah. Me and every other guy on the planet thinks so."

Sarah's cheeks turned bright red.

"Listen, I didn't want to say anything because I'm your son and you're my mom, but maybe you need to hear it. Especially since I always assumed Dad was telling you this shit, but after what I've heard today, I'm starting to think he's never said anything."

She eagerly awaited to hear what was about to come out of her son's mouth.

He finished his slice of pizza before turning his focus back to his mother. "I've always thought you were very pretty, and I don't want you to think I'm gawking at you, or checking you out, or whatever, but your body has really changed over the past couple years. There's a total difference from when you started eating better and working out."

Sarah was having a hard time controlling her excitement. "That means so much to me, baby!"

"Well, it's the truth, but something happened like a month ago. Or maybe it was a little longer. I'm not totally sure. Again, I'm not sitting around staring at you and stuff, but I do live with you. And I see you every day. It's tough to not occasionally glance in your direction."

"That's fine," she said with a big smile. "Hey, I'd be lying if I didn't admit to checking you out from time to time."

His eyebrows perked up.

"What?" Sarah laughed. "What am I supposed to do? There's a good-looking guy living in my house who just so happens to have all kinds of muscles. So, yeah, when you wear a tank top or decide against a shirt all together, you better believe I help myself to a peek."

Mike wasn't sure what to say. Yeah, that was inappropriate, but it was always one of the most amazing things he'd ever heard.

"Oh...okay," he stammered. "Well, I don't feel so bad about what I'm about to say anymore. I don't know if you remember, but back when you decided that you wanted to start living healthier, we had a conversation at the kitchen table one night."

"I absolutely remember," Sarah told her son.

"You do? Wow. Yeah, you asked me for advice and stuff. We went over things to eat, and exercises, and stuff like that. I vividly remember telling you to not avoid lifting weights, but you were hesitant about it. You thought it would make you look bulky and masculine."

Sarah nodded. She could recall that conversation like it happened yesterday.

"Now, the changes in your body have been amazing," he went on. "They really have. You've lost weight, you're healthier, and I've never told you this, but your skin has a glow to it now. I'm pretty sure that's from how healthy you eat."

Her jaw was on the floor. "A glow!?"

"Yeah," he nodded, "you look brighter and more youthful. It's really incredible."

"Why didn't you ever say anything!?" she excitedly asked. "Oh my God! A glow!?"

"That's Dad's job," he laughed as a result of his mother's excitement. "It seemed like an inappropriate thing for me to bring up. Well, it did. It's not gonna seem out of line after what I'm about to tell you."

Sarah stared into her son's brown eyes, anxious to hear what he was going to tell her.

"I'm sitting in the family room watching TV the other night, and you walk in wearing a tight pair of yoga pants," he started. "Once again, you always look great, but something caught my eye."

She bit her lower lip.

"Your butt," he smiled.

"My butt?" Sarah asked with a surprised reaction.

"Yeah, it was crazy," he went on. "I thought maybe it was your pants or something. So, the next morning you come into kitchen all dressed for work. You're wearing this really nice beige skirt. You turn around to get some coffee, and just like the night before, my eyes are locked on your backside. I know how inappropriate this sounds, and I'm really not some pervert who's gawking at his mom or something, but it's hard not to notice."

"What about my butt caught your attention?" she nervously asked.

"Everything. The lift it had, the shape of it...just everything. And every day after that I kept noticing it as well. I just saw it when you came into the room a few minutes ago too. You look unbelievable. I've been wanting to say something but it didn't seem like my place. But I have to mention it if Dad

isn't. You deserve to hear it. Did you change something?"

She wanted to scream. She wanted to run over to her son's seat and give him a big hug. She wanted to do a million different things, but at the moment, all she could do was smile.

"I started lifting weights!" she announced.

Mike threw his hands into the air. "I knew it! When did you start?"

"Two months ago!" Sarah proudly answered, her voice full of pep and energy. "You can really notice a difference?"

"Mom, it's crazy. This is why I told you not to avoid weights. It does wonders on the lower body for women."

"I know, I know..." she groaned. "Believe me, I wish I would've started a long time ago. I totally feel the difference but I didn't know it was visibly noticeable!"

The teen nodded his head. "Every guy in your life notices. I can guarantee it. Your boss, people who see you on a daily basis at stores or whatever, and especially Dad. You're making a lot of guys in the world happy."

Sarah's smile couldn't possibly be bigger. "Okay, so, I really only used the cardio machines at the gym, and all that stuff is on the top floor. I can see down into the free weights on the lower floor while I'm using the treadmill. There's this one girl who's always down there who looks unbelievable. Her butt and legs are insane. One day I'm filling up my water bottle at the fountain when she suddenly walks behind me to get a drink. I wasn't going to say anything but I decided to. I told her how amazing she looks and asked what she did. And guess what?"

"What?" Mike asked.

"She showed me her entire lower body workout! She took me through the whole thing, explained to me how to do different lifts and what parts of the body it targets, and everything!"

"Is she a trainer?" he inquired.

Sarah shook her head. "No, she's an x-ray technician. She's just super nice! So, I started doing her workout three days a week. I got her a gift card to a coffee shop as a thank you, and she was all excited because she loves green tea," the mom laughed.

"That's awesome. Listen, you were a ten before you started working out, but you're like a fifteen now."

She raised her eyebrows.

"You are," he laughed. "Maybe there's something wrong with Dad mentally. I can't explain why he isn't mauling you like six hours a day. Have you guys tried spicing things up? I mean, maybe getting a little kinky or something?"

Sarah started laughing.

"What?" Mike asked. "I'm being serious. Twenty years is a long time to be married to someone."

Maybe try some role-play, or costumes, or something."

Her laughter was growing.

"I don't see what's so funny," he stated.

"Sweetheart, can I be honest with you?" she asked, still lightly laughing.

"We aren't being honest? I never imagined having this discussion with you."

"Yeah, I guess we are being really honest," she agreed. "Here's the deal. Not only has my sex drive exploded over the past few years, but the type of sex I want has changed too."

Mike gulped. Holy shit, she was going to talk about what she wanted sexually!?

"I've always liked aggressive sex while Dad has been more passive and soft. Now, there's nothing wrong with the occasional romantic evening, but nine out of ten times, I want to be ravished."

The high school senior was speechless.

"I want to be thrown against the wall, I want to be slapped and choked, and I want someone to spit in my face!"

He had no idea what to say.

"And I've told Dad about all of this. I tried to get him to choke and slap me last night. He won't even have sex with me doggy style. Everything has to be missionary. You're a man. Don't you like doggy style?"

He slowly nodded.

"Is that your favorite position?" she asked.

He nodded again.

"See!?" she shouted. "Because you're a man. And he's constantly turning down my blowjobs too!" she continued to rant. "Like, what kind of guy does that? I want to give him head throughout the day. Why's that a problem?"

"He...he turns...turns down blowjobs?" Mike asked, baffled and confused.

"Yeah, all the time!" she frustratedly stated. "Did you ever turn down a blowjob from Rachel?"

Mom was referring to his ex-girlfriend who he'd broken up with a few months ago, and the answer to that question was a resounding no.

He shook his head.

"Obviously!" she loudly stated. "I don't even need his full attention! I told him to continue working on his laptop or whatever. I just want to play with him for a while."

Mike swallowed but his mouth was completely dry. This was his mom? This amazing, incredible,

gorgeous woman he'd known for eighteen years, just so happened to be sexually insatiable? What the hell was wrong with Dad!?

"I uh...I gotta take a shower," he told his mother, pointing at the sweaty t-shirt he wore for his two hour basketball practice. "Leave the pizza out. I'm gonna have some more after."

"You got it, baby," she nodded with a smile.

Chapter 4 -- The Proposal.

Mike stood in the shower, staring at the wall for five minutes before he even reached for the shampoo. He still couldn't believe what he'd just heard. Part of him wished he hung around for longer, but he needed to bail on that conversation, and excusing himself to take a shower seemed like the best way to get out of there.

Mom had been getting sexier to him as the years went by. That's not how it's supposed to work, right? Don't most twelve and thirteen-year-old boys lust after their own mothers, only to outgrow that phase by the time they reach manhood? But that wasn't how it was with him. He went through a girlfriend, countless numbers of favorite porn stars, and several different go-to sexual fetishes, but one thing remained the same. And that was the woman he desired more than anyone in the world: his mom.

He finally finished his shower and wrapped a towel around his waist before heading toward his room. Where to go from here? Dad wasn't taking care of Mom. She made that one hundred percent clear. Did she bring that up for a specific reason or was she just ranting? And what was that thing about wanting rough sex? She wanted to be ravished? What he really needed was to jerk-off. He needed to clear his mind and forget all about the conversation they had at the dining room table fifteen minutes ago.

"Hey, sweetheart."

Mike jumped the second he heard that angelic voice. Sitting on the edge of his bed, dressed in the same black pencil skirt and white button up blouse she had on earlier, was his mother.

"Uh, hey," he nervously greeted her, clenching his towel tighter.

"Whatcha up to?" she asked.

"Umm... I gotta do home...homework," he answered.

She nodded. "Do you have a lot of it?"

The teen gulped. "I have enough."

"Okay..." she said with a slight smile. "Why don't you take a seat?"

He looked around the room. "Where?"

She pointed directly across from the edge of the bed she was sitting at.

He glanced at the wooden computer chair she was obviously referring to, before turning his attention back to his mother. "Can you leave for a minute so I can get dressed?"

"Just take a seat," she smiled. "You're fine like that."

He walked over to his chair and slowly sat down, his eyes wandering everywhere except to the woman sitting on his bed.

"I meant what I said earlier."

He finally looked at his mom. "What?"

"About rough sex," she grinned. "I want to be treated like a whore in bed."

Mike was staring straight ahead with his mouth agape.

"And I'm all out of options," Sarah continued. "Your father isn't going to come around. Now, I'm sure I could find some guy to cheat on him with, but I don't want to do that. I still love Dad, but, baby, I'm forty-three years old now. I feel like I deserve some sexual satisfaction at this point in my life. Don't you agree?"

He slowly nodded.

"And I don't want some fling. I don't want a guy from the gym or some dating app to hook up with. I want someone I love and care about. Because I need trust in order to do a lot of the stuff I want. There are three men on this planet I one hundred percent trust. The first is Grandpa, next is Dad, and do you know who the third is?"

"Me...?" Mike hesitantly answered.

"You," she confirmed with a big smile. "And having some fun with you doesn't seem like cheating to me. Maybe it is, but I'm able to look past it. You aren't a random guy. You're the love of my life. So, who better to get what I need from?"

"Umm..."

"I've thought about this for a while," Sarah interjected. "I honestly wouldn't be approaching you if I didn't think you were up for this. Sweetheart, I look at you and part of me still sees a little boy. Because I'm your mother. I'm always going to see my little angel when I look at your handsome face, but you aren't a boy anymore. You're tall, and strong, and full of muscles. I've watched you play football and basketball for twelve years. Baby, you're aggressive, and athletic, and unafraid of anything. I mean, look at your face now! You have that sexy five o'clock shadow, and if you don't shave, you start getting scruff within a day. You're a man now! My man! Every part of me knows you can do this."

"What...what is it you want?" he asked.

"I want to give you a blowjob."

Mike lost his breath.

"We start with that," she told her son. "We take things slow. If you like it, then we can go further. If not, I won't bug you. I don't want you to be uncomfortable. I want you to enjoy this. You see, baby, I..."

"I'm in."

Sarah was slightly taken aback. She gazed across the room at the stud who'd just interrupted her and put an end to her rambling. "What?"

"I'm in," he repeated.

A big smile grew on the mom's face. "You are?"

"Yeah," he nodded.

"Really? That easily?"

He nodded again. "The hottest woman on the planet just offered me a blowjob. What am I going to say? No?"

"The hottest woman on the planet?" she asked with a smirk.

"Yeah, you heard me," he clarified himself, stone-faced. "And I can't say no to you. If this is what you want, then I'm in. I'm not going to sit here and act like some martyr. I want this too."

"You want this?"

"Absolutely," he told her with a smile. "For quite a while."

Sarah felt herself growing flustered. She expected to have to beg and plead for him to see things her way, but she didn't have to at all. Not only was he up for this, but he wanted it too!

"We need to go over something first."

Her focus left her son's still damp and always muscular body, and moved up to his handsome face. "Sure."

"I understand what you want. Rachel was the same way."

A shocked expression washed over Sarah's face. "She was!?"

"Yeah, you never would've guessed, right?" he chuckled.

Sarah began laughing along with her son. "Never in a million years would I've expected that innocent, blonde-haired, blue-eyed girl to have a wild side."

"Oh, she had a wild side alright," Mike laughed. "I never got to explore it as much as I wanted to though. Actually, nowhere near as much as I wanted to. It's tough when you're both seventeen and living at home. We did mess around enough over the summer though. It was easier when we could actually have the house to ourselves."

Sarah always liked Rachel. In fact, she was pretty bummed when she found out her son and his girlfriend had broken up. But, at the same time, they made it a year in high school. That may as well have been a forty year anniversary.

"What was she into?"

"Just the norm at first," he answered. "You know, hair-pulling, light choking, and she liked it rough."

Her eyes were bulging. That was her son's definition of normal sex!? Hair-pulling and choking? She found him! She found her perfect guy!

"Her fantasies really ramped up once she got more comfortable with me though," he went on. "We really didn't do a lot of them, but like I said earlier, it's tough when you have to sneak around to have sex."

"What did she fantasize about?"

"She had rape fantasies," Mike admitted.

Sarah gulped.

"She told me her ultimate fantasy was me in a ski mask, sneaking into her house, and pretending to rape her."

"Did you guys do that?" she questioned.

Her son shook his head. "No, I wasn't comfortable with it. Maybe if we were married for twenty years and I completely trusted her, but she was a seventeen-year-old girl I'd be dating for nine months. It was too much."

"Absolutely," Sarah agreed. "I'm happy you realized that."

"I'm telling you this because I want you to know that your fantasies are normal," he explained. "Rachel showed me this website where this huge community of people discuss their sexual taboos. People are into some crazy shit, Mom. It's just that most of them aren't comfortable telling anyone in real life. Wanting this is normal. It isn't weird or anything."

She smiled. As if her son couldn't be more perfect.

"And we need a safeword," he told her.

She gave him a curious glance. "A safeword?"

"Yeah, a safeword is..."

"I know what a safeword is," she cut him off with a laugh. "I'm just surprised you think we need one. Honey, it's a blowjob."

"It's a blowjob today," he grinned. "Who knows what it's gonna be tomorrow."

Sarah immediately bit her lip. She'd been wet from the moment her son started his shower and she headed up to his room, but she was soaked by this point.

"Okay. How about banana?"

Mike laughed. "Banana works. Everything instantly stops if I hear that word. Okay?"

She nodded in agreement. "You ready?"

"One last thing."

She rolled her eyes.

"Just let me say it," he chuckled. "I'm gonna call you some shit. Some of it might be nasty, or mean, or whatever. I really don't know to be honest. I'm going to do some stuff and treat you in ways I never have in the past. I don't mean anything by it."

Sarah didn't know whether to scream in excitement, run over and hug her son, or start crying from the joy she was currently experiencing. Everything she dreamed about was coming true. Every little thing she wanted was second nature for Mike. Jack wouldn't even swear, but her son was already apologizing for awful things he was going to call her! She could barely control herself!

"I'm doing it because you want it. It is what you want, right?"

She hastily nodded. "Yes! I want it!"

"You're positive? You're sure it isn't something you'd prefer stay just a fantasy?"

"No!" Sarah shouted. "I'm positive I want this!"

"Okay," he softly smiled. "Mom, I love you more than anyone in the world. It's going to sound corny, but I would take a bullet for you. I honestly would. You're that important to me. So, if I call you a slut or something, it's because I think you want it. No part of me thinks you're a slut, or a whore, or whatever I might say. I need you to understand that. It's just role-play."

Sarah's mouth dropped the moment 'slut' came out of her son's mouth, and it was in no hurry to close. "You're gonna call me a slut?"

"Do you not want me to?"

"Call me that!" she loudly begged, her barefoot rapidly tapping on the hardwood floor. "Yes! Don't hold back! At all! Call me anything you want!"

He locked eyes with her. "Go grab my pillow."

Sarah hopped off the mattress and hurried around the bed to retrieve her son's pillow. She immediately looked back for directions.

"Right here," he pointed at his feet.

She hustled over with a big smile and came to a stop just inches in front of him.

"Drop it," he told her.

She placed the pillow at his feet.

"Where are your heels, by the way?" Mike inquired.

"Downstairs."

He nodded.

"Do you want me to get 'em?" she asked.

He debated with himself for a moment. "Do you have anything sluttier?"

Sarah ran through her shoe collection in her head. It wasn't exactly an easy task. If there was one thing she loved shopping for, it was shoes, and she had a ton of them.

"I have a pair of six inch black stiletto heels."

His face lit up. "Really? I've never seen these."

"I've never worn them," she informed him. "I'm not totally sure why I bought 'em, to be honest. They seem too over-the-top to wear in public."

Mike gazed into her brown eyes.

"Do you want me to get 'em?"

He had a big smile on his face. "Absolutely."

She strutted toward his door before a loud voice caused her to stop.

"Wait!"

Sarah looked back at her son with her profile view facing him. His eyes tracked her body, moving along her thighs, to her perky butt, along her shapely hips and slim waist, up to her impressive bust, before eventually landing on her youthful face.

"Okay, go get 'em," he told his mother with a smile.

She vanished from the doorway and skipped down the hallway toward her bedroom.

Chapter 5 -- The Blowjob.

Mike took a quick glance around his room. It felt like he was missing something. He was still having a hard time comprehending the situation as his brain tried to process what was about to happen. Mom scurried off to her bedroom to put on a pair of six inch high heels so she could give him a blowjob. A blowjob! This wasn't some fantasy. It was really going to happen! But what was he forgetting?

Of course!

He was sitting in his computer chair with half a hard-on under his bath towel. He couldn't believe he almost blew this! The greatest moment in his life prior to today occurred four months ago. Rachel sent him a text on a Thursday night in July, letting him know that her parent's had gone out to dinner and a movie. Twenty minutes later he was receiving his first blowjob. But the blowjob wasn't the most memorable moment from that night. It was his ex-girlfriend's reaction.

Now, Mike didn't have a porn dick. He wasn't packing some ten inch monster or anything like that, but the teen was always happy with what he had. And judging from some of the things he'd read on the internet, it seemed like most guys weren't too thrilled with the size of their individual manhood. He could still remember the look on Rachel's face when she yanked down his jeans for the first time. She was a virgin at the time, and not yet desensitized by a world of porn or other men, the seventeen-year-old high schooler was blown away by what she was seeing. Mike had above-average girth and length, and his ex made a habit of reminding him about that. She obviously picked up on how much he loved having her fawn over his size. What guy didn't get off on that?

That moment in Rachel's bedroom happened because he was rock hard when he lost his jeans and boxers. How couldn't he have been? It was nine, long, excruciating months of making out and feeling each other up before he finally got some real action. He was ready to explode the second he stepped inside her bedroom on that summer night, and that was only proven by the forty seconds he managed to last inside her mouth before he came. Thank God he remembered...

Mike's hand slipped under his towel and gave his rapidly growing cock a few firm strokes. Fifteen seconds later he was completely hard. Mom wasn't a seventeen-year-old virgin. She was a forty-three-year-old woman. He had no knowledge of her sex life prior to Dad, but she'd probably seen a few dicks in her day. He knew he wasn't going to get a Rachel reaction out of her. Well, what if he did? What if she was blown away from what she saw? He couldn't pass up on the chance of missing out on that.

His elbows found the wooden arms of his chair as his nonchalantly leaned back in his seat, allowing his throbbing cock to pitch a large tent under his towel. He gave his biceps a few flexes, eager to look his best for when Mom came back. There was nothing more he could do from this point forward. He was ready to go.

Clack...clack...clack...

He grinned as his ears picked up on the sound of high heels tapping on the hardwood floor in the hallway. She was coming! She was coming back in a pair of slutty heels just for him! Mike's head shot toward the door and eagerly awaited to be met by the sight of his mother.

"These aren't the easiest to walk in..." Sarah giggled as she stepped inside her son's bedroom. "I do like...whoa!"

His face cracked a slight smile but he managed to keep his cool for the most part. Mom's eyes were locked on his hidden erection.

"Well, it looks like someone's ready to go," she smiled.

"That's what you do to me," he calmly added, doing his best to stay in character. Mom didn't want some overexcited, anxious teenager. She wanted a confident, controlling guy, and he was going to do his damndest to be that man for her.

She took a step in his direction before stopping. Her eyes found her son's face and she waited for directions.

"Lose a few buttons on your shirt."

Sarah fingers immediately undid the top three buttons on her blouse, allowing the upper part of her

white lace bra to show. A small amount of cleavage was now visible and she wanted it that way. She felt like such a tease. Her tall, slutty high heels, her fairly tight black skirt, and a little bit of her large breasts now exposed. How many times had Mike thought about her like this? But she didn't want to get naked for him just yet. She wanted to drive him wild for a little longer.

"You're so fuckin' sexy..." Mike groaned.

She instantly bit her lip. Her eyes left her son's face, moved down his defined chest and chiseled abs, before once again settling on that large tent pitched under his white bath towel. She couldn't possibly be more wet.

"Really?" she shyly asked.

"So sexy," he reiterated. "I stand behind what I said earlier. Sexiest woman on the planet."

She sheepishly glanced down. "What do you like about me so much?"

"Everything. Your amazing personality, how nice and kind you are, your sense of humor, but, Mom, then we get to that ridiculous body."

A big smile formed on her face as she continued to stare at the floor.

"Those toned legs, that insane ass, and those big fuckin' tits. And we top it all off with that gorgeous face. Every guy who's seen you over the past couple years would kill to trade spots with me right now. I would bet everything I have on that. Guys go home and jerk-off to you."

She finally made eye contact with her son. "You think so?"

"You're a lot of guy's fantasy woman, but you want to know something?"

"What?" she asked.

"You belong to me," he grinned.

She moved in front of her son and dropped to her knees on his pillow. A big hand gave her a stop sign before she could reach for that pesky towel.

Mike had a few more questions he wanted answered first. "Have you ever thought about this before?"

"Thought about what?" she asked. "You?"

He nodded. "Yeah, have you ever thought about fooling around?"

Sarah peered up at the stud sitting in front of her. She was about to give him a blowjob so why was she still holding back from revealing her true feelings? It was time to let Mike know just how much she wanted him.

"Dad hasn't made me cum in ages," she started. "I honestly couldn't tell you the last time he did. Actually, I'm going to go ahead and tell you exactly how things work with us. Your father and I have blah, boring sex once or twice a month. And two times a month is if things are crazy. He cums, rolls over, and falls asleep. He's usually out within five minutes. After he slides off of me, I get my

vibrator out of my nightstand and get myself off. It's been that way for about fifteen years. But here's the thing. About three years ago I started playing with myself right in front of him even when we weren't having sex. I thought that maybe it would get him interested or whatever, but it didn't. So, pretty much every night, he's lies in bed and works on his computer or his phone or whatever, and I play with myself two feet to the left of him."

Mike was at a loss from words. He knew his parent's relationship wasn't good, but he didn't expect to find out that it was this bad.

"I also play with myself every weekday morning," she smiled. "I actually like that the two of you are both out of the house when I wake up. It gives me a little private time to get loud..."

He didn't know whether to smile or scream. This woman just kept getting more perfect.

"But, back to my nightly routine. Now, when Dad is sleeping next to me, I obviously need something to help me get off. I do like my erotic novels but they're a commitment. Sometimes I just want to cum quickly, you know? So, I've had some go-to guys over the years. It originally started with some of my favorite rock stars, before I moved on to movie stars, and then I went through a big time quarterback phase."

"A quarterback phase?" he asked with his eyebrows raised.

"Yeah, I've always had a thing for jocks," she told him with a mischievous smirk. "And before I knew it, I was all about the guys at the gym."

Mike wasn't a fan of hearing that. Mom fantasizing about celebrities she would never meet was one thing, but actual guys she saw multiple times a week was a different story.

"It seemed to begin around the time I decided to start eating healthier and working out," Sarah explained. "Maybe it was a subconscious thing. You know, being attracted to the thing I valued the most? A bunch of different guys would make their way into my alone time. I've had all kinds of fantasies about doing stuff with them, but this one guy in particular just wouldn't go away. In fact, I got to know him pretty well."

Okay, he really wasn't happy about that. Mom shouldn't be talking to college-aged jocks to begin with, let alone flirting with them! The last thing he wanted was someone using his mother!

"He's tall, and athletic, and really sexy. He has abs and big biceps," Sarah smiled, "but he's a total sweetheart too. He's the nicest, kindest, most amazing guy I've ever met. I can't get enough of being around him."

Mike was seething. "You're fucking some guy from the gym!?"

She rolled her eyes. "I'm talking about you, dumbass!"

"Oh shit!" the teen laughed. "Because the way you made it sound..."

"I know," she interrupted with a sly smile. "I did that on purpose to mess with you. I've been thinking about you, baby."

He gulped. "For how long?"

"Probably a year. Well, longer than that, but you've been the star of the show for the past year for sure. You've been my go-to guy."

He'd never felt harder than he did at this very moment. "Are you serious?"

"Mmm-hmm," Sarah smirked. "I can't even tell you how many times you've made me cum. You've given me hundreds of orgasms. Maybe even thousands. You want to know what gets me off so much? When I think about you while Dad lies right next to me."

"Really?"

Sarah nodded. "Oh yeah. Dad falls asleep pretty quickly and he snores really loud, so I always know when he's completely out. You wanna know what I do when I know he's asleep?"

"What?" he immediately asked.

"I moan your name," she told him with a grin. "Part of me wants you to hear it but your room is all the way down at the end of the hallway. That's always been a fantasy of mine. That you're jerking-off to my moaning. God, I talk about all the stuff I want you to do to me."

His hand found his rock hard cock and slowly began stroking it over his towel. "What do you talk about?"

"How I want to gag and choke on your big cock," she giggled. "How I want you to bend me over every countertop, and sofa, and bed in this house. How I want you to treat me like a little slut. Baby, I've never cum harder than when you're fucking me in my fantasies."

Mike's heart was racing as he gazed down at the world's most amazing woman. He couldn't take it any longer.

"When's the last time you had some real dick?"

Her brow furrowed. "What qualifies as real dick?"

He leaned back again, letting his elbows rest on the arms of the chair. "What's under this towel," he answered with a confident smirk.

Sarah's eyes shifted back down to her son's covered erection. "I've never seen anything like that..."

He wanted to scream. "I think it's time we change that."

She shot him an innocent, girlish smile. "Can I see your cock, baby?"

Mike nodded.

Her soft, smooth hands traced along his legs and slowly worked up to his thighs. Her fingers ran over the damp cotton before finding the top of his towel. She pulled it to the sides, allowing the material to drop to each side of the chair.

And as the towel dropped, so did her jaw.

"Oh...my...God..."

Mike couldn't recall Rachel's reaction any longer. It seemed so vivid and memorable just five minutes ago, but his ex-girlfriend's face had been permanently replaced by what he was staring at. His mother was stunned. His forty-three-year-old mom was shocked by what she was seeing! He'd never felt more confident or sure of himself than he did at this very moment. He felt like a king!

"That's huge..." she commented, her eyes still transfixed on the one part of her son she never imagined seeing prior to today. "I...I mean, I...I always imagined it was big, but, baby...that's...that's fucking huge..."

"Bigger than Dad?"

Her attention moved up to his face as she started to laugh. "Bigger than Dad? Sweetheart, you and Dad aren't even in the same ballpark."

Well, it was official, Mike could die a happy man.

Sarah's eyes lowered back down to that big, shiny head of her son's penis which was glistening with precum. Everything about him was large. His balls, his penis, and all his muscles. It was the complete opposite of her pudgy husband. But enough about Jack. She had a different guy all to herself for the next six days, and she was planning on making every one of them count.

The tip of her index finger found the head of his cock and was quickly soaked in pre-seminal fluid. She pulled her finger back, watching a trail of the sticky substance come along with it. Sarah couldn't wait any longer. She needed to taste him.

Her finger slipped inside her mouth and her eyes promptly lit up. "You taste yummy!"

She expected plenty of reactions after her comment. Shock was her bet for the most likely. What guy wouldn't be over the moon after hearing his mom tell him how good he tasted? Or maybe he would have something naughty to say to her? Maybe her dirtiness would encourage her son to join in on the fun? That would be amazing! She knew there was a rough, nasty streak somewhere in Mike, and while he told her that he was going to get raunchy with her, she was still waiting to see it.

Suddenly, she didn't have to wait any longer.

A strong, rough, callused hand reached out and firmly gripped the back of her blonde head. Her body willingly allowed itself to be controlled, euphoric at the feel of her son pulling her toward him. Her mouth opened as she eagerly accepted the throbbing head of his cock inside her warm mouth.

"Fuck..."

That little moan from her son caused her to lose all control. Sarah began rapidly bobbing up and down on his towering pole, allowing spit and saliva to coat every inch of his thick meat. She wanted more sounds to escape from her little angel's lips. She didn't want him sitting in math class, thinking about cheerleaders, or cute classmates, or porn stars. She wanted him to be thinking about her. Sarah wanted to be the woman on her son's mind, and she was going to make sure she was his dream girl by the time she left his bedroom.

Mike's hand gently rested on the top of his mother's head as he allowed her to give him the best

blowjob of his life. This wasn't even comparable to the head Rachel gave. Half of his cock was disappearing each and every time Mom's mouth effortlessly moved down. Everything was just wet and warm. It felt like a hot washcloth was wrapped around his penis. And suddenly, the teen felt the urge to see just how far that warm feeling could go.

Mike's hand cautiously nudged her head deeper when he immediately felt her go limp. Not only was she okay with this, but Mom was making it very clear that she wanted it. Suddenly, he had complete control over her mouth. He slowly pushed down and felt the warm, wetness of her throat engulf his cock. Inch by inch her nose worked toward the base of his manhood. And every inch lower resulted in her throat growing a little tighter. Every inch further made him feel more and more like she was his girl.

His right hand gave her one last nudge downward, causing the tip of her nose to press into his trimmed pubic hair. He still couldn't believe he was experiencing this. His entire cock was lodged down his mother's throat as she obediently knelt before him. And he just held her there without a fight. Seconds ticked by as her hands remained placed on the exposed skin of his thighs. He started to feel those hands fidget on his legs and he instantly relaxed his grip.

Sarah's head sprang upward, desperately collecting as much air as her lungs could possibly absorb. She was finally free and that was the last thing she wanted. The frantic urge to be controlled was already shooting through her body again.

"Again!" she begged.

This time both of Mike's hands gripped his mother's head and roughly thrust her onto his cock, allowing her to instantly deepthroat him. A dizziness was fogging his mind as he continued to hold her in place. This wasn't going to be a one-time thing. He was positive about that. He had no idea how often they were going to mess around before Dad got home on Sunday night, but the idea of them never fooling around again was almost too much to comprehend. He wasn't going to allow that to happen.

How long had she'd been down there? Fifteen, twenty seconds? This woman was unbelievable! As if she couldn't be a sweeter, kinder, more gentle human being, now she was a porn star in the bedroom too!? He felt a light tap on his right thigh and eased his grip on her head.

Sarah came back up for air with a smitten expression plastered across her face. "Baby, I..."

"Move back," Mike cut her off.

Her lovestruck expression changed to curiosity. "What?"

"Move back," he repeated, this time pointing at the floor.

Sarah slid a few feet away from the chair her son was occupying, dragging his pillow along with her. Her eyes glanced back at Mike to see why he had her change positions. Her heart promptly skipped a beat once she realized what was coming.

The high school senior stood up and approached his mother. Now this is how he really wanted her. Down on the ground while he was standing over her. And she had to want this too, right? She wanted to be dominated and controlled in bed, and what better way to show who's in charge than to stand over a kneeling lover?

His hand slowly stroked his cock, causing Mom's lips to move to his testicles. Her tongue quickly ran the length of his ball sack. He moved his rock hard penis to her face and gently pressed down with his thumb.

"Oh my God..." Sarah giggled, removing her son's balls from her mouth just long enough to speak, "it's as big as my head!"

She wasn't lying. Mike was gazing down at his mom while his cock pressed against her pretty face. It ran past her mouth, along her nose, before coming to a rest at the very top of her forehead. The only thing he could see was her pretty brown eyes seductively peering up at him from the sides of his dick.

She gave his balls another quick lick before dragging her tongue along the bottom of his thick shaft and engulfing his cock inside her mouth again. This time both her hands found his manhood as she simultaneously stroked and sucked on her new favorite part of her son.

Mike wasn't one hundred percent sure how his next words were going to be interpreted, but he was done second-guessing himself. Mom wasn't the type of girl to laugh at him or dismiss something he said. She never had in the past. Every embarrassing question he asked over the years was always met with sincerity and honesty, so, it was time to stop holding back. He was just going to say it.

"Good girl..."

Sarah's grip on her son tightened as her blowjob grew to a furious pace. Good girl? He called her a good girl!?

"Just like that..." Mike moaned, feeling his cock growing ever closer to what would undoubtedly be a mind-blowing orgasm. "Daddy loves that pretty mouth."

Her hold loosened around his penis and her lips pulled off her son. Daddy? He referred to himself Daddy? Her eyes darted to the hardwood floor below as she attempted to measure what she'd just heard. Nothing about that was right. She had a dad. He was amazing and he also happened to be the world's best grandpa, so why in the world did hearing that give her the tingles? Was it a dominance thing? Sure, part of her wanted to be submissive to her son, but maybe she was underestimating just how much of her wanted to be controlled? Daddy represented an authority figure: the ultimate authority figure. And at this moment in her son's bedroom, Sarah had an epiphany...

She wanted to be Daddy's little girl.

"Say that again."

"Say what?" he asked. "The daddy thing?"

Sarah rapidly nodded. "And call me your little girl."

Mike was like a kid in a candy shop. "Earn it."

She wrapped her hands around his cock and worked her mouth on his thick shaft like never before. Spit and drool was falling from the sides of his penis, down onto her skirt and work blouse. Never in her life had she experienced a level of sexual lust like the one she was currently caught up in.

He placed his hands on her head and watched her instantly go limp again. Her butt moved back and

her palms hit the floor so she could give him complete control of her body. Light pumps gave way to feverish thrusts as he began using his mother's mouth like a pussy. The sounds of gagging and choking filled the room and that only encouraged him to go that much harder. He was quickly approaching the end of the line.

He pulled out and began stroking his hard, spit covered penis just inches from Mom's face. "Great job today."

Sarah's face was beaming. He was going to say it! He was going to say it and those words were going to become top shelf ammunition during her private time with her vibrator. Screw fantasies and dreams! She had real memories to think about now!

"I'm very proud of you," he continued, feeding off the lustful look on the glowing face below him. "You made Daddy very happy."

Sarah's heart was racing. Well, it turns out she had a new fetish. Shower sex had taken a backseat to being daddy's little girl, and all she wanted was to hear it again.

"Thank you, Daddy," she playfully told him in a schoolgirl like voice. "I love making you happy."

He couldn't possibly be more into this moment with his mother. "And you know what? Since you were such a good girl, I'm gonna let you decide where your big reward goes."

Her big reward? He was pushing all her buttons. Even his lingo was intoxicating. His cum was her reward? It really was, wasn't it? She set the wheels in motion, worked hard to bring Mike right to the edge, and now it was time to finish him off. And there was another fantasy of hers that Jack always had a problem with. Something about it being degrading, or disgusting, or whatever. God, her husband was such a bore in the bedroom! It wasn't degrading or disgusting. It was hot! It was hot and she was positive that Mike would agree.

"I want a facial!" she excitedly announced.

The teen's dominant demeanor quickly vanished. "What...?"

"I want a facial! I want you to cum all over my face!"

Mike gulped. "Are you serious?"

She immediately nodded. "I wanna be your little cumslut!"

"Holy shit..." he quietly muttered under his breath.

She curiously gazed up at her son. Was he not on board with this? But she was so positive that he would love it. What if he was just like his father? What if he found her fantasies gross and off-putting too?

"Is that a problem, baby?" she hesitantly asked.

"Fuck no," he instantly responded, fully back in character. "I'm going to cover that pretty face. And it's Daddy, by the way."

He wasn't anything like his father! In fact, he was the complete opposite! He was perfect! "How do

you want me, Daddy?"

"Palms flat on the ground," he instructed.

Sarah followed his directions, placing her hands flat on the hardwood floor. Her knees were still on his pillow and she raised her butt to give him a better view of her clothed backside.

"Just like that," he smiled. "Close your eyes and open that mouth."

Her eyes shut and her mouth swiftly opened, quickly giving way to her tongue which was reaching out as far as possible. The sexually deprived mom was eager to be someone's fantasy girl. Even if that man just so happened to be her son.

Mike couldn't get over the sight he was seeing. "You're so fuckin' hot. You ready?"

"So ready," she smiled. "Give it to me."

He felt the first burst of cum rocket out of his cock and run a line straight down the middle of his mother's face. It started in her long, wavy blonde hair, trailed along her nose, painted a line on her accepting tongue, and ended down on her chin. A small amount tickled off her face and landed on her blouse and cute skirt. But he was just getting started.

The next rope followed a similar path of its predecessor, but this one traveled over his mother's right eye. A third powerful shot of semen joined the party and splashed onto her nose, before number four and five landed on each of her respective cheeks. He firmly squeezed his cock, causing a small wad of sperm to drizzle out and collect on her tongue.

He was drained, Mom was completely covered, and something about both of those things looked and felt right.

"Can I open my eyes?" she asked with a giggle.

"One second," he told her before carefully using his thumb to move his semen away from his mother's eye. "You're good now."

She opened her eyes with a big smile. "I feel covered."

"You are," he remarked with a grin. He moved his cock back to her mouth and watched her immediately wrap her lips around it, hungry to suck him completely dry.

He plopped back down in his computer chair after she finally let him go from her grasp. He was exhausted. The teen could jerk-off ten times a day or get five blowjobs in a row from his ex-girlfriend and instantly be ready to go again, but not with Mom. There was going to be a little downtime after an orgasm like that. Sure, he could be ready again in fifteen minutes, but that was fourteen minutes longer than usual.

Sarah sprang to her feet and dashed out of the room, her high heels clicking and clacking the entire way.

Mike had an idea what was coming next. God, did he love that woman. It was amazing how into this she was. That was by far the sexiest part of this to him. She wasn't just doing this for him. Her mind and fantasies were just as dirty and perverted as his! It was amazing!

"Oh my God!!" she screamed from down the hallway.

He laughed before her yelling gave way to the sound of heels rapidly coming back into his bedroom.

"Baby, I'm completely covered! I've never had anything like this!"

"It looks good on you," he joked.

She looked around the room in a panic. "Phone! Where's your phone!?"

He pointed at his nightstand.

Sarah scurried across the room and retrieved her son's phone. She moved back in front of him, handed him his phone, and speedily dropped back down to her knees.

"Pictures," she said with a big smile.

Mike shook his head as he unlocked his phone. He couldn't help but laugh to himself. "You're awesome."

Five pictures followed with his mother sporting a variety of poses. Seductive, sexy, innocent, devilish, and even surprised. She decided to pull out the entire acting repertoire for their little private photo shoot, but she needed a co-star for her next set of pictures.

"Come over here," she ordered.

He stood up and approached his mother. She wrapped her lips around his manhood once again and sucked him back to life. Once he was hard again, she sported a playful pose with her son's big cock directly next to her face as she waited for him to take the picture.

"Evidence of what did this to me," she told him, giggling the entire time.

Mike took the picture before moving his cock over her head and allowing it to rest along her face.

Sarah was rapidly checking off boxes on her list of fantasies. "That's so fuckin' hot..."

A few more pictures were snapped with her cum covered face partially hidden by his thick manhood.

"All good," he announced.

She let his cock slide off her face before giving the shiny head a big, wet kiss. "You're so perfect. Well, I definitely need a shower, so, round two in a bit?"

Mom wasn't going to be happy with what was about to come out of his mouth. He told her before, but chances are she didn't remember. Especially with how sexed-up she currently was.

"I have a lot of homework to do."

She took a deep breath. "Shit! I forgot about that. Okay, you do your homework, but if you need a

break or just want to have a little fun, you come find me. Deal?"

"Deal," he agreed with a big smile.

Sarah gave her son's cock another kiss before strutting out of the room and heading toward the shower.

Two hours later...

Out of all the days to get slammed with homework, of course it had to be today. He finally decided to take a break and hit the bathroom before journeying downstairs to grab another slice of pizza. Part of him felt like a bit of an asshole. To be honest, he was in the mood for another blowjob, but he couldn't just go find Mom and tell her that, right? She wasn't a blowjob machine or something. But what if she was? What if her sex drive was just as high as his?

He climbed back up the steps and took a moment to think. His room or Mom's room? He headed down the hallway and placed his hand on his parent's bedroom door. He began to turn the knob before he froze.

There was a loud buzzing noise coming from inside the room. He placed his ear against the door to try to lock in on what he was hearing. It was moans.

The revelation that Mom masturbated with a vibrator wasn't exactly breaking news when she told him earlier. He was fully aware of her sex toys. Like most kids, Mike did a little snooping around his parents' dressers and nightstands once puberty hit. With the help of the internet, his ten-year-old self was able to figure out that the curious object he saw inside his mother's nightstand, was in fact, a vibrator.

But he'd never heard her playing with herself before. And she was probably thinking about him while she was doing it. If he was on her mind before today, then of course he was going to be her fantasy guy from now on. He loved that! What were the chances of going inside her bedroom and only receiving a quick blowjob though? Two percent? They were going to end up doing way more than that. He still had calculus homework, a writing assignment for his English literature class, and a chemistry quiz to study for.

He reluctantly removed his hand from the doorknob and headed back to his room.

Two hours later...

Finally, he was done. It was just after 10 PM on this Monday night and the eighteen-year-old high school senior was more than ready for round two. He walked down to his parent's bedroom and was met by a dark room. There wasn't any light escaping from under the door so he lightly knocked on the wood.

There wasn't a response.

He slowly turned the knob and let himself in. Mike immediately smiled.

The light from the hallway allowed him to see the adorable picture in front of him. Mom was lying flat on her back with her head resting in her pillows, sound asleep. Her pajama bottoms were wrinkled, her pink t-shirt was partially up, exposing her fit, flat stomach, and her blonde hair was going in a million different directions. Her vibrator was on her nightstand, her phone was resting on the mattress just a few inches from her hand, and the TV was off. It didn't take a genius to figure out what she'd been up to for the past however many hours.

He moved over to her bed and pulled her shirt down. Part of him died inside when he did that. That perfect tummy should always be exposed as far as he was concerned. He slid her blankets up to her shoulders and tucked her in before planting a kiss on her forehead. The teen made sure to plug his mom's phone into her charger before closing the door and heading off to the bathroom to take a shower.

No round two tonight, but, hey, there's always tomorrow...

Chapter 6 -- Fantasies.

November 9th. Tuesday. 6:31 PM.

Coach Rumford wasn't in a good mood today. Was it his wife? Or maybe it was money issues? Who the hell knew, but everything the basketball team did during practice was wrong. It was constant bitching and complaining for two hours before he decided to make them run sprints. And, well, apparently their sprints were half-assed, and ninety minutes later they were still running. He finally slammed a basketball against the wall before storming out of the gym, signaling the end to a rather unenjoyable practice.

But as shitty as the past three and a half hours of his life had been, Mike knew someone who was going to be in an even worse mood than Coach Rumford, and that was his mother. He reluctantly checked his phone after Coach stormed out of the gym to see eight texts and three missed calls...all from Mom. Each of those calls had a voicemail attached to them. The first message sounded sad, the second was annoyed, and the third was worried that something happened to him. He quickly texted her so she wouldn't have the police searching for his missing car. She had a tendency to be a little too overprotective of him...

He pulled into the driveway at seven o'clock and swiftly made his way into the kitchen.

"How dare he makes you guys stay there until 6:30!"

Mike tossed his basketball bag onto the kitchen table with a shrug of his shoulders. "It happens..."

"No, that's bullshit!" she yelled from her spot at the table. Her Kindle was resting on the wooden surface in front of her. "He's such an asshole! You guys aren't professional athletes! You're high schoolers!"

"Mom, it happens," he laughed. "Coach was in a pretty shitty mood today. There's nothing you can do about it."

She watched his eyes lock on her as a smitten look washed across his face. "What?"

"Nothing," he answered with a smile.

"No, what is it?" she curiously asked.

Mike wasn't sure how he hadn't immediately picked up on it, but there wasn't anything under the light blue t-shirt his mother was wearing, and her now hard nipples were capturing his attention.

"Nothing," he smiled again.

The blonde mom raised her eyebrows. "It doesn't seem like nothing."

"No bra," he finally told her while leaning against the chair directly across the table from where she was sitting. "I like it."

"Yeah, well, it's more comfortable. And I didn't think you would have a problem with it."

"No problem at all," he stated.

His curiosity was peaked as he continued to gaze at his mom's chest. He slowly made his way around the table, interested in what else she was wearing.

Mike's interested expression quickly turned to a big grin. "Oh, you gotta be kidding me."

Sarah couldn't hide her smile. She sprinted up to her room after work to change. A certain outfit had been on her mind all day, and she was fairly certain that the stud she lived with was going to love it. And the look on his face was telling her all she needed to know.

His eyes finally made their way to her face. "Stand up."

She hastily jumped out of her seat and put her hands on her hips, facing her son with a sporty pose. His mouth was open and there was a yearning of passion and testosterone filling his face. She'd never felt this way about anyone. Reactions from her husband and former boyfriends were important to her, but her son's approval meant the world.

His attention finally left the front of her body. He was ready to see the main event. "Turn around."

Sarah spun and really struck a pose, her left leg slightly bending to give the jock behind her one hell of a show. She peeked back and Mike's expression almost knocked her out. He may as well have been drooling.

He took a deep breath to register what he was seeing. The skin tight, black yoga pants she was

wearing had become a common sight in their house over the past few years, and there wasn't a happier person on the planet than the eighteen-year-old who had a daily view of them. But as amazing as her ass usually looked, he'd never seen anything like this. Those black, six inch stiletto heels from last night were back on her feet. That already amazing butt was now aided by six inches of lift to her legs and backside. His eyes were lost on his mother's ass and he had a few things running through his mind for what he wanted to do to it.

She spun back around and sent a playful smile in his direction. "You like?"

"No, I love."

Sarah was blushing. "I know high heels and yoga pants really don't go together..."

"Yes, they do!" he interrupted. "They totally do. Listen, feel free to wear this combination whenever you want. Actually, I'd be more than happy to see those heels with everything you wear. Maybe we can staple them to your feet..."

Sarah laughed as she slowly began approaching her son. "You wanna know what I did at work today, baby?"

Mike gulped. Every click on the floor sent his mother twelve inches closer to him. Every clack resulted in that ridiculous body moving nearer. Her visible nipples were poking through her soft t-shirt even more noticeably now. She was getting turned on by all of this!

"What did you do?"

"My boss went out for lunch," she told her son, "and I decided to stay back at the office and eat the salad I brought along with me. I still had twenty minutes all to myself when I finished."

He watched her come to a stop just inches in front of him. The tall heels caused his significantly shorter mother to match his eye level. He couldn't hide the fact that his cock was beginning to grow, and something told him that Mom wouldn't have a problem with that.

Sarah had a big grin on her face. "I'm really happy that you texted me those pictures this morning like I asked you to."

Mike received a text during his third period chemistry class from Mom. She wanted the pictures from their little post-blowjob photo shoot last night. And with him sitting in the very back of the classroom, he took a quick look around before sending them off to his mother. Sure, it felt pretty strange to not only do that, but to do it in class, but the tabooess of the situation only made things that much hotter.

"Because after I finished my salad, I went into the bathroom and fingered myself."

His jaw dropped.

"I finger fucked myself while I looked at the pictures of your cum all over my face," Sarah giggled. "It was so hot. I thought about all the things I want you to do to me. Baby, I came so hard."

Mike was speechless.

Her hand reached out and found his rapidly growing bulge. "But I'm tired of fantasizing. We're going to do everything I've ever wanted. Starting now."

His eyes left her face and found the kitchen counter. "Umm...I have something to tell you, and I'm pretty sure you're not going to like it."

"What's wrong?" she asked with a significant amount of concern to her voice. Her hand was still stroking his cock through his basketball shorts though...

"We can't mess around today..." he quietly informed her.

Sarah's hand stopped moving. "What?"

"We can't mess around," Mike repeated. "Mom, I have so much shit to do for school."

"No, baby..."

"I know you don't want to hear this," he cut her off, "and believe me, I wish I didn't have any, but I do. I have a math test I need to study for, I have a shitload of English homework, and I have an eight page paper due tomorrow for US History."

Her hand left her son's manhood. "Eight pages!? Your teacher gave you one day to write an eight page paper!?"

Mike's eyes left his mom again and this time found the floor. "Not exactly..."

"How long have you had to write it?" she asked.

"Three weeks..." he meekly answered.

"So, you just have to finish it?"

The teen let out a slight laugh. This wasn't going to go over well. "No, I have to start it..."

"You haven't even started it yet!?" Sarah shouted. "Are you serious!?"

He nodded with a smile.

"This isn't funny!" she continued to berate her son. "Michael, when are you going to stop procrastinating?"

He glanced into his mother's brown eyes. "Probably never..."

Sarah huffed. She wasn't happy. "Well, isn't this just fuckin' great!? Awesome! You put off doing your homework and now we can't mess around!"

"Mom..."

"And I stayed up waiting for you last night!" she interrupted her son. "I kept expecting you to knock on my door for round two."

"I did."

She furrowed her brow. "You did? When?"

"After I finished my homework," he told her. "You were sleeping."

"I was? Wait, is that how my phone got charged?"

He nodded with a laugh. "Yeah, I tucked you in and plugged your phone into your charger. I didn't want you to wake up with it dead."

Her frustrated tone quickly changed. "You tucked me in?"

"Yeah."

"Oh, baby..." she smiled, reaching her arms out and wrapping them around her sweaty son, "that's so sweet."

"But I do have some good news," he said, still hugging his mom. "Tomorrow is going to be crazy."

She broke off their embrace. "Really?"

"Oh yeah," he nodded. "I ordered some stuff online before I left for school this morning. I got it overnighted so it'll be here tomorrow."

"What did you get?" she excitedly asked.

He grinned at her. "I can't tell you. It's a secret."

"Give me a hint!"

Mike started laughing. "What kind of secret is that? No hints. But, Mom, you're going to lose your mind when you see what I bought."

"I am!?" Sarah frantically inquired.

"You have no idea. Well, you're going to go crazy when you see the first gift. I'm not totally sure about the second. We'll just have to wait to find out."

Sarah was shaking. "Oh my God, I can't wait!" Her hand quickly found his still hard bulge once again. "Okay, tomorrow we mess around, but we can still have a little fun tonight. How about a quick blowjob?"

"I don't have time. I need to take a shower, eat, and then start my homework. Coach making us stay late really fucked me."

She took a deep breath. "What's wrong with the men in this household? Why is everyone turning down my blowjobs?"

"You think I want to? Are you crazy? There's nothing more I want to do than mess around, but I seriously don't have time tonight. Tomorrow. I promise. It's going to be insane."

Sarah was never one to stay mad for long, especially when it came to her son, and the promise of future craziness was making her forget all about today's disappointment.

"Okay, deal," she accepted. "Go take a shower and I'll have dinner waiting for you when you're done."

"Awesome. What did you make?"

"Lasagna," she answered with a ear-to-ear smile.

Mike's eyes lit up. "Is that what I smell!?"

"Yeah, it's been waiting in the oven for the past hour," she laughed. "I wanted to make my man his favorite dinner for doing such a good job taking care of me last night."

"Taking care of you? I think you're the one who took care of me," the teen chuckled. "Lasagna! Fucking awesome! Does it need to be heated up?"

"It's warm but it probably does to get the way you like it. Go take your shower and I'll have it all ready when you're done."

He gave his mother a hug before scurrying upstairs to hop in the shower. Ten minutes later he returned in a pair of gray sweatpants and a black tank top. He hurried over to his usual seat at the table. There were few things better in life than Mom's lasagna!

Mike watched his mother leave her seat to pull the pan out of the oven. As amazing as his dinner was going to be, the view of her amazing ass in those yoga pants and high heels was even better. Yep, life was about as good as it can get.

"Umm...we have a bit of a problem, sweetheart."

He curiously peered over at the stove where his dinner was sitting. "What?"

"I heated it up a little too much," Sarah told her son. "It's really hot. In fact, I think it's going to need about ten minutes to cool down."

"Oh, is that right?" he asked with his eyebrows raised.

Sarah nodded, still not looking in her son's direction.

"How convenient..." he noted.

She turned to look at him with a slight smirk. "Weird how that worked out, isn't it? It looks like we have some time for fun after all."

He started laughing, picking up on his mom's plan. "Yeah, who would've imagined..."

"I actually have a suggestion."

Mike waited to hear what Mom had to say.

"You wanna know my favorite way to pass the time?" she grinned as she slowly, seductive approached her son. "To choke on a big, fat, hard cock. And there just so happens to be a guy with a big, fat cock sitting at the table. And, well, it's going to be hard in about thirty seconds."

He slid his chair back and gently patted his knee. "I have something else in mind."

She looked at him, puzzled.

"Sit," he instructed.

Sarah took a seat on her son's lap.

Ten minutes later...

Mike pulled back slightly to be greeted by a rather strange sight. Mom looked lovestruck. Her eyes were still closed, her lips were puckered, and her face was glowing. The past ten minutes fulfilled one of his ultimate fantasies: he made out with his mom. Well, it started as light kissing before turning into heavy, passionate making out. The only time they stopped was when his lips moved down to her neck and spent a little time on a different part of her perfect body. And the expression on her face made passing on a blowjob all worth it.

Sarah didn't look lovestruck. Sarah was lovestruck. Ten straight minutes of making out with your favorite person on the planet will do that to you. Actually, it was more like eight minutes with two minutes of her son's warm, wet mouth on her sensitive neck. She was in heaven. It'd been close to twenty years since she made out with someone, and all she wanted to do was spend another ten

minutes with her tongue inside this hunk's mouth.

Her eyes finally opened to see Mike staring at her.

"I honestly don't have time," he reiterated his situation.

She huffed before hopping off his lap and carrying dinner over to the table. Nothing could ever just be perfect! Well, last night was pretty close to perfect, but she wanted more tonight! She let out a deep exhale to relax. School was more important than her own sexual needs. She needed to start acting like a responsible adult, rather than some head over heels in love teenager.

"Two or three pieces, baby?" she asked.

"Three," he responded with a big smile.

She gladly scooped three big pieces of her homemade lasagna onto a plate for her son, before cutting one of the large squares in half for herself. She took a seat across the table from Mike and watched him feverishly dig into his dinner.

"So, good day at school?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Same old, same old. How about you? Good day at work? Other than your lunch break."

She laughed before helping herself to a small bite of her dinner. "Yeah, actually, I was quite busy."

"Busy?"

Sarah pulled out her phone and found her notes app. "Yep, busy. You wanna know how I spent my day today? I was making a long overdue list when I wasn't scheduling appointments and making calls."

Her phone slid across the table and came to a rest next to Mike's plate. His eyes immediately darted down to the screen.

"Are you serious?" he asked with a laugh.

Sarah nodded.

He began scrolling down on the list. "So, this is what? A list of fantasies?"

"Yep," she nodded again. "I'm making a list of all the stuff I've wanted to do for the past twenty years. There's fifty things on there so far. That's just the tip of the iceberg though. I'd bet I'll end up with ten times that."

"This lasagna is ridiculously good," he added before resuming his mission of reading his mother's

sexual desires. "I've yet to see something I wouldn't be up for."

Sarah could barely contain her excitement. "Really!? You're up for doing that stuff!?"

He nodded, continuing to work his way through her deepest, darkest fantasies. "Yeah, most of this stuff sounds really hot. Like...oh, what the fuck is this!?"

"What?"

"What the fuck is this!?" he repeated, now glaring across the table. "Are you joking!?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, baby."

"Really? You don't know which one I'm talking about?" he asked in an unamused tone. "How about you take a guess?"

Sarah was well aware of what fantasy had tripped him up. She was just playing dumb. "Well, I..."

"That's zero chance of that ever happening!" he interjected. "Like, I can't even put into words what an impossibility that is! Are you fucking kidding me!?"

She sheepishly peered down at the table. "You don't think it could be fun?"

"Fun!? Are you nuts!?" he shouted. "A threesome with me and one of my friends! I would kill any of them if they laid a finger on you!"

The blonde mom threw that outlandish fantasy onto the list as a joke. Well, it was a joke as long as Mike didn't actually want to go through with it. It would absolutely be something she was up for if her son thought it was hot. A threesome with two guys was something that had been on her mind for a number of years. It always sounded amazing. Two men controlling and using her was something she would read about in one of her sexy novels. And as the years went by, her desire to be one of the fictional characters from her books was only growing.

"Never, ever, EVER going to happen!" he firmly reiterated. "Sorry if that's something you want, but no guy is touching you other than Dad or myself. You have to be out of your mind if you think I would let one of my friends even kiss you."

As hot as a threesome fantasy was to her, Mike's reaction might've been even better. He was so protective of her! He would kill one of his friends if they touched her? She loved that feeling of being desired and protected. She could get used to this level of passion in her life.

Mike's focus moved back down to the screen. "Okay, now here's something I'm definitely up for."

Sarah instantly rolled her eyes. She knew exactly what he was talking about. It was the next fantasy on her list. "How's that fair?"

"Because it's hot," he answered with a big grin.

"A threesome with me and another girl is hot, but two guys makes you lose your mind? That's such a double standard!"

Mike took another big bite of his dinner. "You better believe it is. So, any girls in mind?"

Sarah couldn't believe that she was really going to tell her son this. "Realistically, if we ever did that, we would have to find a girl who doesn't know us. So she doesn't know we're related. But, if I had my pick, I would want it to be Rachel..."

"Rachel!?" Mike yelled, his eyes bulging out of their sockets. "My ex!? Are you serious!?"

"Now, baby..."

"That's the hottest thing ever!" he loudly declared. "Holy shit! Yes! Oh my God, yes!"

She was somewhat caught off guard by his reaction. "Really? You'd be into that?"

"Are you kidding me? I've never heard anything hotter in my life. Okay, you know what? We start knocking shit off this list tomorrow, but, maybe someday we get around to your threesome fantasy. And who knows? Maybe Rachel will end up being our girl."

Sarah bit her lip before watching her son scarf down the rest of his dinner. "You're up for everything else on there? Except the two guys things?"

He nodded. "Yeah, I'm honestly good with anything that doesn't involve some asshole touching you. I'm super open sexually. You're going to be hard-pressed to find something that I'm not up for."

She was gleaming. "Awesome! This is so awesome! You want another piece, baby?"

"I'm good for now," he told her, standing up and carrying his empty plate to the dishwasher. "Leave the rest in the fridge. I'll plow through it this week."

"Will do!" she told him, still buzzing over what she'd just heard.

"Dinner was awesome. Thanks again, Mom."

She watched him leave the kitchen and head toward the stairs. "No problem, sweetheart! Let me know if you need anything!"

One hour later...

Mike was sitting at his computer desk when he heard a knock on his door.

"Come in!"

He turned his head to watch his mother enter his room with a large blue glass in hand.

"Hey, sweetheart," Sarah smiled. "We had a little vanilla ice cream left and there were three chocolate chip cookies in the cupboard, so, I made you a milkshake."

He reached out and accepted the glass from his mom. "Really? Awesome."

"I thought you could use the energy boost with all the homework you have to do," she told him. "Speaking of which. How's it coming?"

He scooped some of the tasty dessert onto a spoon that was inside the cup before trying it. "This tastes like something you would get at an ice cream stand," he said with a smile. "This is amazing! Try some!"

She shook her head.

"Come on, try some," he repeated, holding the glass out to her.

"How full is that cup?" Sarah asked.

He peered down at the milkshake. "Umm...like, seventy-five percent probably."

"Well, it was completely full when I made it," she embarrassingly admitted. "Believe me, I helped myself to some already."

Mike laughed before sliding another spoonful of the cold, creamy treat into his mouth.

"So, how's the homework coming?" she asked again. "Any chance of finishing up early?" She placed her hands on his wide, muscular shoulders and gave them a light rub. "Maybe we won't have to wait until tomorrow..."

"Umm...yeah, about that..."

Sarah's eyes moved past her son and to his laptop screen. "Is that your paper?"

He sheepishly nodded.

"Oh, you probably did your other homework first, right?"

A slight smirk appeared on his face. "No, I've been working on my paper the entire time."

Her eyes locked on the computer screen again, double-checking that she was actually seeing this correctly. "Baby, there are two paragraphs there."

"I know..."

"You've written two paragraphs in an hour!?" she suddenly yelled. "Are you kidding me!?"

"It's a process," he immediately rebutted. "I'm mapping shit out in my head. I can't just improvise eight pages on the Civil War. I need to plan what I'm going to write. I'm thinking."

Sarah couldn't comprehend the situation. "It's been an hour! An hour!! I was all excited that you might finish early and we could mess around, but you're barely done anything in an hour!"

"It's a process," he repeated with a huff.

The mom took a deep breath to collect herself. "Okay, I know what to do. I know exactly what you need."

"What I need?"

"Yeah, what you need," she told him with a smile. She swiftly pointed under his desk. "I'm gonna get down there."

His eyes moved to the small area under his desk that Mom was referring to. "Why?"

She shot her son a grin. "I'm going to give you a nice, long, sloppy blowjob. And, baby, I'll stay down there for as long as you want. It'll relax you and totally help you write your paper."

Mike started laughing. "There's zero chance of that working."

"Why not? Baby, you'll love it!"

"Oh, I know I'll love it," he stated, "but there's no way I could focus. I could barely think yesterday while you were doing your thing. It felt amazing. Tomorrow. Okay? We'll mess around tomorrow."

A light bulb suddenly went off in her blonde head. "Okay, so, how about this? I suck the life out of you right now. I'll make you cum in less than two minutes. You'll feel less tense and totally focused after!"

He shook his head. "No, I'm going to feel drained and distracted. Plus, all I'm going to want to do is fool around again like ten minutes later. You have no idea how hard it was to do my homework last night after you left. All I wanted to do was track you down for round two."

"You should've..." she whined.

He thought to himself for a moment. "You know what? I wasn't going to tell you this but I think you need to hear this. So it calms you down a bit."

She anxiously stared at her son.

"What's the best gift you've ever received?"

"The Kindle that you and Dad got me for my birthday two years ago," Sarah instantly responded. "Without a doubt."

Mike had a big smile on his face. "Yeah, well, that's going to be your second favorite gift after tomorrow. God, you're going to lose your shit when you see what I got you."

"I want a hint!" she demanded.

"Nope..."

Sarah stomped down on her son's hardwood floor with the high heeled shoe on her left foot. "I want a hint!!"

He couldn't help but laugh at the childish temper tantrum his forty-three-year-old mother was throwing. "No hints, but you're going to go crazy. It's going to be so awesome."

She wasn't happy with not getting her way. "God, this sucks!"

His eyes ran the length of his mom's voluptuous body as he thought to himself. Maybe he could give her a little motivation for her alone time tonight. If he couldn't be there for her physically, the least he could do was help her along mentally.

"I'm gonna fuck your brains out tomorrow."

Her head quickly perked up. "What?"

"I'm not going to go easy on you," he continued. "I'm going to give you exactly what you want. Mom, you're gonna feel things that you didn't know were possible."

"Like...like wha...what?" she nervously asked.

"I'm going to do the one thing I've wanted since I was ten years old," he said with a big grin. "I'm going to bend that big ass over and unload on it."

Sarah gulped.

"I'm going to stretch that tight, little pussy while that fat ass is bouncing around. I'm going to make you feel every inch of this big cock. You want that, don't you?" he asked with smirk. "To feel Daddy stretching you out?"

She couldn't hold back any longer. Sarah's hand slipped under her yoga pants and her fingers promptly found her clit. "You might have to go easy on me," she moaned, her eyes closed as she lost herself in a fantasy world with her son. "I've never been with a guy as big as you."

Mike let out an arrogant laugh, eager to play the dominant character his mother loved so much. "I'm not going to go easy on you. You're just gonna have to be a good girl and take it. Because Daddy sees something he wants. He wants his little girl, so he's going to take her."

Sarah let out a whimper. "What if it's too much, Daddy? What if you're too big?"

"Then I'll stick something in your mouth and you can bite down on it. So you can muffle your cries. Because I'm taking that pussy."

"Oh my God..." Sarah moaned, her fingers rubbing more feverishly.

"Go over to the side of my bed," he ordered.

Her eyes shot open and she hurried over to her son's bed. She eagerly looked back for orders.

Mike continued his directing. "Bend over."

Sarah fell over her son's mattress, her chest, tummy, and face finding the sheets. Her left cheek was planted on his bed as she gazed back at Mike with her right eye. Her ass with high in the air thanks to some help from those six inch heels.

"I'm gonna fuckin' destroy you..." he grunted, his right hand now stroking his rock hard cock through his sweatpants. "That ass drives me crazy..."

"This ass?" she girlishly giggled before her hands found the top of her yoga pants. She lowered them a few inches, exposing the very top of her black thong.

She couldn't get enough of the crazy, testosterone fueled lust in her son's eyes. "Five minutes, baby. Let's just have some fun for five minutes. You can do anything you want to me."

"Tell me how badly you want this dick."

"I want it soooooo bad!" she begged. "Please, baby, it's all I thought about today at work!"

"Little slut. Do you think those people scheduling appointments had any idea you were thinking about your son's fat dick?"

"No," she giggled, "they have no clue that I'm such a little slut. That I'm a whore for big cock."

"For who's cock?"

"Your cock," she instantly answered with a smile. "Daddy's cock."

His hand left his stiff erection. "Tomorrow. You're in for it tomorrow."

Sarah stood up and placed her hands on her hips. "No! Now!"

"Tomorrow," he repeated before turning back to his laptop.

Her high heeled right foot repeated stomped on the ground. "Now!!"

"You aren't going to get your presents if you keep acting like this..."

Sarah stopped. Was she really throwing a temper tantrum in the middle of her son's room? All because she wasn't getting laid when she wanted to? Was she some horny schoolgirl or a forty-three-year-old mother? She needed to control herself.

"One more thing," Mike said, his eyes still looking at his computer screen. "I did a little thinking at school today. About where I'm going to cum when I'm done with you."

Her heart skipped a beat.

"Part of me wants to cover that pretty face again."

"Oh my God, yes!" she chimed in. "I want another facial!"

"But another part of me wants to unload on those big tits," he smirked, starting paragraph number three on his US History paper. "That was my first childhood fantasy after all."

Sarah's hands couldn't even make their way back inside her yoga pants. She was frozen.

"But the more I think about it, the more I like the idea of cumming all over that perfect ass," he continued. "I want to see it shake and bounce while I shoot rope after rope all over it."

"That would be so hot..." she moaned.

"But I'm not going to do any of those."

She wasn't following. "What?"

"I'm not going to do any of those. You wanna take a guess where I'm gonna finish?"

"I...I don't...don't know," she stammered. "Where, baby?"

"Inside you," he confidently stated, slowly turning his head to gaze into his mother's eyes. "Deep inside you."

Sarah wasn't breathing.

The look on Mom's face was only egging him on. "I'm not sure what position we're going to be in when I do it, but you're taking every drop. And I'm gonna leave my cock in you for a while before I pull out. Just so you're clear as to who really owns you."

Her body was shaking.

"So, go to your room and find your vibrator," he instructed. "I want you to think about what I'm going to do to you tomorrow. About how rough I'm going to get, and how helpless you're going to feel, and how your days of being sexually frustrated are over. Go to your room and cum for Daddy."

Sarah immediately ran out of her son's room.

Mike turned back to his computer with a big smile. He couldn't believe his dirty talk went over as well as it did. Hey, maybe he wasn't so bad at this whole erotica thing...

Chapter 7 -- Pregaming.

November 10th. Wednesday. 6:45 AM.

It was here! It was finally here! He was eleven hours away from his ultimate fantasy, and that involved having his mother all to himself. How long were they going to go at it? All night? They would if it was up to him, and something told him that Mom would be up for it too. It was like he could already feel her. Her warmth, and wetness, and love. Somehow it was already embracing him as he slowly woke from his deep sleep.

His eyes began to open as that smothering feeling continued to run through his body. If he felt like this just from thinking about Mom, what was it going to be like when he actually had her? It was going to be out of this world! He took a deep breath and fully opened his eyes.

Well, it turns out that warmth wasn't in his dreams.

Mom was curled up next to him and bobbing up and down on his rock hard erection. She looked like a cat. Like a perfect, sexy, amazing kitty cat. He let out a long exhale and smiled.

"Morning, Mom."

Sarah's head perked up as she greeted her now awake son. "Oh, hey, baby. Sleep good?"

"Mmm-hmm..." he answered with a moan, thanks to the soft hand that was now stroking his manhood. He took a sniff of the air before his head turned to the left. "Oh shit..."

There was a TV tray next to his bed. On the plate was a heaping helping of scrambled eggs and bacon, a bowl of cut up pineapple, and a big glass of orange juice was placed off to the side.

Sarah's hand moved from her son's cock, allowing him to sit up and rest his back against his bed's headboard. Once he was all settled and retrieved his breakfast, her mouth found its way back to her favorite toy in the world.

"This is awesome," he commented after downing a forkful of eggs.

She gave his towering pole a long lick. "The breakfast or the blowjob?"

"Both," he laughed. He reached out and grabbed his phone from his nightstand. "Shit, it's 6:49."

Sarah groaned. "I know... I wanted to wake you up earlier but I ended up reading your paper when I saw it on your desk. It's really good!"

He smiled and began frantically inhaling his delicious breakfast. A few minutes later it was gone. "This is amazing but I have to get going. Thanks for breakfast."

"No, baby, you don't leave until seven..." Sarah whined. "We have time."

His attention was on something else now that his food was gone. "What are you wearing?"

"My nightie."

"I've never seen this," he told her.

"Yeah, I wear it to bed," she informed her son. "I wear a bathrobe over it when I go downstairs or to the bathroom. Well, I used to. I'm not going to from now on."

Sure, he was rushed for time, but this was too good to pass up. "Stand up."

Sarah hopped off the bed and struck a pose.

Mike gulped. A hint of cleavage was exposed as a result of the black, silk nightie. The smooth material came down to her mid-thigh, revealing plenty of her toned, fit legs. Two spaghetti thin straps were all that was holding her nightwear up. That amazing, yet still to be seen body was hidden from his sight, and her wearing this was causing his cock to throb like never before.

He checked his phone again. 6:52. All he had to do was brush his teeth and get dressed. That would take three or four minutes. Let's say four minutes. That left him four minutes of time with Mom before he had to leave at 7 AM. He should just wait. They would have all night when he got home from basketball practice, so why rush things this morning? And he had math first period. He couldn't afford to be late since he had a test today.

Mike watched his mother spin and quickly raise the bottom of her outfit before dropping it. A pair of black panties flashed him, revealing her plump, perfect backside. An idea suddenly hit him.

"Get on the bed."

Sarah turned back to look at her son. "What?"

"We have four minutes," he filled his mom in. "Probably three now. Either get on the bed or I have to get ready for school."

Her bare feet hurried across his floor before she jumped up onto his bed.

"Lay down on your back," he instructed.

Sarah followed his demands before feeling two strong hands grip her arms and pull her across the bed. The next thing she knew, her head was dangling off the edge of her son's mattress, while her body continued to lie diagonally across his bed.

"Open up," Mike voiced.

She felt a rush of excitement run through her blood when she realized what was about to happen. Where did her son pick this up from? This was like something she would read in one of her erotic stories. Well, maybe one of the really dirty ones. Even her porn didn't reach this level of perversion.

Her upside down view watched her son slightly squat so his groin lined up with her mouth. Moments later his stiff cock found its way between her pouty, accepting lips.

"Three minutes..." he grunted as he began pumping his mother's throat. The sounds of gagging and choking were filling the previously quiet bedroom.

As if having her son use her mouth wasn't unbelievable enough, Sarah felt a pair of hands start to wander along her body. Her large, heaving breasts received a squeeze over her silk nightie before those powerful fingers explored her fit tummy. Sarah's throat was being filled while her body was being worshiped. It was as close to heaven as things got.

Well, maybe not...

Mike slid those thin straps to the side which were holding his mother's nightie in place. He moved the top of the silk toward her stomach, exposing her chest to him. Eight years of build-up and he certainly wasn't disappointed. Mom's breasts were big, beautiful, and unbelievably perky for a woman her age. Small, perfectly round areolas gave way to erect nipples. He leaned down and wrapped his lips around her right nipple, causing Mom to pull off of his cock.

"Oh my God, baby, that feels so good..." Sarah moaned.

"Who told you to stop?" he asked before pushing his cock back into her throat.

His mouth moved to her left breast and paid it an equal amount of attention. He began roughly pumping her throat again, causing spit and saliva to run down along her face and into her blonde hair. Mike pulled his shaft out of his mom's mouth and placed his balls on her lips. She eagerly parted them as her tongue began caressing his sensitive sack.

Mike leaned over to look at his nightstand. He was down to two minutes before he had to leave. It

wasn't going to be easy, but he was going to get everything done on his list of fantasies this morning.

He carefully pulled his mother further off the bed and placed his cock between her breasts. The teen pushed them together and swiftly watched his erection disappear into the warm, soft, comforting feeling of Mom's bust.

Sarah's hand reached out and began rubbing herself over her black panties. "This is so hot..."

His pumping between her breasts only grew in ferocity at the encouragement of her words. He squeezed her boobs closer together and let out a loud moan as he watched the head of his cock rocket out toward her tummy with every thrust forward. But he was feeling guilty...

Everything over the past two days had been about him. He had some plans for changing that tonight, but even now, the pleasure was all his. He paused his pumping and reached his hand out, moving his mother's fingers away, and allowed his digits to rub her pussy over her soft cotton panties.

"Faster," his mother begged.

He moved his attention to her hidden clit and feverishly began massaging it.

"Cock! Give me your cock again!"

He squatted his hips lower and slipped his aching manhood between her lips. Mike wanted to cum but not before Mom did. She deserved it. His fingers began moving faster before something caused him to stop.

The alarm on his phone was going off.

"Fuck! I have to get going."

"No!" Sarah shouted as her son moved away from her. "Come back!"

"That's my backup alarm, Mom. I have to go."

She shook her head, still looking at him upside down as she hung over the edge of his bed. "My son is not going to school like this! You need to cum!"

"You're taking a shower before work, right?" he asked.

She attempted to nod. "Yeah, I have a ton of time too. I'm up way earlier than usual."

"And you don't mind getting a little messy?"

"Messy?" she laughed. "What do you think? I can feel spit all over my face. It's so fucking hot!"

"There's something I always thought looked awesome," Mike stated. "Give me that mouth again."

He walked back to the bed and moved his mother up slightly, back to her original position before his hands turned to her breasts. The teen resumed roughly pumping her throat.

Every movement forward sent him a little closer to the edge. Every pump was a step in the direction of the big finish his body was so desperately craving. But he was running out of time. He needed to hurry and climax so he could make it to school.

"You ready?" he asked.

He heard a muffled, disjointed answer from Mom before he remembered that his cock was buried in her mouth. He promptly removed it.

"So ready," Sarah answered. "What are gonna do?"

Mike grinned. "Close your eyes."

He remembered seeing this in a porn scene and it'd been permanently tattooed in his brain ever since, but he never imagined finding a girl to do it with. Even Rachel seemed off-limits for something as kinky as this. But Mom wasn't just into kinky stuff. She was seemingly into rough, aggressive, degrading activities too. And, well, this certainly qualified as all of those.

He pulled his cock out of her mouth and aimed it at her open mouth. A jolt of cum exploded from the tip of his dick and hit just to the right of her lips. Semen began moving toward her cheek before running over her closed eye. His next shot slammed into the bridge of her nose, sending his sperm flying in every direction. Gravity once again sent his cum toward his mother's forehead as he continued to unload on her face

"More!" Sarah begged with her eyes closed.

Several more ropes of cum fired from his penis and hit Mom's face before he finally finished. His manhood found her mouth and she eagerly cleaned him off while he watched his semen trickled past her eyes, move along her forehead, and begin to make its way through her long, wavy, messy blonde hair.

He eventually took a step back after Mom completely sucked him dry. "Holy shit. Don't open your eyes. I'll be right back."

He vanished from the room and quickly returned with a towel. Mike helped his mother sit up on his bed and carefully wiped her eyes clean.

"Okay, you can open 'em."

Her eyes opened and her entire face lit up. "It's everywhere, isn't it?"

He nodded with a big smile. 'Everywhere' was the understatement of the century. Mom was a mess. Cum was in and on her nose, all over her cheeks, on her forehead, and finally in her hair. The latter was perhaps the sexiest part of the entire experience. Something about his seed in that beautiful blonde hair looked so erotic.

"Where did you get that idea from?" she giggled. "Oh my God, it was so sexy."

Mike laughed. "Porn. It seemed a little extreme but something told me you would be into it."

Her index finger ran along her cheek, collecting a glob of cum before she slipped it between her lips. "You guessed right."

He hustled over to his dresser and found a pair of jeans. "Sorry for not getting you off," he apologized. "I wanted to but I'm gonna be late now. Tonight. I promise I will tonight. And just leave my sheets there and I'll clean them when I get home."

Sarah looked down at the mix of spit and semen on the hardwood floor before her attention moved to his now messy sheets. "Baby, I'll clean your floor and wash your sheets before I go to work. I got it covered."

He tossed on a t-shirt and shot her a smile. "Awesome. You're the best. Love you, Mom."

"Love you too, baby! Don't speed!"

He hustled into the bathroom and quickly brushed his teeth before heading off to school in a hurry.

Mike checked his phone after first period to see a text from Mom. He slipped into the bathroom to read it, having an idea that it might be somewhat provocative. He was right.

Four photos of Mom's cum covered face had been sent to his phone. His personal favorite was the one with her hand running through her semen filled hair with a big smile plastered across her face. The caption? 'Daddy's little cumslut.'

Yeah, tonight is going to be fun...

Chapter 8 -- Fun in the Bathroom Mirror.

Mike pulled into the driveway at 4:31 PM. He couldn't possibly describe his level of excitement as he burst into the kitchen. He was so ready for this. Coach Rumford apologized for his behavior yesterday and decided to let them out early as a way to say sorry, so here he was, home and all ready to go. He almost texted Mom to let her know before deciding against it. He wanted to surprise her. The teen moved from the empty kitchen and into the vacant family room. He took a quick look around the rest of the first floor before heading upstairs to find his dream girl.

His room was empty, his parent's room followed suit, and he was beginning to wonder where

exactly Mom was. Sure, her car was in the garage, but she wasn't anywhere to be found. He strolled back into the hallway before stopping in front of the bathroom door.

It was closed.

He knocked on it.

"Baby!?" Sarah shouted.

"Yeah, I've been looking for you. You ready?"

He listened to the door lock. "What are you doing home already!?"

"We got out early."

Sarah was confused. "Why didn't you text me?"

"I wanted to surprise you." He decided to try the handle. Like expected, the door didn't open.

"Why's this locked?"

"Because I'm getting ready," she answered him. "You should've told me you were coming home early."

"Mom, just throw on some yoga pants or something. They aren't going to be on for too long anyway," he said with a chuckle.

"No, I need some time to get ready. I'll meet you in the kitchen in ten minutes. My presents came in the mail, by the way!"

The eighteen-year-old jock huffed. That was ten minutes longer than he wanted. "Okay, but don't go crazy on the makeup."

She watched her brow furrow in the bathroom mirror. "What?"

"Don't go crazy on the makeup," he repeated. "You tend to wear a lot of it when you go out and stuff. I don't like it."

Sarah curiously glanced at her reflection. "You don't?"

"No, you're really pretty," he told her. "I like when you wear light makeup. Or better yet, no makeup. Just don't put a lot on."

She was on the verge of tears. Her little angel really was perfect. "Okay, baby!"

He grabbed a pair of clean clothes out of his room and jogged downstairs to take a shower in their second bathroom. Ten minutes later he made his way into the disappointingly still empty kitchen.

He found two packages sitting on the countertop, carried them over to the table, and took a seat. His foot was rapidly tapping on the floor in excitement.

Two minutes later he heard the unmistakable sound of high heels walking down the stairs. Mike sat up in his seat and smiled. The most gorgeous woman in the world was going to come walking through the kitchen doorframe at any moment, and every ounce of her sexual attention was going to be locked on him. On him! The crackling of her heels was growing closer and closer...

Mike's jaw dropped. He attempted to say something but his face was frozen. He had expected yoga pants or maybe a cute pair of shorts. Just the regular kind of outfits Mom would wear around the house after she came home from work. He was sitting at the table in a pair of orange basketball shorts and a black tank top, and he'd never felt like more of a bum than at this very moment.

Mom came strutting into the kitchen in a black dress. Except, it wasn't any black dress he'd ever seen her wear before. It was a black, sleeveless, spaghetti strap, deep v-neck party dress. The bottom of the outfit came down a little higher than her mid-thigh, exposing even more of her amazing legs than her nightie had this morning. The lack of sleeves showed off her toned, fit arms, and the tight dress hugged her amazing, voluptuous figure to a tee. And if all that wasn't good enough as-is, then his eyes got to that deep v-neck which plunged far down into her large bust. Significant cleavage was showing and lightly bouncing with each and every stride she took.

Mike thought he was in heaven.

He was wrong.

His focus shifted down to the heels which were causing his cock to twitch with every sound they made. He planned on seeing those sexy six inch stilettos from this morning. Once again, he was in for a surprise.

She still had black stilettos on and they looked to be six inches, but these were different. They were platform heels. But it got better. Those heels had straps which laced up to her calves. His love of shoes was being fed as he watched her right foot slowly plant into the kitchen floor before her left heel sexily took the lead. Her phenomenal body was being aided by the sexiest pair of black high heels he'd ever laid his eyes on, and his already hard cock was proof of that.

Sarah came to a stop just a few feet in front of her son and placed both her hands on her hips. "We closed at noon today."

His eyes reluctantly left her amazing body and looked at her face for the first time. His heart fluttered.

Long, sexy, wavy blonde hair, dark eyeliner which brought out her already thick eyelashes that much more, vivid brown eyes, light makeup on her cheeks and nose, and red lipstick. Well, it was official...

Mike was very, very much in love.

"So, I decided to do a little shopping," she continued. "You like?" she asked before completing a spin.

He only continued to stare.

"I know you prefer no makeup but I don't think I went overboard or anything. I just like how it looks."

Mike was still coming up empty.

Sarah raised her eyebrows. "Well, are you going to say anything?"

"You look beautiful," he finally managed to spit it, "and I feel like a complete bum."

Mom smiled. "You're not a bum! I like you in a tank top. You look sexy." She quickly took a seat in the chair next to Mike. "Okay! Present time!"

His eyes were still locked on his mother, slowly moving back and forth from her stunning face to her revealing cleavage.

"Baby!" Sarah loudly stated, trying to capture his attention. "I've been waiting two days for this!"

He nodded as he finally snapped out of his funk. "Yeah, yeah, okay... Umm...let's see here."

Mike's eyes squinted as he noticed that the bubble mailer in front of him had the look of being tampered with.

Sarah shyly glanced at the floor due to her son's expression. "So, I almost slipped like five times," she embarrassingly admitted.

"Slipped? Wait, you tried to open this?"

She slowly nodded, still avoiding eye contact.

"Are you a six year old looking for your Christmas presents?" her son laughed. "Holy shit, Mom..."

"I'm just really excited! You said I was going to love it and I was having a hard time waiting. I didn't actually open it!"

"You are going to love it," he told her with a smile. "You're going to lose your mind."

Her high heel began tapping on the floor. "Can I open it?"

Mike shook his head. "I'm gonna open it..."

Her eyes darted down to the bubble mailer which was now being torn open by her son's hands. He tilted it toward himself, removed something from the package, but used the mailer to block it from her view.

"Perfect..." he grinned.

Sarah bit her bottom red lip as she continued to wait. Had she ever felt like this before? Maybe she was setting herself up for disappointment. How amazing could this actually be? Well, Mike seemed to know exactly what she wanted from the moment they started messing around on Monday, so she had her hopes up that this was going to be the perfect gift.

He continued to keep her present out of sight, loving the teasing he was putting her through.

"Let me see it!" Sarah whined.

"How about a please?"

"Please let me see it!" she emphatically begged.

Mike's grin was only growing wider. "Close your eyes."

She closed her eyes as her body started to shake. A ping rang out in the kitchen which immediately grabbed her attention. What was that? It almost sounded like something metal hit the table. She was fighting with herself to keep her eyes shut. She had to be patient.

He decided to let his mother off the hook. "Okay, open 'em."

Sarah's eyes burst open and instantly found the spot on the table where she assumed her present was. Her brain stopped working for a moment as she just stared. Was she really looking at this? She could've taken a million guesses and never imagined peering at the very thing sitting directly in front of her. Sarah opened her mouth to say something before deciding against it. She was coming up speechless.

This wasn't going as planned. Mike expected Mom to scream or something. That was the reaction he saw when he ran through this moment in his head, but that wasn't happening. Mom was just sitting there, stone-faced. He felt like an asshole. Two days of telling her how much she was going to love this and she was just sitting there!

She finally looked up. "Where did you get this from?"

"From a website called *Etsy*," he cautiously answered, unsure of what was going to come out of her mouth next.

Her eyes moved down to her gift once again. "How did you know I would want this?"

He let out a deep sigh of relief. Thank God! "Umm...I just knew."

A big smile started to grow on his mom's face. "I don't know what to say. I...I...I love it!!"

She glanced back down at the table. Sixteen inches of black leather was resting diagonally in front of her. The narrow piece couldn't have been more than an inch wide. A large metal loop hung from the middle, with the word, 'Daddy's' on the left side, and, 'Girl' on the right of the rugged leather in white stitching. Three metal buckles on the left complemented the three metal holes for them to be fastened into on the right. The forty-three-year-old mom had something she never dreamed of. She'd had something she never even fantasized about.

She had a collar.

Sarah picked up her gift and scurried out of the kitchen, toward the bathroom.

Mike anxiously waited. Sure, she said she loved it, but he wanted to hear just how much. And she didn't make him wait long.

"OH MY GOD!!"

He couldn't help but laugh as the sound of her heels hustling back into the kitchen filled his ears. She retook her seat, full of energy and lust, and gazed at her son.

"Greatest gift ever!" she announced.

He took in the sight of the black collar wrapped around his mom's petite neck. As sexy as a regular collar would look on her, the words 'Daddy's Girl' being on it was driving him crazy. He was Daddy! And she was his girl!

"Thank you, Daddy..." Sarah told her son with a playful smile.

"You're very welcome."

Sarah was having a hard time keeping her hands off her new present. She'd immediately adjusted it to the tightest buckle when she put it on. It felt like her son's hand was permanently wrapped around her throat. Was he really her son anymore? It sure didn't seem like it. He felt a lot more like Daddy. Only a lover could make her feel a lust this strong, and that was exactly what she was currently experiencing.

"Can we open the box?"

Mike glanced at the brown box on the table before he held up the bubble mailer again. "We're not done with this one."

Her eyes lit up. "We aren't!?"

"Nope, there's still one more thing in here. You wanna see it?"

She rapidly nodded her head.

The basketball jock's hand dug into the package once again before re-emerging with yet another item his mother never expected to see.

"Is that...?"

Sarah's question was answered as her son allowed the gift to fall from his hand, dangling just inches off the kitchen floor. It was more black leather. It was more black leather like the kind she would read descriptions of in her BDSM novels. But this wasn't a book. This was real life.

"It's a leash," Mike told her with a smile.

She hesitantly peered at her son. "Umm...for what...exactly?"

"I think you know what it's for..."

Sarah gulped. Yeah, she knew what it was for alright! She was going to get her neck snapped back while they were having doggy style sex! And he could choke her whenever he wanted to now! She was finally going to get everything her husband wouldn't give her!

But she was feeling a little greedy at the moment. "Can I open the box now?"

Mike debated her question for a few moments before reaching out and pulling the box closer to his seat. He looked at it, continuing to ponder the situation, when an idea finally hit him. The high school senior hopped out of his chair and vanished out of the room.

She watched him disappear from the kitchen in a panic. "Where are you going!?"

There wasn't a response.

He calmly strolled back into the kitchen thirty seconds later, but now, he was empty-handed.

"What happened to the box?"

"It's in the bathroom," he answered.

She curiously eyed him. "The bathroom?"

"Yeah," Mike nodded, "you wanna go get it?"

Sarah rose from her chair and took one step in the direction of the bathroom before a loud whistle caused her to stop. She turned to be greeted by a black leash swaying from her son's hand.

Her eyes found his face. He was grinning.

She took a step toward her son and swiftly tilted her head back. The nickle lock snapped shut around the metal loop of her collar as an energy filled her body. This wasn't a joke or a fantasy any longer. This was actually happening.

Sarah turned and took another step in an attempt to retrieve her gift before a firm yank on her neck caused her to jolt backward.

"What are you doing?"

She glanced at Mike, confused by his line of questioning. "I'm going to the bathroom to get my present."

He stared at her.

"Baby, what?" she asked.

She always had a connection with her son. It was hard to explain, but it was like they operated on the same wavelength. That was originally why she was so confident that Mike would be able to give her what she wanted sexually. Sarah could normally read her little angel like a book, and that was why she was so caught off guard by this moment. But as she gazed into those masculine brown eyes of his, she quickly picked up on what he wanted, and like usual, she wanted it to.

Sarah turned in the direction of the kitchen doorframe before slowly sinking to her knees.

Mike was fairly dumbfounded by what he was seeing. One, he couldn't believe she was doing it. Two, it just looked so out of place. That amazing black dress and those sexy heels belonged on a red carpet somewhere. Mom should've been at a Hollywood premier or a five-star restaurant, but she wasn't at either of those places. She was in the kitchen. Well, kind of...

He watched her right hand extend and plant on the porcelain tile which made up the kitchen floor. Her left hand followed, landing a foot in front of her previously outstretched right hand. Her knees joined in on the action, following the path of her arms and hands as she moved toward the dining room. There was being a dominant guy for his mother, and then there was what he was currently doing, and it became crystal clear as to just how submissive Mom truly wanted to be.

Mike was walking his mother toward the bathroom like a dog.

Sarah continued crawling through her house, passing the dining room table, and made her way through the hardwood hallway. The blonde mother was on cloud nine. Even something like this had never made its way into any of her stories or fantasies. Was there anything more submissive than what she was currently doing? Her son was walking her like a dog! And she was crawling from room to room, eager to open another toy he'd gotten for her!

She suddenly felt her neck gently pulled back as her son choked up on the slack of the leash. Sarah slowed her pace, allowing Mike to walk directly next to her as they turned into the bathroom.

"Good girl..." Mike praised his mom.

Sarah couldn't hide her smile. She glanced back and soaked up every drop of his cheer and

approval. At this moment on the bathroom floor, Sarah honestly felt like her son's little girl.

"Can I open the box now?" she eagerly asked.

He nodded.

She scrambled forward and retrieved the brown box off the closed toilet lid. Her nails unsuccessfully attempted to dig through the packing tape before another loud whistle caused her to turn her head.

Her hand caught the set of car keys Mike tossed her way. She impatiently found his house key and used it to slice the tape before throwing them back to her son. Sarah ripped open the box and her heart began racing even faster.

Mike wasn't so sure how this was going to go over. Sure, watching Mom excitedly crawl throughout the house on a leash gave him confidence that this gift was going to be well received, but there was still a chance it could go wrong. And if this went wrong, it was going to go very wrong. Like, catastrophically wrong. Mom could potentially find it insulting or disgusting and that was the absolute last thing he wanted.

Sarah's fingers ran along the cold, striking object inside the plain, brown box. Her mind had been racing from the very moment her eyes first noticed the mystery package sitting on the front step after she'd arrived home a few hours ago. In fact, she'd been in a bit of a whirlwind over the past twenty-four hours. So many ideas had popped into her head. Was Mike going to buy her lingerie? What about sex toys? Or maybe he had some game planned for her? But as unexpected as the collar and leash were, the item that she was currently feeling was a hundred times as surprising.

It didn't look quite right. Vivid, bright colors on stainless steel. Her third gift of the night made its way out of the box and took a seat on the toilet lid, all by itself as its package was tossed away to the floor below. Much like when she first saw her collar, the mom's eyes were just gazing at this somewhat bizarre item. But she found herself opening up more and more to her new present with every passing second.

"You got this online too?"

Mike slowly nodded while he continued to nervously survey the situation. "Yeah, I got it from the same shop that sold the collar and leash."

She carefully rotated her gift to take in every inch of it. "They sell it with my name on it?"

"You can customize it," Mike told her. "That's what I did with the collar. You tell them what you want it to say."

'Sarah' was written on the side in big, vivid, bright pink, childlike letters. The font resembled the writing of an elementary school student. Silhouettes of butterflies and hearts in bright greens and oranges covered the normally bland surface. It was an onslaught of dazzling ink and playful characters against a silver backdrop.

Her eyes moved further down and finally noticed the rubber undersiding which kept her present in place and discouraged it from sliding along the toilet lid it was resting on. Another fifteen seconds of silence passed and another fifteen seconds of excitement grew deep in Sarah's stomach. No matter how many times she blinked, or smiled, or took a deep breath, that steel object didn't go

anywhere. It was real. Very, very, very real.

Her son had bought her a dog bowl.

But it wasn't just an ordinary dog bowl. It was a dog bowl with her name on it. It was a dog bowl with girlish designs and tracings along the sides.

It was her dog bowl.

"I love it."

Three words had never brought Mike so much relief. The entire world had been resting on his shoulders for the past few minutes and his worries swiftly vanished courtesy of his mother's statement. She was either going to hate it or love it, and thank God it was the latter.

Mike smiled. "Awesome. I was a little worried to be honest. I'm not totally sure what to do with it. Maybe..."

"I want to eat my dinner out of it."

The teen's brow furrowed. Did Mom really just interrupt him with that? He must've misunderstood her.

Sarah didn't give her son a chance to respond. "Tonight. I want to eat my dinner out of it tonight."

"Umm... Mom, that wasn't why I got it."

Her head spun as she peered back at her handsome jock son. "What? Baby, it's a dog bowl. That's what it's for."

Mike couldn't believe what he was hearing. "Mom, I can't watch you eat out of a dog bowl. I thought it would be fun to have. Maybe we get some ideas down the road or something. We aren't going to put your dinner in it or anything. Are you crazy?"

Sarah eyes moved back to her present. As much as she loved the collar, the leather wrapped around her neck was the second best gift of the evening. "Here's what we're going to do. You're going to put my dinner in this bowl tonight. My collar is going to stay on and so is the leash. You're going to sit at the table and eat whatever I make, and you're going to hold onto my leash while you're doing it. You're going to sit at the table, I'm going to be on the floor, and we're both going to enjoy our dinner. Okay?"

"That's not happening..."

Mom huffed. "Don't be like your father..."

"I'm not like Dad! Mom, there's a line. Eating dinner out of a dog bowl really, really crosses it."

She wasn't happy, and the way she dramatically rolled her eyes showed just how frustrated she was. "Fine! Why can't I ever just get what I want? It's like the men in this house don't want me to be happy!"

"You're kidding me, right?"

"No, I'm not kidding!" she continued to rant as she looked back at her bowl. "It's like I'm constantly being teased. I just want to..."

Her speech was cut short by her neck being snapped back. The blonde soon found herself being dragged across the bathroom floor on her butt by her leash. That strong, firm pulling came to a stop just in front of the bathroom sink.

"Get up."

She quickly hopped to her feet at the sound of her son's deep, masculine, authoritative voice. A powerful hand spun her toward the sink, and now she could watch all the action unfold in the reflection of the mirror above the bathroom faucet. Sarah had never seen the look which was currently occupying her son's face. And now that she really thought about it, she'd never seen any man glare at her with such vigor and intensity. Her nerves were beginning to grow.

"Don't want you to be happy, huh?" His hand roughly hiked up the bottom of his mother's dress, exposing her black thong to the bathroom air. "All I do is try to make you happy."

"No, baby..."

Her train of thought was swiftly derailed. She felt her thong pulled to the side as the fat head of her son's big cock slowly rubbed up and down on her moist vaginal lips. Sarah's eyes found her little angel's reflection in the mirror once again, and, well, at this very moment, the last thing he looked like was an angel. His energy and intensity was giving her goosebumps.

Mike's mouth found her ear. "All the stuff I do around here is for you. Not for Dad, or myself, or anyone else. It's all for you. Every time I cut the grass, or shovel the driveway, or change the oil in your car, it's for you. So don't insult me like that."

"I'm sorry, baby."

"It's Daddy," Mike quickly corrected his mom, and the rough yank he gave her neck courtesy of the leash only emphasized that.

The warm breath in her ear which was escaping from her son's lips was sending electricity through her body. Every pant, and groan, and grunt from his mouth was putting her more on edge. This wasn't the guy she'd known for the past eighteen years. This wasn't her sweet, innocent, perfect little sweetheart. This was a powerful, aggressive, testosterone fueled stud, and he was about to make every single one of her fantasies a reality. And just like that, Sarah's world changed.

The first inch of her son's big dick pushed inside her and her right foot instinctively lifted off the bathroom floor. She'd never felt anything like this. Every previously uncharted inch which moved further inside caused her body to squirm and shift in unexplained ways. Sarah felt like a virgin all over again. Like a teenager who was fooling around with her boyfriend in the backseat of his beat up Ford Focus on some dead-end street. But this wasn't her high school boyfriend. This was her son. And he had her bent over the dark marble which surrounded the bathroom sink.

"You're so tight..."

Sarah's own concerns vanished after that one little comment from Mike. She felt tight to him? Every worry, and fear, and doubt, speedily vanished from her mind thanks to those three words. That was

all she really cared about at the end of the day. Sure, living out her own fantasies and feeling good was something she wanted, but her son enjoying himself had been her number one priority for over eighteen years. So why change her ways now?

"So fuckin' tight..." he reiterated with a moan. His cock moved further inside his mother as his mind began to blank.

Dirty talk, confidence, and this alpha, controlling character Mom wanted was taking a backseat to reality. And that reality was what he was currently experiencing. It was a smothering sensation of warm, wetness which he'd never been privy to in his life. His ex-girlfriend didn't feel like this. Rachel hadn't gripped him the way his mother did. He didn't feel every ridge and bump of his former girlfriend's insides like he did with Mom.

His attention moved to the mirror to observe a distant gaze in Mom's eyes. She was there, but she really wasn't. That long blonde hair and pretty face was the same, but those always animated brown eyes were somewhere else. He was making her feel completely new things and he was barely doing anything! His long, deep, slow strokes were taking his mother to another world of pleasure, and he was more than ready to turn things up a notch.

Mike regained himself and opened his mouth once again. "You feel better than Rachel."

Sarah snapped back to reality. "What?"

"You feel better than Rachel did," he repeated with a slight grin as the two continued to stare at each other's reflections in the mirror. "You're fuckin' perfect..."

A smile grew on Sarah's face. She felt better than some tight, toned high school girl? Mike really just said that to her! She could control a lot of things: her weight, and eating habits, and gym routine, but some things were out of her hands. And it looks like she had that cute little eighteen year old beat when it came down to what mattered most.

"You ready?" Mike whispered.

She couldn't get enough of watching her son's mouth hovering next to her ear in the mirror. It was doing even more for her than feeling his warm breath tickle the inside of her lobe. But she was ready. She was more than ready. Years of fantasies and decades of sexual frustration were about to dissipate. It was just moments away.

"I'm ready," she responded with a purr. "Give it to me, Daddy."

Mike's hand left the leather leash and moved down her body. The soft polyester fabric of her dress intertwined with his fingers as his grip found her hidden hips and dug in. Every thrust forward resulted in his pelvis roughly crashing into the beautiful, plump, toned backside which was in front of him. Every jolt ahead courtesy of his powerful lower body caused Mom to cry out in ecstasy.

There was something so primal about looking down at her thong pulled off to the side while he was inside her. He felt like some ravenous animal who couldn't wait to enjoy his meal. Like a hungry, starved lion who was relishing in his victory. And in a weird way, this was his victory, wasn't it? The world's most perfect woman was willingly submitting to him. What could be more dominant than that?

His right hand left Mom's voluptuous hip and squeezed her soft butt cheek before giving it a playful

slap. He watched her round ass bounce and jiggle before he whacked it again. Every thud and sound that rang out in the bathroom only caused him to drive into her with more force and aggression. Mom wanted to be ravished. Those were her words. And last thing he was going to do was let her down.

"Harder!" Sarah begged.

Harder? Was she referring to the slapping or the sex? Well, he might as well cover all his bases. Mike's open palm crashed into her butt once again before finding the leash which was dangling from her collar. He firmly gripped it and snapped back the neck of the stunning blonde who was struggling to maintain her gaze on him in the mirror. A grin quickly appeared on her face.

He wasn't going last much longer. The entire scenario was so overwhelming. Everything from Mom's clothes still being partially on, to her being bent over the bathroom sink, to watching her every reaction in the mirror, to controlling her neck with a leash was surreal. And she seemed even more wet than she was just a few moments ago, if that was even possible.

The forty-three-year-old mom's eyes couldn't leave the reflection of the jock behind her. The front of his thick brown hair was wet with sweat, and his face was full of lust and desire. Every pump inside her resulted in a grunt out of her son which partially drowned out her own moans. She'd read about the feeling of being stretched and pushed to the limit before. Her romance novels loved to describe that part of the sexual experience. You know, when an innocent, naive girl gets her world rocked by some stud businessman. The authors would spend page after page detailing how their protagonist could never go back to their wimpy boyfriend or husband after what they'd been through. How could they? Their world have been turned upside down by the last person they ever expected. And while Sarah always dismissed that part of her stories as fiction, she was quickly leaning just how real it actually was.

Mike gave his mother one last deep stroke before dropping the leash and pulling out. "Get on your knees."

Sarah spun at the sound of Mike's voice and immediately fell to her knees in front of her. His cock moved to her lips and she hastily separated them, allowing his thick manhood to move inside her open, welcoming mouth. The first splash of cum hit her tongue, and a seemingly never-ending flow of her son's seed followed.

Fifteen seconds later it was done.

She opened her full mouth to show just how much had collected inside. Her lips quickly closed as she deposited her son's load into her stomach before moving back to his cock to clean him off.

"I thought you were going to cum inside me."

Mike's eyes finally opened. His head shot around the bathroom as he attempted to regain his bearings. Nothing had ever come close to what he'd just experienced. The sex, the situation, and the orgasm were all indescribable. He felt drained and exhausted. The eighteen-year-old high school senior could use a nap and it was barely five o'clock. But that was the effect his mother seemed to have on him. Even this morning left him feeling less than one hundred percent when he arrived at school. Mom not only pulled his cum out, but she seemed to pull his essence out too. A piece of him was captured by his amazing mother after each and every sexual encounter they had, and he was more than happy to let her have it.

"I don't want to get you all messy," he gazed down at her with a smirk. "We're just getting started."

Her attention moved to her son's already partially flaccid manhood. "I think I drained you, baby..."

"You tend to do that," he told her with a laugh. "I'll be ready again in fifteen minutes. Besides, I don't need to be hard for what I have planned next."

She shot him a curious glance.

The teen's shoulder found the bathroom wall as he rested against it to keep himself upright. His legs and knees were feeling rather weak at the moment. "You see, Mom, this part of you drives me nuts, and not in a good way."

Panic immediately swept throughout Sarah's body.

"Everything is about Dad, and myself, and your friends, and on, and on, and on..." Mike told her. "It's never about you. You're so unselfish. Now, listen, don't get me wrong, it's an amazing quality to have, but sometimes it makes me mad. It's like you're sacrificing your personal joy to help everyone around you."

"But I like making you happy."

He sent a smile in Mom's direction. "I know. You really are the best. But let's think about the past few days for a second. It's been all about me. The blowjobs and even the sex we just had, which was amazing by the way..."

"You ain't kidding," Sarah chimed in.

"...it was about me. I came, just like I've cum each and every time we've messed around."

"As you should," she jumped in again. "Baby, I love making you happy. I don't think you understand what that does for me."

"Oh, I get it, but I don't think you understand what making you happy does for me. A thanks from you makes me day. That's why I do so much stuff around here. I love putting a smile on that pretty face."

Sarah was glowing.

Mike moved toward his mother and unhooked her leash. "So, it's time for things to be about you. How's that sound?"

Maybe her son was right. Maybe it was time for things to start being about her. She nodded her head before rising to her feet. "Sounds like a plan, baby. Where are we going?"

"Upstairs..."

Chapter 9 -- All About Mom.

Sarah's hands clenched down on the now wrinkled polyester bed sheets which covered her son's mattress. The last time she spent this much time in Mike's bedroom was when they were repainting his walls and ceiling last summer. Those two layers of white paint and primer in one were holding

up awfully well. At least from what she could see. Sarah's mind wasn't exactly firing on all cylinders at the moment.

Her dress was somewhere on her son's hardwood bedroom floor and her thong was out in the upstairs hallway. The journey from the downstairs bathroom to her son's upstairs bedroom wasn't the smoothest. They hit a few speed bumps along the way. Like when she turned to make sure Mike was still behind her and promptly felt her back pushed against the downstairs closet door. A pair of warm, soft lips found her neck and showered her with kisses for the next few moments. She'd eventually managed to wiggle out of his hold and hurry up the stairs before her back hit the upstairs closet door this time and Mike dropped to her knees in front of her. Her thong was pulled down, her right leg was placed on his strong, wide shoulder, and his mouth found the one place she never expected it to end up: her vagina.

But that magic moment when his tongue grazed over her throbbing clit for the first time occurred almost fifty minutes ago. She had turned to walk toward her bedroom before a hand clamped around her forearm and pulled her in the other direction. And she couldn't put into words just how happy she was that it did.

There was something so sexy about being in her son's bedroom. Sure, she had a bigger bedroom and mattress, but being led into her son's room by the hand took her back to her youth. To the days of messing around with her high school boyfriend the second his parents left the house. She felt naughty and mischievous. She felt playful and bad. And when she allowed herself to be controlled by her son that way, she felt innocent and timid. Sarah felt like a little girl who was at the mercy of Daddy.

But Sarah wasn't at the mercy of anyone right now. No, right now, Sarah was in heaven.

Four orgasms. Her son had made her cum four times in fifty minutes. He took the occasional break to move to another part of her body. Mike really seemed to have a thing for the back of her knees and Sarah quickly found a new hot spot on her body. Both of the creases on the never before explored parts of her legs were wet thanks to a mixture of his tongue and lips. His mouth would move down her legs and examine each of her ten toes before sliding back up the length of her smooth skin. Her tummy was the next in line to experience his mouth before her sensitive nipples got their time in the spotlight. But the majority of his time was spent focusing on her clit, and Sarah never knew that oral sex could be this good.

A warmth shot through her toes as her eyes swiftly opened. Again!? Was it going to happen again!? That hot sensation moved into her shins and soon her thighs were on fire. Mike's tongue never stopped dancing with her most delicate of areas as that warm feeling continued to rise throughout her body. Suddenly, that burning was in her stomach. Deep, deep in her stomach. Deeper than it'd been the previous four times. Deeper than it'd ever been. Her chest swiftly felt the heat and the next thing she knew, someone had dropped her brain into a frying pan. Everything was warm. Warm, warm, warm...

And then Sarah exploded.

"Fuck!! Baby, don't stop!!"

Mike's tongue paused for a split second as he smiled. He quickly moved it back to Mom's clit to guide her along what was going to be another thirty seconds of immense pleasure. Five times! He made her cum five times! And her screaming seemed even louder with this most recent eruption. Two hands gripped his hair and pulled him even closer to her vagina. He loved how into this she

was. Her hips were squirming, her legs were shaking, and her body was convulsing on his mattress. His mattress! Thousands of fantasies involving Mom had played in his head on this very mattress throughout the years, but now he actually had her. And he was bringing the ultimate pleasure to the most special woman in the world. Life really didn't get better than this.

It took almost an entire minute before Sarah regained complete control over her motor skills.

"I love you."

Mike pulled back with a big smile. His attention shifted from her glistening, completely shaven vagina, along her voluptuous body, and finally to her face which was still staring up at his ceiling. "I hope so."

"I mean, I really, really, really, really love you," Sarah told him with a disheveled giggle. "I...I still can't believe that happened. Five times! You made me cum five times, baby! Dad hasn't made me cum five times in past fifteen years! I just... I'm in heaven."

Her son's finger traced along her fit tummy until it ended its journey at her chest. His hand softly squeezed her large, bountiful breasts, before giving each of her erect nipples a light pinch. "Well, I can't think of anyone who deserves it more than you, but, Mom, something has been on my mind for a few days now. Actually, I can't get it out of my head."

Her satisfied, cheerful face came into view as her head lifted off the pillow it was previously occupying. "What is it? Is something wrong?"

"No, no, no, nothing like that. You told me something at the dinner table on Monday and I've been thinking about it constantly. It was about the type of sex you want."

"Doggy!" she instantly jumped in. "Oh my God, it's time! You're going to bend me over your bed, right? That's what you said yesterday!"

"Well, actually..."

Sarah immediately cut her son off. "That's what you said!"

"I know, but I had something else in mind..."

She was now sitting on her butt with her back resting against the headboard of her son's bed. "No! No! No! No! You said that you were going to bend me over your bed! You said you were going to get rough! Really rough!"

The high schooler jumped off the mattress and headed over to his closet. He quickly returned with a pillow in hand.

"What's that for?"

He shot his mother a smile. "Not doggy..."

"No!" Sarah shouted. "What the hell, Michael!? You promised!"

Mike started laughing.

"This isn't funny! You have no idea how long I've wanted this! Years! Longer than that! Decades! You promised!"

He took in the sight which was his mother: completely naked with the exception of those amazing black platform heels, juices still shining from her flawless pussy, and her long, blonde hair, messy and chaotic from five earth-shattering oral orgasms. She was an adorable mess. "You're cute when you pout."

Sarah glared at her son. "This isn't funny!"

"You really are," he repeated with a smirk. "You can't not be sexy. It just isn't possible."

This wasn't funny for Sarah. In fact, it was awful! Every fantasy that played through her mind over the past forty-eight hours involved her being bent over something. A sofa, or a countertop, or ideally, a bed. Jack never wanted to get behind her and then Mike promised her doggy style! Not only doggy style, being rough, aggressive, physical doggy style sex! Sure, the bathroom sex they had an hour ago was hot, but he specifically promised that he would bend her over his bed. And now he was going back on that!

"You want me to quote what you told me last night?" Sarah asked. "I believe it was something like, 'I'm gonna fuckin' destroy you.'"

"I..."

"That's what you said! I'm not making it up!" she continued to rant and rave. "You're lying to me, baby!"

Her brown-haired son shook his head. "Just let me explain..."

"No, this is bullshit!"

Mike was getting tired of constantly being interrupted. "Be quiet."

"No, baby, this..."

"Shut up!" he loudly demanded.

Sarah immediately closed her mouth.

"Holy shit, Mom," he chuckled, "just give me a second, okay? We're going to do doggy. I'm going to bend you over my bed just like I promised."

The disappointed and upset expression on her face instantly changed. She was all smiles.

He took a deep breath at the sight of his mother relaxing. "I want to try something else with you first. Now, Rachel loved this. I stumbled across it online one night and she went crazy when I did it with her the first time. Actually, she went crazy every time."

The blonde mom was intrigued. "What did you guys do?"

Mike moved to the foot of his bed and motioned her closer. She promptly scurried along his mattress and looked for further instructions.

"On your back."

Sarah loudly huffed. "I hate missionary..."

"Just get on your back," he laughed. "Jesus, you're hardheaded sometimes..."

She flipped over onto her back with her legs now dangling off the edge of the bed, but not before rolling her eyes. "Fine, let's just get it over with, so we can get to the real fun."

Well, as if Mike wasn't motivated before, now he was on a mission to show his mother just how wrong she really was.

"Lift your butt up a little bit."

Sarah's head raised off the bed sheets. "What? Why?"

"Stop asking so many questions. Just lift your butt up."

She followed her son's instructions and felt the soft cotton of a pillow placed under her backside. Sarah was now looking slightly up at her hips as she patiently waited for Mike to get this over with. The sooner this finished, the sooner they could get to the main event.

Mike's thighs were pressing against the edge of his bed as he took control of both his mother's long legs and placed them on his shoulders. He took a peek at both of her sexy shoes which were just to the sides of his head, before he slowly rubbed his rock hard penis against her slick pussy lips.

Sarah was doing her best to hide her excitement and curiosity. What exactly was this? It sure the hell wasn't like any type of missionary sex she'd ever had. The only thing she ever got to experience was Jack's big beer belly smothering her for the thirty or so seconds that he would last. But this was nothing like the view she unfortunately had access to fifteen or so times a year. Her son's chiseled abs, wide shoulders, bulging biceps, and handsome face were a very welcoming sight. Maybe this could be fun after all...

The basketball jock pushed back inside his mom for the second time in the past hour and instantly felt that same ecstatic sensation wash over him. Everything about her was perfect. The way her soft, perky breasts bounced with every movement, the way she felt, and maybe his favorite thing of all: her moans.

Only two or three inches of his manhood was disappearing inside her with each stroke. It was a tough battle but he was successfully fighting the temptation to fuck her as hard and deep as he could. And the look on her face was helping him do just that.

Sarah's head perked up. She was beyond baffled. "What is this?"

"It's missionary sex," her son replied with a big grin.

"This...this isn't missionary. I don't know what this is..."

Mike's left hand was keeping her right leg on his shoulder as his right hand moved to her beautiful, clean-shaven pussy. His index and middle finger gently began massaging her clit as his cock continued its short, quick journey inside his favorite place on earth.

The mom's head found the bed sheets once more. Her hips were squirming and moving with every small pump that was being taken inside her. Once again, she found herself staring straight up at his ceiling. "Baby, what is this?"

"I told you, it's missionary sex," Mike laughed. "Okay, okay...you want to know what it really is?"

A loud moan from his mother's direction made her response extremely clear.

"Now, you may or may not know this, and chances are I'm going to say no because from what you've told me, Dad doesn't seem to know what the hell he's doing," he started, "but the G-Spot is located about two to two and a half inches inside you. So, regular missionary sex may seem blah in your opinion, but the pillow I put under her butt is creating an angle in which I can hit your G-Spot. And you're so turned on from the oral I gave you that I knew you would feel it immediately."

Sarah's mind was starting to blank again.

"These short strokes I'm taking are hitting the perfect spot, aren't they?" her son asked. "And some attention toward your clit while your G-Spot is being stimulated creates an overwhelming experience. At least it always did for Rachel."

"It...it...is... It is..."

The teen couldn't help but laugh at his somewhat disarrayed mother. "Sounds like it. You see, Mom, I'm really into sex. Not only actual sexual acts, but reading and learning about it. There's so much shit on the internet to discover. I never would've known about this pillow trick if not for browsing this one sex tips website. Nothing does it for me like making a woman I care about cum. Nothing at all. It's an unmatched feeling when I watch you wiggle and fidget around on my bed because of something I'm doing to you."

The warmth was back in Sarah's toes. This couldn't possibly be happening. Not during sex! Even the boyfriends before Jack had never made her cum during sex. She needed to relax and free herself. Whatever happened, happened. Just let everything go...

"How ya holding up there, Mom? Getting pretty close? Because you're starting to writhe around like you always do before you cum. God, do I fuckin' love seeing that. You gonna cum for Daddy?"

Hearing her son refer to himself as 'Daddy' propelled that sweltering excitement throughout her insides. Suddenly, someone dropped a lit match down her throat and that fire began to burn deep in her stomach before spreading to every nook and cranny of her being. This wasn't like her previous five orgasms. There was something different about feeling her son inside her. They were connected on a deeper level than when she was receiving oral sex. In a way, it was like they were attempting to absorb one another's souls. And Sarah was done holding back.

Her body shook as a loud scream echoed in the bedroom. The back of her platform heels attempted to pull her son deeper inside her and he somehow picked up on her desperate attempt to bring him closer. Mike's short strokes were replaced by deep, long pumps as Mom continued to cum all over his manhood. His hand moved away from her clit and grabbed onto her hip. He never stopped pounding her shaking and convulsing body until she finally came down from her powerful orgasm minutes later.

Mike had a simple question for his mother. "Still hate missionary?"

Her eyes finally opened. Everything seemed brighter. The white of the ceiling, the blue of the bed sheets, and that sexy brown hair on her son's head. Everything was more vivid and alive. Her world had been changed.

She opened her mouth but nothing came out. Sarah didn't know what to say. Her tongue was tied and she found herself reverting back to her most primal of instincts.

"I'll do whatever you want."

He let out a chuckle before rubbing his cock against her shining vaginal lips.

"I'm serious," Sarah told him, finally collecting herself. "Any position you want, baby. I'll do it. That was...that was unreal."

"Well, I think someone wants to bend their sexy ass over my bed."

Her head snapped up. "YES!"

Mike moved to the side of his bed with a grin. "Alright, let's go."

His mother bolted off the bed and quickly buried her chest and stomach into his sheets. Her thick, long legs were being aided by those six inches of high heeled goodness, and her butt gave him an inviting wiggle. Sarah had the left side of her face pressed against the bed so she could keep an eye on the stud behind her. He appeared to be thinking...

"I have an idea..."

Sarah gulped. "What is it?"

"I want to tie your arms together."

There wasn't a moment of hesitation in her response. "Do it!"

Seconds later one of her son's t-shirts was being used to handcuff her wrists behind her back. He tightly squeezed the knot and took a step back to soak in what he was seeing.

Mom wasn't just in a submissive position anymore. Now, she was helpless. She was vulnerably bent over his bed and completely at his mercy. Something about that was making his already harder than ever dick throb. Maybe he liked being this dominant guy more than he realized.

"Try to move your arms."

Sarah attempted to separate her wrists but they didn't budge. She was locked in.

"It's not too tight, is it?"

"It's perfect," she instantly responded. "Everything... Everything is perfect."

"Look at daddy's little slut. Bent over my bed like a good girl. No one's coming to help you now. You're all mine..."

Sarah's skin was tingling. She wouldn't trade places with anyone in the world at this very moment. Her son was right. She was bent over daddy's bed like a good girl, and she was completely on her own. It was paradise.

"I've been a bad girl, Daddy..."

"Oh, is that right?" Mike asked. His hard cock gave her perky butt cheeks a few firm whacks. "What has my little girl been up to?"

Her voice dropped to a childlike pout. She was no longer talking like a forty-three-year-old woman. Now, her cadence resembled that of an eight-year-old girl. "I've been touching myself..."

His hand replaced his cock and softly squeezed her plump ass. "Without my permission?"

"Without your permission. I'm sorry, Daddy. I can't help it."

Mike dramatically let out a loud disappointed huff. "And why's that?"

"Because I'm a slut," she answered, unable to hide the pep and energy in her voice when she said it. "And, Daddy, I think I need to be punished."

"So do I," Mike grinned. "So do I... Apologize."

"I'm sorry, Daddy."

Mike smiled. "Not good enough."

An open palm firmly crashed against her backside, immediately turning the light skin on her butt bright red.

"Aaah!" Sarah yelped. "I'm sorry, Daddy!" she apologized again. "But I did something else too. Something bad..."

He peered down at his mother's face and made sure she wasn't staring back at him before rolling his eyes. He was fully aware as to what she was doing.

"Oh yeah? What did you do now?"

Sarah buried her face into the bed sheets to hide her smirk. "I've been thinking about other boys."

"Is my little girl boy crazy?"

"Maybe..." she playfully pouted. "I can't help it though, Daddy. I'm just so horny all the time. My classmates, and teachers, and all the boys in the neighborhood. They get me so excited."

His hand slammed down on her already red butt cheek even harder this time.

"Fuck!!" Sarah shouted as her right leg momentarily bent due to the stinging in her ass. But it was a good pain. It was a pain that made her feel alive. It was a pain she wanted more of.

"My little angel shouldn't be thinking about other boys."

"But I do..." Mom continued to whine. "I think about doing stuff with them. They all want to take me out, Daddy. I don't want to be a prude..."

This time his hand found her other butt cheek and hammered down onto it with more force than the previous two slaps combined.

"Oh my fucking God!!" Sarah screamed, her entire lower body scathing in pain.

Panic immediately set in for Mike. That might've been too hard. "Shit, are you alright?"

A few seconds of silence passed before Mom's right eye turned back to him, exposing half her face again. "I played with one of the boys..."

"Mom, I'm being serious! Are you okay? That was way harder than I should've hit you!"

"I gave him a blowjob," Sarah told her son with a grin. "I thought it would make him like me more..."

"Mom, seriously, cut the shit for a minute! You're okay, right?"

"He told me that my daddy wouldn't be happy if you found out what I was doing," Sarah continued, completely lost in character. "And you wanna know what I told him?"

Mike gazed down at his mom.

"I said, 'fuck what my daddy thinks.'"

The one visible brown eye on Mom's face said a million different things. It told him how much she loved him, and how great of a son he was, and how she would do anything for him, but it was also telling him just how much she wanted this. There was an uncontrollable lust radiating from that eye, and he was soaking up every drop.

He pushed his cock inside his mother and began roughly pounding her.

Sarah's world was being rearranged. This situation didn't seem possible just seventy-two hours ago. Bent over a bed with a collar around her neck and her arms tied behind her back was the stuff of her masturbation fantasies, not reality, but here she was, helplessly being driven into by the last person she ever would've imagined doing something sexual with. But now the idea of this never happening again was quickly becoming an impossibility to her. That full, stretching feeling which was filling her insides was incomparable to anything she'd ever experienced. Those strong, calloused hands gripping her hips made her feel tiny and vulnerable. Her arms being locked behind her back resulted in an exposed, susceptible sense of lust to flow throughout the forty-three-year-old's body. She finally had everything she wanted. She finally had a real man.

The strong thrusts temporarily paused as Mike's hand reached out to retrieve the leather leash which was partially dangling off his bed. He found the lock and snapped it around the metal buckle on his mother's collar. It was time to really step things up. It was time to get a little wild...

His pumps started to grow once again before he choked up on the leash and roughly snapped Mom's neck back. Suddenly, he was peering down into two hungry, thirsty brown eyes which were desperate to be ravished. His head was hovering over her face, and beads of sweat were falling from

his hair and dripping down onto her cheeks and forehead. He had an idea about something that might get Mom a little crazy.

"I'm taking you whenever I want."

Those almond colored eyes that were staring up at him were piercing. They were sex-crazed and charged with desire and passion. And they were only egging him on.

"Guess what's going to happen if you're sitting on the couch with Dad?"

The loud sounds of skin smacking skin was the only answer as Sarah attempted to respond. Her collar being pulled back was restricting her breathing but she wasn't going to mention that. It was exactly what she wanted.

"What...what are you...you going to do, Da...Daddy?"

"I'm going to sit right next to you and pull you onto my lap," he panted down into her face.

"Because you're my girl now."

She couldn't recall the last time she felt this worked up. The blonde was jittery and itching with excitement. "What...what if I'm in...in bed with your father?"

The leash pulled back harder, sending a clear message as to who her son thought she belonged to now. "Maybe I'll swing by and pay you guys a visit some night."

Sarah was grinning.

"And maybe I'll grab a handful of that beautiful blonde hair, yank you off your bed, and drag you into my room," Mike told his mother while sweat was pouring off his face. "So you can spend the night with your real daddy."

"What...what would Dad think about...about that?"

His head dropped so his lips were now just inches from her mouth. "Fuck what he thinks..."

Mike's lips found his mother's and their tongues tangled, joining each other in the forbidden dance both had grown to love so much over the past few days. Two hands wrapped around her petite neck as the leash dropped to the mattress below. Sarah didn't need to be choked by leather anymore. Now, she had two real hands to do it.

The teen broke off the kiss, and the mother and son attempted to speak to each other through their eyes. Whimpers, grunts, and passionate moans were the only verbal communication in the sweltering bedroom as the roughness of the sex continued to grow to new levels.

His large, full balls slammed into his mother's clit with every vicious movement forward courtesy of his hips and powerful lower body. "This is my pussy, isn't it?"

"It's...it's all...all yours, Da...Daddy..." Sarah struggled to answer thanks to those hands clamping even tighter around her neck. "Sp...spit..."

Mike's mouth opened and a long string of spit fell toward Mom's already parted and accepting lips. The strand of saliva hung in the air, seemingly defying gravity. Sarah's lips moved together as she desperately slurped in an attempted to retrieve her baby's precious fluid. Every single bit of him was a gift and she wasn't about to allow any of him to fall to the sheets below.

She finally latched onto his treasured drool and it quickly vanished into her throat, down her esophagus, and joined the salad she had for lunch in her stomach. But she wanted more.

"Again."

Mike found more spit in his throat but paused before sending it in his mother's direction. His thrusts inside her gripping pussy slowed and his hands loosened around her neck as he hesitantly peered down.

Her lips were sealed shut.

"Open up," he instructed.

Mom's mouth didn't move.

"Well, it's kind of tough to spit into your mouth if it's shut," Mike laughed. "You awake down there?"

"Spit in my face."

His brow immediately furrowed. "What?"

"I want you to spit in my face," Sarah repeated.

"Are...are you...umm... Are you sure?"

This wasn't the guy Sarah wanted. The passive, hesitant eyes she was gazing up into were the last thing she wanted to see. She immediately found herself longing to see that strong, assertive stare of her man once again. She needed him back.

"Your little girl wants to be a slut."

Mike couldn't hide his concern. "You're sure this isn't too much?"

"We'll just have to find out, won't we?"

And just like that, Mike was back to being Daddy. Something about Mom's tone to her last sentence

lit a fire in him. They were going to find out just how far she wanted to be pushed, weren't they? Actually, he was going to find it. He was calling the shots tonight and it was time for him to act like the man Mom wanted.

His hands locked around her neck, pressing against the firm leather of her collar, and instantly put a smile on his mother's pretty face. Well, it was going to look a lot less pretty in a few seconds.

He searched deep in his throat for a thick wad of spit, and sent it sailing at Mom's face. It hammered into her right cheek and caused saliva to rocket in all directions. His previously dolled up and innocent looking mother, was now a dirty, slutty mess.

"Rub it in!" Sarah begged.

His right hand briefly left her neck to fulfill her fantasy. He spread the vicious substance along her smooth, soft skin, allowing her to soak in his fluids. There was a euphoric look on his mother's face. It was an expression of total happiness. And it wasn't hard to figure out why she was so pleased. Her daddy was treating her like the slutty, dirty, bad little girl she wanted to be in bed, and he couldn't get enough of how excited she was.

Mike let go of her neck and carefully lowered her head down to the mattress. "I'll be right back. Don't move."

"No! Where are you going!?"

Footsteps sounded as her son's voice grew more distant. "I'll be back in a second! Don't move!"

Sarah felt so lonely and vacant. That previously full, satisfied feeling was gone, and so was the intoxicating aura that her son carried around with him. His presence created a sense of zen for her. It always had. Even when things were bad with Jack, a quick peek at Mike's face would make everything better. And his desertion was tenfold after what they'd experienced together. He wasn't just her son anymore. He was so much more than that. He was her lover, and her soulmate, and her daddy. He was the man responsible for her sexual satisfaction. But he was gone! He was gone and she didn't know when he was coming back!

Sarah's face immediately lit up as she heard the sound of loud footsteps from the upstairs hallway. Seconds later she could feel it. The energy her son possessed was back and her body promptly tingled when he re-entered the room. She couldn't see him with her face buried in the sheets, and even if she wasn't able to hear him, Sarah could absolutely feel him.

"Move your legs apart a little."

A hand on her butt guided his request as her legs were now shoulder width apart. His manhood sank into her once again, still fighting through her natural resistance which was not yet accustomed to his thick size. She began to turn her face to look back but something caused her to stop.

It was a foot.

With his hands still locked on her voluptuous hips and his left foot remaining on the ground, Mike had a rather risky idea running through his mind. He had to thank a certain adult male performer for bringing this sexual position to his attention. It was something he never did with Rachel, and to be completely honest, he never imagined doing it with anyone. But then again, he never planned on walking a woman through a house on a leash either. Mom wasn't a typical woman. Mom was special. And if she wanted it rough, then she was going to get it rough.

His right foot was up on the mattress, just inches from the side of Mom's face, but he was still hesitant. The sole of his foot gently moved and found her cheek. He nervously waited...

"OH MY GOD!! YES!!"

That was all he needed. The extremely enthusiastic reply from the gorgeous blonde bent over his bed caused his foot to press down on the side of her face. Her head was being driven into his mattress as his pumping once again resumed. It finally clicked for him. Mom really, really loved rough sex, and so did he.

"You're my little slut, aren't you?"

A sloppy, warm, wetness suddenly tickled the rugged skin on the bottom of his foot. He slowly turned his leg, removing the pressure from his mother's face. He could only smile at what he saw.

Sarah's tongue was out and she was licking the sole of his foot.

"I'm your little slut," she smiled back at him. "Put your foot back on my face and push hard! Please, Daddy!"

The smile on Mike's face vanished and was quickly replaced by that cocky grin Mom seemed to love so much. His foot rested on the mattress just inches away from where she wanted it. "You're gonna have to beg harder than that."

"I wasn't being totally honest when I told you about my fantasies..."

His cock came to a rest inside her. "What?"

"Remember when I told you about my fantasies? About how I think of you when I play with myself?"

He nodded.

"I really do think about you. Actually, I probably think about you more than I admitted. And, well, our fun usually wraps up with big, messy facials. God, do I love having you cover me! This morning was so hot! Baby, I played with myself for like an hour after you went to school. I was almost late for work because I completely lost track of time. And I didn't clean up before I did it either. I grabbed my vibrator before coming back to your room and hopping into your bed. I came

three times with your cum all over my face!"

Love wasn't even the word to describe his feelings toward his mother anymore. It was stronger than that. He was obsessed with this woman.

Sarah's voice dropped to a childlike whimper once again. It was clear as to what she wanted. She was back to being daddy's little girl. "But my fantasies don't always end with facials..."

Mike attempted to control himself as Mom's perfect, warm, wet, snug pussy slowly began sliding the length of his motionless cock. She was the one doing the work now and he still couldn't believe he had held out this long. Sure, the blowjob this morning and the bathroom quickie from an hour ago were definitely helping, but he knew that he was approaching the end. It was going to be quite a while before he got to the point where he could last as long as he wanted with her. She just drove him too crazy.

"They don't? How do they end?"

"Sometimes you cum inside me," she purred back at her son.

He smiled back at her. How crazy was that? He told her that was going to happen tonight, but now he found out that she'd been fantasizing about it for over a year? His own mother!?

"And...I uh...I do have this one fantasy..."

His eyes squinted as a result of his mother's sudden nervous demeanor.

"Promise you won't think it's weird."

"Of course I won't think it's weird," he assured her. "What is it?"

Her focus moved away from her son and turned to the bed. "I umm... I think about you cumming inside me, but sometimes...sometimes I think...I..."

Mike anxiously waited.

"I think about you getting me pregnant..."

His foot immediately found her face once again and roughly pressed it into the bed. Two strong hands locked around her hips and his lower body rocketed forward, putting an end to Mom's playful movements. It was time for him to take control again. Fantasy or not, that was the single hottest thing he'd ever heard.

His mother's loud yelps and moans were being muffled out by a combination of the bottom of his foot and the bed sheets. He wasn't holding back any longer. Every motion forward was an attempt to impale her. Every rough thrust was made with the intent to give her something she'd never felt before. He didn't want Mom off looking for some other guy. There was no need. There was a guy at

home who could play out every fantasy she had, and he was going to live out his fantasies in the process.

Fuck romance novels. Sarah's days of reading the work of some homely female author who'd probably never experienced good dick were over. Hell, maybe she would give writing erotica a chance. She had the feeling that she was going to be a seasoned veteran in the world of rough sex before long, and maybe she could help out all those women in their forties who weren't being properly taken care of. But something told her that she wasn't going to have a whole lot of free time after today.

Those grunts from behind her were giving her tingles. Her son's deep, rugged voice made her feel like that much more of a woman. She didn't have a boy rocking her world; she had a man. She had a ripped, athletic jock with a big dick all to herself, but an unforeseen warmth promptly captured her attention. It couldn't possibly be...

The only touching of her clit was when Mike's balls occasionally thudded against her pussy, but that didn't happen every time he thrust forward. Her arms were tied behind her back and Mike's hands were still firmly holding onto her hips. So what was causing that prickly feeling on her skin then? She needed clitoral stimulation to orgasm. Even the pillow sex trick her son showed her earlier resulted in her cumming because his fingers were rubbing her clit while they were enjoy each other. But this was different. This was a warmth that wasn't just in her stomach, but it was deep in her chest. It was in her soul.

Sarah's suddenly felt like she was thrown into a five hundred degree oven.

Everything was tingling, then it was scorching, and now there was a feeling of paralysis as her body helplessly convulsed. A tsunami of pleasure washed over her limp being. Bombs were exploding inside her and unimaginable screams and sounds were pouring from between her lips. She opened her eyes and only saw darkness. Not the bottom of her son's foot or the blues of the bed sheets: just black. Was she in a different world? Was everything going to be different from now on? Those previous forty seconds of heaven made her feel like a changed woman. She was no longer a forty-three-year-old mother of one. She was now a sexually liberated woman who'd found her soulmate.

Her eyes shut and quickly reopened. The peachy bottom of Mike's foot was vivid and colorful. The blues of the bed sheets was rich and eloquent. She felt full even though she hadn't eaten in close to six hours. She was quenched despite not being able to recall her last glass of water. Sarah was high. She was high on love, and orgasmic bliss, and mutual pleasure. Seven orgasms in a little over an hour will do that to you, and all she now desired was for her man to feel the same thing. He had to experience nirvana. His mind needed to be opened to the same level of entitlement hers was.

Mike couldn't hold out any longer. He roughly slammed into Mom, his cock finding its way as deep as it could inside her seemingly silk-coated vagina, and filled her womb was his incestuous seed. Powerful sensation after sensation exploded from the tip of his penis as his foot simultaneously pressed down harder due to the overwhelming euphoria he was experiencing. Rachel, masturbating, edging...nothing had made him feel like this before. His worries and concerns were being exorcised out of his body with each and every potent explosion of semen from his throbbing manhood.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, it was over.

His foot left Mom's face and found its original place on the hardwood floor. Something he said to his mother yesterday was playing on a loop in his brain. He was going to stay inside her. He wanted Mom to feel him and remember what he did to her, and Mike wasn't in any hurry to leave.

As amazing as her previous orgasm felt, knowing that she brought her son the ultimate joy in life gave Sarah even more pleasure. That warmth soaking her insides signaled a connection on an unbreakable level. Their relationship was already like steel, but this cemented an eternal bond between the two. She was completely accepting him and her son was unconditionally giving himself to her. She'd never felt closer to another entity in her life.

Mike slowly and reluctantly pulled out, and a seemingly endless flow of cum poured from his mom's hole. Semen coated her vaginal lips and continued to drip down to join the river of fluids which had collected below. He was finding himself lost in the scene. His DNA was not only on her pussy, but it was deep inside it. She was his.

"Don't move."

The horrific sound of footsteps leaving the room was becoming all too familiar for Sarah. Again. Again he was abandoning her. But she knew he was coming back. She patiently waited with the left side of her face still buried in the soft, comfortable mattress. The glowing world around her had yet to dim. Was this still somehow part of her earth-shattering, life-changing orgasm from minutes ago? Or was this how things were going to be from now on? Was Mike's computer desk always going to be that intense shade of amber, or were things eventually going to return to the ways of old? She would ponder that question later.

Because her son was coming back...

Her arms were untied and Sarah's neck was softly pulled back by her leash as she urgently followed its lead. She allowed herself to be pulled off the bed and stumbled forward, crashing into the side of Mike who calmly caught her.

"You okay?"

She gazed up into those warm brown eyes of her son and nodded. Of course she was okay. Her legs were weak, her body was exhausted, but she was in the grasp of the most intoxicating man on earth. Her attention shifted down to the floor, expecting and fairly eager to see the mess which was undoubtedly covering the hardwood.

But it was completely clean.

Her eyes moved up again to the sweaty, handsome face which was attached to the muscular, fit body that which was holding her up. "Where... Where is it?"

"You wanna go for a walk?"

What kind of answer was that? How did his cum just disappear? Her hand rubbed her pussy and several of her fingers came back with a light coating of semen. She didn't dream this. It happened, so how was it gone?

He gave her leash another tug. "Come on."

Sarah sank to her knees and found herself in a familiar position: crawling behind her son. They ventured out of his room and down the hallway where she expected to be taken downstairs. Instead, Mike's hand reached out and pushed her closed bedroom door open.

Her eyes immediately picked up on the one out-of-place object in her room. To the side of her bed was a particular metallic bowl with green and orange designs all over it. And her name in hot pink jumped out at her even more than before. It had yet to changed. Her world was still more lucid and sharp.

Mike continued to lead her into the room before coming to a stop at the side of her mother's bed. He turned his head and gave her a slight nod, encouraging her to move closer.

Sarah's hands and knees hit the hardwood floor as her mission toward her bowl grew closer. Why was she being led there? And why was it sitting in her bedroom like this? She finally stopped just inches from the silver dish and loudly gasped.

It was full of cum.

The bottom of the surface wasn't visible thanks to a layer of thick, white seed. It clicked in her head. 'Move your legs apart, stay there, and I'll be right back,' all had real meaning. They weren't just simple phrases. All of the words her son had said to her suddenly made sense. He disappeared to retrieve her bowl and placed it on the ground between her legs. He pulled out and waited as his precious fluids dripped out of her and collected inside the dish. This was his final gift to her. A bowl full of her favorite person in the world. She shot him a smile before turning her attention to her dinner.

Sarah began lapping at her son's cum like a dog.

This was it. This was submission. This was compliance, and obedience, and deference. She didn't want to ask anymore; she wanted to be told. She didn't want to lead; she yearned to be led. Outside of the bedroom she was treated like a queen. She was the star in her son's life and that was never going to change. But inside she was his pet. She was his little toy to play with. And as much as Sarah loved slowly licking up her son's treat with her tongue, the rest of her wanted to taste him too much.

She picked up the bowl with her hands and eagerly slurped up his seed.

"I've never seen a dog do that..." Mike laughed.

She polished the bowl clean before crawling over to her son who was leaning against the bedroom

wall. Her hands firmly gripped the base of his manhood and squeezed toward the head, dying to find another drop to suck out of him. The tip of his penis turned white, revealing the very last of him that she'd yet to drain. Sarah wrapped her lips around his cock and sucked him dry.

He stumbled over to his parents bed and plopped down on the mattress. He'd never felt so sexually satisfied in his life. It didn't take long for Mom to hop up and join him. Her mouth hastily found his now semi-hard penis as she put the last touches on her mission to get every single drop out of him.

Seconds later the side of her face rested against her son's fit midsection. "Greatest night of my life."

"Mine too," Mike agreed with a big smile.

"Seven orgasms! Seven! Do you have any idea how crazy that is? And can we talk about that foot thing for a minute?"

Her son started laughing. "I had a feeling you would like it."

"Like it? It was insane! Baby, you're unbelievable in bed!"

Mike's face couldn't be glowing any brighter. No compliment would ever come close to what he just heard.

"I just... I really don't know what to say," Sarah struggled to convey her feelings. "Like, you blew away my expectations. I've never felt like this. I've never felt anything like that! It was so amazing!"

His hand ran through his mother's blonde hair. Slime and drool from his spit was glistening off her pretty face and partially sticking to his abs, and part of him loved that. He was everywhere—inside her, on her, and covering her face at the same time. It was like he claimed Mom for his own.

Sarah's head lifted as she gazed at her son. "Dinner. You need to eat dinner. Anything you want. Just name it."

Mike took a moment to think. "French toast sounds good."

"French toast it is!" she declared. "How much?"

"A lot."

"A big stack of french toast for my man," she smiled at her son. "How about this? I'm gonna jump in the shower real quick and then I'll get started on dinner. You can take a shower while I'm cooking and there will be a big plate of french toast waiting for you when you're done."

"That sounds perfect."

"Now, I know this doesn't need to be said," Sarah told her son, "but the pregnancy thing is obviously a fantasy. I mean, I know it must've been weird to hear."

"Hey, if it gets you off, then it gets you off. Nothing is weird in my book. Just like how you know I obviously respect Dad. Some of the shit I said about owning you and stuff is the same thing. It's just hot to say in the heat of the moment."

Her head dropped to his body and her lips planted a big kiss on his stomach. "My perfect angel. I love you so much."

"Love you too, Mom."

Sarah rolled out of bed and skipped out of the room with an energy she'd never felt before. Even the idea of cooking for Mike was driving her crazy. She just wanted to make him happy after what he'd done for her. She hurried into the bathroom and turned on the water. She needed to speed things along. Her man was hungry after all!

Five minutes later...

Well, the plan to hurry things along wasn't going so smoothly. Sarah had been standing in the shower for five minutes, blankly staring at the wall, while the warm water washed over her body. She'd removed her collar before stepping into the tub and observed the bright red ring around her throat. Mike's handprints joined the marks left by her present and she could only smile. Her hair was going in a million different directions, spit was all over her face, cum was leaking out of her and running down her leg, and she couldn't possibly be happier. Sarah couldn't stop reflecting on the past ninety minutes of her life. Part of her didn't want to move. She wanted to stand right in the middle of the tub and soak in the memories that was her new sex life. Everything was perfect. The one thing she'd been missing for all this time was finally in her life. She...

Sarah's thoughts were interrupted by the shower curtain opening.

"Hello there," she giggled.

A naked Mike stepped inside the shower to join his mother. His fingers quickly began running through her long, wet, blonde locks which were covered with soapy suds. "Need a hand?"

Sarah smiled and turned her back to her son, allowing his hands to wash her hair. This had never happened in her twenty-eight combined years of dating and marriage. No one had ever taken the level of interest in her that Mike had, let alone act the way he was behaving. Washing her hair? Every minute in his presence was making her melt faster in his hands. She always knew that she would do anything for her little boy, but it'd become abundantly clear that she would do anything for her man as well.

Mike moved her under the shower head and allowed the water to rinse her off. That pretty blonde head of hair was sparkling again and the last of the remnants of their sloppy, messy evening together had been cleaned. Her fit, perfect body was glistening from the water it'd been exposed to. Messy, clean, he didn't care—Mom was perfect and he loved her in every way. She was clean...

For now...

Mike's left hand gripped his mother's shoulder as he rubbed his now hard cock against her pussy. He reached in front of her and turned the water handle, causing it to pour out even hotter.

"Again?" Sarah asked with her eyebrows raised. Even she hadn't expected this so soon.

"I remember seeing shower sex on someone's list of fantasies..."

She temporarily lost her breath. How had she forgotten about that? Shower sex was her number one fantasy for years, and Mike joining her in the tub hadn't rang any bells in her head about that. But

then again, her mind wasn't all there. That high she'd been riding for the last hour had yet to wear off.

He pushed inside his mom and couldn't believe the shock of electricity he was experiencing again. Three orgasms and she still felt like heaven to him. But this wasn't going to be rough and aggressive. This was going to be slow and sensual. Plus, Mike had a few things he wanted to talk about.

"I shut the door and closed the window."

Sarah curiously glanced behind her. "What?"

The shower curtain was yanked opened courtesy of her son, exposing the couple to the bathroom. Thick sheets of steam and mist were dancing in the air, creating a sauna-like environment for the two.

"How good do we look?"

Her eyes found the bathroom mirror as she faintly took in their reflection. The dense fog was limiting her vision but she wasn't completely blind. A powerful, strong man was behind her, and her fit, curvy body looked extra sexy thanks to the glistening water. The surrounding haze added to the already sensual atmosphere.

Sarah's arms were outreached as she pressed against the bathroom wall. "We look perfect."

His hands found the familiar place which were his mother's hips before leaning forward into her ear. "Where did this fantasy come from?"

"The movies," she laughed. The softer, more loving side of her son was something she could see herself growing to love. Sure, nine out of ten times she would want to be unloaded on, but she could get used to this as well.

"The movies? What movie?"

She continued to stare at their captivating reflection in the mirror, water hitting her breasts as her son pumped into her from behind. She was probably going to take some shit for her answer. "50 Shades..."

Mike's movements paused thanks to his loud guffaw. "Are you serious? You watched that dumb shit?"

"Hey, Christian Grey doesn't have anything on you. You would teach him a thing or two..."

"Fuckin' right I would," he whispered into her ear. His thrusts began growing in strength. "What a naughty girl you are going to see that at the movies. You were probably all wet and messy, weren't you?"

"Yeah..." Sarah giggled.

"My bad girl. All you little sluts desperately wanting to play with yourselves in the theater. Did you touch yourself?"

"I wanted to," she admitted to her son. "So did Lisa."

His eyebrows perked up as a result of hearing that. The soft, slow sex they were having just minutes ago was quickly turning into the rough, aggressive doggy style fun they enjoyed back in his bedroom. "Lisa? Your sexy friend wanted to touch herself too?"

Sarah's whimpers were making it more difficult to respond but that wasn't going to stop her.

"My...my sexy friend?"

"I've always had a thing for Lisa," he grunted into her ear. "She's probably a bad girl too. Just like you. I sure as shit know that husband of hers isn't getting the job done."

Her son was right about that. Lisa was the only person she knew who was more sexually frustrated than herself. At least Sarah was getting action from her husband once or twice a month. Lisa wasn't getting anything at all.

A previously unexplored fantasy popped into his head. "Maybe you should give her a call. Invite her over for some fun."

"Li...Lisa?"

"Maybe she's our threesome girl. Maybe I'll watch you two make out with each other...over the head of my cock." Mike moved away from her ear after his final words and began fucking Mom the way she liked it: hard and fast.

Was Lisa their threesome girl? Sarah had never consider doing anything sexual with her best friend of over ten years, but her son wasn't lying. Her friend was a cute, fit brunette, with a playful, fun personality to match. And now the idea of sharing Mike with her was getting her even more wet.

Sarah had a new fantasy to add to her ever growing list...

Chapter 10 -- A Guilty Conscience.

November 14th. Monday Evening. 6:07 PM.

Sarah checked the broccoli and cheese soup on the stove which was minutes away from being done. The greatest week of her life wrapped up last night when Jack arrived home from the airport. Now, her sexless, deprived lifestyle was back until her husband went out of town again in three weeks. The idea of messing around with Mike while Jack was at work or sleeping wasn't something she was comfortable with. In fact, the mom was currently burdened by an immense sense of guilt.

She was a cheater.

Twenty years ago she made a commitment to a man she loved, and to be completely honest, she still loved him. Sure, it was hard to explain why she had such strong feelings toward her husband who seemingly didn't want anything to do with her, but she did. Maybe it was habit or a sense of familiarity. Whatever it was, Sarah still loved the guy who was working on his laptop at the kitchen table, oblivious to any of the shenanigans which went on while he was out of town. And boy, did some shenanigans take place...

Thursday -- Breakfast in bed with a blowjob started the day, and raw, relentless, passionate sex filled the better part of the six hours after Mike came home from basketball practice. Dinner didn't

take place until close to midnight due to the onslaught of attention they were giving each other. The shower, both bedrooms, the basement, the kitchen, and the living room all turned into sexual playgrounds. Sarah even dressed up in an array of outfits at the encouragement of her son. Apparently, he wanted a fashion show after taking a peek inside her closet. At first she was a little caught off guard by the rather odd request, but the girl in her wasn't going to turn down the chance to play dress-up. And, well, the two ended up going at it after each and every one of her bedroom runway walks.

Friday -- Mike had a basketball game against their rival school on Friday night. Like always, Sarah was in attendance, but a few things changed on this particular day. There was no blowjob in bed to wake him up with. She wanted her son at one hundred percent for the big game and he certainly didn't disappoint in his efforts. He played great, the team won, and she was eagerly waiting at home with a big plate of pasta when Mike walked through the door. But that was just the start of things. She threw his sweaty basketball jersey into the washer before leading him up to her bedroom where the shower curtain was draped over the bed. Candles were lit and a deep, sensual, oil massage was on the menu for the next hour. She slipped away halfway through to toss his jersey in the dryer before going back to retrieve it once again after she wrapped up their session.

The massage took place for a few reasons. One, Mike needed it. All that working out and basketball resulted in sore muscles and bumps and bruises. She wanted to rub all those nagging pains away. But the most important reason was she wanted him in tip-top shape. Her stud couldn't be experiencing back pain or sore joints. Sarah wanted him feeling good and ready to go twenty-four seven. It was a lot to ask of him, but she was going to work her hardest to keep him feeling good.

After their massage, she returned from the basement with a little surprise, and the look on her son's face melted her heart. She'd never seen him so excited. Sarah strutted back into her bedroom in a pair of white silhouette heels and Mike's white basketball jersey, before giving him the best blowjob of his life. And when her son discovered that his jersey was the only thing she was wearing, it wasn't long until she was bent over the side of the bed. Sarah knew what was going through his mind. There had to be something so sexy and primal about seeing her wearing his jersey. And she could feel it too. She felt owned and marked.

They went through an entire forty ounce bottle of oil that night.

Saturday -- The past four days had been all about physical, animalistic lust, so Saturday was an extreme change from the previous ninety-six hours. The two spent the better part of the afternoon hiking through their hometown's majestic, mountainous surroundings that they sometimes took for granted. Their journey ended at a hidden waterfall in the deepest part of a relative unexplored valley. But it was the moment she felt her son's strong, masculine arm wrap around her shoulder and pull her closer while they gazed at the magnificent view, that she felt the deepest connection of her life. No amount of foreplay, or sex, or excitement had ever matched this level of love. She was being cherished and protected. The hours of conversation they had while hiking wasn't one-sided like it always was when she talked to her husband. Mike was interested in what she had to say and he listened. He was perfect.

The couple swung by a hot dog shack on their way home and enjoyed dinner on one of the picnic tables outside of the stand. Memories of her adolescence were pouring through her veins every time she gazed across the table at her son. But at the same time, Sarah knew what she was. She was a forty-three-year-old woman, not a teenager, but Mike didn't make her feel that way. He made her feel youthful and alive. They weren't at some fancy, overpriced restaurant where they had to wait forty minutes to be seated. They were eating the way high school and college couples did. All that mattered was each other, and Sarah couldn't get enough of that.

Mike surprised her again when he took her to the movies instead of heading home after their meal. Was she his high school girlfriend, his wife, or his mother at this point? Maybe she was a combination of all three. And while Sarah loved all the romantic, thoughtful gestures, she couldn't exactly control herself. The twenty minute ride home consisted of her giving Mike a blowjob while he was behind the wheel, and the two eventually pulled in an empty parking lot before fooling around in the backseat of the car. Saturday was Sarah's favorite day in her forty-three years on the planet.

Breakfast in bed with a blowjob was how her son was greeted when he opened his eyes on Sunday morning. The two fooled around a few times in the afternoon, but a sense of depression quickly sank in for her. Jack was coming home. His impending arrival was just hours away and everything was going to go back to normal. Not only that, but reality sank in for Sarah. She committed infidelity.

She couldn't take it anymore.

"I had an affair while you were gone."

Jack's eyes left his computer for the first time in over an hour. "What?"

Sarah's focus shifted to the same kitchen floor she'd crawled across just days ago. "I had an affair while you were gone..."

...

...

She peered up to see her husband staring at her. "I'm sorry. I just...I...you never touch me! Well, you do, but it's like once a month! You aren't open to giving me anything I want, you never seem interested in me, and it's like being around me is some kind of inconvenience to you! I just..."

"Who is he?" Jack calmly interrupted.

"Does it matter?"

"Does it matter who my wife cheated on me with?" Jack asked. "Yeah. Yeah, it does."

"You...you know him."

He took a deep breath. "I know him?"

Sarah nodded, avoiding eye contact once again. "Yeah..."

The dad pondered the situation for a moment. "Who is he?"

"I'm sorry, okay?" she apologized, her voice began to quiver as she spoke. "I feel so guilty. I'm standing here looking at you, and you're my husband. I broke your trust."

"Who is he?"

Sarah was staring down at the kitchen floor. "Mike..."

"Mike? Who's Mike?"

"Mike..." she repeated.

Jack was confused. "Mike? I don't know a Mike."

She finally looked up and gazed into her husband's brown eyes. "Mike. Our son..."

Her husband started laughing. "Oh, that's a good one!"

"No, Jack, I'm serious."

"Mike!" he exclaimed as his guffaw only grew in strength. "That's funny. Sick, but funny. Wow, you almost got me, Sarah!"

Her puzzled expression had yet to change. "I'm not joking."

Slowly but surely, his smile started to shrink. That worried, stressed look on his wife's face had yet to vanish. "Wait... Did you really cheat on me?"

"With Mike."

Jack gulped. "You...you did something with our son? Something...sexual?"

"We did a lot of things," she shyly told him. "Like...every day..."

"You need to tell me this is a joke, Sarah."

...

...

"Jesus Christ..."

"What am I supposed to do, Jack?" Sarah asked. "It's not like you're leaving me any options!"

"Mike!! Get down here!!"

Her guilt-ridden face switched to panic. "No! It wasn't his fault! He was just trying to help me!"

Footsteps sounded above them before the noise of hurried stomping down the stairs filled the kitchen. Seconds later their son joined them in the kitchen.

"Sit," Jack instructed his son.

Mike took a seat across the table.

"I know what you and your mother have been up to."

The high school senior instantly turned to his mom with a startled expression on his face. He quickly spun back around. "I...I...it wasn't anything personal. I just..."

"You had sex with your mother?" Jack interrupted.

Mike gulped. That did sound pretty bad when he heard it out loud. "We umm... We..."

Dad wasn't in the mood for games. "It's a yes or no answer, Mike. Did you and Mom have sex when I was gone?"

The teen's eyes were on the kitchen table below him. "We umm... Yeah..."

"You had sex?" Dad asked again. "Say it just so I know that I'm not misunderstanding anything."

"We had sex..."

Jack stood up and walked out of the back of the house, disappearing into the backyard.

"You told him!?"

Sarah's attention bolted back to her son. "I had to."

"What!? Why!?" Mom, oh my God!"

"Baby, it's gonna be fine," she told her son in an attempt to relax his nerves.

"It's gonna be fine? It's gonna be fine!?" he yelled. "What!? No, it isn't! He's gonna lose his shit!"

"Dad isn't like that..."

He looked around the kitchen. "Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit. I need to get a knife or something..."

"A knife!?"

"He's gonna try to kill me!" Mike shouted as he stood up. "I need something to protect myself. Jesus... Go upstairs and lock your bedroom door!"

Sarah swiftly moved in front of the drawer which held the silverware. "Sit down! No one is going to try to kill anyone. Please, sweetheart, relax..."

He sat back in his seat as his hand ran through his brown hair. "He's going to do something. Mom, he knows that we messed around! He's not just going to walk in here and be fine with it!"

"And he's not going to try to kill you either!" Sarah told him. "Yeah, maybe there's going to be some yelling and stuff, but we'll work through it. It'll all blow over."

Mike's eyebrows shot up. "It's gonna blow over? Really? Is that what you think? Dad just found out that his son has been fucking his wife. You think that's just gonna blow over?"

Her attempt to answer his rather sarcastic question was cut off by her husband making his way back into the house. Jack found his original seat in front of his laptop and appeared to be deep in thought.

A few moments of silence passed.

"How was it?"

The mother and son were both confused at what had come out of Jack's mouth.

"The sex?" he repeated, the calmness to his voice never changing. "How was it?"

Sarah decided to take the lead. "Amazing."

"He's into the same stuff you are?"

Her face had a mix of joy and confusion on it. Jack was so cool and collected as he sat in front of his computer. There was no yelling, or fighting, or even disappointment. It was a bizarre reaction.

Sarah was just going to be honest. "We're into the exact same stuff."

"The rough things too? Mike's into that?"

She promptly nodded.

He peered at his son. "You're into that stuff? You weren't just doing it for her?"

"I'm into it..." Mike cautiously answered, still unsettled by his dad's lack of passion and rage.

Jack took another moment to think. "I'm fine with it."

Sarah's brain nearly exploded. "What!?"

"I'm fine with it. Listen, I can't keep up with you: obviously. Now, I don't have any interest in keeping up with you either. We've gone over that before. I'm busy, I have other stuff going on, and sex isn't as important to me as it is to you."

Sarah and Mike both couldn't believe what they were hearing.

"Mike is a good-looking, eighteen-year-old jock. Something tells me that he can match your insane sex drive," Jack continued. "Sarah, I know I can be distant at times. I know I haven't made an attempt to give you what you want. I'm sorry. I do love you. I always have and I always will, but I can't give you what you need in bed. I would be furious right now if you cheated on me with literally any other guy. Would that be a justified reaction on my part? No, but I would still be very upset. However, knowing that our son is taking care of you doesn't bug me. In fact, I'm totally fine with it."

His focus moved to his son to reassure his worried face. "It's fine."

The teen still wasn't sold. "I uh..."

"It's fine," Jack cut him off. "Really. It is. I'm fine with it."

Mike's jaw dropped. "You are?"

"You're taking care of Mom. How can I get mad about that?" he asked his son. "Here's how things are going to work from now on. From this moment forward, Mom's your girlfriend."

"She...she is?"

Dad nodded. "It's your job to take her out, and do things with her, and to fulfill all of her sexual needs. Now, obviously, I'll give you money, and I want you to treat her to dinner and surprise her with gifts from time to time. School and sports need to stay a priority for you, but Mom is going to be part of your daily routine from now on. I assume you're good with that?"

"Am I good with that?" Mike laughed. He spun and observed the ear-to-ear smile on Mom's face. "Sound good to you?"

"It sounds amazing," she answered.

He looked back at Dad. "Can we like...mess around...whenever? Because we've kind of been going at it anywhere and everywhere."

"Yeah, don't pay me any concern. Just keeping doing the stuff you two have been up to while I was gone. Now, Mom is still your mother. I know I don't have to tell you this, but you still need to treat her with respect. Just like I'm still your dad. That isn't going to change. You're just a little more to Mom now."

"This is so fuckin' awesome. What if I want to make out with Mom right now? Is that cool?"

Jack turned his attention back to his computer. "Fine with me."

Mike smiled at Mom and he didn't have to say a word. She was already on her way over. Moments later she was sitting on her son's lap and the two were passionately kissing, just like they had so many times over the past week.

He broke off their affection and gazed into those pretty brown eyes he loved so much. "My girlfriend, huh?"

"Your girlfriend," she smirked before her tongue reached out and gave his lips a little lick. "Does my boyfriend want his big cock sucked?"

He peered over at his father who seemed lost in his work. This was really happening! He had twenty-four seven, guilt free access to the most unbelievable woman on earth from this moment forward. He could take her out on dates and fool around whenever he wanted! Not only was he encouraged to do so, but Dad told him that it was his job!

He whispered into Mom's ear and watched her beautiful face swiftly light up with excitement. She jumped out of his lap and scrambling out of the kitchen and upstairs to her room.

"Thanks, Dad."

Jack nodded as his focus stayed on his work.

"She's fuckin' amazing," Mike went on. "You're a lucky guy. I mean, she's the most incredible girl alive."

He looked at his son and his brow furrowed. "Yeah...she's a good woman."

Mike shook his head. "She's more than that. God, is she unbelievable. I'm going to be completely honest with you. I felt guilty all week. Don't get me wrong, it was the greatest six days of my life, but you're my dad, and I love you. It didn't feel right, but Mom's needs come before everything else. I could never say no to her. I'm just happy that you not only know about it, but you're on board with it too. It's a huge relief."

Jack was distracted by the sound of his wife coming back into the kitchen. His eyes instantly bulged. "Really?"

Sarah and Mike both grinned at each other.

"Daddy's girl?" he asked, pointing at the black collar his wife was wearing. "Where did you get that?"

"It was a present from our son," she told him. "Excuse me. It was a present from Daddy. Now, I'd love to chat about it, but my daddy needs his blowjob."

She dropped to her knees, tugged her son's athletic shorts down to his knees, and hastily began bobbing on his rapidly growing manhood.

Jack was trying his hardest to focus on his work, but that was a little difficult with what he was hearing. Maybe Sarah wasn't lying when she talked about some of her more outlandish fantasies. The conversation he was currently listening to was quite the eye opener.

"Anytime I want..." Mike moaned while Mom was busy doing what she did best. "You gonna be a good girl and keep Daddy happy?"

Her tongue slid along his thick shaft before she gazed up at him. "Of course," Sarah girlishly giggled. "That's my job. To keep my daddy happy."

"Give me that fuckin' mouth," he grunted as he firmly grabbed a handful of her blonde hair and pushed her head down on his rock hard erection. "Daddy's little cock hungry slut."

Sounds of choking and gagging filled the kitchen as Sarah obediently kneeled before her son and allowed him to use her mouth and throat. There was no more guilt or frustration. She now had a lifetime of fun and attention in store for her. Her little angel was always going to be there for her, and there was no doubt that she was always going to be there for him as well. They were a match made in heaven.

But something was distracting her. It was the sound of something dragging across the floor. That firm, controlling hand relaxed on her head and allowed her to turn to see what had caused that noise.

Sarah almost screamed.

Jack had pulled his chair over just a few feet to the side of their son, and his dress pants and underwear were down around his ankles. His cock was hard and he was slowly stroking it as he watched the action unfolding in front of him.

"You...you..."

"Who told you to stop?" Mike cut off his mother. He grabbed her head and began roughly fucking her face once again.

Jack began stroking his cock faster.

If there was such a thing as bliss, then Sarah was currently experiencing it. Her sexually uninterested husband was jerking his penis to the sight of her being face fucked by their son's big cock. And this was going to be a constant thing! She was going to walk by her son and get a hard slap on the ass. They would be watching TV and she could crawl in front of Mike and start playing with his dick. They could be loud, they could do it whenever they wanted, and she was finally going to be treated like the sexually adored woman she craved to be. And as spit and drool poured out of her mouth and landed on her purple t-shirt and tight black yoga pants, the biggest distraction running through her mind was her husband. He was getting turned on by this!?

Her son moved his hand away from her head. "Go take care of Dad."

She didn't waste anytime in crawling over to her husband and immediately swallowing his penis.

"You've been passing up on this?" Mike asked his father with a chuckle. Dad's eyes rolling into the back of his head was making him laugh. Not that he didn't make some ridiculous faces when Mom was deepthroating him too. "How? Look at this perfect body."

The teen's hand reached out and squeezed his mother's ass over her yoga pants. He swiftly gave her backside a light spank.

Jack was attempting to maintain his composure but it was becoming a relatively tough thing to do. What was he thinking all these years? His sexy wife always wanted to mess around and he responded by avoiding her? Sure, he couldn't keep up with her, but he could do better than once a month.

Sarah pulled back from her husband and smiled at Mike. "Can you two move next to each other?" She was having a hard time controlling her excitement as Mike's chair slid directly next to Jack's. She now had the two men in her life just feet apart from each other.

Moments later she was simultaneously stroking two hard cocks.

"Someone's a happy girl," Mike laughed.

The ravenous look on her face was telling the story for sure, but Sarah couldn't get enough of dirty talking with her son. "So happy. I get two cocks now. Two Daddies..."

The childish cadence to his wife's voice was throwing Jack for a loop. "Why are you talking like that?"

"Because it's fucking hot," Mike answered for his mother. "She's Daddy's girl."

"I most certainly am!" Sarah playfully answered in that same juvenile inflection. "Cock! Cock! Cock! I just want cock!"

Her son took control of the situation and motioned her toward him with his hand. She enthusiastically began sucking his penis once again while she stroked her husband.

"I think Mom deserves a big treat tonight, what do you say, Dad?"

Jack's eyes were concentrated on the visual of his wife's mouth bobbing up and down on his son's big dick. Never in a million years would he ever had expected to see this. "What?"

"She's such a good girl. Taking care of her Daddies, making us dinner..."

Sarah immediately jumped to her feet and ran over to the stove. All the excitement had caused her to forget about the soup which was undoubtedly done. Thankfully, dinner was saved.

"That was a close one," she laughed.

"Get that sexy ass back over here."

She strutted back in front of her family at her son's direction, and picked up right where she left off.

"Now, I'm know what this slut's answer is going to be," Mike sarcastically smirked as he rested his hand on the top of his mother's bobbing blonde head and looked at Dad, "but I'm not sure if you're

going to be on board. I can tell you that you'll make Mom's day if you say yes."

Sarah pulled her mouth off her son's manhood and anxiously gazed up at him.

"Do you know what a DP is?"

Jack shook his head as Sarah gasped.

"DP stands for double penetration," Mike explained. "It's when two guys are fucking a girl and she has one cock in her ass and one in her pussy at the same time."

His dad's eyes bulged.

"I don't even have to look at Mom to see the expression on her face," he continued as he smiled at his father. "She couldn't be any happier, could she?"

Jack shook his head again.

He looked down to observe the sexual intoxicated gaze in his mom's eyes. "What do you think about your big treat?"

Her head speedily nodded. "YES! Oh my God, yes! Please! Please! Please! Please!"

Mike smiled at his mother's response. "I was planning on slowing working you up to anal, but it seems like you're more than ready to go."

"I've never done it before!" Sarah excitedly told her son.

"You want to get your holes stuffed?" Mike asked. "You want to be a little whore for your Daddies? You gonna give us your anal virginity tonight?"

She began nervously chewing on her nails as her head repeatedly nodded. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"How can you say no to that?" Mike asked his dad. "Just look at that adorable face."

Sarah shot her husband an innocent look as her eyelashes rapidly blinked.

"I...I...I guess I would be up for it..." Jack stated.

Her attention dashed to her son. "YES! Okay, okay. How do we do this?"

"Go upstairs and put on something sexy."

Sarah hurried to her feet and hustled toward the stairs.

"High heels too!" Mike yelled in her direction. He looked back at Dad. "We need to go over

something, by the way."

"Go over what?"

"Dirty talk," the teen specified. "Mom loves it. Honestly, I'm not sure if you can do this without talking some shit to her. Dad, I know you don't like to swear, but Mom is super into it."

"I know, but..."

"It's just part of the game," his son interrupted. "She knows I don't think she's a whore but she loves hearing it. Just like I'm not really her daddy but I can't get enough of her calling me that. It's role-play, Dad. It's about Mom."

Jack nodded.

"I don't think you would deny not properly taking care of her over the years, right?"

He sheepishly nodded again while looking away.

"This is your chance to make it up to her. Dad, Mom still loves you. So, how about you give her what she really wants? I'm going to be taking care of her from now on, but she's still going to want you too. You need to step up and be the kind of guy she wants in bed."

Jack rose to his feet and followed his naked son toward the stairs. Well, add that to the ever growing list of things he never imagined doing...

"Repeat after me," Mike said. "Get over here and suck my cock, slut."

His father gulped. "Umm..."

Mike froze just in front of the stairs and turned to peer back at the hesitant man behind him. "Say it."

Dad took a deep breath. "Get over here and suck my cock...slut..."

A smile instantly appeared on the high schooler's face. "Mom's gonna lose her shit."

The two trekked up the stairs and came to a stop just outside the parent's bedroom. Mike confidently stared into his father's eyes. "Shit's about to get crazy. Like, really crazy. Don't hold back from doing anything with Mom. Believe me, I've learned that she's literally up for anything. Like, anything. You ready?"

Jack ditched his last remaining article of clothing: his shirt, and nodded. "I'm ready..."

Mike opened his parent's door and the two naked men both gasped.

Eight inch, black platform silhouette heels, black, floral laced see through panties, and a small, revealing, black bra with a matching floral finish. The blonde had a big smile on her face as she posed for her husband and son with her hands on her hips.

"Were did those heels come from?"

"They just showed up," Sarah answered her son's question. "I got 'em online. I know how much my man loves his heels."

"Turn around."

Another order from her son, and another chill down her spine. She couldn't get enough of the way he talked to her in the bedroom. She spun and her head shot back to soak in Mike's approval. And, well, Sarah was somewhat caught off guard by what she was seeing.

Jack looked stunned.

Mike was already playing the night out in his head. "Look at that fuckin' ass. We're going to tear you up."

Her eyes had yet to leave her husband. "Are you now? You boys gonna get rough with me?"

"You're not going to be walking right tomorrow," Mike laughed. "Isn't that right, Dad?"

Jack had yet to move. He was just gazing at his wife's backside.

Mike was done waiting for Dad to get with the program. "Let's go, get over here. My cock is missing that mouth."

Sarah turned and took a step forward before freezing. She needed her husband in the proper mindset and an idea swiftly shot through her head. What if? No...that's probably too much. But what if it wasn't? What if it was the exact thing he needed to treat her the way their son did?

She slowly walked over to her nightstand, careful to maintain her balance in her towering high heels, and retrieved a certain item which had become a favorite of hers over the past few days.

Jack finally reacted. "Oh my God..."

His wife had a black leash in her hand. 'Had,' is the key word in that sentence. She quickly folded it and bit down on the leather to trap it between her teeth. Slowly she sank to her knees, the palms of her hands following the same path and landing on the hardwood floor of their bedroom.

Her eyes never left her husband's face as she crawled toward him with the leash in her mouth. She stopped at his feet and sat on her knees, eagerly gazing up at the man who'd never previously cared about any of her fetishes and fantasies.

"It looks like someone wants to go for a walk..."

Jack's head turned to his son. "What?"

"You're such a good girl!" Mike praised his mother before shifting his attention back to Dad. "She wants you to take her for a walk."

He looked back down at the peculiar sight in front of him. "Take her for a walk?"

Sarah's head briskly nodded with the leash dangling from her mouth. Her husband reached down and collected the firm leather from her grasp. Her neck immediately tilted back to allow him access to the metal loop of her collar.

Jack hesitantly buckled the leashes' lock around the collar's buckle and choked up on the leather. He usually wasn't operating on the same wavelength as his wife, but the look in her brown eyes told him exactly what she wanted. She wanted to be controlled.

He took a step toward the door and his wife scurried to keep up with him. Seconds later the two were in the upstairs hallway and Sarah was obediently crawling at her husband's side, nonchalantly passing the bathroom before ending the first leg of their trip just outside their son's room.

Jack was suddenly teleported back in time. He was once again a seventeen-year-old kid, casually taking the family's golden retriever for a stroll through the neighborhood. But he wasn't seventeen; he was forty-seven. And he wasn't walking the family pet; he was walking his wife. So why was this situation making his dick harder than he could ever remember? Maybe, just maybe, he was into this as well...

Mike watched his parents make their way back into the bedroom where he was waiting. The overjoyed expression on his mother's face never failed to warm his heart. But Dad seemed to be opening up to this too. He was no longer acting nervous and timid. Now, he seemed cool and confident.

"Get on the bed."

Sarah's head perked up. That couldn't have been what it sounded like. Those words should've come from Mike's mouth but she swore it was in Jack's voice. Her focus bolted to her husband where his expression immediately answered her question.

"Let's go. Get on the bed," Jack repeated.

She jumped to her feet and rushed over to the bed. Her butt found the soft mattress as she waited.

"On your back. Take those panties off too."

Orders? She was getting orders from her husband!? On her back meant missionary, but maybe she could show him that pillow trick Mike did with her the other day? Jack seemed open for just about anything at this point. He walked her on a leash for fucks sake!

Her back hit the mattress and she slid her panties off. They weren't able to make the long journey

over her steep high heels, but a helping hand yanked them off and threw them to the ground.

It was Jack.

Seconds later Sarah was feeling something she hadn't experienced in years. Her husband's tongue was on her clit.

Mike vanished out of the room while his parents were becoming reacquainted with one another. A rather heavy package showed up in the mail earlier today and he was careful to get to it before Mom did. He went a little crazy online shopping Friday night while his oiled up mother was sound asleep. Something about seeing that perfect blonde peacefully snoozing next to him caused him to press the 'buy now' button more times than he probably should have.

He walked into his bedroom and briskly opened his closet door. A large, brown box was hidden under a mess of clothes. To be honest, Mike hadn't expected to be looking at this package until Dad went out of town again, but the change in plans was getting him excited. He picked up the box and hustled back into his parent's bedroom.

Mom's fingers were squeezing the bed sheets as moans and whimpers were escaping from her lips. But all of that came to a stop when a loud thud captured everyone's attention.

Mike had dropped the box in the middle of the room.

Sarah headed lifted off the bed and curiously observed the mysterious package. "What's that, baby?"

"It's a box of toys for my pet..."

Her eyes lit up. "Are you serious!?"

"Yep, my little girl has a big box of treats waiting for her. You wanna come take a look?"

She scrambled off the bed and fell to her knees as her hands dug around inside the box. The feeling of her son's strong hand, slowly petting her blonde head only encouraged her.

Her eyes darted upward. "These...these are for me?"

"Every single one of 'em," Mike smiled.

The blonde's hand re-emerged with a new toy. More leather! Sarah was quickly learning that everything fun was made of leather! Firm leather, an adjustable strap, and a silicone ball...

Sarah was holding a ball gag.

"I..."

Her sentence was cut short by her toy being ripped away from her. Jack had hopped off the bed and quickly took the ball gag from her hold. She felt like a child. Like a little girl who watched her big brother steal her lollipop from her. But then it happened...

"Open up, slut."

Jack called her a slut! Twenty years. Twenty years of sexual frustration and neglect were melting away. She had everything now. She had a husband who was interested in her again, a son who was infatuated with her, and an onslaught of attention coming from every direction.

Her open mouth was promptly filled by the silicone ball as the leather tightly wrapped around her head.

"Daddy's good girl," Jack said as he grinned down at his gagged, submissive wife. "You're in for it tonight..."

Sarah was officially in heaven.

Twice as Nice

Sean dates his mother's best friend.

[mt44](#)

Twice as Nice

Chapter 1 -- Desperate for Some Good Dick

Wednesday. April 14th. 7:15 PM.

"All I want is some good dick."

Joy placed her head in her hands, stunned from what she'd just heard. It was outrageous even by Annie's typically brash standards.

"Is that really so much to ask for?" Annie went on from her spot on Joy's backyard patio.

"It sure sounds like it," Joy chuckled, seated across the rustic wooden table from her longtime best friend.

"Don't get me wrong, dick is everywhere, but good dick is literally impossible to find."

Joy didn't necessarily agree with that. "There are plenty of men out there who want to date us. Create a profile on a few of those dating websites like I did. I had a ton of guys message me."

"And how did those dates turn out again?" Annie asked, eyebrows raised.

Joy gazed at the many flowers planted around her house while she reflected on her recent dating failures. Sadly, the past ten years as a single woman came along with plenty of loneliness, and she didn't consider herself to be picky either. She'd just never found the right guy after her divorce.

But she knew that Annie would have a much different opinion regarding both of their situations.

The two first met through their jobs in the real estate industry after college, and they'd remained besties over the last sixteen years. Now as a pair of thirty-nine-year-old women, they both found themselves single--Joy divorced with a son, while Annie never married or had children--but they took drastically different approaches when it came to their sex lives.

Joy wanted love. She desired to return home at the end of her day to a great husband who would take an active role in her eighteen-year-old son's life as he finished his final few months of high school. She needed a man who respected her, took her out on fun dates, and truly saw her as an equal.

Annie, on the other hand, wanted some good sex.

Physically, the two could pass for sisters. Both of the girls were five-foot-four, curvy, and the fortunate recipients of big busts and plump backsides. In fact, the only major difference could be found facially, where Joy was brunette with brown eyes, while Annie was a natural blonde with deep blue eyes. They'd both opted to keep their hair long--despite watching their peers opt for short

haircuts--and their triweekly routine of working out at the gym together helped them to stay active despite their age.

"Maybe I should say something to that hottie we always see at the gym?" Annie proposed, taking a sip of the red wine that she'd brought over to share with her girlfriend.

"That kid can't be older than twenty," Joy reminded her.

That wasn't a problem in Annie's world. "Good, because I would literally kill for a young stud who can go all night."

Joy decided to propose a rather wild suggestion. She'd spent years trying to get Annie to see things her way, but she started to consider the alternative. Perhaps Annie really didn't want a stable man? Maybe she truly desired something different?

"Why don't you try Tinder?"

"I did, remember?" Annie said, electing to finish the rest of her glass before pouring herself a refill. "I hardly got any matches. I'm too old to be on there."

"No, you aren't." Thirty-nine or not, they were both attractive women.

"Yes, I am," Annie argued. "Do you think some college hunk wants a woman approaching forty? Hell, forty-year-old men don't even want forty-year-old women. You remember Greg."

Even hearing that jerk's name got under Joy's skin. "Greg was an asshole."

"You can say that again," Annie agreed with a laugh. "Do you have any idea how embarrassing it was to be dumped in the middle of dinner? And because he had a sudden epiphany that I was too old for him? He's forty-three!"

Joy shook her head, annoyed as he reflected on the handful of times that she'd met Greg in person. He may have been handsome, successful, and a smooth-talker, but he ended up being quite a bastard.

"The audacity to dump me after I put up with his shit for months..." Annie groaned under her breath. "He was below-average in bed, and came equipped with a below-average dick as well."

Joy was very familiar with Greg's shortcomings. She must've heard Annie complain about him a million times since her breakup earlier in the year, but she always laughed at how overjoyed her smitten girlfriend acted while things were good. It wasn't until she got dumped that she bitched about Greg's ability between the sheets.

"Truthfully, I don't even want a relationship," Annie confessed, topping off her girlfriend's wine glass. "I mean, I wouldn't turn one down if it came my way, but I really just want a guy who can rock my world in bed. Be honest with me, Joy. When's the last time that you had great sex?"

Joy wasn't proud of what she was about to admit. "It had to be back before Scott cheated on me. We actually had a great sex life while we were married."

"So, at least ten years?"

Joy didn't want to, but she nodded.

"Ten years," Annie echoed the absurdity of their situations. "You haven't had great sex in a decade, and I haven't had great sex since college."

Joy shot her friend a skeptical look.

"I'm being serious, Joy!"

"You were head over heels in love with Greg for a while," Joy pointed out.

"Yeah, because I actually liked him," Annie said. "Not because of the sex we had. Trust me, he was a total dud in bed. Do you have any idea what I would do for a decent guy with a big dick?"

Joy shook her head in disbelief.

"Just give me a big, thick, hard cock to play with a few times a week, and I would literally be the best girlfriend ever," Annie verbalized her dream scenario. "I mean, isn't that what every guy wants? I wouldn't nag or bring any stress to his life. I just want a stud who I can spoil with attention!"

"Well, good men don't grow on trees," Joy said after taking a long swig of wine. She needed it after Annie's latest declaration.

Annie thought to herself while she looked off into the distance. She encountered good men almost daily, but they were unfortunately almost always house-hunting with their wives and children. Maybe she'd missed the boat? Perhaps all the good men were taken? And the occasional single man worth his salt sure seemed to prefer girls half her age.

Was she destined for a life of solitude? She seriously had to rely on her vibrator in order to find sexual happiness? She was almost forty! And her sex drive was higher than ever! There should be a line of guys fighting to fuck her brains out!

"What if we kill all the women under twenty-five?"

Wine almost came out of Joy's nose.

"I'm serious," Annie chuckled, obviously joking. "We would have our pick of the litter then."

"You ain't lying," Joy agreed, yet to stop laughing. "How nice would that be?"

Both of the girls lost themselves in an imaginary world where they were still treated like nineteen-year-old cuties. Who knew that time would pass so fast? No one told them that the men their own age wouldn't want anything to do with them once they were older. It didn't seem fair that neither were able to snag a great man during their youth, because it was awfully slim pickings out there now.

"Hey, Mom. Oh, hey, Ms. P."

Joy was anything but happy when she turned to observe her son's sudden arrival. "Oh my God, Sean!"

Annie placed her hand over her mouth to cover her smile.

"What the hell!?" Joy continued to scold him. "You walked through the house like this!?"

Sean looked down at himself, quickly realizing that his decision to leave his shoes outside wasn't enough. Truthfully, he wasn't completely sure what color his basketball shorts were, because he was covered in his fair share of mud. Everything from his arms to his shins was brown.

"How did this happen?" Joy asked, dreading the trail of mud that he'd undoubtedly left while making his way through the house.

"Pickup football," he answered. "It started as a game of touch, but quickly turned into tackle."

On one hand, Joy loved that she was the mother of an active boy. Her son was fit, athletic, and always seemed to be out and about, doing one thing or another. On the other hand, it was during times like these when she wished that she had a daughter instead. Lord knows that a girl wouldn't make half the mess that Sean routinely did.

"Did you win?" inquired Annie.

Sean turned his attention to his mom's friend. "What do you think?"

This time, Annie made no attempt to hide her smile. What was it about eighteen-year-old confidence that she loved so much? She'd watched Sean grow from a toddler, to a gangly teenager, to the hunk she stared at currently, and she definitely preferred the latter to another of his other phases. He was so handsome!

"I'll take that as a yes then," Annie giggled, wishing that guys her own age could be as fit and personable as her girlfriend's son.

"Take your clothes off and I'll wash them in a bit," Joy told him.

He turned to head back inside.

"No!" Joy shouted, stopping him just in the nick of time. "Don't go back in the house!"

He looked back at his mother, confused. "Um...where do you want me to change then?"

"Just take your clothes off here," Joy said, not about to trash her home further. She could only imagine how dirty it already was.

He took a quick peek at Annie before turning his attention back to his mom. "In front of Ms. P?"

"Believe it or not, but I've seen a man or two in his underwear over the years," Annie giggled, settling in for the show after taking another sip of wine.

"You've known her your entire life. She's basically family," Joy dismissed his concerns.

Sean wasn't so sure about that. Yes, he'd known Ms. P for as long as he could remember, but he didn't exactly view her the same way that he had back when he was a little kid. In fact, things had changed quite a bit over the past few years.

How sexy was Mom's best friend? Right or wrong, it wouldn't be honest to ignore his own mother's looks, but Ms. P had the honor of being his biggest crush for at least the last five years. Big tits, a fat ass, and blonde hair with sexy blue eyes. Not to mention that she gave off a vibe of being wild in bed. What wasn't there to like?

Things only got tougher for him after Mom and Annie started going to the gym together as well. Suddenly, he found himself constantly tormented. Why did he have to love voluptuous women so much? Why couldn't he just prefer skinny girls? But no matter how hard he tried to fancy petite women, he always returned to his biggest weakness.

He was a sucker for girls with curves.

The two perfect tens seated at the table on his backyard patio were essentially flawless in his opinion. How much fun would it be to bounce around Mom's big tits before smacking Annie's fat ass? But he knew better. They were both beautiful, sexy, and equally off-limits to him, and he really

needed to grow up and act his age. He should worry about eighteen-year-old girls like his friends did.

Annie may have enjoyed wine, she certainly loved to gossip, and she cherished every minute spent with her girlfriend, but she couldn't recall ever being happier than when Sean lifted his shirt over his head. So, this is what her best friend's son had grown into? Where didn't he have muscles? And what about his abs? He was ripped!

His awkward body of yesteryear was certainly behind him now, because she couldn't get enough of his chiseled physique. Where were the forty-year-old men who were built like this hunk? Why couldn't she find a guy who lived in the gym? It was exactly what she wanted!

Annie enjoyed every second of her surroundings after Sean slipped out of his athletic shorts. Good wine, great company, and a hunky jock in only his boxers: where could she sign up for this paradise every Wednesday evening? Other single women could opt for expensive sex toys and steamy romance novels, because she was significantly more interested in the real thing.

"Try not to get the entire shower dirty either," Joy said, rolling her eyes at how muddy her son still was.

He nodded to acknowledge that he would do his best before heading back inside to take a much-needed shower.

"Good God."

Joy immediately turned back to her BFF. "What?"

"How in the world do you live with that stud?" Annie asked, visibly smitten. "I would be drooling every time he walked by me shirtless."

"Jesus, that's my son!"

Annie didn't see the problem. "Who cares? He's a total hunk."

Joy glared across the table, disgusted.

"What?" Annie asked, getting a kick out of her friend's dramatic reaction.

"Please don't fawn over my son," Joy said. She couldn't believe that it needed to be said at all.

"Is Sean a stud?"

Joy shook her head while looking off to the side.

"Is he?" Annie inquired once more.

"And what's your definition of a stud?"

"Let's see here..." Annie started, loving the unexpected direction of their conversation. "Sexy hair, a handsome face, and muscles everywhere you look."

Joy couldn't pretend that Annie's description didn't fit Sean.

"There is literally nothing I love more than a fit guy," Annie admitted, not much to the surprise of her bestie. She had a long history of ogling the college hunks at the gym. "Hey, don't get mad at me because you have a stud for a son."

Only in Annie's bizarre world could Joy be a downer because she didn't engage in inappropriate talk about her own son. Was it her fault that Sean had inherited most of his father's traits--disloyal personality excluded? So what if her son qualified as an attractive young man? It shouldn't concern any of her friends!

Joy did her best to steer the conversation in a more civilized direction. She didn't need to discuss her son--regardless if it was in a positive manner or not--and she really needed to move past the idea of Annie being attracted to him on any kind of sexual level. She was twenty-one years older than him! And she was her best friend, for God's sake! It was ludicrous to picture them together!

Chapter 2 -- Getting With the Times

Forty-Five Minutes Later.

"You seriously need to call an Uber."

Annie shrugged off Joy's suggestion as she made her way to her feet. "I'm fine."

The empty wine bottle on the patio table said otherwise. "Annie, seriously, call an Uber."

"I'm fine," Annie promised. "I live ten minutes away. It's an easy drive."

Joy couldn't possibly disagree more. The last thing she wanted was for her bestie to get a DWI after splitting a bottle of wine with her. She would feel so guilty!

She had to do something. She couldn't allow her girlfriend to leave her house and drive home in her current state. Unfortunately, Annie seemed determined to do exactly that as she opened the sliding glass door and stepped foot in the house, and Joy dashed after her in order to put a stop to things. She needed to come up with a solution fast!

And then the perfect idea came to mind.

Should Joy have been more cautious about such a plan after their conversation earlier? Perhaps? But she credited Annie's rather crude comments to the three glasses of wine she'd indulged in. Under no circumstances did she actually have anything to worry about.

"Let Sean drive you home!"

Annie came to a sudden stop while collecting her purse. "Sean?"

"Sean!" Joy yelled upstairs, eager for her son to put an end to her worries. She couldn't live with herself if something happened to Annie.

The sound of light rumbling from above soon gave way to heavy footsteps coming down the stairs, and it wasn't long before Sean stood in front of his mother and her BFF in a clean pair of basketball shorts and a tank top. Mom had yet to change out of her cute black dress which hugged her many curves, while Annie's black skirt and white sleeveless top had a similar effect on him as the majority of her outfits. He felt rather lovestruck at the moment.

"What's up?" he inquired.

"Can you drive Annie home please?" Joy asked him for a big favor.

"One too many glasses of wine?" he teased.

Both of the girls rolled their eyes, but it was Annie who felt the need to defend herself. "I'm fine to drive. I really am. I'm not even tipsy!"

He was happy to help his mother. Besides, he'd always had a soft spot for Ms. P. He couldn't think of much that he wouldn't agree to if she needed him.

"Sure, I'll drive her home," he said with a smile.

"That's really not necessary," Annie reiterated, embarrassed by the fact that she may have overindulged slightly. She hadn't planned to drink three entire glasses of wine!

Joy looked at her son. "Can you take her home in your car? I'll drive to her house before work tomorrow and bring her back here to get her car."

Sean saw a much simpler solution. "We'll take Ms. P's car."

"How will you get home then?" Joy questioned, not particularly confident in her own ability to drive after an evening of drinking. She was ready to take a bath and call it a night.

"I'll jog home."

Neither girl expected to hear that.

"I could use the workout," he added. "Let me grab my headphones real quick."

Joy could only laugh at the nonstop energy of eighteen-year-old jocks, while Annie wondered how one guy could be so perfect. Generous, handsome, and full of life: it was exactly what Annie desired so badly in a man. Unfortunately, all of those incredible traits belonged to her friend's son, and he just so happened to be twenty-one years her junior.

He swiftly returned with his wireless headphones in hand as he accepted Annie's car keys and led the way to the front door. It wasn't long before he backed out of his driveway with Ms. P in the passenger seat, and the noticeable smell of wine on her breath reinforced that he made the right decision. She wasn't in any condition to drive.

"I really appreciate you doing this," she told him.

"You're lucky that I like you so much," he joked, shifting into drive to start their journey.

She observed the brown-haired hunk's muscular arm before helping herself to a long look at his chiseled face. Light stubble reminded her that he wasn't a little boy, while his lean body didn't resemble the majority of men her own age whatsoever. Not to mention that he didn't appear flustered to be in the same car as her either. It was enough to make her wet her lips instinctively.

"Can I ask you something?"

He took a quick peek at her before looking back at the road. "Sure."

Maybe she really was drunk? Otherwise, why would she ever ask such a question? "Do you have a girlfriend?"

Sean tensed up for a moment. "What?"

"Do you have a girlfriend?" she repeated, unable to turn away from his captivating bicep definition. He looked just like the hunks at her gym!

"Um...no," he said, unsure of why he suddenly felt nervous in her presence.

"Really? How is that possible?"

"How is what possible?" he asked. "That I don't have a girlfriend?"

She placed her hand on his bicep and helped herself to a squeeze. "Yeah, how can a handsome, funny, athletic guy like yourself be single? I think you're lying to me."

He gulped deeply as his cock moved ever so slightly under his shorts. "Lying?"

"You probably have twenty different girlfriends," she giggled, feeling his muscular arm one last time before regaining her composure. She had to remember that she sat next to her best friend's son!

"I definitely don't have twenty girlfriends," he chuckled. Fortunately, he felt more like himself after she withdrew her touch from his arm, and his dick settled right along with his formerly racing heart.

Those three big glasses of wine fully kicked in for Annie, and she counted her blessings that she had a best friend who always looked out for her best interest. She would be in a world of trouble if she was the one behind the wheel at the moment. The biggest negative was her urge to further prod into Sean's personal life. For reasons she couldn't explain--other than overindulging in alcohol--she wanted to be one of those twenty girls who were unquestionably in this hunk's life. Why couldn't she demand his attention the same way as an eighteen-year-old cutie?

"Do you have Snapchat?"

He did a double take to make sure he'd heard her correctly. Did a woman approaching forty seriously just ask him about Snapchat? "I do. Why?"

"One of the younger girls that I work with told me to download it, but she's my only friend on there," she confessed, more open than ever. Wine typically kicked down the last of her resistance.

He couldn't pass up this opportunity. Drunk or not, his mother's sexy friend appeared to be flirting with him, and he loved the idea of playing a bigger part in her life than simply seeing her occasionally. Plus, she was his crush for a reason. Who knew what treasures awaited him if he became Snapchat friends with her?

He unlocked his phone after they stopped at a red light, and opened his Snapchat app before handing it to her. "Add me."

She accepted his phone with a big smile. How sexy did she feel? She was about to become internet friends with a cute guy in high school! And Snapchat was totally designed to send sexy pictures to people! Well, at least that's what her co-worker told her.

She added herself and immediately listened to her phone notify her of a new friend request. She unlocked it and did something truly unimaginable only hours ago. While most single women her age did their best to find a worthwhile guy to pursue a meaningful relationship with, she was busy seducing someone young enough to be her son, and she'd never felt more alive as a result. It was so exciting!

She officially added Sean as a Snapchat friend.

"You know what this means now, right?" he asked, accepting his phone back.

Annie slipped her phone into her purse. "What does it mean?"

"You have to send me pictures daily. You see, Ms. P, being Snapchat friends is a very big deal. It's the strongest bond that two people can possibly share."

She didn't even bother to hide her smile. Twenty girlfriends? This charismatic stud most likely had hundreds of women vying for his attention, and she wanted to outdo all of them.

"I believe that means you have to send me pictures too," she said, feeling particularly flirtatious from her spot in the passenger seat. Pulling onto her street intensified her desire to gain his approval as quickly as possible. "Since we're officially best friends now."

"My mom won't be happy to learn that I stole her BFF from her."

"Well, maybe some things are best kept secret from your mother?" she suggested, grinning devilishly.

He struggled to control his furor. This wasn't one of his many dreams about his ultimate fantasy woman. It wasn't a fictional scenario where he got to play with her endless curves for no reason whatsoever either. On a random Wednesday evening in April, as he pulled in front of Ms. P's ranch-style house, she couldn't possibly make it more obvious that she had naughty intentions on her mind.

"Yeah, maybe some things are best kept secret?" he agreed with a grin.

He pulled into her driveway and shifted her car into park before handing her the keys. He decided to walk her to her front door--partially to make sure that she didn't fall in her mildly intoxicated state, but mostly to enjoy his final few seconds in her presence--and he couldn't deny that his view was anything other than spectacular. Why did she have to be so sexy? Why did her plump backside and big boobs have to cast him under such an intoxicating spell? Life would be so much easier if he didn't want to fuck Mom's best friend!

She unlocked her front door, giddy to know that chivalry still existed. "Thanks again for the ride."

He reached into his pocket to retrieve his headphones. "Always happy to help, Ms. P."

Was she officially a bad girl? Or some kind of seductress? Or maybe even a cougar? Society could label her as it pleased, because she possessed no desire to act appropriately while she helped herself to one last look at the handsome guy standing on her front porch. As badly as she wanted to pull him into her house and have a little fun, she would settle for a more reserved--but still somewhat wild--way to show her appreciation.

"You promise that you won't tell your mother about adding me on Snapchat, right?" she checked.

"I'm very good at keeping secrets," he said, popping his wireless headphones into his ears. "It may be my strongest quality. See you later, Ms. P."

"Hey!"

He froze after stepping off her concrete porch and down onto the walkway. Ms. P's loud shout caused him to turn around, but he never could've imagined what happened next. It was enough to send his insides into a tizzy.

Annie stepped forward, now face-to-face with him thanks to her eight-inch elevation boost. "Don't tell your mother about this either."

She leaned forward, placed her hand under his chiseled chin, and planted a big kiss on his cheek.

Watching him float away with a smitten smile brought nothing but happiness to her life. For once, she had someone in her life other than lackluster men and fictional characters from steamy romance novels. Monumentally inappropriate or not, she enjoyed bringing Sean into her world, and she didn't plan to release him back into the wild just yet. She had some fun to indulge in first.

Chapter 3 -- Shoot Your Shot

The Following Morning. Thursday. 6:47 AM.

Sean rolled out of bed with an unfamiliar excitement after he turned off his alarm. By no means did he qualify as a morning person, but things were far from routine as he made his way into the upstairs hallway and to the bathroom to take a much-needed piss. Bizarrely, Ms. P's kiss still lingered.

He knew the reason why he'd jogged home faster than ever yesterday. He also knew why he could barely sleep last night. Big tits, a bigger ass, and long blonde hair with striking blue eyes: he couldn't think about anything else.

What was his next move? Somehow, against all logic, he was Snapchat friends with Ms. P, but he wasn't sure of what to do with that privilege. It was unventured territory for the young man.

He also wasn't naive enough to pretend that she wasn't tipsy during their car ride home yesterday. Was that his biggest fear? For her to reject him if he attempted to initiate something? Or her admitting that she'd made a mistake? He couldn't help but feel like he got his hopes up for nothing.

And then he heard the unmistakable chirp of a Snapchat alert.

He hustled down the hallway and collected his phone from his nightstand. There, he found two Snapchat notifications waiting for him on his home screen.

from Annie

Annie is typing...

He almost screamed with excitement. It wasn't a Snapchat from one of his friends, a girl at school, or even an invitation to a pickup game from a basketball player from a rival school. No, it was Mom's bestie, and she clearly wanted to resume yesterday's activities.

Or did she?

What if it was an apology for her uncharacteristic behavior? Or what if she scolded him for taking advantage of her when she was drunk? Anything and everything could go wrong, but he couldn't do much other than cross his fingers and hope for the best. The one thing he knew for sure was that he would be in serious trouble with Mom if Annie was mad at him, though.

He opened their conversation and immediately smiled.

I need feedback on my outfit.

So, this was heaven? He seriously got to voice his two cents on his favorite woman's attire? Who knew that life could be so good?

He sent her a reply. *I'm always here to help you out.*

Her emoji character swiftly appeared at the bottom of the screen, showing that she'd entered the chat. Moments later, her character began typing.

Ok. Hold on a minute and I'll send you a pic. You're my first snap!

Maybe he wasn't in heaven? What if he was just the luckiest guy alive? His mind reeled with potential possibilities of what she had in store for him, and her long history of sexy outfits caused his building frenzy to grow. She was a real estate agent, after all. She had to look attractive! It was part of her appeal!

And then he received her very first picture snap.

Standing in front of her tall bedroom closet mirror, dressed in a black pencil skirt with white diamond designs that hugged her curvy figure, a long-sleeve v-neck top that dipped down into her cleavage, and stylish black high heels, was the single sexiest woman alive.

She had it all. Long wavy blonde hair that flowed down to her breasts, perfect makeup, a gold necklace and cute earrings, voluptuous hips, and a sly smile that reflected a girl who'd recently discovered her wild side. He never expected to be the recipient of a bedroom mirror selfie courtesy of his mother's bestie, but he was happy to be proven wrong. He also knew exactly how to respond.

10/10.

She responded with a laughing emoji before her avatar started to type once more. *The back might be a little too tight though. Lmk what you think.*

Another picture snap came through and he nearly fainted after he opened it. This time, her back faced the mirror while she held her phone over her shoulder to capture the reflection of her backside, and he shook his head in disbelief after realizing that she'd somehow managed to outdo her original photo. Now, this was heaven.

What would he do with an afternoon all alone with her? How about bringing her out to the pool deck in his backyard, instructing her to get down on her hands and knees, and spraying her with the hose while she twerked for him? Or what about a lap dance? Or even drenching her with oil from afar? He wasn't picky! He would settle for almost anything!

But he knew what he wanted more than life itself.

He would give anything to bend her over and fuck her unlike any of her potential suitors could. He wasn't some overweight forty-five-year-old dud. He was young! And an athlete! Only a small sector of men possessed the capability to properly take care of a girl as thick as Ms. P, and he was confident in his ability to do exactly that.

He also decided to stop holding back. Why not take a chance and make a move? What was the worst that she could say? No? It wasn't like she would tell Mom after flirting with him either.

He responded with a drooling emoji before adding *15/10.*

Her avatar quickly popped back into the chat before disappearing. Uh-oh. Had he overstepped his bounds? What if she found his comment distasteful? Or what if she was disgusted by the way he openly drooled over her? He couldn't help it, though! She was so fucking hot!

How could he salvage things? His mother's thirty-nine-year-old friend--who sat at the top of his list of girls he wanted to fuck--showed off her sexy outfit to him. That happened. He couldn't have misinterpreted their interaction. If Ms. P didn't actually want to be fawned over, then she wouldn't

have sent him a picture showing her cleavage, let alone a photo that focused almost exclusively on her incredible ass!

What if he treated her like any other girl? Yes, she was twenty-one years his senior, but she was still a woman at the end of the day. They all basically like the same stuff, right? He didn't know for sure, but he was about to find out.

I have an extra ticket to the hockey game tonight. I'll pick you up at 6:30.

It was a move that came along with an undeniable amount of risk. First, he had no idea if she liked hockey or not. Second, he didn't have any tickets to the game tonight. Third, and most importantly, he steered their conversation in a very serious direction. There was no distorting his offer. He'd just asked her out.

He waited anxiously as the passing seconds felt like hours. Honestly, he would settle for being heartbroken sooner than later. At least he would never regret not asking her out on a date, but he hated the idea of feeling his vast amount of nerves for however long it took her to finally get around to replying. Plus, things would definitely be awkward the next couple times they saw each other if she said no.

Her avatar reappeared in their conversation, and two simple sentences made him the happiest guy in the world.

I can't wait! Cya then!

Now, he just needed to buy some hockey tickets.

Chapter 4 -- So, It's That Kind of Date?

Later That Same Day. 6:28 PM.

Sean pulled into Ms. P's driveway before heading for the front door with a bounce in his step. When was the last time he felt so energetic? His previous girlfriends lacked the excitement of a first date with a sexy older woman, important high school sporting events didn't come along with any type of sexual element, and the midnight release of a highly anticipated video game never lived up to the hype. Tonight was different from any prior moment in his life. Tonight was special.

He bounced up and down on his toes after he rang the doorbell. He still struggled to comprehend what awaited him. In only moments, Ms. P--the same woman who he'd jerked-off to hundreds of times--would answer the door with a smile. He was only seconds away from taking his dream girl out on a date!

He would never be able to properly describe what happened after the front door opened. It almost seemed like something out of a dream. If God himself granted him the ability to script tonight exactly to his liking, even he wouldn't have summoned something so spectacular. It was a sight he would never forget.

Her long-sleeve black v-neck didn't just show a hint of cleavage. It didn't even display a tad more than usual either. No, her top revealed a very, very, very healthy amount of her impressive bust, and her push-up bra reaffirmed that they were indeed on a real date. It wasn't the wardrobe choice of a girl on a casual night out with a guy who she viewed as only her friend's son.

Her tight jeans hugged her thick hips to a tee. Her long blonde hair flowed, her makeup was flawless, her pouty lips popped thanks to her sexy red lipstick, and even her eyelashes were curled. Somehow, she managed to blow away all of his exceptions. He'd left for school this morning with the intention of taking her on a semi-real date, but he now completely understood just how seriously she interpreted his invitation.

"Hey, Sean!" she greeted him with an enthusiastic smile.

"Wow," he remarked, blown away.

She hadn't planned to be addressed in such a strange manner. "Wow?"

He needed to get his act together. He made the move, asked her out, and now had the responsibility to show her a good time. The one thing he couldn't do was drool over her incredible body.

"You look amazing," he said, lustful yet complimentary. He was a man, after all. He couldn't pretend to not be in love with what he saw.

Annie smiled sheepishly, unable to conceal her blushing cheeks. It was nice to hear that he appreciated all of the time she'd put into getting ready tonight. Inappropriate or not, she went above and beyond to shatter his expectations, and his smitten stare made her feel like a million bucks. He kept checking out her cleavage!

"Ready to go?" he asked, having regained his composure. He could do this. She was just a woman.

She stepped out onto her porch with a smile and turned to lock her front door.

"Holy shit."

She immediately spun around to face him after pulling her key out of the lock. "What?"

He gulped deeply. Oh boy. He'd actually grunted 'holy shit' under his breath? His chances of keeping himself together appeared to deteriorate by the second, because he'd just made the biggest mistake of his life.

How could he be expected to maintain his composure, though? Ms. P's jeans were ridiculous!

Her big, fat, round ass was held back by the tightest pair of jeans he'd ever seen. How did she even manage to slip inside something so snug? That gorgeous denim hugged her butt gloriously!

Now, he faced the ultimate challenge. Somehow, against his most pressing urges, he was supposed to resist the greatest temptation of his young life. But he was an ass guy! And Ms. P had the exact type of butt that he loved more than anything in the world! How could he be expected to control himself?

He just needed to look elsewhere. She faced him at the moment, for fuck's sake! He couldn't even see her ass if he wanted to!

Her big tits didn't provide much relief as he quickly made his way to her beautiful face. What if he'd bitten off way more than he could chew? What if he'd seriously overestimated his own abilities? Could he even handle her provided the opportunity?

Okay, he seriously needed to slow down. First, nothing would happen between the two of them. Ms. P was Mom's best friend. It wasn't like she planned to bang him! Second, he was a civilized guy. He

could take a perfect ten out on a date without foaming at the mouth each and every time he looked at her voluptuous body. It was part of behaving like a normal human being!

"I asked if you have everything you need," he lied with a polite smile.

She raised her purse in the air to confirm that she was ready to go.

Sean may have been dressed casually in blue jeans and a white t-shirt, but he was anything other than composed at the moment. Despite his best efforts, he wasn't sure if he would ever grasp the fact that he walked side by side with his longtime crush. It was all so surreal.

"Well, aren't you quite the gentleman," Annie commented after he opened his passenger side door for her.

He could only laugh to himself as he reflected on his inner struggle. Chances were that Ms. P wouldn't find him so sweet if she knew what went through his mind after she answered her front door moments ago, but he didn't plan to ever reveal his true thoughts. He simply needed to focus on what awaited him. He had an angel all to himself for at least the next three hours, and he planned to enjoy every single minute of it.

Chapter 5 -- Too Young for Late-Night Drinks

A Little Over Three Hours Later. 9:45 PM.

"That was seriously the most fun I've had in forever! It was awesome!"

He couldn't agree more. Surprisingly, he found himself enjoying her company throughout the evening more than anything. Did he love her incredible body? Absolutely. He helped himself to his fair share of glances at her plentiful cleavage while he sat next to her for those amazing two and a half hours, but he smiled equally with as much joy when he made her laugh. And she was really fun to talk to as well.

It certainly didn't hurt that they attended perhaps the game of the year either. An action-packed sixty minutes eventually ended in an exciting overtime period. Plenty of goals were scored, their team won, and everyone left the arena happy. Well, happy and maybe a little smitten. It wouldn't be entirely truthful to pretend that he was anything other than in love.

He pulled into her driveway and shifted his car into park. "It really was fun, wasn't it?"

"So much fun," she reiterated. "I haven't been to a hockey game in years!"

He wasn't entirely sure what to do next. Was this it? Was their date over? Or was it up to him to make a move? He wasn't positive how she would interpret his following decision, but he decided to take a chance regardless. Yes, he could end up looking like a fool, but the potential--although highly unlikely--rewards could be magnificent.

He turned off the ignition and exited his car, walking around to Annie's side to let her out. That was one detail that she made extremely clear early on. She didn't want to be called Ms. P. She requested to be referred to as Annie, so he did exactly that.

He opened her door for her.

"A gentleman through and through," she said, smiling as she collected her purse and left the vehicle. "Who taught you all these manners?"

"They've always come naturally," he joked with a smirk.

She found herself even more impressed after he walked her to her front door. This eighteen-year-old hunk could definitely teach men her own age a thing or two about chivalry. Sadly, it'd been an awfully long time since a man last properly treated her like a lady, and she didn't hate the idea of experiencing his flattering attitude on a regular basis. Her only problem involved his mother. Joy would kill her if she ever found out about tonight!

"Thanks again for the great time," she told him. She couldn't believe it, but she felt like a teenager. A cute boy stood on her front porch while an undeniable sense of awkwardness swirled around them!

He felt himself regress. His confidence faded. His usual poise encountered an unexpected speed bump, causing him to re-experience his nervous demeanor from years ago. He hadn't always been good with women, and it'd been an awful long time since he felt anything like this.

Up until this very moment, his only complaint about tonight involved Annie's choice of footwear. He would've preferred a sexy pair of high heels instead of her basic black shoes, but he wasn't picky. He simply enjoyed spending time with her.

Things had changed in a hurry, however. The entire night would be ruined if left her with a less-than-stellar final impression of himself. He needed to show her that he was more than just an eighteen-year-old kid, but he wasn't sure how to go about accomplishing such a feat. The last thing he desired was to make her uncomfortable.

"Well, good night," she smiled his way before turning back to her door to let herself in.

He needed to think. His little remaining time passed in a hurry, and he would soon be looking at an empty hourglass if he didn't come up with a plan fast. Why did he keep coming up blank?

"Can I use your bathroom?"

His stomach churned as he reflected on his not-so smooth choice of words. That was his plan? Really? To extend the night by inviting himself inside to use the bathroom? It was the least seductive route possible, but it was what he spit out before his mind could catch up to his dumb mouth.

"Sure," she said, pushing the door open and heading inside.

It wasn't his first time inside Annie's house. He'd been over here before for parties, holidays, and even occasionally when his mother needed a babysitter during his younger years. This, however, was different. He'd never stepped foot inside Ms. P's home after taking her out on a date, and his mind spun while he made his way to her bathroom. He didn't have any chances left. Either he did something now, or he would live to regret his idleness for the rest of his life.

He did his best to regroup after relieving his bladder. He was nervous, slightly embarrassed, and unquestionably in over his head, but he wasn't left for dead quite yet. Miracles happened. Maybe God would show him a sign and everything would come together perfectly? Or perhaps he would never be more to Annie than her friend's son?

And then a sliver of hope presented itself to him.

He found Annie sitting on her family room sofa with a glass of red wine in hand. It was the exact opportunity he needed. It provided him with a chance to wiggle his way back into her life, and he didn't plan to allow his charisma to go to waste. It was time to show Mom's bestie that tonight shouldn't be a one-time thing.

"I don't see my glass."

"Excuse me?" she asked.

"I don't see my glass of wine," he clarified himself, taking a seat next to her on the couch. He was ready to turn his charm all the way up. "Believe it or not, but I consider myself to be a bit of a wine connoisseur."

Her eyebrows couldn't be any higher. "You're not having anything to drink."

"And why's that?"

"Um...because you're driving home," she said, surprised that she needed to explain the situation.

"Do you have any idea what your mother would do to me if something happened to you?"

He observed her naked feet before turning his attention back to her alcoholic beverage. "Is that anyway to talk to your boyfriend?"

She giggled, rolling her eyes in the process. "Is that what you are now? My boyfriend?"

He definitely liked the sound of his new title.

Annie, however, wasn't so quick to jump on board. "Do you make a habit of dating older women?"

"Older women?"

"I'm certainly an older woman based on your age," she said, taking a long sip from her glass. She dreaded turning forty next year!

"What are you? Like, twenty-five?"

She almost spit her wine out. "Oh my God, will you stop!?"

"Actually, you're right. I'm off, aren't I? You're probably more like twenty-two," he proposed, sarcastic yet somewhat honest. She could absolutely pass for a college girl. She was that sexy.

She set her glass down on the coffee table in front of them before turning back to him. "Forget about being my boyfriend. You're gonna be my husband if you keep this up."

Now, that was his dream. How incredible would it be to wake up next to her in bed every morning? And to greet her in the kitchen with a crack on the ass before he started his day? Where could he sign up for that heaven?

He observed her half-empty wineglass while he debated his next move. What was on her mind? Did she always have a drink before bed, or was her decision made tonight for a specific reason? He just wished that she was something other than his mother's best friend! That way he wouldn't feel so cautious around her!

She retrieved her drink, downed the rest of it, and then left the room momentarily. She quickly returned with a full glass in hand.

He was sharp enough to know that chugging a glass of wine before bed didn't qualify as anyone's nightly routine--let alone someone as put together as Ms. P. What if he wasn't alone? What if she felt tense too? What if she couldn't believe that he sat on her sofa while she treated herself to a second glass of wine either?

"Can I tell you something?"

He prepared himself for anything after noting the long swig that she took from her glass. "Sure."

"You have to promise to keep it secret," she told him, placing her drink on the table. "You can't tell a soul."

"I promise," he said.

"I'm extremely serious. I'll kill you if you ever say a word," she stressed the importance of his secrecy.

Had she loosened up right in front of his eyes? Did he have the power of red wine to thank? Somehow, against all reason, she almost seemed flirty.

"You see, Annie, I may not be great at a lot of things, but keeping secrets is something I excel at."

Nothing boosted his confidence like making her laugh. What if she viewed him as a step up from her usual dating options? Could her impending secret actually be something that wasn't typically reserved for a thirty-nine-year-old woman and her best friend's son? He was about to find out.

"You've turned into quite the handsome young man."

He did his best to maintain his composure as he watched her wiggle closer ever so slightly. There was no misinterpreting her words. She'd just called him handsome. Handsome! Ms. P!

"Um...thanks," he said nervously.

"I remember when you were a little boy," she reflected on their lengthy relationship. "You've certainly come a long way since those days. I mean, just look at all these muscles!"

Feeling her squeeze his bicep sent shivers down his spine. Why did he still lack the proper courage to treat her like a potential girlfriend? All the signs were there! Uninterested women don't agree to dates before letting guys into their house while treating themselves to two glasses of wine. He needed to wake up! Otherwise, he would miss his chance.

But she spoke up before he had an opportunity to scheme a plan.

"Can I tell you another secret?"

He gulped but his throat was dry. He couldn't continue to fool himself. This woman terrified him.

"You have to promise to keep this to yourself too," she said.

He nodded, struggling to look in her direction for fear of staring at her cleavage. She appeared even sexier now that he shared the sofa with her. He couldn't even begin to guess what she had in store for him.

"I'm lonely."

He knew that he shouldn't be happy to hear that. His mother's friend--who he'd always loved--just admitted to being lonely. Truthfully, it was sad. A woman as incredible as her should never experience anything other than the best.

But the man in him saw an opportunity.

She was lonesome, upbeat from their date, and maybe even a little tipsy? While part of him was concerned about taking advantage of her, another part of him realized that he didn't deal with one of his classmates. Thirty-nine-year-old women weren't anything like eighteen-year-old girls, right? They had to be significantly less likely to play games. He'd always assumed that women his mother's age went after what they wanted--unlike girls his own age--but he didn't know for sure. He didn't have a history with Annie's demographic, after all.

"Do you think you can change that?" she asked, placing her hand on his knee.

Why could he barely breathe? What happened to his swagger? All he wanted was the ability to treat Annie exactly like any other girl, but over a decade of lust prevented him from doing that. It was almost as if she was too much for him to handle.

Her hand moved higher, coming to rest on his thigh. "So, do you?"

His pounding heart settled. His churning stomach calmed. In a moment of complete clarity, he managed to regain his poise. He could hold his own. He just needed to relax and act like himself.

"I'd love to keep you company," he said, gazing into her sparkling blue eyes. "How about this? I'll come over every Friday night starting tomorrow. You can pour yourself a glass of wine, we'll play some music, and then we'll settle in for a three-hour long game of *Monopoly*."

Her laughter provided him with the fortitude to act like himself. How many other guys could make her smile like he did? Would she massage anyone else's thigh on a Thursday night after a big glass of wine? He liked the idea of holding a special key to her heart, and her reaction further motivated him to see if he could make his fantasy a reality.

And while Annie loved his playful personality, she wasn't in the mood to drag things along for days or even weeks. She wasn't in college anymore. Her days of smiling at a man and hoping that he picked up on her interest were behind her. If she wanted something, then she took it.

Her hand slithered higher until it settled just inches from his bulge. She leaned in and whispered into his ear, "I don't want to play *Monopoly*."

He told himself to relax. Why did his insides resemble a roller coaster? One moment he was calm, and the next he was rattled. Ms. P's hand was right next to his dick! His fuckin' dick! How couldn't he lose his mind?

"What...do you...um...want to do then?" he asked tensely, not finding any relief from the way she continued to breathe into his ear.

"Your mother wouldn't want me to tell you this."

He'd never wanted to hear something so badly.

"Maybe I shouldn't say it?" she purred, refusing to shift her hand.

"No, you-you can say-say it," he stammered, his mouth barren as he stared straight-ahead at the wall.

"Are you sure?" she questioned with her mouth still pressed against his ear. She leaned against him, allowing her chest to rest against his broad shoulder. "You would *really* have to keep this secret."

"I swear," he gave his word.

Her breath disappeared. His ample chest vanished. Everything changed before he could fully process his surroundings, and he soon found his line of sight shifted in her direction abruptly. It was a whirlwind of activity in such a short time.

And then he realized what happened.

Her free hand had taken control of the situation. She turned his head in her direction by his chin, causing him to stare into her blue eyes for the first time in what felt like forever. He experienced a cavalcade of emotions while he waited in suspense, but any hope to assert his dominance fell to the wayside. He was simply along for the ride. She was out of his league whether he admitted it or not.

Her pouty lips parted to reveal her true intentions. "I don't want to play a board game. I don't even want to go to a hockey game. You see, sweetheart, there's something I need that isn't exactly easy to find. Your mother would agree with me on that as well."

He waited as her hand fell from his chin after she captured his attention, but he never would've imagined her reveal. The most surprising part was her decision to take the physical route instead of expressing herself verbally. It also showed him just how different life could be with an older woman, because eighteen-year-old girls definitely didn't behave in such an aggressive manner.

The hand on his thigh moved to his bulge.

He gulped. Five fingers squeezed his cock through his jeans, but it didn't come courtesy of one of his cute classmates. No, the stunner sitting next to him was more than twice his age, and she just so happened to be his mother's best friend.

"I need a real man," she revealed candidly. She didn't see any reason to pull her punches. She was so close to what she desperately needed. "So, can I play with your cock?"

He seriously debated her inquiry? What was he so scared of? Well, one, he could fail to live up to her expectations. What if he was too nervous to get hard? Or what if he wasn't big enough? Anything and everything could go wrong, and he dreaded the possibility of letting her down.

But the upside looked pretty spectacular as she squeezed his cock more firmly.

An incredibly sexy older woman just asked for permission to play with his dick. Wasn't that his dream? Wasn't it exactly what he'd fantasized about thousands of times? Besides, he was doing her a favor, right? She was lonely! He could help solve her problems!

Plus, selfishly, he could enjoy himself at the same time.

His cock began to grow as she rubbed his bulge. Her blue eyes encouraged him to answer her, but he still struggled to speak. Unfortunately, he wouldn't be able to play it cool for the foreseeable future. His temporary lack of charisma made him a mere passenger from whatever she had planned, but he had little doubt that he would enjoy every moment of the fun.

He nodded to grant her permission, still unable to speak.

"Are you sure it's okay?" she giggled, running her soft touch along the length of his hardening manhood. "I'm in the mood to be a little bad tonight."

His breaths turned labored. He was on the verge of passing out as his dick grew to its full potential under his jeans. At least he didn't have to worry about his immense nerves preventing him from acting like a man physically, because he'd never been harder.

She was just getting started. "Your mother rolled her eyes at me yesterday when I told her that I need some good dick in my life."

He did his best to calm himself. The last thing he wanted was to cum before ever enjoying her advances.

"And, sweetheart, I think you have exactly what I need," she said, using her fingers to trace along the outline of his hard meat.

Why couldn't he step up and take charge of the situation? Why did he feel so timid? It pained him to admit it, but his doubt involving his ability to satisfy someone like her increased by the moment, and her juicy amount of creamy cleavage memorizing his eyes didn't help to boost his confidence.

"Relax."

His focus instantly shifted to her dazzling blue eyes.

"Relax," she repeated after capturing his attention. She could sense his anxiety. It was just one of the many benefits of being an experienced woman. "Why don't you just let me take care of you?"

She slid off the sofa and down to her knees on the hardwood floor after pushing the coffee table back to give her room. Her hands journeyed along his thighs, having the opposite effect on him from the one she claimed to desire. The truth was that she adored his excitement. She craved his energy. Men her own age didn't appreciate her in the same manner that Sean did, and she was determined to live up to his expectations.

How was he expected to relax when his mother's best friend knelt on the floor between his feet? Somehow, he needed to curtail his excitement. He had to last in order to fully enjoy being the beneficiary of a sexy older woman's pent-up sexual frustration. The girl looking up at him wouldn't be a happy camper if he blew his load before allowing her to have her fun.

She encouraged him to help her out while her hands rubbed his thighs. "Why don't you take your belt off for me?"

He unbuckled his belt with a purpose. Suddenly, he found himself focused solely on the upside of what awaited him. A gorgeous woman wanted to play with his dick! What did he possibly have to worry about?

His belt was snatched from his hands before he managed to utter a single word. Unexpectedly, his idea of kink was completely rewritten right before his eyes. If he thought that he possessed a perverted side, then he was gravely mistaken as he looked on in disbelief. Even he couldn't compete with this.

She slid the end of his belt through the buckle to create a loop. In a moment of complete insanity to his eighteen-year-old brain, he watched her place it around her neck, allowing the remainder of the leather to dangle below while she gazed up into his eyes. It caused him to once again doubt if he could handle her.

"Are you going to keep me waiting?" she asked.

He unzipped his jeans nervously. His belt remained around her neck, but he didn't know why. Was it a fetish of hers? Or a way to show her submission? Regardless of the reason for her decision, he was fairly certain that high school girls wouldn't be able to replicate what she had planned for him.

He noticed the way that her eyes followed his every move like a hawk. He wiggled out of his jeans, only for her to pull them off of his legs in a hurry. Maybe she really was desperate? Perhaps she needed this more than him? And if that was the case, then he could only imagine how incredible things would get. He'd never been with a woman before who truly craved dick.

His hard cock didn't shy away from his company after he slipped out of his boxers. So, now what? He merely sat on the sofa, anxiously waiting for his date to do something. Was it up to him to make a move? Or what if she wasn't impressed by what she saw? It would crush him to be sent home because he didn't meet her requirements, and her complete lack of reaction didn't help to provide him with any answers. He felt rather out-of-the-loop at the moment.

"You're my boyfriend now."

Common sense told him that his belt around her neck should take the cake in regard to the most bizarre reveal tonight. The sight of her down on her knees qualified as fairly unfathomable too. Plenty of moments would linger with him for the rest of his life, but her latest declaration caused his eyes to squint in confusion.

"What?" he questioned.

"You're my boyfriend now," she repeated, using her finger to point at his towering erection. "I want that in my life."

He finally knew what it felt like to be worry-free. It was difficult to be troubled after his crush just demanded his sexual loyalty, after all.

"Now I know why your mother still speaks so highly of your dad," Annie remarked. His thick meat put her into a trance. She couldn't look away from every delicious inch of him. "You had to get that beautiful dick from him."

Forget about feeling worry-free. Was he a king now? Or a god? Ms. P just called his dick beautiful! And she'd yet to stop staring at it! It was incredible!

She finally turned her attention to his smitten eyes. "That cock is mine, understood?"

His confidence returned. His ego received a desperately-needed boost. Her reaction provided him with the incentive to treat her like one of his classmates, and he knew that he needed to stop behaving like a little boy. She could get a nervous teenager to mess around with anywhere. A man on the other hand? They were hard to find.

"Let's see if you pass the test."

Her eyebrows swiftly perked up. "Excuse me?"

"Let's see if you pass the test," he said once more with a sly smirk. He didn't believe a single word he was about to say, but he loved the idea of motivating her anyway. "I'm not some old-timer, you know? My expectations are probably a little higher than you think."

Her surprised reaction quickly turned to one of laughter. "Kiddo, I could make you cum in thirty seconds if I wanted to."

He matched her grin with one of his own. "Is that what you think?"

"No, that's what I know," she corrected him. "Big dick or not, you've never gotten a real blowjob before. I'm not some high school girl."

"You never really seemed like the wild type to me."

Watching bewilderment sweep across her face was exactly what he wanted. The truth was that Mom's bestie always came off like a party girl. He had little doubt that she'd enjoyed her fair share of fun back in her college days, and he also expected her to blow his mind in her family room. He didn't want her to think that, though.

"Other than getting drunk at seven-thirty on a Wednesday," he added nonchalantly.

She collected his jeans off the floor and dug through his pockets, finding his phone and handing it to him. "Open it."

He used his thumb to unlock it.

"Go to the stopwatch app," she instructed.

"Are you serious?"

"Yeah, we're timing this," she nodded, yet to touch his cock.

He opened the stopwatch app, but looked back down at her before proceeding any further. He needed to slow everything down for a minute. Did he anticipate that Ms. P would be incredible in bed? Yes. Did he expect the best blowjob of his life? For sure. Now, did he honestly think that she could make him cum in less than thirty seconds? Absolutely not.

He wasn't a virgin. He'd also jerked-off to her Snapchat pictures before leaving for school this morning, and again when he returned home. Hell, he'd spent the past seven years beating his dick to a wide variety of porn on the internet, so he wasn't exactly a rookie when it came to the world of sex.

"How about we make a bet?"

She was always up for a challenge. "What do you have in mind, big guy?"

He couldn't get enough of how she constantly referenced his impressive size. "I'll cut your grass for the next month if you can make me cum in less than thirty seconds."

"How about you cut my grass for the rest of the year?" she proposed, liking the idea of not having to hire a lawn service at all.

He needed to think long and hard about her offer. Her lawn was huge! "The entire year?"

"Yep, and if you can actually last thirty seconds, then I'll let you cum on my face."

So much for actually pondering her proposal. Holding out for thirty seconds would result in a facial. A fucking facial! How did everything keep getting better? It almost didn't seem possible!

"Deal," he accepted immediately.

"That's what I thought," she giggled, shifting her eyes back to her prize. "Get that timer ready."

He looked on in awe after she jammed her middle and index fingers down her throat, gagging herself from her spot on the hardwood floor. She needed to find plenty of spit in order to handle someone his size.

She wiggled closer while his thumb hovered over the start button on his phone. Her arms slithered under his thighs as she positioned her mouth over his stiff erection. What was she doing? Why did she use his legs for leverage?

"Oh, one more thing," she said, fighting the urge to skip their game and dive head-first into the fun. "I'm not even going to use my hands."

He'd never felt better about anything in his life. She seriously thought that she could make him cum in less than half a minute with only her mouth? Was she crazy? The bad news was that she would most likely be disappointed in her futile efforts shortly, but the good news was that tonight would end with him blowing his nut all over her beautiful face. It was a trade-off that he was happy to make.

"And...go!" he said, starting the timer.

The following fifteen seconds qualified as the most surreal experience of his life. Nothing about it made sense. Logic pointed to him being lost in a dream, but what he saw, heard, and felt said otherwise. It was unbelievable.

She swallowed his entire cock repeatedly, effortless in her movements. No hands, no struggle, and no sense of modesty: he started to wonder if she was built solely for pleasure. How could a woman be so sexy, but also so nasty? Weren't hot girls supposed to be reserved? He quickly discovered just how wrong his previous mindset was as he held on for dear life.

His dick glided down her tight throat thanks to the layer of slimy spit surrounding his meat. Up and down she went, causing him to writhe in pleasure from the manner in which she showered him with affection. His cock would be exposed to the family room air one moment, only to be completely engulfed inside her throat the next, and he didn't want to move a muscle. He could spend the rest of his days on this very sofa.

And then he panicked.

The gradual build bubbled to the surface abruptly. Any minor concerns involving potentially cumming too soon went to the wayside when he realized that he was about to explode like never before. But he didn't want it to be over already! He didn't even care about losing the bet. Honestly! He just wanted more of his current heaven!

"Stop!"

Annie continued to suck his dick like it was her job.

"STOP!!!" he shouted urgently.

Reluctantly, she granted his demand. It was nice to know that she still had it. Obviously, she didn't have much competition. High school girls weren't exactly blowjob queens, but it still brought her joy to see him squirm after less than thirty seconds in her mouth. Plus, she wouldn't complain about having free lawn care for the rest of the year.

She looked up at the flustered stud in front of her, his belt wrapped around her neck. "So, how's it feel to get your dick sucked by a real woman?"

He didn't know what to say. He could barely think straight. His longtime crush knelt on the floor in front of him, and she gave head like a porn star. She blew away his wildest expectations.

"You're cute, you know that?" she laughed.

He did his best to collect himself. He had to admit it whether he wanted to or not. "You won."

"What was that?" she asked, encouraging him to repeat himself louder. She got a kick out of the way that he still hung onto his pride. It was exactly what she loved so much about younger guys!

"You won," he said once again. Losing didn't hurt as much when it resulted in a blowjob.

"Sweetheart, I always win," she giggled, turning her attention back to his glistening pole. "Now, how about a long, sloppy, fun blowjob? Because I can make you last as long as I want."

That sounded like heaven to him.

She wrapped her hand around his cock, stroking every inch of him with ease from the heavy amount of saliva covering him. "God, you're so hard."

He grunted under his breath. Could she really control how long he lasted? Because he didn't like his chances of holding out much longer.

She positioned her face next to his groin and slapped his stiff cock against her cheek. She lived for his hardness. She salivated from his size. It's been an awful long time since she last had a dick like his to play with, and her desperation to please served as a reminder of how much she missed her youth. She was surrounded by cute hunks twenty years ago, for God's sake!

But she no longer needed to concern herself with guys her own age. Girls like Joy could continue to try to make things work with mediocre men in their forties, because she had an eighteen-year-old stud all to herself. A big, young, rock-hard dick would be ready whenever she wanted. She also didn't need to worry about being in a relationship with a guy who played head games. Young guys simply wanted to fuck, and she prepared herself for a future of fun as she slammed his hard meat against her cheek once more.

He smiled as he noticed a wad of her spit tangled in her long blonde hair as she continued to absorb the strength of his rigid erection with her face. This was his new girlfriend? Really? She was a freak! And in a good way! Honestly, he would cut her grass for the rest of his life if it guaranteed him a similar treatment.

"Let's get some of these clothes off."

She pushed him back against the sofa when he attempted to lean forward and tug at her shirt. "Not happening."

His eyes squinted in confusion. She was fine sucking his cock, but she didn't like the idea of losing her shirt? That didn't make any sense to him.

"We'll save that for our second date," she told him with a grin before wrapping her lips around his manhood. She promptly made it disappear down her throat.

Well, if he couldn't get her out of any of her clothes, then he would help himself to the next best thing, and that involved enjoying the endless benefits of dating a sexually deprived older woman.

His hands clamped on top of her blonde head and held her in place. The seconds ticked by while her tight throat pulsed around every inch of his girthy cock, thoroughly worshiping his member. Oddly, he may have treasured discovering her submissive tendencies even more than her incredible blowjob skills. Girls his own age were so scared to be seen as sluts. Annie, on the other hand, clearly didn't care. It almost seemed like she wanted to be a whore for him.

He pushed down when she tried to lift herself off of him. He was ready to assert his role in their relationship, because he definitely didn't want to be a mere spectator while she fulfilled all of her fantasies. For a moment at least, he called the shots. It was a risk that he wasn't entirely sure would prove successful, but one he was willing to take regardless.

"Stay right there," he demanded as he watched her squirm under his hold.

He controlled a woman twenty-one years his senior! And she was Mom's best friend above all else! He felt confident, dominant, and on top of the world as his dick bathed in the heavenly bliss that was her throat, and he knew that he would never date a younger girl again. He was officially hooked.

He finally released his hold to allow her to breathe.

She gasped for breath after pulling off his cock, but she didn't scold him for crossing the line. Instead, she had a few choice words for him. "Someone's a fast learner."

He could only laugh. In Annie's world--or more like his new girlfriend's world--a true gentleman made her gag on his cock until she ran out of air. It was a drastic change from the girls he was used to.

"Why don't you stand up for me, handsome?" she said, wiggling backward to allow him room.

He jumped to his feet, surprised to find the end of his belt placed in his hand. Her wicked grin told him everything he needed to know. Why was he surprised? She was a bundle of sexual energy, after all.

"Open up," he ordered.

She parted her lips without hesitation. Moments later, she found her happy place. It took almost four decades, but she finally discovered her soulmate.

He pulled her to his cock by his belt, but as fun as it was to control her with a leash, the leather lacked a personal touch that he so badly desired. He needed to feel her. He craved to touch her hair. Truthfully, he desired a deeper connection.

He dropped his belt from his hold and placed both of his hands on her head, and it didn't take long before he held her in place while he fucked her throat.

"GUH-GUH-GUH-GUH."

If only his friends could see him now. How many lunches were spent teasing each other over who had the hottest mom? Or what about the endless conversations regarding the MILF's from the gym? He couldn't even imagine their jealousy if they saw him now, and the perfect idea suddenly came to

mind after he pulled her into his stomach. He couldn't believe it, but he discovered complete clarity with his cock buried down her throat.

"We're going on a date tomorrow."

His words provided her fading blue eyes with new life. Maybe she didn't just want a young stud to fuck? Perhaps a budding social life would be fun as well? She didn't do much with anyone other than Joy, to be honest.

But more importantly, she loved how eager he was for another date. Did he seriously want to see her naked that badly? His lust made her feel so sexy! And he wanted to spend time with her! It was so flattering!

"And then I'm going to get you out of your clothes and fuck the shit out of you," he remarked intensely, giving her throat a few final pumps before releasing his grip on her head.

Her hands dashed for the belt around her neck after she pulled off his cock. Screw her rules. So what if she made no effort to play it cool? She was horny, and she couldn't get enough of how he made her feel. She simply wanted more of it.

She loosened his belt and tossed it onto the sofa, and immediately raised her shirt over her head before throwing it behind her. She could provide him with a preview of what was to come. It only seemed fair when she considered that he stood in front of her in only a white t-shirt.

Her black push-up bra turned his already hard cock into a diamond. Her cleavage spilled out of her brassiere, adding to the already stifling intensity surrounding them. They each knew what was on the other's mind. He wanted to fuck her into a coma, while she wanted to get thrown around in bed for the first time since college. They were a perfect match.

"Take your shirt off. I want to see all those big muscles."

He removed his shirt in a blur. He was too enthralled by the girl in front of him to mess around. His hand wrapped around his cock, stroking his meat while he observed the way that her hungry eyes explored his naked body. No one could debate the fact that he'd hit the jackpot.

She finally settled on his handsome face after meticulously journeying the length of his chiseled physique. Every impressive inch of him made her want to be bad. "Do you want your balls sucked?"

He nodded.

"That's strange," she commented, gazing up at him. "It seems like a little boy just showed up, because I could've sworn I spent the past five minutes sucking a man's cock."

He stepped forward. Once again, her remark served as a reminder that he had a real woman in his life now. It was a new reality that he still needed to adjust to.

His cock hovered above her face as he stared down at her. "Suck my balls, slut."

She lunged at his nuts, drenching them in spit and affection. It was her job to properly reward him. If her new boyfriend acted like a man, then he deserved to be treated like a man. It was as simple as that.

He had no idea that life as a man could be so good. Apparently, boyhood consisted of chasing uptight girls and disappointing sexual encounters, while manhood entitled him to a perfect ten who

loved being put in her place. Just look at his situation! He received exactly what he wanted after stroking his cock and ordering her to suck his balls. It was that easy!

The following ninety seconds didn't even qualify as the wildest part of the evening. He would wager that he could find a few other girls to suck, lick, and stuff his balls in her mouth like Annie just had, but he struggled to envision too many women who would be sent into overdrive after being called a slut. She loved dirty talk! She really was perfect!

"I'll pick you up at nine tomorrow night," he said, stroking his dick slowly to prevent himself from exploding. Her mouth was magical. "We're going to my friend's party."

His announcement snapped her out of her craze. It also knocked some much-needed sense into her stupid head. She just had an eighteen-year-old kid's balls in her mouth for close to two minutes! And she deepthroated his cock earlier! What was she doing?

This was who she decided to seduce? A high school senior who planned to take her to a party full of teenagers? She was almost forty! Dates at her age were supposed to consist of disappointing movies, fancy dinners, and overpriced wine. She was a grown woman!

But maybe that's why she loved his plan so much?

He made her feel young. He pushed away her responsibilities, and instead brought out her long-forgotten playful side. No man had ever taken her to a hockey game before tonight. She was used to guys who never thought outside the box, but Sean was anything other than ordinary.

"It won't be weird if you bring me to a high school party?" she checked, taking a break from treating his heavy sack like royalty to address her concerns.

"Why would it be weird?"

"Um...because I'm way older than you," she reminded him.

He didn't see a problem at all. "So what? You'll be the hottest girl there by a mile."

And just like that, she exclusively focused on praising his balls with her mouth.

"I want you to wear an outfit like you did tonight too," he moaned as his knees grew weak. He couldn't hold out for much longer.

His compliment caused her to take control of his manhood. He honestly thought that she would be the sexiest girl at a party full of eighteen-year-old knockouts? What if she just married him? It wouldn't make sense to only be his girlfriend, because some other girl could eventually come along and steal him from her. She wanted him all to herself!

Her wish for a casual boyfriend ceased to exist as she used her hands and mouth in unison. The truth was that she desired Joy's dream. She wanted a kind, thoughtful, generous guy, but she craved a little more than her girlfriend as well. She needed a perfect gentleman in the streets, and an aggressive stud in the sheets, but such an exclusive unicorn had evaded her for the entirety of her life.

Until now.

How nice was it to spend time with a man who wasn't a jerk? Sean's confidence never came off as arrogant, but rather attractive. Thirty-nine years provided her with ample time to discover herself and find what she wanted. She also refused to let that man out of her grasp when he entered her life.

Tonight, she planned to show him there was no need to look anywhere else. She could give him exactly what he craved.

She pulled her mouth off his cock, continuing to glide her hands along his perfect manhood. "You still want to cum on my face, don't you?"

His grin more than answered her question.

She was ready to turn his world upside down. "We're going to do something so much better than that. I promise you'll love it."

He was all ears.

"Right before you're about to explode, grab my head and make me deepthroat your cock, and cum straight down my throat. Don't hold back either. Let it all out. I guarantee you'll see stars."

He pulled her back to his cock to allow her to work her magic. He still struggled to comprehend his new circumstances. His last girlfriend hated the taste of cum, but his new one encouraged him to unload directly down her throat while she deepthroated him. It was an unreal turn of events.

The glorious combination of her mouth and hands brought him to the brink of victory. Glory awaited him. Heaven remained just out of reach. Something about claiming Mom's best friend made everything so much hotter, and remembering what he had in store for him tomorrow proved too much excitement for him to handle. He couldn't last another second.

Her hands bolted down to her sides after he pulled her into her stomach, causing her nose to press against his pubic bone. Burst after burst of cum exploded from the tip of his dick, but the visual joy of covering her face would have to wait for another night, because he immediately realized just how right she was. It was the defining proof that he would never go near a younger girl again.

Her throat acted like a pussy, humming and massaging his steel pole as he fired his orgasm down her esophagus and into her stomach. It was an overwhelming sensation that caused him to question his own existence. Would he ever be able to masturbate again? How could he when he knew that something so toe-curling good lingered in the universe? In an odd way, he wondered if she'd ruined him.

But the trade-off was well worth it.

He didn't see stars. In fact, he saw nothing but darkness while he held her head in place and sent his last few bursts of cum down her welcoming throat. His body turned weak as he felt his essence sucked out of him, but he wouldn't dream to put an end to things. He never wanted to leave her throat.

Such pleasures weren't a realistic possibility, however. Annie's one disappointing quality involved her need for oxygen, so he allowed her that requirement after freeing her head from his grasp. She was still human.

She gazed up into her new man's lovestruck eyes. She rather enjoyed kneeling before him. "So, was I right?"

"I'm starting to think that you're always right," he chuckled while collapsing back onto the sofa. It wouldn't be honest to admit that cumming down her throat qualified as anything other than the greatest experience of his life.

"Remember that and we won't have any problems," she joked. "You have more belts at home, right?"

He nodded.

"Good, because I'm keeping that one," she said, pointing to the belt on the cushion next to him.

His confused look showed that he didn't understand.

She didn't feel the need to be coy around him. They were in a relationship now. "I'm going to use it when I play with myself tonight."

"I can help!"

She smiled at his enthusiasm. "Oh, is that right?"

"Totally," he said, calming his energetic tone to not sound so eager. "I mean, I owe you."

"Let's save that for tomorrow night."

"Ms. P, I would love--"

"What did I tell you earlier?" she interrupted. "First, call me Annie, not Ms. P. Second, you got your dick sucked on the first date. Don't get greedy now."

He knew that she was right, but his desire to return the favor remained despite her decision to call it a night. It wasn't his fault that he was a giver. He wanted nothing more than to make her feel a fraction of what she'd brought to his life, but he couldn't push his luck. He couldn't ruin the best thing to ever happen to him.

"Besides, you have school tomorrow. So, time to go," she said, collecting his clothes and handing them to him.

She giggled while escorting an undeniably devastated young man to her front door. How long would he go down on her if she granted him the opportunity? Hours? Days? His willingness to take care of her all but guaranteed that they would enjoy a lengthy relationship, but she couldn't break her promise this time. Taking her shirt off was one thing, but a lengthy list of problems could arise from dragging him up to her bedroom tonight. The last thing she wanted was for Joy to get suspicious!

"Nine o'clock tomorrow, right?" she said, opening her front door.

He helped himself to one last look at her incredible bust. Why did he have to go already? They could do stuff other than oral. He would play with her amazing tits for hours if she wanted! He would suck her toes and give her the best oil massage ever! He just wanted to be around her!

"Nine o'clock," he verified, finding it particularly difficult to play it cool. They would have a long night ahead of them if it was his decision. "Dress to impress. Although, that's never really a problem for you."

She smiled, grabbed a handful of his t-shirt to pull him down to her level, and planted a big kiss on his lips. This poor kid wouldn't know what hit him tomorrow night. She would officially take his virginity in twenty-four hours, because those innocent high school girls had certainly never fucked him for real.

"Good night, Ms. P," he said, completely lovestruck before hurrying to correct himself. "I mean, Annie."

"Good night, handsome," she told him, shutting the door behind him. "Drive safely!"

Sean floated down the driveway until he reached his car. Yep, he was in love, alright. That blonde-haired, blue-eyed goddess stole his heart, and his dick already started to grow when he envisioned tomorrow night. He was ready to finally be with a real woman.

Chapter 6 -- Lonely

The Following Night. 10:17 PM.

Joy pulled out of the supermarket parking lot and started her trip home. Maybe it was time to start finding some new friends? Perhaps hanging out with only Annie for the past sixteen years had backfired in a major way? It didn't happen often, but nights like tonight reinforced how lonely she truly was.

Sean told her that he was going out with his friends, Annie declined her invitation to get together--due to visiting her parents for the weekend--and she didn't have any other real friends in her life. Did she have plenty of people who she would label as cordial acquiescences? Sure. Did she have anyone who she could call and hang out with, though? Not really.

She didn't exactly spend her Friday night in the most sociable way either. Did grocery shopping qualify as a place to meet people? Not in her world. The sparsely occupied store provided her with a friendly reminder that the majority of society was busy socializing tonight, but she didn't have anything to look forward to other than finding a new book to read.

After she dropped off a new bottle of wine at Annie's house, of course.

Her girlfriend would be so happy when she returned home on Sunday night, only to find a nice bottle of wine sitting on her front step. She really was a great best friend, wasn't she? In fact, she didn't need any other friends, and neither did Annie. She could keep herself occupied until her BFF returned from her parents.

The truth was that enjoying a good book wasn't all that she had planned for the rest of her evening.

She still couldn't believe she'd spent ninety dollars on a vibrator. Ninety freakin' dollars! She barely owned anything worth that much, but she decided to spoil herself while shopping on Amazon earlier in the week. The good news was that she had a very special package waiting for her in the mail after work, and she couldn't wait to test it out. The reviews were incredible!

Okay, drop the wine off at Annie's, go home and take a hot shower, enjoy her expensive vibrator, and find a new book to start before getting some shuteye. That didn't sound like such a bad Friday night, after all, did it?

But something brought nothing but bewilderment to her life ten minutes later.

Not only was Annie's car in her driveway after she arrived at her best friend's house, but so was Sean's.

Oh my God, did they have a surprise for her? How incredible would that be? Her fortieth birthday was still three weeks away, but an early party would be the best gift ever. Who would she rather spend her time with than her girlfriend and her son? No one that she could think of.

But wouldn't they have invited her over if that was the case?

Maybe it was something else? Perhaps Sean and Annie got together tonight in order to organize her birthday party? Yeah, that made significantly more sense. She would have to be invited to her own birthday bash--obviously.

She debated whether or not to give them a surprise of their own. As fun as it would be to allow them to operate in secret, busting their plans would be equally as hilarious. Besides, it's the thought that counts. She didn't actually need to be surprised. Simply being on the receiving end of such an event would be the greatest gift that she could ever wish for.

She parked in front of Annie's house and retrieved the bottle of wine from the groceries in her back seat.

Joy was ready to catch the two most important people in her life red-handed. Maybe she would allow Sean to enjoy a glass of wine while she learned all the details about her birthday party as well? She was in a rather festive mood at the moment.

She was surprised to find the front door unlocked after she made her way up the driveway. She slipped inside, careful to stay as quiet as possible. It wouldn't be any fun if they heard her coming.

"OH MY GOD, I LOVE YOU!"

Joy came to an abrupt stop in the kitchen. While Annie's one-story ranch home wasn't tiny, it also wasn't overly-spacious, so she couldn't mistake hearing her BFF's voice from what sounded like her bedroom. What exactly was going on? She couldn't have just spoken to Sean, could she? And why in the world would she tell her son that she loved him?

She set the bottle of wine on the table and headed down the hallway.

"JESUS CHRIST, PLEASE DON'T STOP!"

Confusion scrunched her face as she made her way closer to Annie's bedroom. It almost sounded like her girlfriend howled her latest declaration. And what didn't she want to stop? And where the hell was Sean? Nothing made sense!

What if this was part of an elaborate prank? Maybe they had an entire game planned for her birthday? She couldn't explain what happened for sure, but she was eager to find out as she placed her hand on Annie's bedroom door handle and turned it to let herself in.

And then her jaw dropped.

She wouldn't believe it unless she saw it with her own two eyes, and she wouldn't even consider it to be her worst nightmare either since it had never previously crossed her mind. She couldn't say the same now that she looked on in disbelief, however. It was shocking, sickening, and equally as mystifying, but she couldn't react for some reason. It was a horrific car crash that she couldn't look away from.

Her eyes locked onto her son's pale butt before exploring the length of his muscular back as he laid on his stomach. Seeing him naked would be a big enough surprise, but the realization of where his face was resulted in her struggling to breathe. This wasn't a birthday present! It was a betrayal!

Annie rested on her back in bed--naked--as Sean preformed oral sex on her! She couldn't see the action to verify for sure, but she wasn't dumb. What else would her son be doing with his head

between her legs? And Annie continued to moan and squirm like a woman on the brink of orgasmic bliss. How could this happen right in front of her? They were her son and her bestie, for God's sake!

Why couldn't she find the courage to speak up? She just felt so deceived. Was this the result of sixteen years of friendship? Was this what she got for being a great mother? How could these two stab her in the back this way?

"Joy!?"

Sean's head immediately snapped back to the bedroom door after hearing Annie scream, his face glistening with her juices. "Holy fuck, Mom!?"

Joy watched Annie rush to cover herself with her blankets, while Sean hurried to place a pillow over his groin. The three of them all waited in silence. Who would make the first move? Who would take the fall? It was a situation that none of them ever expected to find themselves in.

And then Joy finally found her voice, and boy, was she furious. "What the hell is wrong with you!?"

Annie didn't know how to respond to her best friend's question.

"That's my son, you fuckin' bitch!" Joy scolded her, irate.

Annie couldn't pretend to be anything other than stunned. Joy rarely cursed, and she certainly never shouted. Her intense reaction told her how badly she'd messed up. There was only one thing in the world that she could do to enrage Joy at such a level, and she'd done exactly that.

"Let me explain," Annie attempted to speak up.

"Let you explain?" Joy asked, stunned. "Let you explain? No, let me explain! How dare you do this to me after all we've been through together! Sean is my son! And he's eighteen! What's wrong with you!?"

Annie decided to be as straightforward as possible. She didn't see any other way out of her awful predicament. "I really like him."

It took every ounce of self-control that Joy had, but she managed to not run across the room and attack the girl who she once viewed as her only real friend.

"And he really likes me too," she told Joy. "Isn't that right, Sean?"

Sean had opted for the quiet route while his mom and girlfriend argued in front of him. It still felt strange to refer to Annie as his girlfriend, but it's definitely what she was when he reflected on his past twenty-eight hours. To be honest, he'd never been so in love.

He nodded.

"This is so goddamn unbelievable," Joy groaned, running her hand through her long brown hair.

"How long has this been going on?"

"Since yesterday," Annie answered.

Wednesday evening's events immediately flooded Joy's mind. How didn't she pick up on the signs sooner? Of course, something like this could happen! Annie had openly fawned over Sean in the backyard after he stepped out of his muddy clothes! And he drove her home too!

And what did Annie always tell her? That she wanted a young hunk in her life to rock her world in the bedroom. Sean definitely qualified as young, and it wouldn't be truthful to label him as anything other than a hunk. She just never imagined that Annie would pick him instead of one of the studs at their gym.

"Will you please give me a minute to explain?"

Reluctantly, Joy nodded. She was extremely interested to hear Annie's side of the story.

"Sean is incredibly sweet to me," Annie revealed. "He's nice, polite, and acts like a perfect gentleman. He even took me to a hockey game last night!"

"A hockey game?" Joy asked, turning her attention to her son. "I thought you were at Kyle's house?"

"I kind of lied," he said, looking down at the floor.

Annie was just getting started. "And we went to a party tonight. A party, Joy! I haven't been to a party in forever! We danced for like an hour too! It was soooooo much fun!"

"You're almost forty," Joy reminded her, pointing out the absurdity of someone attending a high school party at her age.

"What do I always complain about?" Annie asked her. "About how lame older guys are, right? Well, guess what? I would rather go to a hockey game and a high school party than some boring dinner at an expensive restaurant."

Joy reflected on all of the absurdity surrounding her. Here she was, in her bestie's bedroom, staring at two people who continued to cover their naked bodies with blankets and pillows. Apparently, it'd only taken a little over a day for Annie to become fairly smitten, and something told her that Sean was head over heels in love as well. How could everything happen so fast? How could she be so far out-of-the-loop? Everything changed seemingly overnight!

Did a tiny part of her actually feel happy for Annie? She knew that she should hate every single little piece of information that she'd recently uncovered, but she also knew how badly Annie wanted exactly what Sean could give her. Not only was her son a perfect gentleman, but he was a hunk as well. Logistically, he was Annie's dream guy.

But her girlfriend's happiness wasn't enough for Joy to look past tonight's insanity. Annie seriously couldn't date one of the other four billion men on the planet? Why did she have to pick Sean? It would never feel right no matter how hard she focused on the positives, because she still looked at Sean as her innocent little angel. He was her everything!

"This can't happen."

"Why not?" Annie asked, desperate to change Joy's mind.

"Because it just can't," Joy said the honest truth. "I'm sorry, but this ends now."

Annie didn't have many options left. If she couldn't convince Joy to see things her way emotionally, then perhaps she could lure her physically? One of the benefits of being best friends for sixteen years involved hours upon hours of gossip and secrets. She knew what Joy truly wanted--whether she always pretended otherwise or not--and she planned to tempt her with it.

Annie dropped her blankets and moved behind Sean--who sat on the bed, facing his mother with a pillow over his groin--and pressed her chest against his bare back. She placed her chin on his shoulder as she looked at Joy. It was time to get real. Joy could continue to play games, but no woman could resist the stud seated on her bed.

"Look at his handsome face," Annie said, giving Sean a quick peck on the cheek before turning her attention back to Joy. "Let's not pretend that your son isn't a cutie."

Joy didn't want to discuss anything involving her son's looks.

"Just take a moment to appreciate his body," Annie told her as she ran her hands along his arms before treating her touch to his sexy chest and chiseled abs. "I've known you for a long time, Joy. You've never been with a guy like this."

Joy couldn't call Annie a liar. While Sean's exceptional body certainly put her typical suitors to shame, he was still her son, and she refused to look at him in a sexual manner. As wrong as it was for her BFF to drool over her one and only child's body, it would be completely egregious for her to do the same. She was a responsible mother!

"Do you want to know the wildest part about him, though?"

Joy could take a guess where Annie was headed, and she didn't like it one bit. It was also something she'd always assumed, to be honest. Her ex-husband had the good fortune of being rather hung, and she had little doubt of Sean inheriting his father's best physical trait. It only made sense when she really thought about it. They had so much else in common physically.

"He has a huge cock," Annie giggled, not beating around the bush whatsoever.

Sean gulped as the most surreal moment of his life somehow took a turn for even choppiest waters. Annie continued to grope him, Mom looked on from just in front of the bedroom door, and his dick remained harder than ever beneath his new girlfriend's white pillow. Was it Annie's touch that fueled him? Or maybe it was Mom's black yoga pants and cute green t-shirt? Regardless of the exact cause, Mom's presence played a major role in his excitement. Inappropriate or not, he loved her involvement in tonight's festivities.

He couldn't believe that things went as smoothly as they had when he pulled into Annie's driveway ninety minutes ago. A sizable amount of risk accompanied his decision to take a thirty-nine-year-old woman to a party full of eighteen-year-old guys and girls, and the stakes were raised further when she met him at her front door in a pair of tight blue jeans and a pink v-neck that showed plenty of cleavage--per his request.

His female classmates sent plenty of dirty looks his way throughout the night, but his buddies gave him nothing but high-fives and fist-bumps. And what about when the music took a hip-hop turn? It was all Annie needed to spend the next half-hour grinding on him while having the time of her life, and he finally comprehended exactly what he'd gotten himself into. Yesterday wasn't a mirage. He officially had a real woman in his life.

And his intuition was proven correct when Annie told him that she was ready to leave.

It wasn't for a lack of fun. Nor had any of his classmates made her uncomfortable. No, Annie had more pressing matters to attend to. Specifically, her insatiable sex drive.

He received roadhead during the entirety of their ride back to her house. She was an expert with her mouth. Her ability to keep his orgasm at bay fascinated him, and her desire to please made him feel like the luckiest guy alive. He seriously dated a woman who loved to suck cock? It was a dream come true.

But even her blowjob skills paled in compared to when he finally got her out of her clothes.

Her bedroom striptease paralyzed him as she undressed painstakingly slowly. He knew what she was up to. She fully understood what her body did to him, and she enjoyed every second of his building lust. Sometimes, the hunt was more enjoyable than the catch, but this absolutely wasn't one of those occasions.

Her fat ass shattered his expectations. Her big tits caused him to question if he was a saint in his past life. Everything about her was perky, large, and begging for his attention, but he decided to return the favor before treating himself to any of her tempting goodies. He could bounce her ass before making her deepthroat his cock later, because he had a girlfriend to take care of first.

And he was in the middle of doing exactly that when Mom barged into the room.

"He made me cum twice from oral," Annie admitted to a clearly taken aback Joy. "Twice! I haven't cum twice with a man in decades!"

Joy knew that feeling all too well. When was the last time that she even received oral? It hurt her to admit that she may have approached a decade without a man properly taking care of her with his mouth, and she could barely fathom cumming twice in only one session. That sounded like heaven!

She quickly caught herself.

Did she actually just slip and feel a sense of jealousy for Annie's situation? Honestly, she would be incredibly envious of Annie if Sean wasn't her son. Her bestie had a man who was smart, funny, caring, and allegedly very generous in the bedroom. Wasn't that every girl's dream? How many women went to bed every night with hopes of finding such a man? Millions, and Annie was lucky enough to join that exclusive group.

But it still didn't make any of this right. As happy as Joy was for her girlfriend, she simply couldn't allow their relationship to proceed. She just wouldn't stand for it.

"You need to find another guy," she said to Annie, officially putting her foot down.

Annie reached for her pillow, only to find intense resistance awaiting her.

"What are you doing?" Sean asked, refusing to concede his only source of dignity. Otherwise, he would be naked in front of his mother!

"Show your mom your dick."

He almost fainted. "What!?"

"Show her your dick," Annie encouraged him again. "She'll completely change her mind after she sees it. Come on, give me my pillow."

"Holy shit, I'm not showing her my dick!" he shouted, attempting to push her away while maintaining his hold on her pillow. "Are you crazy!?"

Joy was too stunned to react. This really happened? Her girlfriend fought her son in an effort to reveal his most personal possession; meanwhile, Sean resisted with every ounce of his being. She couldn't believe what unfolded in front of her.

Annie moved her mouth to his ear, keeping her voice hidden from Joy. "I'm not someone who makes threats. I mean that too. However, I'll literally never suck your dick again if you don't give me my pillow."

He froze.

Years of impending fun hung in the balance. Fantasies of endless nights consisting of wild sex would slip from his grasp before he ever properly enjoyed himself. He didn't want to mess around with Annie for a few weeks or even a few months. He yearned for years of her undivided attention and sexual lust, but he would be back at square one if he didn't grant her request. Tomorrow, he would be looking for an eighteen-year-old girlfriend again.

And he refused to do that after getting a taste of the good life.

He knew that he would severely regret his decision, but he conceded control of her pillow.

Annie wasted little time exposing his towering erection to the third member of the party, and watching his mother's eyes bulge caught him by surprise. Shouldn't she be horrified? Why didn't she scream? He couldn't believe it, but Mom almost looked impressed. It was the absolute last response that he ever expected.

"I'm right, aren't I?" Annie asked, tossing her pillow to the floor. "Good family genetics?"

Joy shook her head in a state of shock, unable to tear her eyes away from the stunning sight at the end of the bed. "Um...Scott didn't have that."

Things kept getting better for Annie. "So, he's bigger than his father?"

Joy was trapped in a simultaneous dream and nightmare while she nodded to answer Annie's inquiry. Was Sean bigger than his father? How about way bigger than his father! No wonder why Annie refused to change her mind. Sean's dick was huge!

She hated herself for being wet. Why were her nipples erect while an unmistakable warmth consumed her flustered body? He wasn't some stud from the gym. He wasn't a character from one of her romance novels either. Sean was her son, and she couldn't believe how good he looked as she admired every spectacular inch of him!

Annie's mouth returned to Sean's ear.

"Holy shit, really?" Sean asked.

"Mm-hmm," Annie giggled before giving him another kiss on the cheek. Joy may be hesitant, but Annie knew exactly what she wanted, and she refused to torture herself for another second.

She moved next to Sean--on her knees--and wrapped her lips around his cock after diving down into his lap.

His heaven returned. He crossed his fingers that Annie wasn't the vindictive type, because he would do pretty much anything to experience her mouth on a consistent basis. His sense of dread was replaced by a world of wet warmth. He helped himself to a handful of one of her big boobs before

giving her a smack on the ass, but his priorities soon returned to her heavenly mouth. He belonged between her lips. It was where he felt at peace.

And then he remembered who else was in the room with them.

Mom watched as her best friend sucked his dick like a dog in heat. Did he just catch her bite her lip for a brief moment? He couldn't shake the feeling that Mom wasn't actually as upset as she portrayed herself as, but something prevented him from pondering his hunch further.

His eyes rolled back as Annie took him all the way down to the base. His cock fit perfectly in her tight throat, swarming every pulsating inch of his member in her slick saliva. He wasn't tasked with a single burden other than moving her hair out of her face. Annie knew exactly what he loved, and nothing stopped her from making him happy--his own mother included.

Mom took a step in his direction.

He did his best to maintain his composure as Annie continued to work her magic. Her neck bobbed up and down, worshipping his manhood with ease. It was amazing that he no longer focused on what may as well have been his porn star girlfriend, though. Annie could make a dead man cum with something as innocent as a blowjob, but his eyes were on a different prize.

His mother.

Mom's second step toward the bed sent chills down his spine. She watched curiously, not shying away from observing the manner in which Annie showered his throbbing cock in affection. It was the most unforeseen event in an evening full of improbable moments, but he wouldn't dare put a stop to it. In fact, it stiffened his cock like nothing ever had.

Annie took a break from her blowjob to smile at her bestie. "Looks fun, doesn't it?"

Joy didn't respond, but her eyes never left the scene on the bed as she took another step closer.

"It looks fun because it is fun," Annie said while stroking his erection. "It's so big and thick. You want to wrap your lips around, don't you?"

He watched his mother fail to answer Annie's question as his feet remained on the hardwood floor while Annie's soft hands massaged his slick pole. Was he a bad person for wanting her to say yes? Why did he desire her approval so badly? He knew it was wrong, but he wished nothing more than for Mom to be equally as hungry for his cock as Annie.

"Come on, admit it. You want some dick," Annie giggled playfully.

Mom took another step toward his spot on the end of the bed. Her lips remained sealed, but her actions spoke a million words. It was obvious what she wanted--whether she was ready to confess it or not.

Annie looked at him with a wicked grin. "Why don't you show your mother what a gentleman you are? Maybe she needs to see that you know exactly how to treat a lady?"

A quick glance in Mom's direction revealed that she clearly didn't understand Annie's words. The possibility of Mom truly being innocent crossed his mind, and that thought seemed even funnier to him when he considered who her best friend was. They may have been alike in plenty of ways--looks included--but he wasn't so sure about their tendencies in bed.

He was ready to find out, though.

He secured two handfuls of Annie's blonde hair, locked eyes with his mother, and slammed his girlfriend's mouth down on his cock.

It was all the proof he needed. Mom gasped as his hips rocketed off the bed repeatedly, allowing his meat to probe every inch of Annie's tight throat. Watching her bestie be dominated orally from only a few feet away unarguably served as quite a shock to his virtuous mother. She'd obviously never experienced anything of the sort, and her naivety sent him into overdrive. He yearned to watch her act as dirty as the blonde goddess in his grasp.

"GUH-GUH-GUH-GUH-GUH."

Joy placed her hand over her mouth to hide her stunned expression. What in the world was she watching? While no one would argue the fact that Annie was kinkier than her, it shocked her to witness her best friend of sixteen years completely submit to her son. Sean was roughing Annie up! And her bestie loved it!

"Fuck yeah, bitch," he grunted, holding her head down to make her swallow the length of his girthy manhood.

Joy's hands dropped to her sides as her eyes bulged. "Sean!"

Everything stopped. His hands ceased their hold on Annie's head, Annie's mouth retreated from his cock, and Mom looked like she'd just seen a ghost. It quickly brought all three of them back to reality.

"Oh my God, don't call her that!" Joy chastised him. "Apologize!"

Annie rushed to speak up. "He can call me whatever he wants."

"No, Annie, he can't call you--"

"But that's what I am," Annie interrupted Joy. "I'm my boyfriend's bitch in bed."

Joy didn't even know where to start. She had so many problems with everything happening around her. Sean shouldn't disrespect her best friend, he definitely shouldn't be so aggressive with her, and by no means should he treat her like a piece of meat. However, it was Annie's latest proclamation that gave Joy the greatest trouble. It was also the most outlandish claim of the entire evening.

"Boyfriend?"

"Yeah, I forgot to tell you that we're dating," Annie answered her question. "Isn't that right, Sean?"

"Yep," he verified confidently. He didn't hesitate for a moment either. This was the life for him.

As ridiculous as it was for these two to fool around, Joy was absolutely dumbfounded by the idea of them pursuing a real relationship. "You're dating my son?"

"Sorry if you don't like it, but I'm not changing my mind," Annie told her.

What happened next caused Joy to take a step back. Her methodical path closer to the bed encountered a roadblock when she watched Annie pull Sean off the bed with her. She dropped to her knees to resume her blowjob, but everything appeared different from her new perspective. Surprisingly, the moment seemed more real.

"I want you to get the full picture," Annie said, turning back to Joy as she stroked the big dick that had been between her lips moments ago. "He looks even better when he stands, doesn't he? Just look at all of his big muscles. And his huge cock! Stop playing dumb!"

"I'm not playing dumb," Joy argued while she struggled to not admire her son's impressive physique. He really did look more spectacular when he towered above Annie--not that she was proud to admit it. Unfortunately, it was the truth.

"You're soooooo playing dumb. I know that you want to play with this cock. Every girl does," Annie said before focusing on her main priority.

Sean rested his hand on top of Annie's head, allowing her to display her greatest talent for his unexpected audience. He knew better than to push his luck. Somehow, the hottest thirty-nine-year-old blonde on the planet seemed fairly infatuated with his dick, and he dreaded the possibility of jeopardizing his good fortune. There was only one problem.

He loved the idea of bringing the hottest thirty-nine-year-old brunette in the world into the fun.

Was he greedy? For sure. Every guy would be happy to settle for only Annie, but Mom's incredible body easily rivaled all of his girlfriend's best physical traits. What was better than one fat ass? How about two? And why should he accept two big tits when he could potentially play with four? Annie may have been the one to sail the ship out of the harbor, but it was his turn to play captain.

With both of his hands on Annie's head, he took control of the moment and pumped her mouth slowly.

His eyes never ventured from Mom as he watched her immediately bite her lower lip, and the way that her hand played with the sensitive spot behind her ear reinforced his notion. Mom was turned on from this! Even she wouldn't be able to argue that fact. His sexually deprived mother stood only five feet from what she secretly craved to have in her own life, but he knew that he couldn't outright invite her to join them. She was still his mother.

His thrusts turned more vigorous.

Mom stepped closer as the intense sounds increased from the manner in which he fucked Annie's throat. It was his special invitation. While he lacked the courage to come right out and ask Mom to join them, he could seduce her through his actions. He was on a mission to show her exactly what she could have in her own life.

Annie had different plans, however.

She pushed Sean's hands away and pulled off his cock, turning to look back at Joy in the process. "Why don't you drop the act?"

Joy's eyebrows perked up curiously. "What?"

"You know what I'm talking about," Annie cut to the chase. "I know you want to suck this dick."

Even if she did, Joy couldn't actually admit to anything of the sort. Sean was her son! It was outrageous that she was even in the same room as him while he was naked!

Annie looked up at her boyfriend. "You've never had two girls suck your cock at the same time, have you?"

He shook his head, unable to process how much his life had changed in only a few days.

"Is that something you want?" Annie asked.

He nodded excitedly, making no effort to hide his growing lust. Frankly, it was his dream.

"Well, I got some good news for you then, handsome," Annie giggled as she admired his recently shaven cock and balls. "You have the best girlfriend ever."

He wouldn't argue that.

She turned back to Joy. "Get your butt over here."

Joy wasn't so quick to jump on board.

Annie's hands went to work while her eyes never strayed from her bestie, bouncing his nuts in her palm. "His balls are so big and heavy, and his cock is so long and thick. He isn't a little boy anymore, Joy. He's a man."

Joy could see that.

"Look at how sexy his muscles are," Annie encouraged Joy to help herself to another look at the impressive specimen in their presence. "And that handsome face? God, he turns me on. But I know what you want more than anything. I know what you crave."

Joy's eyes settled on exactly what her girlfriend referred to.

"Come down here and help me play with this big thing," Annie said as her hand left his balls and stroked his throbbing manhood. She'd never felt anything so hard in her life. "He'll let you do anything you want. Isn't that right, sweetheart?"

"Absolutely," he answered.

"Did you hear that?" Annie questioned with a deviant smile. "You can kiss his thick cock, or lick his heavy balls, or see how far you can take this monster down your throat. You can have as much fun as you want with him."

Her indecision caused Annie to speak up again. "Trust me, it's way better than wine."

Joy stepped forward before freezing. The honest truth was that she wholeheartedly missed the touch of a man in her life, and as terrible as it sounded, she may have craved a hard cock more than anything. She was well-aware that her new vibrator couldn't replicate a fraction of the fun that Sean's remarkable manhood could, but she stumbled each and every time she remembered that he was her son. This would be so much easier if she'd caught Annie with a hot college guy from the gym!

She was a woman with needs who unfortunately approached a decade without sexual fulfillment. Why couldn't she treat herself for just one night? Maybe a little taste was all she needed? What if a quick blowjob satisfied all of her cravings, and kept her happy for years to come?

Joy took those four daunting steps until she stood directly next to her kneeling friend. Looking up at her tall son didn't help to settle her nerves. Common sense told her it was wrong. Every fiber of her being screamed at her to get back in her car and drive home, but an expensive vibrator and a good book faded from her list of desires. Instead, she wanted to spoil herself.

"No one can ever find out about this, understand?" Joy said, staring into Sean's eyes.

He nodded, doing his best to prevent himself from passing out. Holy shit, that was actually happening!

Her attention shifted away from her son's face and returned to the one part of him that she still struggled to comprehend. "God, that thing looks big."

"It is big," Annie giggled, yet to stop massaging his member with her hands. "Wait until you get down here, though. It looks huge then."

The greatest moment of Sean's life occurred when he watched his mother sink to her knees next to her bestie. Now, two knockouts knelt before him, gazing in awe at his stiff erection. How powerful did he feel? How confident did his new reality make him? He was moments away from not only experiencing his first threesome, but from messing around with his own mother! It was unreal!

"Open up, bitch," Annie joked as she placed her hand on the back of Joy's head. She guided the mother of one to her own son's cock.

Mom's mouth felt different. It wasn't her texture or even her noticeably more reserved style--which he couldn't fault her for when Annie's spectacular ability served as the gold standard--but more so her appetite to please that stood out the most. Her steady pace reflected a woman who surely missed having a man in her life. The way that her hands stroked him in unison with her mouth reinforced her motherly instinct to always put him first. He no longer only had one angel in his life, because one perfect ten verbally encouraged another perfect ten to keep him happy.

"What a good girl," Annie praised her girlfriend. "I told you that he was yummy, didn't I?"

Joy was in too deep of a trance to respond. She didn't even bother to acknowledge Annie's attempt to spice up their evening with a little risqué dirty talk. She was far too preoccupied with the big piece of meat in her mouth to break from her fun, and hearing her son moan discouraged her from holding back. She wouldn't stop until he squirmed.

Annie was right: Sean definitely qualified as a stud. Joy never would've argued against such a declaration when she considered his handsome face, muscular body, and masculine personality, but the proof was certainly in the pudding now that she was exposed to every beautiful inch of him. Was this her dream cock? She liked to think so, because it absolutely felt like it. She hadn't experienced such an urgency to please in quite some time.

"Let's see how deep you can take him," Annie said, placing her hand on the back of her head once again. She pushed forward as Joy's arms willingly dropped to her sides to allow herself to be controlled.

Inch after inch of his steel rod pushed into Mom's throat. The stunning realization that she shared Annie's incredible oral abilities brought a smile to his smitten face, and noting the fashion in which Annie continued to push her forward caused him to question if any other man had ever experienced anything like this. His new hot girlfriend--who was twenty-one years older than him and armed with a sky-high sex drive--forced his mother to the base of his cock! It was surreal!

"Look at me, Mom," he demanded.

"Oh my God, that's so fuckin' hot," Annie remarked as she watched her girlfriend's big brown eyes open exclusively for her son.

One final push cemented his status as the ruler of the universe. Mom's pretty brown eyes gazed up at him, his cock remained comfortably down her throat, and Annie did her best to bring all of his fantasies to life. He wouldn't trade places with anyone else. He was king.

Annie released her hold, causing Joy to pull back urgently for air. "You never told me that you could do that!"

Joy's frantic gasps soon turned to giggles. "I keep some things secret."

"I mean, you're not on my level or anything, but that was fairly impressive nonetheless," the ever-competitive Annie noted.

Joy was always up for a challenge. "You think you can do better than me?"

Annie rolled her eyes and pointed at the floor in front of her, causing Sean to immediately shift his placement. His hard, saliva-covered cock aimed directly at Annie's mouth.

"Do I think I can do better than you?" Annie chuckled under her breath. "Joy, I love your spirit, but let me show you how it's done."

The following thirty seconds consisted of Joy attempting to control her jealousy as she watched her best friend give the type of blowjob that she could only dream of; meanwhile, Sean struggled to prevent himself from blowing his load already. Annie truly was a magician. Her unparalleled and completely effortless gift to make his cock repeatedly disappear made his toes curl and his body tingle. Mom had barely managed to take all of him after receiving a helpful push from her bestie, but Annie didn't need similar aid. She was well-equipped to handle the job all on her own.

Annie pulled off his cock and smiled at her BFF, a healthy dose of slime dangling from her chin. The unexpected competition playing out in front of him set off alarm bells. Best friends or not, both Mom and Annie were women, and he was experienced enough to know how cutthroat girls could be with each other. He needed to do something before his current paradise potentially devolved into chaos.

But Mom had other plans.

Mom pointed down at the floor in front of her, causing him to step to his left to fulfill her demand. She was still his mother at the end of the day. If she wanted something, then she got it.

Determination swept across Joy's face. Who cared if her girlfriend was apparently a deepthroat queen? She could suck dick with the best of them, and she refused to treat her perfect angel to anything but the best. If he liked having his cock swallowed whole, then she would be a good little slut for him and make his manhood vanish right before his eyes.

Joy locked her hands around the back of his legs, took a deep breath, and wrapped her lips around his shiny meat.

The room had severely misread Annie's intention. She wasn't an overly-competitive woman full of jealousy and contempt. On the contrary, to be honest. In fact, she was the definition of a dream girlfriend, and she planned to show Sean and Joy how fun she could be.

"Good girl," she encouraged Joy to take all of Sean's big cock.

Annie planted a loving kiss on Joy's cheek after she reached the base, and her helping hand clenched onto the back of her friend's head to keep her in place. As fun as it was to be submissive, it

was equally as exciting to dominate someone, and she got a rush from bossing Joy around. It allowed her to embrace her alter ego.

With Sean's cock lodged down Joy's throat for the foreseeable future thanks to her aggressive decision, Annie used her free hand to cup her boyfriend's balls and lift them toward Joy's bottom lip. What was the first step to being a fantasy girlfriend? To do fantasy stuff, of course!

"Lick his balls," Annie ordered.

Joy's tongue slipped out and slithered along her son's heavy nutsack while she enjoyed her final few moments of complete submission. Fantasies of being able to let loose and act as some cute hunk's plaything had become all too familiar over the years, but she never expected to find fulfillment courtesy of her son and best friend. She didn't plan to complain, though. How many other women had a pair of playmates as sexy as hers?

"Your mother is such a good little slut."

"Fuck yeah, she is," he agreed with Annie, moaning from how Mom's tongue continued to slide along his balls. Maybe she could give Annie a run for her money, after all?

Joy slapped her son's naked thigh urgently, causing Annie to release her hold on the back of her head.

"I have some good news for you, handsome," Annie spoke up while Joy inhaled wildly in an attempt to catch her breath.

His mother had just licked his nuts while deepthroating his cock at his girlfriend's insistence. What could possibly be better than that?

Annie looked up at him with a wicked grin. "I like girls."

He was wrong. Very, very, *very* wrong. Sloppy blowjobs, dirty talk, and even fat asses couldn't compare to her latest reveal, and he smiled as the perfect idea came to mind. Forget about having his cock sucked. Now, this was what he *really* needed.

"I want to see you two kiss."

Annie instantly turned her attention to a surprised Joy. The man of the hour had made a request, and she wouldn't dream of turning down any of her boyfriend's demands. Besides, what she said moments ago was true. She really did like girls.

"Um...I'm not so sure about that," Joy hesitated after fully regaining her bearings. "I mean, we--"

Her indecision was cut short when Annie decided to take matters into her own hands. She lunged at her girlfriend, kissing her on the lips before she thoroughly assessed the situation. Did Joy like girls? Had she ever experimented in college? Annie didn't have the answers to any of those questions, and she honestly didn't care either. Her primary concern involved making Sean happy.

And if watching Annie kiss his mother didn't surprise him enough, then he almost screamed when Mom kissed her back.

How did life continue to keep getting better? His two favorite women in the world made out in front of him like a horny high school couple, and he was allowed to stroke his cock while he watched the show. Actually, Annie would probably be mad at him if he didn't play with himself!

But what if he fully immersed himself in his new celebrity lifestyle? Having a threesome with two voluptuous angels pretty much made him a rock star, didn't it? And if he was truly a rock star, then he was entitled to anything and everything that he wanted.

With one hand on the back of Annie's blonde head and another on the back of Mom's brunette head, he pushed his cock between their pouty lips, breaking apart their kiss in a moment of total self-centered pleasure. It was a selfish act aimed to not only bring him joy, but to primarily send his confidence into the heavens. This was it. He'd officially reached the pinnacle of life. Nothing would ever compete with what he looked down upon.

Mom and Annie's plump lips dragged along the sides of his manhood as he gradually pushed forward, and his smile grew as he pulled back, allowing them to meet at the tip of his cock. What would they say? Hell, what would they do? One of them would have to speak up. He'd obviously crossed the line, and he expected to be reprimanded for his decision.

But instead of negativity, the girls decided to resume their kiss.

Their tongues tangled over his cockhead as playful titter flowed through the air. They were both giddy from what had unfolded! Anger or even disbelief was nowhere to be found as he tightened his handfuls of their hair and prepared himself for his next move.

He pumped between their mouths once more, separating their kiss yet again as their soft lips massaged the sides of his dick like pillows. This time, he didn't provide them the opportunity to rekindle their affection. Instead, he used their mouths to his liking.

"This is so fuckin' hottttt..." Annie moaned while his moving dick dragged her parted lips with it, momentarily slurring her speech.

Mom opted to giggle cutely as he continued to treat her like one of his eighteen-year-old girlfriends.

The intensity of their smooch increased tenfold when he finally pulled back far enough to allow their lips to meet. Screw a simple kiss. Having these two make out over the head of his throbbing cock cemented his status as a god. There was control, authority, and even kingship, but they all paled in comparison to his unmatched power.

Annie chose to end their kiss earlier than either Sean or Joy expected, but for a very good reason. She pushed her girlfriend's head under Sean's cock and right into his testicles. She didn't have to, but she decided to verbalize herself anyway.

"Suck his fuckin' balls."

Joy licked and lapped at her son's heavy nuts without second thought regarding what fueled her actions. She was motivated by pure sexual lust, but she knew better than to think that she would behave the same way for some random hunk. Her baby was special, and he deserved to be treated as such.

Annie took him inside her mouth and bobbed on half of his dick, unable to go deeper due to Joy's placement. It wasn't the end of the world, though. She would gladly deepthroat her man later. After all, she wouldn't be able to suck his cock and properly lick his balls by herself, so she needed to capitalize on having a partner to help her out.

"Let me see your eyes."

His question wasn't directed at anyone in particular, but both of his girls granted his wish anyway. Innocent brown eyes and striking blue eyes gazed up at him as his dick and balls were groped by two loving mouths. It almost felt comical to complain about anything, but he just couldn't move past a certain detail. It drove him absolutely crazy.

"You're way overdressed," he told his mother.

"You can say that again," Annie commented, already pulling at Joy's shirt.

Joy gave her baby's big balls one last kiss before raising her arms in the air to allow Annie to lift her shirt over her head. Meanwhile, Sean was already busy unhooking her black bra. Once again, the new couple showed how well they worked together as a team.

Seeing Mom's big tits for the first time in his adult life wasn't enough after everything he'd experienced. He needed more. His expectations had been raised. Annie caused him to dream higher, so he took the reins and established his place in their new relationship.

"Stand up."

He quickly turned Mom so that she faced away from both himself and Annie. Her tight black yoga pants had teased him for years. Fantasies involving what hid behind them were responsible for thousands of inappropriate thoughts over the past decade, but he didn't have to wonder any longer. He finally had access to the crown jewel.

And one glorious tug answered his question.

Her big ass bounced out after he knelt on the floor and pulled her yoga pants down to her thighs. A black thong? Really? While Annie's thong didn't catch him off guard earlier, he never expected to see Mom in something so scandalous. How was her butt so perky as well? It was almost as if these two angels were figments of his imagination.

"Her butt is great, isn't it?"

It wasn't easy, but his eyes left Mom's backside to look over at Annie. "What?"

"She has an amazing ass," Annie reinforced her stance concisely.

It took a moment, but he suddenly realized that these two had seen each other naked countless number of times over the years in the gym locker room. An endless amount of curves dominated his attention as he turned his focus back to Mom's rump. It was round, plump, and oh-so big, and he salivated at the idea of playing with it. There was so much that he could do with her fat ass.

Annie jiggled one of Mom's perky cheeks before giving it a kiss.

He couldn't take another second of torture. Eagerly, he lowered her thong as he braced himself for the most anticipated moment of his young life. He was man enough to handle two women. Well, at least he liked to think he could. The honest truth was that he'd never experienced anything remotely close to his current reality.

But even he didn't expect what awaited him.

"Oh my God, you little slut!" Annie noted, grinning from ear-to-ear.

He didn't know what he liked more. As incredible as it was to have a bisexual girlfriend who loved to get dirty, he was downright smitten from the several sticky strings of natural juices that formed a bridge between Mom's pussy and thong. She was so turned on that he could see it!

Annie may have loved what she saw even more than he did. "That big dick got you all wet, didn't it?"

"Mm-hmm," Joy giggled, facing away from the pair of deviants on their knees behind her.

"Whose dick got you all wet?" Annie urged her to get nasty.

Joy took a big step into her friend's perverted world. Sometimes, it was fun to be bad. "My son's big cock got me all wet and messy."

"Let me taste her."

He didn't need to ask Annie to repeat herself. He tugged Mom's thong down to her ankles and slipped it through her little feet after she stepped up for him. The mixture of black nylon and spandex in his hands represented his dreams, but the girl next to him was the key to all his fantasies. She was the spark that lit his fire.

He raised Mom's underwear to Annie's face and watched her lick it clean.

His girlfriend raised the bar yet again after she opened her mouth. He could see Mom's pussy juices on her extended tongue. Everything he craved so badly could be found only feet away, and he was done waiting his turn. It was time to take what he wanted.

He reached out and grabbed the back of Annie's blonde head, pulled her to him, and kissed her passionately.

Mom's sweet juices acted as the ideal complement to Annie's exquisite mouth. Their tongues tangled, swapping fluids with each other as they lost themselves in their own little world. The moment proved too intense for either of them to remember that they were no longer alone, but neither particularly cared. They were too caught up in one another.

"Am I no longer part of the fun?"

He broke off his kiss at the sound of Mom's blissful voice, and he quickly realized that he may have gotten carried away when he observed her face for the first time in recent memory. Mom had turned around to question his intentions. It wasn't an irrational decision by any stretch of the imagination, but he had other plans than answering her question.

His eyes drifted south along her big tits, journeyed her cute tummy, and settled on her neat landing strip.

It was a nice change of pace from Annie's hairless pussy. It served as a reminder that his girls had plenty of differences to counter their many similarities. Staring directly at his own mother's pussy should have rattled him, but rather it was something else that snapped him out of his trance--something that he was extremely familiar with.

Annie stroked his cock frantically. "I want you inside me."

Joy cleared her throat, causing both of them to immediately look up at her from their knees. "Mom outranks girlfriend."

"You're kidding me, right?" Annie asked, tightening her grip on his thick meat.

"Nope, me first," Joy said with glee, breezing past them on her way to her bestie's bed. "Sweetheart, I need to get fucked."

He was behind his mother before she knew it. A rough push sent her sprawling over the end of the bed, but her feet remained on the hardwood floor below as he admired his spectacular view. How good did Mom look bent over for him? Her yummy stomach, big tits, and gorgeous face could remain buried in the sheets until next year for all he cared, because his primary target presented itself without a hint of obstruction.

Her fat ass.

And as quickly as he made his way behind Mom, Angie joined his side with even more speed. She refused to miss the moment when her new boyfriend claimed her longtime BFF. She was such an awesome girlfriend, wasn't she? By no means would this be her last threesome with Sean, but nothing compared to the first time, and she deserved to witness every incredible second of their fun.

"Beg for it," Annie announced.

With the side of her face resting in her girlfriend's comfortable bed sheets, Joy dropped her voice to a childlike titter. "Baby, I need that big cock."

He rubbed the head of his manhood against her inviting pussy lips.

"Make me cum hard and I'll be your girlfriend too," Joy whined, fully ready to spoil her son regardless of his capabilities, but desperate to experience his best performance nonetheless.

"That's up to me," Annie reminded her.

"Mom outranks girlfriend," Joy pointed out for the second time. "You better pray that I don't start sending him over here completely worn out."

Annie seriously doubted the likelihood of that ever happening. Could an eighteen-year-old boy even be overwhelmed sexually? Especially an eighteen-year-old stud? Looking past Joy's obvious sarcasm, the notion that Sean would stroll into her house too tired to fuck caused her to roll her eyes and smile. He would be hard as a rock after thirty seconds inside her mouth!

Annie looked up at the hunk next to her with a wicked twinkle in her eyes. "I want to hear her scream."

He rubbed his cock along her pussy more aggressively.

"Show her how much better you are than your father," Annie encouraged him, kissing his chiseled bicep. "Make her take that big cock like a good little slut."

He pushed inside his mother for the very first time.

Tight, wet, and warm: it was exactly what he'd always imagined. One simple pump destroyed any potential comparisons to wild and sloppy blowjobs. A constricting throat couldn't compete with the way that Mom's snug walls hugged his dick from all sides, and her beautiful face didn't rival her big backside. It was his own personal paradise.

He listened to the godly sounds of her high-pitched moans as he escalated his pace. Both of his hands sank into her fat ass as he exposed her to every inch of his throbbing rod. Nothing compared

to making her writhe in pleasure. Little boys showed their love with thoughtful hugs and spectacular report cards, but real men took care of their mothers in ways that other guys simply couldn't.

"Jesus, she's so wet," Annie said, staring down at the action. If the unmistakable sounds of a hard dick stretching a wet pussy didn't prove it, then the shiny glisten that coated his cock served as the final verdict.

But he didn't enjoy exposing his manhood to the mild bedroom air often. Life was okay when only his cockhead bathed in Mom's warm embrace, but he saw stars when he filled her snug hole. There wouldn't be anymore boyfriends or potential dating prospects. It didn't even matter if he continued his relationship with Annie, to be honest. Regardless of his status, Mom belonged to him and only him. It was his promise.

Annie egged him on, enjoying the preview of what she had to come. "Harder."

He slammed into his mother, causing her big ass to ripple as his fingers sank deeper into her plump backside. She was built for a pounding. The skinny girls at school would beg him to stop if he attempted something even half as intense, but Mom took it all like a good girl. She really was an angel.

Annie wasn't satisfied. "Harder. Make this bitch take it."

Her obscene wish resulted in him fucking Mom harder than he ever imagined. His hips operated at a stunning pace, a lifetime of sports and training paying major dividends. His heavy balls slammed into her clit while his pelvis hammered against her butt, but he knew better than to think that he was solely responsible for his actions, because the girl squeezing his bicep brought out the best in him.

"Break her in half."

Mom's intense whimpers turned to screams when he granted Annie her latest request. Her shaky hands flailed in front of her, desperate for something to hold onto. It was the type of pounding that Mom had spent a decade fantasizing about and a lifetime hoping for, but she didn't have to dream any longer. Now, she had a real man to turn to.

"Je-Je-Je fuck-fucking Ch-Christ, swe-swe-sweeeeeeeeeetheart!" Joy cried, unable to control her sloppy stammer. She never knew that sex could feel so intense and personal. This wasn't some guy going through the motions. Her son was trying to reach her stomach with his cock! "I'm gon-gon-gon-gonna cum!"

Things took a strange turn after his most recent brutal thrust into the woman he loved more than life itself. Just how wet was she? She was so soaked that he calmed his frantic pace for fear of sliding out of her, but even his reduced thrusts didn't solve his dilemma. It was a problem he'd never encountered before.

He attempted to pull back slightly but mistakenly exited his mother altogether, and it wasn't until that very moment when he realized just how crazy tonight could get.

Fluids gushed from Mom's pussy, covering his groin and thighs in juices as she convulsed on the bed in front of him. It single-handedly qualified as the most insane moment of his life. As outrageous as it was to ever imagine making Mom cum, it filled him with accomplishment to watch her squirt. He'd pummeled her into complete submission!

His perfect mother remained sprawled over the end of the bed, his handprints indented on her buttocks while liquids dripped from her little pussy. It was the greatest reward a son could have. He needed to claim her. He had to give her what no other man could. He desperately sought her unwavering sexual loyalty.

A stunned Annie finally managed to find her voice. "I need that. Now!"

He pushed back inside Mom, causing her to screech after he helped himself to another trip inside his favorite place in the world.

Annie tugged on his arm passionately. "I need you to fuck me!"

Another slow and methodical pump inside Mom permanently marked his territory. She wouldn't dream of seeking satisfaction elsewhere. He showed her what he could do, and she would come to him whenever she craved another taste. He was certain of it.

But that didn't prevent him from teasing Annie.

"Oh my God, I need you inside of me!" Annie whined like a girl half her age. The way that she repeatedly tugged on his arm made him laugh. "It's not faaaaaair!"

He couldn't torment her any longer. She was too cute and sexy to resist. "You know what I want."

While no one could deny that he shared a special connection with his mother, it was extremely obvious that he had something unique with Annie as well. She bent over the bed--inches from Mom--just like he wanted. In fact, her turned head allowed her to stare directly into Mom's exhausted and lovestruck eyes. She'd yet to recover from the most overwhelming orgasm of her life.

What was better than one big ass bent over a bed for him? Two, of course! It was paradise.

He took one step to his left, grabbed his cock, and pushed inside Annie's little hole.

Mom's juices--which coated every inch of his steel pole--acted as the ideal addition to Annie's immense wetness. For the second time in only a matter of moments, he was treated to a big ass, tight pussy, and sexually frustrated older woman. Annie had so much in common with his mother. Even the way that she gripped his cock reminded him of Mom, but there was one major difference.

While he'd assumed that Mom wanted to be fucked hard, he was absolutely positive that Annie desired nothing more than to be broken in half.

The bar had been set rather high. He'd just made Mom squirt, for fuck's sake! He couldn't drop the ball now. Annie wouldn't let him stop until he gave her an earth-shattering orgasm, and he locked his hands on her hips to prepare himself. It was time to see if he could actually handle a wild older woman.

He briskly found a familiar rhythm. The truth was that Annie intimidated him. She wasn't like Mom. She was more confident and direct. She would be more likely to speak her mind and voice her disappointment if he didn't live up to his end of the bargain, but he didn't allow the added pressure to hinder his performance.

Instead, it motivated him.

He fucked Annie harder than he'd fucked Mom. Her plump ass bounced with every rough pump forward, and his aggression rose each time she begged for more. She was relentless. His girlfriend possessed the innocent appeal of a blonde-haired, blue-eyes angel; the dangerous curves of a

woman with a history of making men bust in seconds; and the sex drive of a vixen who stole souls. He knew that he would never meet anyone else like her--Mom included--and his confidence grew as her moans became increasingly more jumbled. It was the recognizable sounds of a woman on the cusp of an orgasm.

"God, you're so much better than your father."

His eyes darted to where he'd last left her mother, happy to find her finally regaining her bearings. Her compliment warmed his heart as well. Actually, he may have enjoyed her words even more than her inability to move a muscle. He'd fucked her so hard that she was stuck in mud!

"I-I-I love him," Annie sputtered, staring at her girlfriend while the pummeling continued. "He-he's moving in."

Joy burst into laughter. "No, he isn't!"

"Yes-yes-yes, he-he is," Annie argued despite her stupefied state. No one had ever made her feel anything like this before.

Joy allowed her bestie to lose herself in the fantasy of living with Sean, but such insanity would never happen under her watch. Sean was her son! And he was the only man in her life! He would live at home for at least the duration of college, and she started to open up to the idea of inviting him into her bedroom a few nights a week as well. Why should Annie be the only one who got to enjoy him?

And then Joy's mindset changed completely.

She could worry about the future later. There was so much time in daily life to dwell about impending plans and outlandish declarations, but moments like these were few and far between. For the first time in her life, she watched orgasmic bliss overcome Annie's joyous face, and she couldn't possibly be happier for her girlfriend. She deserved it!

Annie's gripping pussy clamped around him like a glove while she quivered with delight. There was a power in making a woman cum. It boosted his ego and increased his libido, but more importantly, it guaranteed their return. Mom and Annie would both knock down his door for more after what he'd brought to their lives. He was certain of it.

His strong hand had little effect on his ecstatic girlfriend after he pulled out and cracked her on the ass. All was right in the world as he stepped back to admire his work. Two big asses stared back at him, attached to a pair of satisfied women who could barely move as a result of his impressive performance. It was more approval than he would ever need.

But as happy as Annie was, something still rubbed her the wrong way. "Why didn't I squirt?"

"What did I tell you earlier?" Joy chuckled, gazing into Annie's blue eyes while neither of them had yet to find the energy to move an inch. "Mom outranks girlfriend. I have a connection with him."

It hurt Annie to admit it, but Joy was most likely right. Sean and Joy shared a bond that she could never replicate. It was a unique part of being a mother that she couldn't understand.

Sean jumped up onto the bed and laid flat on his back. "Who's next?"

The girls grinned at each other. They still struggled to believe they had access to a young hunk who could pass for the Energizer Bunny. How did they end up so lucky?

"You can go first," Joy told Annie. "Besides, I have something else in mind."

The girls climbed up onto the bed, Annie wasting little time taking a seat on his towering erection, while Joy opted for a different approach. Dick was a dime a dozen, and she could find sex easier than a reliable morning coffee. There was something that was in short supply, however.

She sat on her son's face.

The girls faced each other as the fun resumed after only a brief break. Annie bounced on Sean's cock while treating herself to the show in front of her, and Joy admired her girlfriend's curves as her son ate her pussy like his life depended on it. It was the Holy Grail for the curvy friends. Annie got some good dick, while Joy finally found a loving tongue.

He would gladly die in a similar position. The God's honest truth was that he didn't even need Annie to ride him at the moment. Actually, he didn't need to eat Mom's pussy either. Just one or the other would be fine, but he didn't have to settle. Instead, he was spoiled with the best of both worlds!

He was on a mission that few men had ever embarked on. It was tough enough to handle one woman, but he was hellbent on simultaneously pleasing two. Who deserved it more than Mom and Annie? He would give Mom the world if he had the opportunity, and he felt equally as passionate when it came to Annie's situation.

Annie's velvet pussy engulfed his cock while he enjoyed Mom's distinctively pleasant pussy juices. His impending orgasm taunted him at every turn. He wasn't Superman. The clock ticked on how much longer he could hold out, but he was determined to make both of his girls cum again before he eventually conceded to nature.

"You definitely didn't inherit this from your father either," Joy noted, jubilant to discover his enthusiasm for oral sex.

Annie was a happy girl in her own right. She'd yet to stop bouncing on his stiff pole. "He's a natural."

He still couldn't believe how sexually impoverished these two were. There should be a line of guys waiting to eat his mother's pussy! And why didn't every man on the planet jump at the opportunity to allow Annie to ride them? He wanted this twenty-four seven!

He reached out blindly and found both of Annie's curvy hips as Mom grinded on his mouth. What could be better than this? Fifty million dollars? Or maybe forty Playboy bunnies? Who was he kidding? He wouldn't trade his place for anything in the world!

Annie had some very important information to relay to her girlfriend, and she was far too giddy to joke around. "You're crazy if you don't think he's moving in with me."

"I might let him sleep over once a week, but he absolutely isn't moving in," Joy said for the second time tonight. She wouldn't entertain the possibility of losing him after discovering his talented tongue. She needed his mouth in her life!

Annie would be the decider of that. Best friend or not, she didn't really need Joy's approval, did she? Sean was eighteen. That made him a man the last time she checked. He decided where he wanted to spend his nights, and she made it her mission to provide him with a tempting alternative.

Annie swirled her hips, causing him to let out a deep moan while his mouth remained buried in his mother's pussy. What was the best and easiest way to a man's heart? Through his cock, of course!

She grinded her boyfriend into submission. It was a change of pace from her typical style of being on the receiving end of Sean's aggression, but most importantly, it helped to prove her status as his number one girl. A mother could only do so much. It took a girlfriend to truly satisfy a man in all aspects of his life, and his deepening grunts provided adequate feedback for her naughty deeds.

"Sllloooo donnnn!"

Joy lifted herself slightly with a smile. "What's that, honey?"

"Slow down!" he repeated, clearly this time. It was a hell of a lot easier to speak without Mom's pussy in his mouth. Although, he preferred tasting her to anything else.

Joy sat back down on his face, but horror promptly replaced her carefree attitude. "Hey, he said to slow down!"

Annie continued to grind away with nothing but mischief on her mind.

"Annie!" Joy shouted.

Even Sean's strong hands couldn't halt Annie. Sure, she could bribe him to move in with delicious dinners, zero responsibilities, and an onslaught of oral sex, but she decided to take the simpler approach. It was a tried-and-true method, after all.

"Annie, stop!" Joy yelled once more, flustered after she picked up on her BFF's plan. Their night couldn't end already! She needed to cum again!

Annie paused her moving hips. "Sean stays with me three nights a week."

Joy's indecision showed that she wasn't so quick to hop on board. "I don't know..."

It was all the motivation Annie needed to finish off her stud. Sometimes, she could be a bitch, and Joy unfortunately got to experience her bad side firsthand in her bedroom. So what if she felt possessive of Sean? He was her boyfriend! She was entitled to his time!

Absolutely nothing could slow Annie down. She wasn't a little girl. She was a grown woman, and she knew exactly what she desired at the ripe age of thirty-nine. She also refused to take no for an answer.

Joy knew that she watched her orgasm slip away. Even eighteen-year-old jocks needed time to recover after cumming, and she had no idea how long it would take to return to the brink of orgasm if she didn't cave to Annie's demands. While she wanted Sean safely in his bed seven nights a week, it looked like she wasn't afforded the opportunity to get her way. She would have to make some concessions in order to find happiness.

"Two nights a week," Joy countered Annie's offer.

Annie wasn't picky. Plus, she felt extra easygoing with a big cock inside her. It was a win-win for everyone involved.

"Deal," Annie accepted, carefully grinding on his thick dick. She knew exactly how to get what she wanted without making him cum early. "Well, under one agreement. I want a kiss."

Sean brought his mother to orgasm as he listened to the tantalizing sound of his dream girls making out above him. His senses operated like never before. He could see without using his eyes. He could feel without needing his hands. Everything around him was enhanced thanks to the two angels in bed, and he warmed-up to the idea of Mom joining his sleepovers at Annie's. Her bed was plenty big enough for all three of them.

"Jesus, he's gonna me cum again!" Annie grunted, breaking off her kiss as a wave of warmth overtook her body.

Maybe he really was a god? What else could explain his innate ability to make Mom and Annie orgasm over and over without any real effort? He didn't even do anything to make Annie cum on his dick just moments ago! She erupted all on her own!

But he had something particularly deviant on his mind.

Was he ready to officially make Annie his girlfriend? For sure. Did a different girl still outrank his favorite blonde in the world? Without a doubt. It wasn't Annie's fault. She was sexy, funny, and phenomenal in bed, but she just couldn't compete with his mother.

He slipped out of Annie and gently pushed Mom off of him. In an instant, he flipped Mom over onto her hands and knees and knelt behind her. He didn't see the need for flash and style when the basics got the job done. He also didn't want his mother in any other position. She was built specifically for doggy style.

Everything felt right when he returned home. He belonged in Mom's pristine pussy. A decade without much of a love life kept her nice and tight for when a real man finally came along, and he knew that he would never allow her back on the dating scene after tonight. She was his girlfriend now too.

Annie made her way to his side, admiring the view while she massaged his shoulders. "Have I mentioned that I like to share?"

"I kind of figured that out," he laughed while enjoying the way that Mom's big ass rippled with every thrust forward.

"I'll be bringing you home girls from the gym, ones who I meet through work, and even a few off Tinder," Annie told him, kissing his bicep. "We'll have to invite your mother over too. Not too many guys ever get to experience a foursome, you know?"

Would the addition of some cute blonde from the gym be too much for him to handle? While he loved to tell himself that he could satisfy three women at the same time, he knew better than to think it would be easy. Fortunately, he was always up for a challenge, and something told him that Annie loved that about him.

Suddenly, a mouth pressed against his ear. "I like it when you fuck her hard."

He pumped his mother more aggressively.

"I like hearing her moan," Annie whispered, her big tits pressed against his shoulder while he hammered into Mom with even more force than before.

His hands locked onto Mom's hips to make her feel every inch of his love. Annie was the fuel for his engine, but Mom was the spark. She was the girl who sent him into overdrive, and she was the woman who made him lose control. She was simply too much.

With his left hand comfortably on Mom's thick hip, his right hand grabbed Annie by her blonde hair and moved her face directly to the side of Mom's big ass. He had a fantasy that didn't involve romantic dates and long walks on the beach. Selfishly, the moment became all about him. His desire to please his two fantasy girls took a back seat to his primal urges.

One last electric stroke inside Mom was more than he needed. He pulled out and pointed his cock at Annie's pretty face, not surprised in the least to find her wagging her tongue at him. Her naughtiness was well-established.

Cum rocketed from the tip of his dick and sailed directly down Annie's throat, causing her to gag for a brief moment before she quickly collected herself. A woman like her wasn't deterred by unexpected surprises. The stronger the cumshot, the better the job. She'd worked hard for his load, so she would enjoy every sweet drop of it.

His next blast slammed into her upper lip as she refamiliarized herself with everything that accompanied dating a real man. Poor excuses for cumshots were part of her past life. Now, she had a hunk who shot ropes, and she couldn't get enough of it. She wanted to be filthy for him.

But a never-ending facial shower evaded Annie on this Friday night. Thick white streaks of yummy seed didn't cover her hair, eyes, or even her nose like she so desperately craved. She simply wanted to feel like a slut. To be used by a man worth submitting to. It was an unforeseen twist in a night already full of wild surprises, but what she saw after opening her eyes made everything worth it. She couldn't even hold a grudge.

Sean had pushed back inside his mother and emptied every remaining drop of cum inside her.

The eruptions were endless. Every prior orgasm throughout the course of his life cumulated in one intense period of euphoria, and his shaky legs felt the incredible effects. He could barely keep himself upright as Mom's tight pussy continued to suck the cum out of his cock.

Annie didn't have time to dwell over the past. She was already on to bigger and better things. "Joy, you know that I've always wanted a child of my own," she said in her most polite voice.

Joy could barely comprehend the past hour of her life, let alone whatever Annie had on her mind. Her own son just came inside her! How could she possibly think about anything else?

"Sooooo, what if Sean gets me pregnant?"

And just like that, Joy snapped back to reality.

Joy no longer thought about the big cock that had yet to leave her pussy. She didn't even feel his warm load inside her. Instead, she focused solely on her bestie's outlandish words.

"What did you just say?"

"I'm thirty-nine," Annie said despite her desire to make Sean think she was younger. "I don't have a lot of time left."

Joy couldn't wrap her head around what she was hearing.

Annie decided to lay it all out in the open. "Let's say that I find a guy. It'll take years before we have a kid. I can't wait that long! My biological clock is ticking!"

"You want my...son...to get you pregnant?" Joy asked, dumbfounded.

"Mm-hmm," Annie verified without a moment of hesitation. "I want him to give me a baby."

Sean didn't need to be convinced further. In fact, he never needed to be convinced at all. There were two women who he wouldn't balk at the idea of impregnating, and they were both in bed with him. Like usual, Mom sat on top of his list, but Annie came in at a close second, and she wasn't too bad of a consolation prize.

He withdrew from his mother to allow his cum to leak slowly from her warm hole. His plan was simple yet wild. It was the type of thing that he would only see in porn--and never experience in real life--but that didn't appear to be the case at the moment, because Annie didn't even allow him to set the wheels in motion. Instead, she took complete control of the situation.

Annie clamped her mouth against Mom's little hole and sucked his cum from her pussy. It was his ultimate fantasy come to life. He lived something that no other man would ever experience, but greedily, he wanted more. He needed something special.

He wouldn't be happy until Mom tasted him too.

Annie collected the rest of his cum from Mom's pussy, looked up at him, and swallowed.

This wasn't how things played out in his fantasies. Mom and Annie would swap his cum, kissing while they took turns treasuring the taste of his seed. They would giggle as they explored each other's bodies for his enjoyment. They would smile at plans of future threesomes and occasional foursomes.

But they didn't do any of that.

"Whoops," Annie remarked sarcastically as her smile turned to a grin. "Darn it, I forgot to share with your mother. It looks like you'll just have to give us another load."

He envisioned the rest of his night as he watched Mom and Annie kiss. Another load? How about five more? He had a mom to take care of, a girlfriend to impregnate, and a life of sexual bliss to look forward to. He had plenty on his plate, but hey, someone had to keep these angels happy.

Vanished Ch. 01-26

What happens when 4 billion men suddenly disappear?

[mt44](#)

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Chapter 1 -- Pranksters

Monday Morning. Early May. Upstate New York. 6:15 AM.

Steve hated that sound. The blaring alarm blasting from his phone was something out of his nightmares. He'd tried everything over the years from birds chirping, to ringing bells, to even the self-destruct warning from the movie *Alien*, but nothing worked. At a quarter after six in the morning, Monday through Friday, he was the most miserable man on the planet.

A bowl of junk food cereal would certainly cure his morning misery, wouldn't it? Or how about a doughnut? Hell, he would jump out of bed with a smile if he had some sugar waiting for him.

He drove right past Cindy's Donuts on his way to work every morning. How good did a chocolate glazed cream-filled doughnut sound right about now? He could taste the Bavarian custard on his tongue already, and when it mixed with that thick layer of chocolaty goodness? Well, that was on par with sex.

If he still remembered what sex felt like.

He groaned as he rolled out of bed reluctantly. There wouldn't be any doughnuts, cereal, or anything unhealthy on the menu today. It was officially day number twenty-six of his no-shit, no-sugar diet, and he didn't plan to cheat anytime soon.

He'd read that the cravings were supposed to subside after a week, but he didn't buy it. He wanted nothing more than a big piece of chocolate cake after almost a month without junk food, after all. Was this his new life? He was twenty-seven years old and dreaming about snacks, for God's sake!

He ventured out of his bedroom and down the hallway of the apartment that he shared with his roommate. Fortunately for him, Mike may have been the heaviest sleeper in the history of humanity, so he never needed to worry about being noisy in the morning.

He flipped the light switch in the bathroom and took a long gaze at his reflection in the mirror.

He actually looked pretty good.

The six-foot-one, brown-haired, blue-eyed world history teacher didn't necessarily need to diet. He'd always been a naturally lean guy with a solid foundation of muscle remaining from his high school sports career, but his roommate's sudden obsession with working out had sparked some feelings of motivation deep inside him.

He could still recall the days of girls eyeing him for his body. He never should've let himself get out of shape. Why had he canceled his gym membership and started eating fast food in the first place? Was it the stress of real life? Rent, groceries, student loans, a car payment, and attempting to

maintain some semblance of a social life was quite the bill to foot. Sometimes, it seemed easier to pick up a pizza on his way home than to bake chicken, but things had changed in a major way.

Was that a hint of abs? He raised his arms in the air and leaned back to help level out the thin layer of fat that still coated his midsection. Holy shit, he could see his upper four abdominal muscles! The bottom two still needed a little help, however. The small pouch of fat on his lower stomach would require some extremely strict eating to lose, but he was determined to do it.

Spending five days a week at the gym with Mike had done wonders for his body, but it wasn't like they were just lifting weights--they were lifting heavy. Monday was arms and abs, Tuesday was chest, Wednesday was shoulders and back, Thursday was legs, and Friday they hit arms and abs again. Throw in a little pickup basketball, some hiking, and one hundred percent healthy eating, and he looked like a new man.

His shoulders appeared visibly wider, his pectoral muscles popped, his stomach had flattened out, and his biceps bulged. The veins that used to run through his arms in high school were back, but the most noticeable change didn't involve his looks at all.

It was how he felt.

He possessed more energy--with mornings being the exception--he never felt sore, and he'd actually jerked-off three times in one night the other week. He may as well have been fifteen again!

His intense desire for coffee, cookies, and burgers were kicked to the curb the second he saw his reflection. Women had been eyeing him again! Well, that was mostly a good thing. There were a few girls who really shouldn't be looking at him in a sexual manner.

The onslaught of attention from his tenth-grade female students wasn't something he enjoyed. Under no circumstances would he be one of those teachers who got busted having sex with a fifteen-year-old girl. Plus, he only had one woman on his mind. She was friendly, beautiful, and caused butterflies to flutter around in his stomach whenever he saw her; and, oh yeah, he'd never said more than four words to her at one time.

The most stunning woman he'd ever laid his eyes on lived three doors down at the end of the hallway. That perfect angel slept within shouting distance of him each night. Sadly, Megan also caused him to clam up every time he bumped into her.

He wasn't a virgin. He'd had a few girlfriends over the years, but he wasn't exactly a ladies' man either. In fact, it'd been eight months since he last got some action.

Could his crush actually be single? He'd never seen any guys coming or going from her apartment, but perhaps something else was going on? Maybe she met her boyfriend elsewhere? She could be a lesbian too. It didn't seem likely that a gorgeous girl like Megan could actually be single.

But what if she was?

What if the five-foot-six, blonde-haired, blue-eyed, twenty-something-year-old knockout was indeed available? Not only that, but what if she was looking for a boyfriend? What if her flat stomach, perky butt, and big bust desperately yearned for the attention of a man who adored her?

He needed to grow a set of balls and talk to her. "Hey, Megan, how's your day going?" There. That wouldn't be so hard, would it? And then he could ask her out for coffee. He'd certainly be willing to

cheat on his diet for a date with his crush. He wasn't in middle school anymore. It was time to start acting like a man!

He jumped into the shower before brushing his teeth and getting dressed. The beige dress pants and navy blue long-sleeve button up that he observed himself wearing in the mirror caused a little part of him to die. What happened to his rock star dreams? It didn't seem like that long ago that he swore he would be a badass who dressed however he wanted. Mike wore jeans and a t-shirt to his IT job every day, yet here he was, dressed like his father.

So what if he wasn't a renegade? He collected a decent paycheck, had the summer and weekends off, and worked a pretty low-stress gig on top of everything. Although, he wouldn't make much of a real difference by teaching tenth-graders about a series of wars, would he? What was his purpose? To just get by?

Perhaps he needed a hobby? There had to be more in life than just teaching and hitting the gym, and a girlfriend wouldn't solve his lack of direction either. Sure, maybe she would help for a while, but he desired more. He wanted to wake up each morning with a purpose. With a mission.

Today's goal simply involved speaking to Megan, but he had some serious thinking to do. He was put on this planet for a reason. He had to be.

Kale, carrots, celery, half a tomato, a raw egg, and a plethora of fresh fruit filled his blender. His breakfast definitely didn't look as good as a doughnut, but he would never see his bottom two abs if he started his day with a pastry.

He blended his breakfast, gulped it down, and picked up the brown leather bag that he used to carry his books and laptop. Today certainly didn't seem like the start of changing the world. It felt more like just another day of kids who obsessively checked their phones instead of participating in the World War Two discussion that he would most likely be having with himself.

Keep it positive! Life is so much better when you don't stress everything. There's nothing wrong with being a little ignorant at times. Do you know why Mike is always in such a good mood? It's because he thinks he's the shit! Give it a shot!

He slipped out the front door before locking it behind him. It didn't take long for his head to snap around to Megan's end of the hallway. Why couldn't she be standing in front of him? Why couldn't she be there to greet him with her knee-weakening smile? He couldn't possibly chicken out then. He'd never felt more ready to talk to her, but would he feel the same way if he didn't see her for a few days? What if his confidence regressed by then?

Stop thinking negative! Keep it positive!

He had to think like a guy who had his shit together. What would a real man do? He would knock on her door tonight, wouldn't he? He would have a plan and take the initiative. Screw waiting! Tonight--

The sight of Megan's door abruptly opening caused him to lose his train of thought. Her wavy, shoulder length blonde hair was a mess; light eyeliner ran down her otherwise makeup-free face; and her wrinkled pink pajamas and matching pink slippers looked rather odd outside the comforts of her own apartment. He wasn't familiar with this disheveled-looking version of his neighbor, but nothing could curb his intense feelings for her. He was just as smitten as always.

She took one step toward the stairs before freezing. Her feet appeared to be stuck in glue. Had someone hit the pause button on a playing movie? It almost seemed like time had stopped.

She remained motionless for what felt like minutes before turning in his direction ever so slowly.

"Hey, Megan," he said with an inviting smile.

Her blue eyes bulged as her body began to shake.

Could their encounter have possibly played out worse? He'd received his wish by bumping into Megan before heading off to work, and she responded by treating him like a ghostly apparition. He hadn't even done anything other than greet her!

Her body finally reacted after he took a step in her direction. She quickly moved further away, her horrified expression yet to dissipate. He'd never felt more uncomfortable in his own skin.

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

Her panicked feet continued to carry her further from him until her back thudded against the wall behind her roughly. Was there blood all over his face? Was his dick hanging out of his pants? What in the world had caused his always friendly neighbor to behave this way?

"You-you-you ca-ca-can't be here," she stammered, her eyes locked on him from across the hallway.

"Are you okay?" he asked, confused.

"Why-why are you-you-you here?" she stuttered once more.

He had to be missing something. Since when had it become illegal for him to walk the hallway in his own apartment building? And why did she look like she just rolled out of bed? Actually, now that he took a closer peek, her eyes appeared red and puffy as well. Had she been crying?

"Did something happen?" he questioned. "Megan, are you okay?"

Her body visibly tensed up when he took a step closer. A second footstep in her direction caused her to panic. His dream girl was seemingly terrified by the sight of him, but he didn't have the slightest idea why.

"You aren't here," she declared, her arms hanging at her sides, unable to move due to her frightened state. "You can't be."

He came to a stop just a few feet from the trembling blonde, setting his bag down on the floor. He cautiously raised his hands in the air to show her that they were empty. He was harmless. He was simply the nice, shy, and somewhat nervous neighbor who lived down the hall. He couldn't have been further from dangerous.

"Tell me what's going on. Did someone do something to you?"

"You aren't real," she announced.

It all made sense now. Everything suddenly came together for him. No boyfriend, no friends with benefits, and now this bizarre encounter. He never would've guessed it in a million years.

Megan was on drugs.

"Maybe you should go back inside?" he said, pointing at her open door. "Call in sick today."

She shook her head defiantly.

"Um...okay..." he remarked, surprised by her passionate response. "Well, where were you headed?"

She gulped in an attempt to think. "I-I-I don't know."

"You don't know where you were going?"

She shook her head again.

He wasn't a drug expert. He wouldn't be able to identify what she'd taken, but she was definitely on something. He was aware enough to know when one of the boys he taught smoked weed before strolling into his class. Their bloodshot eyes always made him laugh, and it couldn't have been more obvious that they were stoned. He liked to fancy himself as the cool teacher, though. He usually let it slide.

This, however, was different. Megan wasn't a fifteen-year-old burnout who sought an escape from a boring school schedule. She was beautiful, intelligent, and friendly, and he needed to help her through her troubles.

He took another step toward her.

"STOP!" she screamed.

He froze.

Her panic and worry turned to intense fear. She didn't mess with him. She definitely didn't exaggerate either. She was truly terrified.

"Close your eyes!" she demanded.

"What?"

"Just close 'em!" she continued to shout, her frenzied tone not helping to gain his trust.

His nerves kicked into high gear as he closed his eyes. What if she was a junkie? What if she planned to rob him in order to get her next fix? The last thing he desired was to feel a knife pressed against his throat.

"Put your hands in your pockets!" she instructed.

He placed his hands into the pockets of his dress pants slowly, leaving himself completely exposed. Not only had he put himself in an extremely vulnerable position, but he was blind on top of it! God, he was so weak around cute girls.

He could still remember giving Amy Sanders his iPod back in middle school. He didn't allow her to use it or even borrow it--he'd given it to her! Why? Because that's just how he was.

Could he have been more clueless throughout his youth? Why had he thought that girls would like him more if he just gave them stuff? And what was Amy's response to receiving an iPod? She gave him a hug. He still wanted his iPod back fifteen years later.

The sound of light footsteps approaching timidly snapped him back to reality. He could be experiencing the final moments of his life for all he knew. He was at the mercy of a clearly unstable girl, and he couldn't even see what she was up to!

Was this the purpose he'd been searching for? Did the meaning of life involve being mugged by a cute junkie in his building? All the hours he'd spent in classes, his tens of thousands of dollars of student loans, and the countless gallons of sweat he'd lost at the gym had all been for nothing. Everything would be taken from him in a matter of moments.

His ears tracked her as she moved to his rear, suspicious of whatever irrational thoughts raced through her mind. What would be the point of attempting to reason with her? She would only grow more leery of his plan to gain her trust.

Her footsteps sounded distrustful as she journeyed in front of him once more. Her tread called him a liar. She silently screamed that he was trying to mislead her. Common sense and rationale had been thrown out the window, and he'd stupidly exposed himself to a girl he didn't even know!

Steve suddenly jumped.

The soft touch of a hand on his shirt caused him to temporarily lose his breath. Why did his eyes remain closed? Why were his hands still in his pockets? Why did he trust her?

Earth to Steve! Hello! Are you there? Have you ever seen a woman behave like this before? What do you think is going to happen, dummy? Shit is about to turn out terrible for you if you don't take action. Wake the fuck up!

But he didn't snap out of it. Instead, he remained motionless as her wandering hand moved up his arm before rubbing against his cheek gently. Her soft, tender fingers soon turned to a firm grasp as she clutched his face.

"Oh my God, Steve!" she yelled, her previously worried tone now sounding of relief.

His eyes shot open just in time to watch Megan wrap her arms around him.

Could he buy her an endless supply of whatever drug she was on? He wasted little time returning her embrace as he savored the feel of her perfect body. Her soft curves and his big muscles acted as puzzle pieces. They belonged together. Everything about this moment felt right.

He was hit by the faint smell of strawberries as he took a deep exhale of the beautiful girl who continued to hold onto him. Her scent took him back to his adolescence. It returned him to the days when he only worried about girls and football. He needed more of this feeling in his life.

The fountain of youth was in his grasp. Megan had trimmed ten years off his life with a simple hug, and he didn't have a clue as to how he'd gone from a villain to a hero at the drop of a hat. He wasn't necessarily in a hurry to find out either.

Her relief swiftly turned to tears. She was a mess of emotions, overwhelmed by something still excluded from his understanding. Whatever was on her beautiful mind poured out onto the shoulder of his shirt in liquid form.

"I'm so happy!" she sobbed. Her lock around him turned to a tight squeeze.

"Everything is fine," he whispered to her while savoring the feel of her large bust pressed against his body.

Should he go for it? Why not? Sure, a move like this was reserved for a more intimate partner, but he didn't see a boyfriend anywhere in the picture.

Do it! Grow some balls!

He ran his right hand through her blonde locks as he continued to console her. Nothing had ever made more sense to him than this very moment. He'd finally discovered his purpose. He'd learned his meaning.

Having Megan in his life would solve everything.

She wasn't a regular girl. She was so much more than that. She was capable of changing his world. She could provide him with everything he'd ever wanted. A lifetime of happiness came disguised as a blonde-haired, blue-eyed stunner, and he had no intention of allowing her to slip through his fingers.

He lowered his voice to a murmur, hoping it would help relax her. "Now, tell me what's wrong."

And just like that, she began to wail hysterically again.

It was nice to see that nothing in the world had changed.

Apparently, he still didn't understand the first thing about women. He could lie to himself and pretend that he was the rock Megan needed, but he knew better. Sooner or later, everything would fall apart.

"I have to get to work," he said, not wanting to be late for his first period class. "Go back inside and I'll come see you when I get home, okay?"

Her hold turned to a suffocating lock. "No, don't go!!!"

"I'll be back in the afternoon," he told her while unsuccessfully attempting to break from her clutch. "No later than two-thirty. I promise."

"Don't go! Stay with me! Please!!!"

She was right. He couldn't just leave. He needed to figure out the reason for her discomfort before he further pondered his next move. It wouldn't be the end of the world to call in sick if he had to.

But what if she'd just broken up with her boyfriend or something? What if she wasn't high, but instead working through an emotional crisis in her life? He didn't have a responsibility to be there for her then, did he? He didn't know the first thing about her! He didn't even know what she did for work!

His tone grew firmer. "You need to tell me what's wrong. I can't help if I'm out of the loop."

Megan took a step back after reluctantly breaking her hold. She used the soft cotton from her pink long-sleeve pajama top to wipe the tears from her puffy eyes as she looked up at him. "You really don't know?"

"Don't know what?"

She grabbed his hand and led him toward her door.

So, this was heaven? Her hand was so soft and relaxing. Everything about her captivated him. Even her apartment put him at ease. He'd taken a quick peek inside her place before--occasionally catching a glimpse when she was heading out or returning home--but it was a completely different vibe now that he was inside.

Everything was so clean. In fact, it was the polar opposite of his place. Neither Mike or himself qualified as neat freaks. Dishes had a tendency to pile up in the sink before one of them eventually

got around to washing them, but his current view didn't reflect a hint of the daily clutter that he lived in.

A red blanket folded perfectly on a chair caught his attention as she led him deeper into her apartment. A hardcover novel on an otherwise spotless kitchen table piqued his interest as to if she was a bookworm, and he'd yet to see a speck of dust anywhere. This place was as flawless as the woman whose name was on the lease.

Megan hurried over to the sofa to retrieve the remote. She repeatedly pressed down on the power button, eager to turn on the slow-responding television.

He noticed a few pictures of her family around, but he didn't see anything resembling a boyfriend. Actually, he didn't see any signs of male presence other than a couple photos with her father. Could his dream be right? Maybe this angel really was single?

"Here!" she shouted. "Come over here!"

He headed over to the sofa where she was seated, her feet tapping rapidly on the recently vacuumed carpet. This was the source of her problems? The TV? It had to be more serious than this, didn't it?

"Sit! Please!" she begged.

He took a seat next to her before his eyes wandered to the television screen in front of them. The red CNN "Breaking News" banner immediately caught his attention, and the large white banner below it contained one simple sentence that had to be a typo. Unfortunately, the female news anchor spoke up before he could reread the frantic message for himself.

"Once again, I'm not exactly sure how to say this without just being direct. If you are just joining us, what you're seeing on the screen isn't a joke. Five hours...or a little over five hours ago...a large percentage of the male population suddenly vanished. The reasons are still unknown. Acting president, former Secretary of Labor Michelle Mathis, recently released a statement urging everyone to remain calm."

The screen cut to an official White House statement, where acting president Michelle Mathis addressed the nation.

"The reasons for this sudden phenomenon are currently unknown. All of our efforts and resources are being spent to find an answer and reverse whatever caused this, but please, remain calm. Women have come a long way from the days of being treated as second-class citizens, and now it's our responsibility to step up and become the leaders that I know each and every one of you are capable of being. We will find a solution. Stay safe and God bless you all."

He turned and smiled at a trembling Megan. "This is phenomenal."

She looked at him, baffled. "What?"

"I don't even know what to say," he said, looking back at the TV with a gleam in his eye. "Bringing you into this was incredible. He really outdid himself this time."

Megan couldn't be more confused.

"The graphics, the news anchor voice-over, and who's this Michelle Mathis chick that he got to record this? Shit, it looks like a real presidential statement."

She stared at him blankly.

"You know what, Megan? You're a pretty good actress yourself."

How in the world had Mike gotten their neighbor to agree to this? Wait, what if they were banging? No, that couldn't have been the case. Mike would've told him. Plus, his roommate knew how smitten he was with Megan. He wouldn't have done something like that to him. None of that took away from how unbelievable this all was, though.

He'd been involved in a seemingly never-ending game over the past two years. It'd all started with a fourteen-ounce container of Butterfinger ice cream that he had in the freezer. He couldn't think of anything else on his drive home after spending the weekend visiting his parents. Could anything compete with peanut butter and chocolate mixed together? Certainly not if you asked him.

He hopped in the shower after arriving home, teasing himself as he pictured his night spent in front of the TV. He couldn't care less about calories. The only thing on his mind was the heavenly taste of Butterfinger ice cream.

He grabbed a spoon after he finished his shower, retrieved the container, and took a seat on the sofa to dig into heaven. He didn't even bother to bring a bowl. Why would he? He planned to eat his favorite treat straight out of the container!

But he wasn't met by heaven when he popped off the lid. No, Mike had gotten to it first.

It was a frozen block of ice.

Mike had decided to eat his ice cream, fill the container with water, and then put it back in the freezer for the weekend. His incredible dessert had been replaced by a chunk of ice.

His mind swiftly moved past his vast amount of disappointment, and instead turned to revenge.

You name a prank, and one of them had attempted it. Replacing a stick of deodorant with cream cheese? Check. Covering soap with clear nail polish remover? It'd been done. The time he'd filled the toilet with packing peanuts while Mike suffered from the stomach flu? That may have been his finest work.

But this was next level. This was Mike's IT knowledge, combined with his graphic design side job, and finished off with an incredible amount of time and effort. He was finally ready to admit it. He couldn't deny the obvious.

Mike had won their game.

"An actress?" she asked. "What are you talking about, Steve?"

He grabbed the remote from her hand and flipped up a channel to CNBC.

"Oh, you've got to be kidding me!" he exclaimed with an ear-to-ear smile. "CNBC too!"

CNBC, MSNBC, BBC World News, One America, and even Fox News: every station had a banner, scrolling updates on the situation, and an anchor who was clearly reading a script that Mike had written for them. How long had this taken to make? Days? Weeks? And how much had he paid all of these people?

While he would never admit it, he'd thought that something was actually wrong for a few seconds at first. Mike's current prank had absolutely rattled him more than when he'd attempted to wash his ass with a bar of soap covered in nail polish remover. It still seemed like a monumental waste of time and effort, though.

Megan's touch returned, but it wasn't soft and gentle this time. Instead, she squeezed his forearm tightly. "What's wrong with you!? Read the TV!"

"How much did Mike pay you?"

"Pay me?" she questioned, still unable to understand how he couldn't process the situation. "Mike, your roommate?"

He sat up and headed for the door. It was time to wake up his buddy and personally congratulate him on the spectacle he'd created. Not only that, but he was ready to ask Megan out as well. She was the exact kind of girl that he wanted in his life.

Not only had she agreed to help Mike, but she'd put on an Academy Award winning performance on top of it. Was his mysterious neighbor actually a bit of a wiseass? Was there an amazing personality hidden beneath her sexy shell? He would contemplate his questions later. First, it was time to award Mike his crown.

He hustled back to his apartment and unlocked the door, hurrying to his friend's room in an attempt to only be a few minutes late for his first period class. Mike wasn't anywhere to be found after he opened his bedroom door, however. His bed was empty.

Now, this was next level commitment. Mike had seriously gotten out of bed an hour early in order to pull off a prank? He sure the hell didn't possess his roommate's passion for busting balls. And--

Everything came to a stop when he felt a hand on his arm. He didn't have to turn his head to recognize that caring touch. Megan was in his apartment now!

"Is this Mike's bedroom?"

Steve rolled his eyes as he turned to face her. She was still playing dumb?

"Is it?" she asked again.

"Yeah, it's his room," he laughed. "I can't believe he got his lazy ass out of bed for this crap either. You still need to explain how you guys pulled off the news footage, by the way. How did he get a recording to look like live TV?"

It finally clicked for Megan. Duh! What hadn't she thought of this sooner? "Look at your phone!"

He pulled out his iPhone and checked the front page of Yahoo. He couldn't believe it! The entire page was flooded by headlines similar to those from the TV! Mike had hacked his phone somehow too? This was unreal!

"Greatest prank ever," he said.

"Prank? Steve, listen to me!" she demanded firmly. "This isn't a joke, or a prank, or some kind of dream! This is real. Very, very, very real."

"Billions of men vanished overnight?" he asked while reading an article on his phone. "One of the comments says that it might be close to four billion men. Is that what you're telling me?"

Her current excitement couldn't be credited to the news. She was just thrilled that he'd finally seen the light. "Yes, that's exactly what I'm telling you!"

"And I have a fourteen inch dick," he muttered sarcastically under his breath. "Seriously, I need to know how he got this stuff on my phone. I'm going to cover his rent next month after this."

What could she possibly do to convince him that this wasn't a joke? She'd shown him the TV and the internet, but he still didn't believe her. There had to be another way to wake him up.

She grabbed him by the arm and yanked him out into the hallway. The two descended a flight of stairs and stopped just outside the main entrance door. She pointed out the window, causing him to look outside for himself.

Mrs. Robinson--their fifty-something-year-old neighbor--tossed luggage frantically into the back seat of her SUV. In similar fashion, a white car a few spots down was being packed with boxes by an Asian woman whom he didn't recognize. Suddenly, sirens filled the air as flashing lights flew past the complex's entrance.

His head snapped around at the sound of footsteps. A mother and her young daughter hurried down the stairs before freezing at the sight of him. He may as well be watching Megan's original reaction all over again. He felt like a monster--like a deformed creature that didn't belong with the rest of humanity.

The mother pulled her child closer, descending the remainder of the stairs cautiously before exiting the door. Her eyes refused to leave him until they were outside.

"Now do you see?" Megan asked.

A fire truck sped down the street when he looked back outside. Mrs. Robinson backed out of her parking spot, only to be lightly rear-ended by the white car that was clearly in a rush to leave as well. There wasn't an argument, an exchange of insurance information, or even a discussion. The two cars simply both hurried out of the parking lot.

Mike couldn't have choreographed all that. Why would two women just leave after an accident? It didn't make sense.

He hustled back upstairs after hearing more sirens blare from the street.

"Mr. Hicksaw!" he yelled. "Open up, Mr. Hicksaw!"

Megan ran up the steps, following him to their neighbor's door. Mr. Hicksaw was an older man in his seventies, single, and he never left his apartment. The only person keeping him alive was his son who would swing by weekly to drop off groceries and supplies.

She was well-aware of Steve's mindset. Actually, it made sense to her too. The unthinkable would've happened if almost four billion men had suddenly disappeared.

Mr. Hicksaw wouldn't be home.

There wasn't a response as Steve pounded on the door. Mr. Hicksaw was probably just asleep, right?

But what if he wasn't? What if all of this was true? What if the entire male population had disappeared for some reason, except for him?

He tried the handle, but as expected, it was locked.

"Stand back," he told Megan. "I'm going to kick it open."

How badass would he look? Who did shit like busting down a locked door? Action stars, that's who. This girl would think that Jean-Claude Van Damme was her neighbor in about five seconds.

He took a deep breath and focused on the small space just to the left of the doorknob. On the count of three, he extended his right leg and sent it flying forward, right into the knob.

He fell to the floor in a heap.

A pain shot through his ankle, but it couldn't compare to the embarrassment that filled his soul. Nobody on the planet--whether he was actually the only guy left or not--felt like a bigger nerd than him as he remained face down in his apartment floor hallway. Vanishing sounded pretty good at the moment. He may as well forget about asking Megan out after his blunder. He couldn't even kick a fuckin' door open properly!

Megan disappeared into her apartment before soon re-emerging with something in her hand. She made her way to Mr. Hicksaw's door and pushed a key into the lock. It opened.

"Mr. Hicksaw's son gave me a key last year in case anything ever happened to his dad," she announced with a slight smirk.

He wanted to die.

Steve scraped himself up off the floor and followed his crush into their neighbor's apartment. He was a neat freak compared to Mr. Hicksaw. Everywhere he looked he saw overflowing garbage, empty soda bottles, and a distinct stench which caused him to be very thankful that he didn't live in such a state of filth.

The two moved throughout the apartment until they finally discovered an empty bedroom. The place was vacant.

Megan led him back out into the hallway, eager to escape from their neighbor's lack of cleanliness. "Explain that please."

"Maybe he's out?"

"Out? Have you ever seen him go anywhere?" she asked, bewildered. "He's been locked in his apartment since I moved in here two years ago."

"We don't know the guy. I mean, maybe he met a woman or something?"

She stared at him in disbelief. "You think Mr. Hicksaw met a girl? Where? On Tinder?"

"It could've happened. You never know."

"No, that's not--" She cut herself short when he attempted to make a call with his smartphone. The look she was met with caused her to question his reaction. "What?"

"It's not working. It's ending the call immediately."

"Who are you trying to call?" she questioned.

"My parents. Here, call your phone," he told her while handing his iPhone over.

She unsuccessfully attempted to call her phone. There wasn't a busy signal, non-stop ringing, or straight to voicemail. It was just dead. The internet didn't work when she tried to check Twitter to see if anyone else suffered from the same problem. She turned off her WiFi and switched to her data plan, but was met with the same issue.

"They cut off the phones and the internet," she said, looking up from the device.

This was no longer a prank for Steve. Something was wrong. Had almost four billion men disappeared? Obviously not, but something was still going on.

He headed back to his apartment and Megan hurried behind him, shutting and locking his door behind her.

"The TV is still working," he pointed out.

"Again, the government is encouraging civilians to gather at their closest designated zone. We'll be cycling through each state's targeted sanctuary cities, and your local news will also broadcast that information. Food, shelter, and military presence will be available in every designated zone."

"We need to stay," Megan said, standing in front of the TV.

He turned to his neighbor after observing a map of the New York zones on the screen. "You should go."

She instantly shook her head. "No, I'm not going, and you should stay too."

"I have to check on my parents."

"Where are they?" she asked.

"Buffalo," he answered.

"Buffalo!" Megan exclaimed, her eyebrows raised after hearing his reveal. "That's six hours away! Are you insane?"

"I can't get a hold of them on the phone. What if something happened to my dad? I need to be there for my mom."

She had to get through to his stubborn head. "Driving six hours with whatever is going on is crazy enough, but I don't think you fully comprehend what's happening here. Steve, men vanished. Out of nowhere. You didn't, though."

He'd finally started to accept that.

"Do you think you're free to just go wherever you want?" she asked. "Don't you understand how the government works?"

"Are you serious? Wait, you're not one of those conspiracy people, are you?"

She peered off to the side, at the wall.

"Wow," he laughed, his tone soon turning to a sarcastic snicker. "Why don't you go ahead and explain to me what would happen, Mulder?"

She looked back at him, visibly unamused. "Mulder? Like, from *The X-Files*? No, I'm not out chasing aliens and stuff."

"Are you sure about that?"

"Yeah, I'm sure!" she shot back. "I'm not crazy or anything!"

Was this why he'd never seen a boyfriend around? The revelation of a crazy side would help to explain why his angelic neighbor was single. What would she tell him next? That she'd encountered Bigfoot?

"You're going to get detained or something," she explained. "Our closest designated zone is Albany, and that's like two and a half hours south. Buffalo is way further. There's no way that you could make it to either of those places without getting pulled over. Steve, you stick out like a sore thumb. You saw how that lady looked at you earlier. Now, imagine every single person reacting to you the same way."

"Well, I can't stay here," he pointed out the obvious. He had an obligation to his family!

"Yes, you can!" she argued intensely. "Let's stay here until we figure out a plan."

"I already have a plan. It involves making sure that my mom is okay."

"It's going to be chaos," she tried to convince him to wake up and smell the coffee. "Listen, just stay here with me."

He'd already started to make his way to his bedroom.

As quickly as he'd left, she was equally as swift to follow him. "Steve, wait!"

He pulled a gym bag out of his closet, hurrying to fill it with clothes.

"You can't go!" she shouted.

What was he supposed to do? He definitely wouldn't accomplish anything worthwhile sitting around his apartment. Megan could be right. Perhaps he wouldn't make it all the way to his parents, but he would never find out unless he tried.

He'd spent the past twenty-seven years of his life waiting. Why didn't he have a girlfriend? Because he wasn't assertive enough. It was the same reason why he'd never had a real conversation with Megan prior to this morning as well. His days of waiting for something to happen were behind him. It was time to act.

"Stop!" she begged. "Please!"

He shrugged off her pleas and walked over to his dresser to find his money. What else did he need other than clothes and money? Food! He definitely had to pack food. And the empty water bottles in the kitchen needed to be filled as well.

"Steve, please!" she continued to implore him to stay.

He had a full tank of gas, but he would have to stop and fill it at least once on his way to Buffalo. Would that even be possible? Gas stations always ran dry before predicted snowstorms, so what would the apocalypse be like? Wait, was this actually the apocalypse? If four billion people vanishing didn't qualify as Armageddon, then nothing did.

"I'll suck your dick."

He froze.

Her previous pleas hadn't slowed him down for a second, but her most recent words had him stuck in mud. Could he be hallucinating? Or maybe he'd overslept and was currently lost in a dream? Either way, under no circumstances could his crush have possibly just said what he thought she had.

"What did you just say?" he asked, looking at her hesitantly.

"I'll blow you," she confirmed her original offer, her blue eyes locked on his face. "Right now."

"Um...why?"

"Because I want you to stay," she answered. His conflicted look told her that he contemplated her proposal. "Please!"

He couldn't actually consider her offer, could he? He wasn't a sexual predator. He'd never taken advantage of a woman in his life. Honestly, he couldn't enjoy himself unless the girl was into him.

Pussy wasn't just pussy to him. The woman involved had to not only like him, but she needed to cum as well. There was a reason why he loved giving oral so much, after all. The idea of blackmailing someone had never crossed his mind, and he didn't see how accepting her offer would be any different from bribery.

But then again, she was his fantasy girl. Blonde hair, blue eyes, and a gorgeous face that no longer appeared devastated. Now, she looked determined--determined to change his mind.

But he couldn't. "I can't accept that."

She grabbed his arm and pulled him to his bed before pushing him onto it. Moments later, she hopped up onto his mattress to join him. "Too bad."

"No, Megan, stop!" he protested. "We--"

"I always wanted you to make a move on me," she admitted as her fingers worked to take off his belt. "I've had a bit of a crush on you since I moved in. Believe me, this isn't a chore."

He was such an idiot! She'd been into him for two years? They could've dated for twenty-four long months! He'd missed out on one hundred and four weeks of getting to know this amazing girl. Over a million minutes of premarital bliss had been wasted! He should've spent the past two years exploring every inch of her perfect body, diving deep into her unexplored soul, and basking in her beautiful mind.

But he couldn't get his wish in this manner.

"Stop," he demanded.

She tossed his belt to the side, turning her attention to the button on his dress pants. "You're staying with me."

"Megan, we--"

"And we're going to have a lot of fun," she interrupted with a cute smirk. "I'm going to take care of all your needs. You're my boyfriend now."

What was happening? Apparently, his neighbor was the furthest thing from shy. Not only did she have his pants down around his ankles, but she'd demanded that he be her boyfriend as well. They'd never even gone out on a date, but on the other hand, who was he to say no?

Megan pulled off his khakis and tossed them to the floor, kneeling in front of her new boyfriend while he lied flat on his back. This level of aggression was uncharted territory for the blonde. She wasn't a girl who partook in hook-ups, friends with benefits relationships, or even went out to clubs or bars. She was a Netflix and green tea kind of gal. Nights at home in her pajamas were heaven, and the only thing missing from her life involved a steady boyfriend who she could snuggle with.

Until now.

His boxers were next in line to be tugged off and thrown to the side. It didn't take long for her eyebrows to perk up from what awaited her. She hadn't exactly expected this.

"Whoa," she gasped.

The expression that he saw on Megan's face when he popped his head up was life-changing. Her sparkling blue eyes bulged in response to his hard cock. Could he feel more like a king? This was his dream!

He had the good fortune of being blessed with an above-average sized dick, but he wasn't a porn star by any stretch of the imagination. The reaction from the gorgeous blonde in front of him said otherwise, however. He may as well have had a two-foot-long dick based on her response.

The majority of the male population had vanished, the cute guy down the hallway somehow hadn't, and he had a big dick on top of it? How lucky was she? Pretty much every other woman alive would kill to trade places with her right now.

She hadn't lied or exaggerated about the crush she had on Steve. She really did think he was handsome, and she'd absolutely noticed his new gym-going habits too. He was ripped now! But something changed when she woke up this morning.

She no longer felt like the hunted. Now, she was the hunter.

Men had become a precious commodity. They were in very short supply, and she didn't plan to waste her chance to secure a partner. What girl wanted to go through life alone? And it wasn't like another man would come along if she allowed Steve to leave. They were all gone! So, she refused to let Steve escape from her life.

She wasn't a little girl. She fully understood the way the world worked. The first step to having a boyfriend involved making him happy, and she planned to do just that.

She wrapped her lips around the big head of his cock and began her girlfriend duties.

Mom and Dad were probably fine, right? And Mom wasn't some helpless housewife either. She would be able to fend for herself until he eventually made his way to Buffalo even if something had happened to his father. He would keep telling himself that whether it was true or not. He couldn't necessarily think straight when a beautiful woman had her lips around his cock.

Her desperation to please him grew with every passing second. She'd never felt this way before. She wanted to blow his mind, and she demanded his loyalty and commitment.

For the first time in her life, she was frantic to be loved.

She expanded her throat and attempted to take him as deep as possible. And then it happened. Everything instantly changed with one simple touch. Maybe the shy guy down the hall wasn't so shy, after all?

Steve had his hands on her head. Ten strong fingers intertwined with her blonde locks and firmly held her in place. She may have been the one to make the move, but order had been thoroughly established in their relationship. Regardless of the chaos outside, she was a woman, he was a man, and the world made sense again.

He began to thrust his hips upward roughly.

What had gotten into him? This blonde goddess was nice enough to give him a blowjob, and he showed his appreciation by fucking her face? He'd never done anything like this before! He'd never even asked his ex-girlfriends to try something of the sort!

Crazy stuff like this was reserved for porn girls who were being paid to act like they enjoyed it. No real woman wanted a guy who made her choke on his manhood. No girl would ever date a man who repeatedly hit her gag reflex.

But Megan wasn't just some girl.

She placed her hands behind her back submissively, allowing her body to go limp. This should've been the past two years of her life. Lame dates with guys who her friends had set her up with; the one time she met an older man on Tinder for a coffee date, who then spent fifteen straight minutes trying to convince her to come home with him; and her nightmare of a drinking experience with her boss: dating had been such a waste of time.

None of those guys smiled at her nervously in the hallway for almost two years like a total cutie. They didn't jumble their words while attempting to say hey. They weren't handsome and in amazing shape.

They weren't Steve.

Her perfect match lived right down the hall for the past twenty-four months. She should've been snuggled with him on her sofa instead of watching Netflix alone. Dinners, sporting events, and summer picnics: he could've been along with her for everything, and now they had all the time in the world to really get to know one another.

"Oh...my...God..." he gasped, astonished from what he'd just felt.

Megan made his cock disappear. Her hands moved to his thighs as her nose pressed into his trimmed pubic hair, every inch of his meat currently lodged down her throat. Her blue eyes appeared anything but innocent at the moment. His polite and beautiful neighbor was a porn star in bed. No girl had ever taken more than half of him, but his new girlfriend operated on a different level.

She finally came up for air with only one question on her mind. "Has anyone else ever done that to you?"

His bewildered expression more than answered her inquiry.

"That's what I thought," she purred with a grin. "Your big, fat, perfect cock is going to get worshipped whenever you want. If you're in the mood for a blowjob while we're just hanging out, feel free to tell me to get down on my knees and do my job."

He was in love.

"Any boyfriend of mine gets treated like a king," she informed him. "All I care about is making you happy."

She even found herself caught off guard by her last remark. Where had this come from? Why did she feel so enamored with a man she barely knew? Was she that overwhelmed from the idea of never being with another guy?

She refused to allow Steve to stray. She didn't even want him to look at other women. He would be all hers.

"Is my man going to cum?"

His smile couldn't be bigger as he stared up at his white bedroom ceiling. "Holy shit, you're so awesome."

She wrapped her hand around his dick to stroke his slick meat. "And so are you. Now, where is my boyfriend going to blow his big load?"

"Right down your fuckin' throat," he grunted.

Megan immediately grinned. Now, this was a man. This was a confident guy who wasn't afraid to speak his mind. She finally had someone in her life who wasn't an asshole, but firm enough to still possess the edge that she liked. She barely knew Steve, but he felt like everything she'd ever wanted.

Love wasn't a strong enough word to describe his current feelings. First, where in the world had his last answer come from? He would blow his load right down her fuckin' throat? He never spoke like that!

Why wasn't he concerned about her having herpes or something? Who gives a blowjob to someone twenty minutes after sharing their first real talk? Yet, all of his usual concerns had somehow evaded his mind. He'd become entirely consumed by her pretty face.

Megan easily took the crown of the sexiest girl he'd ever messed around with. She'd come onto him, aggressively yanked down his pants, and given him the best blowjob of his life without even asking. Actually, he'd protested her actions at the start and it still didn't matter! Everything started to make sense to him. He finally put two and two together.

This was what it felt like to be a woman.

What did it mean if the majority of the male population had suddenly disappeared? He was still here for starters, and if he was still here, then he was now in rare territory. He had an extremely sought-after trait. He wasn't the funniest guy in the world or even all that great-looking, but he existed.

The tables had turned. Men were no longer the pursuers. It all made sense as to why Megan was so aggressive with him. She behaved like a man while he acted like a girl, but now it was time for him to be the man in their relationship.

He reached out and pushed her head down, basking in the ecstasy of her pulsating throat showering every inch of his cock with heavenly bliss. An overpowering warmth tingled through his groin as the tip of his manhood exploded. He'd never experienced anything so powerful.

Burst after burst of thick cum shot straight down her throat. He had to see this. He needed to pry his head off the mattress and look at what he'd done to his dream girl, and when he did, he was greeted by the greatest view in his life.

Megan's blue eyes stared back at him.

His toes curled and a fire burned deep in his stomach as he continued to unload inside her. The angel down the hall belonged to him. It was his responsibility to protect his new girlfriend. Somehow, somehow, a simple blowjob had connected them. He'd found his purpose in the world.

His firm grip loosened on her head as he finally descended from his high. The night he'd lost his virginity, jerking-off after doing a no masturbation challenge for the entire month of November, and even the Saturday afternoon in third grade when he discovered what humping his blankets resulted in: nothing rivaled the orgasm he'd just experienced. And now, the most amazing woman in the world pulled her pouty lips off his drained cock.

She opened her mouth to show the results of their fun. "All gone," she giggled.

He wanted to marry this girl.

Chapter 2 -- Daddy's Girl

Fifteen Minutes Later.

Scratch that. He didn't want to marry her anymore. Now, he wanted to have kids, buy a big house with a white picket fence, and grow old together. He still kicked himself for not making a move on her years ago!

"You like how I ride your big cock, Daddy?" she asked with a juvenile inflection to her voice.

He'd been under the impression that life couldn't get much better than what he'd experienced ten minutes ago. He'd learned so much about her as they relaxed in bed after her mind-blowing blowjob. She was a secretary at a small insurance firm, had grown up as an only child, and was born and raised in California before attending college on the East Coast. She ended up staying here after graduating because she loved it so much.

Her favorite season was fall and she couldn't get enough of extra hot chicken wings. She'd also been ice skating since she was a little girl. And, oh yeah, it turned out that she had a bit of a daddy kink.

Here he was, his back against the headboard of his bed, with a blonde angel riding him cowgirl. How could he not use a condom with a girl he barely knew! What in the world was he thinking?

He couldn't explain how, but a deep bond had already been established. The past half an hour felt like a lifetime. Her cute dimples when she smiled made him giddy. Her moans as she grinded on him made him feel alive. Everything about her was euphoric.

"I love how you ride me, baby," he moaned back.

Baby? He was already calling her baby? Maybe he'd fallen for her too fast? What if she thought that he was clinging or something?

But how couldn't he be enamored with her? Forget about her flat stomach and perky breasts that bounced in his face with each and every one of her movements. Never mind her memorizing blue eyes and pretty blonde hair that flowed just past her shoulders. There was something else that had stolen his heart.

Her tight, wet, perfect pussy.

Of course, his new girlfriend was completely shaven. And why wouldn't she have fit him like a glove? Her vagina may as well have been a smothering hug. She resembled a warm blanket wrapped around his soul.

Megan had seemed awfully enamored with his body before ever actually hopping on his dick too. He certainly hadn't expected her to react in the manner she had after he took off his shirt. The sixty

seconds she spent running her tongue along his abs came as quite a surprise, and the way she kissed all over his body only added to her affection.

"Your dick is so perfect," she moaned, smiling with her eyes closed as her bounces turned to deep grinding.

It didn't hurt matters that the stud beneath her was easy on the eyes. His thick brown hair, striking blue eyes, and handsome face helped to set the mood, and his amazing body and fat cock took care of the rest. She couldn't remember the last time she'd cum during sex, but she had a feeling it would become part of her daily routine from now on.

A warmth spread throughout her body as she temporarily lost control. Her vibrator couldn't make her feel like this. Neither could her ex-boyfriend who couldn't exactly compete with her new man in the size department anyway. She never would've imagined it happening, but she orgasmed during sex.

A deep heat consumed her. A hot glow carried throughout her being. She'd never experienced such a state of wholeness. Her man's big cock filled her up, and hit all the right spots to send her to her very own heaven.

If she could get off by simply riding Steve, then what would happen if he bent her over the bed and unloaded on her? Would she cum so hard that she passed out? Could her body even handle so much bliss? She had her very own stud for the first time in her life, and she already had a long list of dirty deeds planned to partake in.

Each and every one of her unique ridges and bumps gripped the length of his manhood as she continued to ride him. Five minutes with her on top of him had been four more than he'd ever imagined lasting. He could only picture Mr. Hicksaw banging a seventy-year-old grandma for so much longer.

It was time to forget about the awful images that helped him to hold out, and finally concede to the inevitable. The most powerful orgasm of his life was coming whether he was ready or not. He couldn't last another second.

"I'm gonna cum," he said for the second time in the past twenty minutes.

"Inside me," she ordered, tightening her vaginal muscles to emphasize her demand. "Cum inside me, Daddy."

He let out a deep groan as his cock exploded like never before. His prior orgasm couldn't compare to the sensation of unloading inside her perfect hole. The bursts shooting from the tip of his dick were never-ending. Every time he thought he was done, a wave of energy erupted in his groin and reminded him that it was far from over.

He closed his eyes and blacked out.

Fifteen Seconds Later.

Cold.

The calendar said May but his body said otherwise. It was February in his world. Bone-chilling wind and crippling snow surrounded him. Life had become empty and meaningless again.

He opened his eyes to find himself alone.

Megan's memorizing smile and perfect body were gone. It was just him, an already softening dick, and a puddle of cum that had collected on his groin. But then his heart warmed again. Footsteps sounded from the apartment hallway!

She strutted back into the room and jumped into bed with him. She wiped off his groin with a towel before snuggling with him, nestling into his chest. Everything made sense with her in his hold. The world was a much simpler place.

"We can't stay here."

He gazed down at her curiously while her fingers played with his chest hair. "What?"

"We can't stay here," she repeated. "It's too dangerous."

"But I thought you wanted to stay."

"That mom and her daughter saw you," she said. "Who knows if someone else did too? It's not safe for you to stay here."

He needed to bring something up. It was rather overdue as well. "I don't think there's anything to be afraid of, Megan."

"Nothing to be afraid of?" she asked, not hiding her harsh attitude. "Why do you think the government wants people to go to designated zones? It sure the hell isn't to help us. Listen, I have an idea."

He was all ears.

"My uncle lives out in the country," she said. "He doesn't have a farm, but all his neighbors are farmers, and every house out there has acres of land. You can walk outside without having to worry about people seeing you. He has a stream that runs through his backyard, and he used to raise his own chickens as well. This is assuming that something happened to him and he won't be there."

"Does he live alone?"

"Yeah, my aunt died from breast cancer five years ago, and he kind of turned into a recluse after that. None of us have seen him in years. Actually, he was going a little nutty on Facebook the last time anyone in my family heard from him. This was before he deleted his account, that is."

"Nutty?" he asked.

She took a deep breath, obviously dreading having to explain this. "He's kind of a conspiracy theorist..."

"So, it runs in the family?" he laughed.

"I'm not a conspiracy theorist!" she snapped back, looking up at him to reflect her serious demeanor.

"I'm just not very trusting of the government. My ex-boyfriend always used to call me crazy, all because I thought the government listened to our conversations. And do you remember what happened then? All of that Snowden stuff unfolded, and it turned out that they are spying on everyone!"

"But--"

"My uncle is way worse than that," she cut him off. "Like, he's into aliens and stuff. I guess one of his neighbors had a crop circle in his field a few years back, and it totally sent him over the edge. He became convinced that we're being visited by extraterrestrials."

Crop circles? Forget about filling toilet bowls with packing peanuts. Now, that was the ultimate prank.

"I'm not some crazy girl who believes in UFOs," she said. "I just don't want the government controlling my life. If I have a choice between going to some camp in Albany or staying in a house out in the middle of nowhere, then I'm taking the latter."

"You--"

She didn't allow him to finish. She had some demands to inform him of first. "And you're coming with me. We need to pack clothes, food, and anything essential. Try not to forget anything you need because I have no idea what my uncle has at his house. You know, stuff like toothpaste and toilet paper. We probably won't be able to stop at any stores either because it'll be total mayhem. We need to get out of town and into the country ASAP."

He didn't know if she exaggerated the urgency of their situation or not, but he wasn't about to pass up the opportunity to spend more time with her. "How far away is your uncle's place?"

"It's about an hour north. You don't have a gun, do you?"

"A gun?" he asked, laughing to himself. "It's not going to be like *Mad Max* out there. It's just a bunch of panicked women."

She couldn't disagree more. "I'd take panicked men over panicked women any day of the week. At least guys don't think with their emotions. We should really get moving too. Who knows how long it'll take to get up there with traffic?"

He watched her jump out of bed and quickly get dressed before leaving his room, presumably heading back to her apartment. This was too fast, too soon, and completely crazy, but he couldn't say no. How could he turn her down?

He got out of bed and went over to his closet, resuming his original mission of filling his gym bag with clothes. Not only had he just agreed to drive an hour upstate with a girl he barely knew, but he'd just so happened to cum in her as well. What happened to the responsible and somewhat boring guy he'd turned into over the years?

Hey, maybe they could swing by a doughnut place on the way...

Chapter 3 -- Post-Apocalyptic Necessities: Food, Water & High Heels

Monday Morning. Early May. Upstate New York. 7:24 AM.

She seriously only packed two backpacks full of clothes? God, why did she let Briana borrow her suitcase last month? Of course, her friend never got around to returning it!

Yes, it might be the apocalypse, but she didn't plan to ride it out in the same four outfits. It's not like she lived in Southern California anymore either. She was in Upstate New York. This was four seasons of unpredictable weather. It was sixty degrees and sunny one day, and a crippling snowstorm the next.

Did she really need her favorite tank top that she always wore to the gym? Not necessarily, but that didn't change the fact that she'd already packed it. Maybe that very top would end up saving their lives somehow?

She'd only packed the essentials for the most part; and, well, one pair of high heels wouldn't be the end of the world. She'd paid seventy dollars for the sexy pair of black stiletto pumps six months ago! What was she supposed to do? Leave them in her closet? Plus, who knew if they might come in handy? Better safe than sorry, right?

Megan used the biggest Amazon box she had to transport all the food and water bottles in her kitchen, which unfortunately wasn't saying a whole lot. There was plenty of room left that she regretfully couldn't fill, so she crammed every other necessity that she could think of into the free space. Toothpaste, deodorant, charger cords, her birth control pills: everything was vital in their current situation. Even the little things that she'd had taken for granted over the years could be the difference between life and death.

Two backpacks of clothes; one box of food, water, and toiletries; and an embarrassed chuckle at this being her life. Twenty-five years old and she could fit everything she deemed important on her small kitchen table. This was all she had to show for over ninety-one hundred days of existence? Was the laptop she'd just stuffed into the box really her most prized possession? She felt rather insignificant as she looked down at her pile of goods.

But something quickly cheered her up. A smile washed across her face as she glanced toward her front door. She couldn't explain how, but everything felt right. She'd never felt this way about anyone before. Even her ex-boyfriend hadn't provided her with the sense of energy that she soaked in while with Steve. It was a one in a million feeling.

She found herself taken back to grade school--to the days of experiencing juvenile crushes on cute boys. She could still recall the moments of sitting in class with butterflies fluttering around in her stomach. The guy down the hallway brought a similar buzz into her life. He did something to her that she couldn't explain.

The high heels she packed were for Steve, weren't they? So was all the makeup and beauty products stuffed into the pockets of her backpacks. Her mind continued to drift back to him. Everything returned to him.

She should be worried about Mom. What if something happened to Dad? What about all her co-workers and their families? Life would never be the same after what happened this morning.

And what actually happened, by the way? There still weren't any answers as to why almost four billion men disappeared, but every time she reflected on the unsolved phenomenon that had crippled the planet, her mind immediately ran back to the guy she found herself smitten by.

It was the end of the world and she couldn't hide her smile as she headed out into the hallway, carrying her life in her hands. Her soulmate was a mere short walk away. The only guy who could make her feel alive was busy gathering his most important items. It was a bizarre way to start a new life with someone she barely knew, but she was itching to get their drive underway.

An hour in the car would give her time to learn all about him. She would discover his favorite movies, what sports teams he rooted for, and what exactly was the motivating force behind his new muscular body. She would unlock everything.

She plopped her belongings down in front of his door and turned the handle. A lifetime of happiness flashed in front of her eyes as she strutted through his apartment. The image of watching their kids run around in their backyard played in her mind. Entire Saturdays locked in the bedroom swept over her being. A world of bliss presented itself as her new reality, and then vanished from her eyes.

Steve wasn't anywhere to be found.

Drawers were opened and empty, the food in the kitchen had been taken, and all the telltale signs of a guy who'd been in a hurry to leave stared her right in the face.

A yellow sticky note on the kitchen counter caught her attention. She didn't recall seeing that the last time she was in his apartment. She moved closer and leaned in to read the small, messy handwriting.

Had to go home to Buffalo. Sorry. Good luck!

- Steve

He'd left her! He ran off to his family like he'd originally planned! How delusional was she? Had she actually thought that she could capture the unwavering loyalty of a guy she didn't even know the last name of?

Why would she be important to him? Because she fucked him twenty minutes after their first actual conversation? He probably looked at her as a whore! As some slut who wasn't worthy of his time!

She got what she deserved for following her heart instead of using her head. She stomped to his apartment entrance and gathered the pathetic bags and boxes that she considered important, eager to return to her bedroom. She'd seriously packed high heels instead of an extra sweatshirt? What the hell was wrong with her? Fancy shoes wouldn't keep her warm on a chilly night, and--

Bang!

She froze just outside of Mr. Hicksaw's door. That wasn't her imagination. Something had fallen inside her empty neighbor's apartment, and it was time to leave before she found herself in a bad situation.

Who knows what had crashed and caused that commotion--or more importantly--who caused it? What if this was the start of the madness she'd predicted? Perhaps she just heard the first of many scavengers in search of food and supplies? It was time to get out of here and into the countryside.

She took one step forward before the sight of a door opening in her peripheral caused her to halt.

"Where are you going, Mulder?"

Steve was there to meet her when she turned to face the door, dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a white t-shirt. She dropped her belongings and approached her new boyfriend before launching her closed fist directly into his shoulder. She couldn't think of a more warranted greeting than the one she'd just given him. He deserved it.

She also couldn't help herself, though. She just liked him too much. He made her feel giddy inside. So, Megan grabbed a handful of his t-shirt, pulled him down to her level, and planted a big kiss on his lips.

The big, scary, confusing world suddenly felt much more safe. Honestly, it didn't feel frightening at all.

She broke off their kiss, gazing deeply into his blue eyes. "Are you kidding me with that note?"

"Hey, I have to play pranks on someone now," he laughed, rubbing his right shoulder. "Get used to it. You got quite a jab on you, by the way."

She could only roll her eyes as she moved her attention to the collection of gym bags and backpacks covering the floor in front of her. "Is this all your stuff?"

He nodded.

"Where's your food?" she asked.

"The food and water bottles are in the red backpack. Unfortunately, we don't have a lot of food because I planned on going grocery shopping today after work, but there's some oatmeal, eggs, and protein powder in there. That's really it, though. You know, I didn't realize how little stuff I actually own. I thought I would be hauling boxes out into the hallway. Instead, I only have four bags."

It turned out that she wasn't alone.

"All of Mr. Hicksaw's food is in there," he told her, pointing at a cardboard box on the floor. "This guy must live on Chocolate Twinkies and Wild Cherry Pepsi. It's all he has."

Chocolate twinkies and Cherry Pepsi? Megan was on the verge of throwing up. It looked like her days of sushi and Salted Caramel Mocha Frappuccinos were most likely in the rearview mirror.

"Is that my new nickname, by the way?" she asked. "Mulder?"

"Well, you're the conspiracy theorist in our relationship and I'm the logical thinker, so I believe that makes you Mulder."

"And does that make you Scully?" she questioned with a smirk.

"Do I look like a cute redhead to you?" he smirked back.

She reached up and pinched his cheek playfully. "Such a cutie-pie..."

He playfully slapped her hand away before shooting her a smile. "Follow me."

Megan trailed behind him as he led her throughout Mr. Hicksaw's place and eventually into his bedroom. The musky aroma grew more overwhelming with every step deeper into the apartment, but a certain pile of something made her journey well worth the trouble.

"Jackpot!" she smiled.

Ten packs of AA batteries, eight packs of AAA batteries, and four packs of 9-volts were in unopened packages on the bed. It was just another item that she'd always taken for granted. Batteries never seemed all that important to her before, but who knew how crucial they would become a few weeks from now?

"Old people love batteries," he told her, taking a second to admire her flawless body in her tight black yoga pants and a purple v-neck. "My grandparents always had hundreds of miscellaneous ones in a drawer. Half of them were dead, but they refused to throw any of them out. I'm tellin' ya, batteries are like gold coins to anyone older than sixty."

She giggled while tossing the batteries into a plastic bag on the bed.

"One more thing before we get going, and I have a feeling you're really going to love it," he said with a wink.

She followed him out of the apartment excitedly, further down the hallway until they arrived outside of Mrs. Robinson's door.

He turned to her and asked, "You don't have a key for Mrs. Robinson's place too, do you?"

She shook her head and did her best to hide her smile. She couldn't help but laugh every time she thought back to his attempt to kick down Mr. Hicksaw's door. Who did he think he was? Some kind of Hollywood action star? Kicking down a door wouldn't impress her anyway. She wasn't in middle school.

"Okay, stand back," he instructed. "I'm going to kick it down."

"You're going to hurt yourself again," she commented, mildly amused by his overconfidence.

"Steve, it's a locked door. It's not a movie prop."

He focused on the small area just to the side of the handle. This time, he would hit it perfectly. The sole of his sneaker would hammer into his intended target, the door would fly open, and Megan would see that he was a master key. Can't get into a room? Go call Steve. He'll bust that shit open.

Or he would end up flat on his face in the hallway again.

Hey, you were doing so good for a while! No more negativity. Let's go! Kick this fucking door open!

He launched the sole of his sneaker just to the left of the handle, and sent the previously locked barrier flying open. Had he ever felt cooler? He just kicked open a locked door, for God's sake!

"That was fuckin' awesome!" she exclaimed.

He laughed at the sound of those rather vulgar words escaping from between her perfect lips. She had a sailor's mouth too? Could she be more perfect?

He reached his hand out, allowing her the opportunity to enter their neighbor's place first.

"Mrs. Robinson left food here," she noted after arriving in the kitchen. "It's actually good stuff too!"

He'd already made a beeline for the bedroom. "Pack it up then!" he shouted. Moments later, he returned with something that caused Megan's eyes to light up.

"Mrs. Robinson offered it to me a few months ago because her husband bought it and they didn't need it. I checked Mr. Hicksaw's place for one, but as you would expect, no dice. Something tells me you probably want this."

She ran over to him and eagerly accepted the big black suitcase from his hands. It even had wheels!

"Go grab more of your clothes and I'll pack up the food," he told her.

She gave him a big kiss on the cheek before hurrying back to her apartment to fit as many clothes as possible into the polyester piece of heaven. Her environmentally friendly car received superior gas mileage compared to Steve's, but it was small, so she didn't have room to fit piles of clothes into the trunk.

They also didn't have time to make trip after trip out to her vehicle. What if someone saw them?

What if the police showed up and identified Steve? They'd already taken too long already. Plus, they

had more important needs like food and water, but this suitcase would sit perfectly on the seat, and it looked like she could fit a million different outfits in it!

They hauled their bags and boxes downstairs and into the parking lot, quickly filling the tiny trunk of Megan's car.

"Are you sure you don't want to take my car?" he asked.

She nodded while squeezing one last bag into the corner. "Gas mileage is more important than space. Who knows if we can get fuel or not?"

He jogged back up the steps to retrieve her suitcase. After he returned, a sharp whistle caused him to freeze with his hand on the door handle to her back seat.

"Put that up front," she told him.

He didn't follow. "Up front? Wait, you want me to sit in the back seat?"

She pulled a blanket out of one of her bags. "Nope, I want you to lie down in the back seat."

"Megan..."

"Don't argue with me!" she raised her voice, not in the mood for a disagreement. They were running short on time to begin with. "How's it going to look if a guy is sitting in the front seat while we're driving? Newsflash, you aren't supposed to be here! So, the fewer people who know you exist, the better."

She was right, wasn't she? It didn't help the fact that he felt ridiculous covering himself with a blanket as he lied down in the back seat, though. Somehow, he'd managed to stay mostly unseen so far, and Megan was determined to keep it that way.

She started the engine and approached the parking lot exit, allowing a speeding car to fly by before pulling out into the street.

An eerie silence filled the air. Where were the fire trucks from earlier? What about police cars? While they lived in a relatively small mountain town, they weren't in the middle of nowhere either. They were surrounded by restaurants, plenty of shopping, and no shortage of tourist attractions. The occasional abandoned car with a smashed front end was all that really looked out of place.

This still inconceivable event occurred at one in the morning on the East Coast, so it wasn't like people were out and about when it happened. Her mind drifted to the West Coast. To the very place where Mom and Dad lived. If the insanity had played out the way she imagined, then men vanished in a split second.

A guy driving behind the wheel of a tractor-trailer would've suddenly disappeared, and while a problem like that would be manageable in a small town while most of the population slept, what about in a major city? Ten o'clock on a Sunday night in Los Angeles? She couldn't even fathom the mayhem.

Freeways full of runaway vehicles would just be the start of things. Planes in the sky losing their captains, conductors vanishing from trains, and fathers disappearing while holding their newborn daughters: it would be complete pandemonium. How many women had been injured or killed during the madness? But the real question was why did everything appear fairly normal in their neck of the woods?

Never mind.

Had every vehicle in town crammed into the Walmart parking lot? Piercing car horns ripped through the previously quiet spring air. The sounds of what could only be described as female-bickering could be heard from the road as they came to a stop at the intersection.

She wasn't sure how, but the traffic light appeared to keep the situation under control for the most part. But then everything changed in an instant. Suddenly, the scene turned into what she feared most.

A green Hyundai Elantra t-boned a black SUV that had bolted through the intersection, the small car unfortunately absorbing the majority of the impact. Her attention soon turned to a bloodcurdling scream ringing out from the shopping center parking lot. It was a scene unlike anything she'd ever witnessed in person.

An older woman in her sixties ran to a little girl's defense while a group of middle-aged women cornered her against a car, attempting to rip several bags from the child's small hands. It didn't take long for the confrontation to turn into a melee, with the mob of women quickly gaining the upper hand.

She sat thirty yards from the chaos, watching what appeared to be a little girl and her grandmother stomped into the pavement for whatever was in their plastic shopping bags. It was humanity in its rawest form. It was civilization when things broke down. It was the exact thing she wanted to avoid.

"Holy shit."

She snapped around to an even more horrific sight. There was her boyfriend, casually looking out the window to watch the action for himself.

"Get down!" she ordered loudly, pushing a seated Steve back to his original position. "Are you crazy!? Someone's going to see you!"

"Megan--"

Her glare caused him to cut himself short. Why did he still struggle to process the situation? Why couldn't he comprehend what happened when billions of angry and confused women were thrown into a world of anarchy? It was like he didn't understand how essential he was. He couldn't be this oblivious to the new way of the world.

Feminism was the single most important movement in her lifetime. The idea of growing up in an era where she was expected to be a housewife terrified her, and she thanked her lucky stars that she had the good fortune of being born in a more progressive time. Fortunately for her, she had the choice to be anything she wanted.

Did she want a family someday? Absolutely, but she planned to keep her career as well. She enjoyed waking up and going to work every morning. It gave her life meaning. Sure, she would scale back to a part-time schedule when she had a child, but she wouldn't reduce herself to a stay-at-home mom whose only job involved getting her kids to school on time.

There was a natural order in society in her eyes. She would never be with a man who didn't respect or value her opinions. She wasn't a sex toy to be used and then disposed of. She wanted a partner. She needed a companion who viewed her as an equal. She wasn't a princess, and she refused to be a heard but not seen homemaker.

But in her world, as much as men needed women, women needed men even more.

The Walmart parking lot captured her fears perfectly. Every single one of those women were scared. They were lost. No amount of feminism could make up for the lack of masculinity in each and every one of those girls' lives. There was a chance that she had the only man on the planet in her back seat, and she wouldn't even entertain the idea of losing him.

It was empowering to know that a man had her back. Part of her felt like she could stroll through that parking lot right now and take whatever she wanted. Why? Because she had a tall, muscular, good-looking guy at her side. Who would step in and stop her?

But she didn't have any plans to take such a risk.

She carefully maneuvered through the chaotic intersection to continue their journey to Uncle Dave's house.

Chapter 4 -- Trouble

A divine placidness washed over them with every mile further traveled north. The humming from the engine provided the only sound other than the repetitive emergency announcements broadcasted from the radio. The silence between the two lovers soothed them. It helped to set a peaceful mood.

They'd escaped from the major shopping centers and fast food restaurants. Open land, crystal blue lakes, and scenic mountains in the distance were all they could see on the backroads they commuted along. An occasional car would make an appearance--always headed south. Megan had never envisioned the end of the world being so quiet.

"You might be right."

She glanced behind her to find Steve flat on his back. His knees bent slightly to fit his tall frame in her small back seat. "What?"

"I think I might've underestimated all this," he confessed.

That was music to her ears. It was about time that he got with the program.

"Hear me out," he started. "Part of me thought that all of this wouldn't be a big deal even after I accepted what happened. I mean, sure, it's crazy, but there isn't an asteroid the size of Texas hurling toward Earth or anything. But then I saw how those women acted at Walmart. Megan, we're fucked."

She certainly couldn't call him a liar.

"Think about it for a minute," he continued. "The military, cops, and firefighters are all jobs universally dominated by men. I haven't heard one fire truck since we left the apartment complex. Have you seen any police cars either?"

"Just one," she answered.

"Who grows the food in this country?" he asked rhetorically. "Farmers who are almost all men. Who hauls that food to grocery stores? Truck drivers--another industry that is mostly male. Have you ever seen a woman fixing a telephone pole? How about picking up garbage? Hey, they're called garbagemen for a reason. The crucial parts of society are run by guys."

"That's exactly why I wanted to get away from everyone. Picture what our town will look like a week from now. Heck, try to imagine what a major city will be like. I can't even comprehend being stuck in Los Angeles or New York City. It must be insanity."

"Women dominate what two fields?" he asked.

She took a moment to think before answering, "Definitely teaching."

"For sure," he nodded. "Like eighty percent of teachers are women. What else?"

"Um...nursing?"

"Teaching and nursing," he confirmed. "Those are two extremely important fields--especially nursing--but the basic day-to-day jobs are primarily done by men. Women can't just learn how to farm or drive a tractor-trailer overnight. Especially if the internet is down. Shit is going to collapse very hard, and very fast."

"Welcome to the party, pal," she chuckled before slowing down at the sight of a group of deer bolting across the road in the distance. "Nice to finally have you on board."

"Is our game plan to just hunker down and ride this out?" he questioned, wanting to get on the same page as her.

She accelerated again, keeping a careful eye out for wildlife. The further north they drove, the more likely a deer or moose would run out into the middle of the road.

"That's what I would like to do. I honestly think it's our best chance. We'll stay at my uncle's place until society stabilizes, and if that never happens, then we stick it out up there for good."

He stared up at the headliner of the car as he listened to her plan. "How long can we survive, though? We have enough food for what, a few weeks? What if the power goes out? We'll be in trouble."

"The good thing is it's May, not December. That's honestly my biggest concern. Let's say that everything is still screwed come winter. Then what? Life is tough enough to begin with. I don't know if we can make it once it starts snowing."

A winter without electricity sounded like hell, but he had more pressing concerns to worry about at the moment. "We'll cross that road when we come to it. That's a long ways away. We have seven months before we have to worry about that. First off, we need to focus on getting more food somehow, because what we have now won't cut it. And you mentioned your uncle has a stream that runs through his property, right?"

"Yeah."

"Can you drink straight from it?" he inquired. "I always use purifying tablets or boiled water when I backpack anywhere close to the mountains. The last thing we can afford to get is beaver fever."

Her ears perked up at the sound of that strange illness. "What's beaver fever?"

He let out a deep, dramatic breath. "There are few things worse than beaver fever. It's a brutal disease transmitted by exactly what you guessed. Beavers. The first sign is mouth pain. There's this horrific stretching sensation in your teeth and gums. My buddy contracted it back in middle school and he told me there's nothing relatable to the pain. He just wanted to die."

"Mouth pain from water?" she asked, surprised. "Really? That sounds horrible."

"That's just the start of it," he went on. "Biting something is all that helps to relieve the agony. In fact, there's only one thing that does the trick."

"What is it?"

"Wood," he told her.

A few moments of silence passed before Megan rolled her eyes. She should've known better.

"Two extra long chompers and an insatiable hunger for wood," he said with a smirk. "Yep, that tainted water turns you into a beaver, alright."

"Do we have something to worry about or not?"

"We do," he confirmed, dropping his humorous act. "Beaver fever is a real thing. It's known as Giardiasis. It's a parasite that causes diarrhea, abdominal pain, and weight loss, and it can lead to extreme dehydration. It's a serious thing that we need to be concerned about."

The problems continued to pile up. For how much longer would water from the tap be safe? A day? Maybe two?

They'd filled the dozen or so water bottles in their possession before leaving the apartment complex, as well as the ten empty two-liter soda bottles they'd found in Mr. Hicksaw's place, but those would be empty sooner than later. They couldn't push their luck much longer with the likelihood of the water treatment plants not being properly attended to.

Silence returned as the two delved deeper into their own thoughts. The excitement of their situation met the harshness of reality. This wouldn't be like Hollywood. Post-apocalyptic movies never addressed drinkable water. They didn't bother to cover topics like toiletries and mental health either. They were two people in their mid-twenties who'd been thrown into a world of confusion. A script wouldn't magically appear to guide them along. The pair of young adults were on their own.

"What do you think caused this?"

Her eyes didn't leave the road. She wasn't exactly in a hurry to discuss her thoughts on that subject either. Steve already seemed skeptical of her conspiratorial mindset, so she didn't want to come off as more crazy than she already had.

"Megan," he tried again.

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"Megan!" he shouted.

She reluctantly opened her mouth and answered, "I have no idea."

"You have no idea?" he asked. "Come on, you don't have a gut feeling? There wasn't an *X-Files* episode where this happened or something?"

"No, there wasn't an *X-Files* episode about this," she huffed, checking her rearview mirror to find the road behind them still empty. "I just...I...don't know."

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The sudden lull caused her to glance back at the guy who stared at her with a big grin. It was clear that he could see right through her act even if he didn't say anything. It was like he could tell that she was lying.

She finally decided to break the silence. She would have to admit her thoughts eventually. "You're going to think I'm crazy."

"Try me."

She took a deep breath before letting it all out. "Okay, so something caused almost four billion men to suddenly disappear, right?"

"Mm-hmm," he nodded.

"It obviously couldn't have been a disease because that wouldn't be instant," she went on. "We can rule out terrorism as well because that doesn't apply here. Now, don't just dismiss what I'm about to say. I want you to really think about it first."

"I'm open to anything. Let's hear it."

She braced herself for his reaction. She would undoubtedly sound ridiculous. "What if it was a government experiment gone wrong?"

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"Steve?" she asked, surprised by his silence.

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She looked back to observe her speechless boyfriend with a big smile on his face. "Hey, you said that you were open to anything!"

"A government experiment gone wrong?" he repeated, bursting into laughter. "You're kidding me, right?"

"No, I'm not," she huffed, turning back to the deserted road. "What else could possibly explain what happened then? Almost four billion people vanished--all men--so how can a government experiment seem outlandish? Actually, it's the only thing that makes sense."

He still couldn't believe how someone so cute, could be so crazy. "Let me get this straight. You think the government built what, a trans-dimensional window that can peer into other dimensions or something?"

"Well--"

"And somehow half the planet's population was sucked through it?" he interrupted. "You seriously think a Stephen King plot just happened?"

"A Stephen King plot?"

"Yeah, that sounds like the plot from *The Mist*," he chuckled. "The military builds this trans-dimensional portal that gets struck by lightning during a storm. It causes a mist which traps a group of people inside a grocery store, and these extraterrestrial creatures suddenly appear. The book was good, but the movie was great. Especially the ending. There's this twist--"

"Don't spoil it!" she cut in. "I want to watch it!"

"Not to bum you out, but I don't think we'll be renting movies online any time soon," he laughed, looking at his useless phone once again.

"And I never said anything about extraterrestrial creatures," she declared firmly, rolling her eyes in the process. "It just makes sense that the government has something to do with this. It can't be anything else."

"There are these spiders that shoot acid--"

"What the hell, Steve!" she shouted. "Stop spoiling the movie!"

He laughed loudly from his spot on the back seat. "The book is back at my apartment. I should've brought it. Shit, I should've brought all my books. Hopefully your uncle has some stuff to read."

"Well, what do you think caused this?" she asked.

"No idea."

"How about a guess?" she probed for his ideas. "Like, a hunch or something?"

"I honestly have no clue."

"So, I'm crazy for having an opinion, but you don't even have a hunch?" he said, shaking her head with disappointment.

He checked his phone for a signal or internet access. Just like the previous ten times, he was out of luck. "I don't know what caused this, but I can tell you what didn't. A government experiment."

She hadn't expected anything else. Her parents, friends, ex-boyfriend, and now her current boyfriend all labeled her as a conspiracy nut. So what if she didn't want to get the flu vaccination? Did anyone actually know what they were being injected with when they agreed to such a procedure?

She preferred to buy organic, did her best to avoid GMOs, and wasn't totally sure that we actually landed on the Moon. Okay, the latter probably happened, but that didn't stop her from being skeptical of everything the government said. And if the truth ever came out about what caused this event, then she most likely wouldn't accept it as truth right away either.

"I just--" Megan said before stopping herself.

He popped his head up at the sound of her growing either concerned or curious. He couldn't tell what her emotion was for sure, but it didn't take long for him to figure out what had caught her attention.

A small gas station sat on the right-hand side of the road.

It definitely wasn't a luxurious service station like the ones they had back in town for all the summer tourists. There wouldn't be a deli or some fancy mini-mart included either. It was a simple fill-up spot with four pumps, and a little building to pay inside and buy a few snacks and drinks.

It was a typical rural gas station stop. That didn't change one important fact, though. It may have been small, but it was still a gas station, and gas stations always had supplies inside.

She couldn't help but wonder how many people had yet to realize what happened? The clock on the dashboard showed eight in the morning, so what about all the people whose alarms had yet to go off? Some college girl who'd decided to sleep through her morning classes would be in for one hell of a surprise when she finally awoke from her hangover.

She could see that the glass door to the mini-mart had been shattered as she pulled into the vacant station and parked next to a pump. No cars, no people, and not even a bird in the sky: the world appeared still when she turned off the engine. It was as if everything around them had come to an abrupt stop.

Was she getting her hopes up for nothing? They still had half a tank of gas, but she would feel significantly better with a full tank. What were the chances that the pumps would be on? How about that anything useful would be left inside the building? They were clearly late to the party, but they were too desperate to not at least check it out.

"Stay here."

"Absolutely not," Steve rejected her order while opening the door to step out. He slung his least full backpack over his shoulder and led the way. "Let's make this quick, though."

She cracked a hint of a smile. That was exactly what she wanted to hear. This was her man, and a man shouldn't sit inside and let his woman wander off on her own. He made it extremely clear that he had her back.

The pumps weren't on, so they didn't bother to try using a credit card to activate them. Cautious, deliberate steps carried them closer to the broken door. The scene created an unsettling vibe.

There was something to fear, but neither of them knew what. Four billion people don't vanish without something being wrong. The tension increased as she watched one of the men who should've disappeared, instead step over pieces of splintered glass as he entered the small shop.

Four rows of shelves held a seemingly endless number of chips, pretzels, and all types of different goodies. The refrigerators that lined the wall were stocked with soda, energy drinks, protein shakes, and every kind of beer they could think of. Containers of delicious ice cream piled one on top of the other in the freezer, and boxes of doughnuts and cakes remained neatly organized on the counter next to the soda machine in back.

But the fun didn't start until they approached the cash register up front, because that was when the apocalypse suddenly didn't seem so bad.

Snickers, Twix Bars, Reese's Peanut Butter Cups, Hershey's Bars, Butterfingers, and on, and on, and on. They resembled little kids on Halloween night as they stuffed Steve's backpack full of chocolatey treats. A twenty-four pack of M&M's? They'll take those, thank you very much. Their

worries regarding their lack of food had gone out the window, and their new concern involved developing diabetes from all the candy they would be enjoying.

They would be drunk for the next month as well. There was enough beer here to keep them hammered for God knows how long. All the Clif Bars and Muscle Milk would provide an adequate amount of protein, and the rows upon rows of additional goodies acted as the icing on the cake.

Steve's childhood dream had come true. Every kid's biggest fantasy involved a candy store shopping spree, and while they certainly weren't kids in a candy store, this would be the closest either of them ever got to that youthful bliss. A doughnut couldn't compare to the big box of Fun Dip that he'd just snagged off the shelf! He didn't have to worry about getting abs any longer, did he? He could weigh five-hundred pounds and no one would care. He was the only man alive, after all! He could get as fat as he wanted!

Actually, he couldn't slip too far. He had a girlfriend to protect, a future to forge, and an endless number of potential problems which were bound to arise. He needed to be on top of his game. They had more important things to worry about anyway. Primarily, all the candy, chocolate, beer, and soda they were busy hauling out to the car.

In their dreams, of course.

The gas station was completely empty. The illusion of a never-ending supply of sweet treats had been just that: an illusion. It was a hopeful fantasy. Every piece of food, every bottled beverage, and every chocolate snack had been picked cleaned from the small mart.

The cash register had also been broken into and cleaned of money, and the touch screen used to operate the pumps had been ripped out of the counter and stolen. The useless building was simply four walls of disappointment.

"Crap..." Megan muttered under her breath. "There seriously isn't anything left? Not even a freakin' candy bar? It's only eight o'clock!"

"You saw what Walmart looked like," he reminded her.

"This isn't some giant shopping center though," she continued to voice her frustration. "I thought we would have better luck with a smaller place. That way we could avoid having to deal with anyone. No gas, no food, no nothing. Okay, let's get back on the road. We'll try the next store if there aren't any cars."

His eyes moved past her and to the corner of the building. The word "Office" was marked on a closed white door, with the unmistakable signs of tampering all over the wood. The black marks and shoe prints were hard to miss. It appeared that the back office door had put up one hell of a fight.

But it had yet to meet the sole of his sneaker.

He instinctively tried the handle before laughing at himself. Over two decades of opening doors by hand was a hard habit to break. He would get used to the way things worked from now on eventually.

It was time to be an action hero again. He was ready to do what all the women prior to him had failed at. He took a quick peek at Megan to be greeted by the most reassuring pair of sparkling blue eyes he'd ever seen. She silently told him that he could run through a brick wall if he wanted to. He was unstoppable with her at his side, and this door didn't stand a chance.

His leg propelled forward, and for the second time in the past hour, he kicked open a locked door.

He only made it one step before the electric touch of soft skin gripped his hand. Five fingers interlocked with his, causing his insides to tingle. A certain perfect blonde waited for him with a big smile when he turned to look at her.

"You're such a badass," she told him before giving him a kiss on the lips.

She swiftly moved into the back office, leaving him behind in a juvenile daze. How could a simple kiss take him back to his youth? How did she possess the ability to give him tingles?

The simplest compliment made him feel like a king. He needed to make it through whatever had happened not just for himself, but for her. He would uncover every single one of her hopes and dreams, and then work endlessly to give them all to her. It was the reason he existed now.

"Steve!!!"

He ran into the back room at the sound of her elevated vocal level. Why in the world had he allowed her to enter first? What if someone had locked themselves behind the door? It was his job to protect her, but he'd left her out to dry!

But all of his worries melted away. This wasn't an illusion or a dream. It was real. Very, very, very real.

Bag after bag of chips and pretzels filled a large cardboard box on the floor. Megan was busy using her car keys to slice into another box that contained chocolates and other sugary treats. She pushed it to the side with a big smile before tearing through the tape on box number three. Protein bars, peanuts, and sunflower seeds were stacked in neat rows.

It was the mother lode. It was what both of them had fantasized about mere moments ago. It was the answer to their prayers.

Angelic music played in his ears as his eyes found something even more beautiful than protein bars. It was gray, rather old-looking, and he couldn't possibly be more in love.

He looked straight-ahead at a breaker box.

Moments later, he had the previously dim store lit. They didn't have a register or computer screen to operate the pumps, but he prayed that they were still accessible. There was only one way to find out.

"Car keys," he requested with his hand out.

She tossed him the keys which he tucked into his pocket before picking up the most important box. Priority number one involved getting these vital protein bars and high caloric peanuts into the car. He would come back for the more tasty treats after.

He hustled out to the car and filled the floor of the passenger seat with the contents from the box. He tossed the now useless cardboard onto the ground and headed back inside. He didn't have to worry about recycling anymore, did he? The world's population had just been cut in half. Truth be told, now that he thought about it, a bald eagle sounded pretty good for dinner.

Something deterred him from collecting box number two after he returned, though. It was a rather pleasant surprise as well.

"Oh, hell yeah!"

Megan's smile reflected his jubilant reaction perfectly. "No kidding, right?"

A twenty-four pack of bottled water, a first aid kit, and a box of matches sat on top of their newly-acquired heavenly pile of supplies. How had they gotten so lucky?

"This was all in here?"

"Yep, tucked away in the back corner," she answered. "Good thing I'm dating a human door opener, huh?"

He laughed while picking up the most important pack of water and first aid supplies in his life. The sense of relief that these simple items provided was indescribable. This gas station had given them weeks of hope. Everything looked up as he made his way out of the office and to the door--where he stopped in his tracks.

"Fuck..." he groaned.

"Did you say something?" Megan asked from the backroom.

"No, just stay in there."

A black pickup truck pulled into the lot, and it wasted no time parking right next to their car. Not only was their vehicle unlocked, but the passenger door was wide open as well! And he'd left the keys right on the front seat!

He couldn't make mistakes like this! They weren't playing a game! He needed to be aware, and his latest fuck up was anything but on the ball!

"Why do you want me to stay back here?" she asked as she exited the office with a box of snacks in her hands. It only took a quick look out the window to cause her stomach to drop. "Oh, Steve..."

He refused to look at her. The disappointment in her voice was enough to break his heart already. He couldn't bear to see her gentle eyes after they'd been let down.

"How could you leave the door open?" she asked.

The three women--all of whom looked to be in their early to mid-thirties--jumped out of the truck and immediately began poking around inside their car. If Megan and Steve were under the impression that they'd hit the jackpot with this gas station, then these girls must've thought they'd died and gone to heaven with the well-supplied vehicle left open for them.

"Please don't tell me the keys are in there."

His silence answered her question.

She couldn't believe what had happened. "Jesus Christ, that's everything we have! Steve--"

"Stay here," he interjected.

One step toward the door was all it took for Megan to set her box on the floor and grab him. "No, you can't go out there! They'll see you!"

"That car is the only chance we have," he reminded her. "That's our food, our clothes, and our one way of getting to your uncle's house. We're fucked without it. Now, let go of me."

She stared at him defiantly.

"Let go of me!" he repeated, raising his voice at her like never before.

She relaxed her hold, allowing him to put himself in jeopardy. What other choice did she have? She couldn't physically prevent him from doing what he wanted.

"Stay here," he demanded again. "Lock yourself in the backroom if something happens."

"Please, don't do something stupid!" she begged.

He couldn't make that promise. The list of idiotic moments in his life was a lengthy one. The verbal spat he'd gotten into with Chad Erron back in the sixth grade served as his shining example. It wouldn't have been a big deal if Chad hadn't been in the eighth grade, six inches taller, and probably eighty pounds heavier than he was. Spending the summer with his arm in a sling wasn't his idea of fun, but he was rather hardheaded at times. He just hoped that he wouldn't be adding another tally to his record of screw-ups.

He trekked toward the action guardedly before peeking behind him to make sure that Megan stayed put. With his girlfriend following his orders, he turned his attention once again to the particularly large backside that was busy digging through the contents of their passenger seat.

"Hey, ladies," he greeted them.

Two brunettes emerged from behind the open trunk, and were joined by the heavyset redhead who no longer helped herself to the supplies in Megan's suitcase. The looks on their three faces were fairly familiar. In fact, it reminded him quite a bit of Megan's reaction to first seeing him in their apartment hallway earlier. This group didn't share the same relief that Megan had shown after discovering he wasn't a hallucination, however.

"Where's Rick?" one of the girls asked him.

His eyes moved to the petite brunette who took another step in his direction. The ten feet that separated them didn't leave much to the imagination. Ripped blue jeans, a black hoodie, and a rather cute face--this girl couldn't have been much more than five-feet-tall and one hundred pounds--but the shotgun in her right hand made her appear twice his size. Single shot, 12-gauge, and a whole lot of power packed into that vent-rib barrel. It was five pounds of pure trouble.

But at the same time, it was only a single barrel. What if he rushed her? What were the chances that she could actually hit him? Fairly low, to be honest. Shooting a moving target wasn't as easy as Hollywood portrayed.

He could easily overpower her, and not only would he disarm the threat, but he would have a weapon then too. It was exactly what they needed. But if he was wrong, and this girl was a good shot or even just lucky, then he would be a dead man. There was no coming back from a direct shotgun blast, let alone without the ability to call for help.

A piercing grind met his eardrums. The sound of metal dragging along the asphalt of the gas station parking lot caused him to locate the culprit of his discomfort. The husky redhead had joined her friend with a baseball bat in hand.

A shotgun and a bat waited less than four yards from him. The redhead had a body type that resembled the weaponless brunette, and she also shared her combative glare. And while she was a girl, he had little doubt that there would be a decent amount of power behind one of her swings.

He finally realized just how overmatched he was.

The little brunette pointed the shotgun at him, clearly running out of patience. "Where's Rick!?"

"Who's Rick?" he asked.

This time, it was the redhead who chimed in. "My brother."

"And my husband," the gun-wielding brunette added. "Where is he?"

"How would I know?" he asked.

The sound of the bat lightly thudding against her palm caused him to move his attention back to the heavyset redhead who had a question for him. "Why are you here?"

"You know, ladies, I often find myself wondering that exact thing," he said with a mischievous smirk. "Do any of you ever find yourselves pondering the meaning of life? Sure, some people think it has everything to do with God and religion, while others are under the impression that all of this is random. Or maybe our existence is a computer simulation that--"

"Is this a joke to you?" the little brunette snapped.

"A joke?" he asked, his smirk turning to more of a grin. "Of course not. My number one priority involves finding this Rick character."

"Easy, Sandy."

His ears perked up at the sound of the petite brunette being addressed by name, her shaky hands doing their best to hold her shotgun steady. He was ready to test her limit. "Now, Sandy, where was the last place you left him? I'm sure we can find him if you trace back your steps."

Crash!

The metal bat slammed into Megan's right tail light. His sarcastic act had obviously worn thin.

"Okay, I have an idea," he spoke up. "Sandy, how about we sit down and discuss what's going on like two adults? We'll let your friends here help themselves to some of the snacks that I have in my car. Judging by how moody they are, my guess is their blood sugar is dropping because they skipped breakfast, and something tells me that these two don't usually skip breakfast."

The bat hammered into the car door, leaving a distinct dent from the impact. The roomy redhead's powerful strike certainly wouldn't have felt good if it'd been aimed at his knee instead. He had to tread lightly.

There was a chance that everything would blow up in his face, but a divide and conquer strategy felt like the highest probability of things working in his favor. Three armed, unified, angry women wouldn't back down from him. Three divided or even distracted women? That was a different story.

The pudgy girl with the bat had some advice for her armed friend. "I take back what I said. Pull the trigger and put this asshole out of his misery."

"How will we ever find Rick then?" he asked. "If four billion guys disappeared, but I didn't, then I probably have a few answers, don't I?"

"Where's your friend?"

He looked at the redhead and asked, "Excuse me?"

"There's a woman around here somewhere," she clarified her question. "Unless that suitcase full of girly shit belongs to you."

"Oh, it belongs to me," he told her. He turned slightly to expose his backside to the group of girls. "You know, I've spent the past twenty years hearing about what a great ass I have. It would be a waste to not have a few thongs and cute pairs of panties to show it off."

The bat tapped on the ground now, showing just how fed up they'd become with him. "You don't seem to be in any kind of position to act like a wiseass."

"I can't help it," he told them. "It's in my nature."

"Here's how I see things," the redhead announced. "There's three of us, and one of you. We have a gun, a bat, and the keys to your car. Everything you and this mystery girl own is in our possession, yet here you are, running your fuckin' mouth."

"Most women find it cute. I'm often called adorable."

She'd reached her limit. "Sandy, put one right in this asshole's stomach. I'm going to sit back and enjoy watching him bleed out."

"We'll never find Rick then," he reminded her. "I've seen a few other guys this morning, you know?"

Sandy's eyes lit up as she lowered the shotgun. "You have!?"

He nodded.

"He's lying," the redhead said.

"I actually talked to one as well," he continued. "Before I left for work earlier. That's how I found out what was going on."

"Who!?" Sandy asked, her voice full of hope. "Who did you talk to!?"

"My buddy who lives down in Florida called me. We were talking on the phone when the line cut out."

"You don't have reception either?" Sandy questioned.

"No reception or internet," he said.

Her two friends clearly didn't buy his story--the redhead in particular--and she decided to make her thoughts very clear. "You're full of shit."

"Why would I lie?" he inquired as he turned back to Sandy. "Where do you think your husband is?"

"I don't know," Sandy confessed. "He works overnights. We have a five-month-old baby girl and he hasn't been getting much sleep lately, but he never came home. That's not like him at all. He always fills his car up at this station. We saw a car here, and then you, and--"

"He doesn't need to know any of this," the girl with the bat interrupted. "It's none of his business."

Sandy couldn't hear anything other than Steve's voice. His glimmer of hope was more than enough to completely captivate her. "And you've seen other men? Where?"

"One of my neighbors," he said, taking a small step closer to them after ending his sentence. He was promptly greeted by a raised metal bat.

"Stay there!" the redhead ordered.

Gun or not, Sandy no longer concerned him. The clear leader of this group was the girl who currently sized him up like a baseball. She was the most aggressive and undoubtedly the most likely to take action. He was just relieved that she had a bat instead of a gun.

He locked in on the combative redhead. "Sweetheart--"

"I'll cut your fuckin' dick off if you call me sweetheart again," she hissed at him.

"What's your name, baby?" he teased, inching closer with each passing second.

She glared at him, her grip tightening around the bat.

"Come on, princess, don't do me like that," he said, smiling.

"This fuckin' guy..." the redhead chuckled. "You don't have any idea what you're getting into, you know that?"

He absolutely had an idea about what he'd gotten himself into, but he didn't plan to mention it. It was fairly obvious that the two heavysset women were lesbians. Actually, today may have been a lifelong dream come true for these girls. There weren't any more yucky men to deal with.

He moved several steps closer to the hostile girl, resulting in her to cock her bat back even further. "Let's talk this out, honeybunny."

"I'm gonna bust your head open," she warned him boldly.

They were divided by only four feet. A quick peek to his left revealed Sandy with her gun pointed down at the ground. She was off in her own world, lost in the idea of her husband still being alive. His focus shot to the right to find the unarmed--and yet to speak--brunette who was apprehensive of his presence, but limited in what she could actually do about it.

The probability of Sandy snapping out of her haze increased by the moment. It was now or never. He had to make a move.

"What kind of car does your husband drive, Sandy?" he asked.

"A black Ford Focus," she answered, her voice meek and distant.

He looked past the group, gazing out at the road. "You're not going to believe this..."

Sandy spun to the road after hearing his comment, but the other girls didn't follow suit. The loudmouth redhead next to Sandy only lowered her guard for a split second. He couldn't necessarily blame her. It would be impossible to not glance at Sandy's excitement.

Sandy had turned with the expectation of observing her husband's car drive by, but was instead greeted by the sight of her redheaded friend being driven into the pavement.

Eight years of football had left him with plenty of nagging aches and pains that he still felt to this day, but God bless those coaches who'd made him participate in endless hours of tackling drills. He exploded out of his relaxed stance, lowering his hips as he approached his target. His form had never been better.

The plump redhead in his sights would feel each and every hour of work he'd put in at the gym. All the squats and deadlifts that he dreaded so much? They certainly paid off at this very second. They may have saved his life.

She instinctively raised the bat in an unsuccessful attempt to protect herself, but his shoulder dropped and drove into her exposed midsection before she could fight him off. Every pound of his solid frame crashed down on her helpless body. Her back absorbed the majority of the impact, but the rear of her head wasn't exempt from bouncing off the unforgiving pavement.

She lost her hold on the bat the moment her head thudded off the parking lot, sending it sliding just out of her reach. The distance that her weapon traveled was low on the list of concerns for the concussed redhead, though. She couldn't even recall her name at the moment.

He scrambled for the bat, retrieving it before raising his new weapon to scare off the previously quiet brunette who now appeared emotional and panicked. She immediately backed down as he hurried to pull the redhead up off the pavement. Desperate times called for desperate measures, and his following decision showed just how daring he'd become.

He held the bat across the front of her neck as he positioned himself behind her. He now had both a shield and a hostage, and Sandy had just gotten around to pointing her shotgun at him. Finally, he was no longer exposed.

"Drop the gun!" he demanded.

The shotgun shook in Sandy's terrified hands.

"Let her go!" the heavy brunette screamed, speaking up for the first time in his presence. Tears poured from her eyes as she attempted to carry herself with authority. "Now!"

"Drop it, Sandy!" he shouted once more. "Your friend needs help. You saw how hard her head slammed against the pavement. She needs to lie down."

"You-you-you--"

"I swear to God I'll choke her out!" he cut off a sputtering Sandy. "Drop the fuckin' gun!"

"Oh my God, let her go! Please!" the unnamed brunette continued to plead.

Sandy didn't react. Her eyes turned red and puffy as her emotions got the best of her. The task of simply keeping him in her sights had become impossible from the tears running down her face. Her trembling body prevented her from completing even simple chores.

He tightened his lock on her neck, causing his hostage to squirm in his hold. The manner in which her petite hands tugged and slapped at the bat were useless. He was far too strong for her to break free.

He looked at the brunette in front of him and asked, "What's your name?"

"Tanya," she answered, still hysterical.

He didn't have to be a detective to solve this riddle. Tanya's first hint at any real emotion had come after he'd bulldozed her friend and taken her hostage. If he was a betting man, then he'd wager that he currently held Tanya's girlfriend in his grasp with a bat to her neck. It was the only thing that made sense.

And if he couldn't get through to Sandy, then he would play off of Tanya's despair.

He pulled the bat tighter into his body, applying even more pressure on the redhead's throat. Her bulging eyes and twitching legs showed how serious the situation had become. He wasn't messing around.

"Please, let her go!" Tanya begged.

"Tanya, I need you to talk to Sandy," he said, addressing his hostage's distraught girlfriend. "Tell her to put the gun down."

"You're going to kill her!" Tanya cried. "Let her go!"

"I don't want to kill anyone," he assured her. "I mean that too. Just like all of you, I want to leave here without any more problems. Now, tell your friend to put her gun down, and I'll be on my way before you know it."

"What if you're lying?" Tanya asked through her tears and sniffles. "How do I know you'll let her go?"

His confidence wasn't exactly boasted after taking a quick peek in Sandy's direction. Her previous bout of delirium had been swapped for anger. Who else did she have to blame for losing her husband? In her world, he was responsible for her partner's disappearance.

Sandy seethed at the idea of him having gained the upper hand from lying about seeing her spouse. Her flowing tears stopped, and rage soon took their place. She'd all but composed herself as she pointed the barrel of her shotgun at him.

"Tell her to put the gun down, Tanya," he ordered yet again.

"Sandy, put the--"

"Where's my husband!?" Sandy roared, paying no attention to the fact that she'd interrupted Tanya's attempt to calm her. She operated solely on her emotions. "Where is he!?"

Her increased intensity caused him to pull tighter on the bat. What would happen if his hostage broke loose? He would be a dead man in a matter of seconds then.

"I don't know where your husband is," he told her. "We're never going to find him if you pull the trigger, though. Now, what's your friend's name?"

"Samantha!" Tanya answered immediately. "Her name is Samantha!"

At least he now had a name to go with the girl in his hold. Digging deeper into Tanya's emotional state may have been his only chance to escape. Had these girls finally realized that he didn't have any leverage? Because it started to feel that way.

What would happen if he actually choked-out Samantha? He would be standing in the middle of a parking lot, looking eye-to-eye with a shotgun while armed with only a metal bat. The odds absolutely wouldn't be in his favor then.

But what if he didn't choke-out Samantha? Their standoff could go on for hours, and another car would eventually pull up to add to the drama. He needed to make a move now.

He was ready to take a chance to capitalize on Tanya's emotions. Yes, his decision could backfire monumentally, but he'd come to accept the consequences for his actions. Either he would make his escape with Megan, or his girlfriend would have to retrieve his dead body from the parking lot of a dinky gas station.

He suffocated Tanya as he pulled back on the bat harder than ever before. He lifted her feet off the ground as his arms flexed, cutting off her remaining breaths. The time had come for these girls to call his bluff.

"Drop the fuckin' gun or I'll kill her!" he announced forcefully, his voice lacking any hint of weakness.

"Drop it, Sandy!" Tanya pleaded with her friend. "Oh my God, please drop it!"

He watched the intensity in Sandy's eyes diminish. His authoritative voice broke down the last of her resistance. She finally understood the ramifications that would come along from refusing to follow his orders. The gun wobbled in her jittery hands, her anger of yesteryear having been replaced by worry.

"Please, drop it!" Tanya continued to beg through a stream of flowing tears. "He's going to kill her, Sandy!"

Samantha's weight felt heavier in his hold as her body turned limp. Her concussed brain deteriorated at a fleeting pace in front of her friends, and Sandy finally decided to end the horror. She couldn't watch her long-time friend die.

Sandy placed her shotgun down on the pavement, resulting in Samantha to immediately wheeze desperately for breath as he allowed her feet to touch the ground. The sounds of panicked gasps filled the quiet spring air. He still had her in his hold, but the tension that surrounded the four of them had been greatly reduced.

"Sit on your hands," he instructed. "Both of you."

Sandy and Tanya followed his demand.

He pushed Samantha over to them, Tanya quick to comfort her girlfriend as she collapsed into her hold. He swapped out his bat for the unclaimed shotgun, tossed his former weapon of choice behind him, and called out to address his biggest priority. It'd been an awfully long time since he last heard from Megan.

"Megan!" he hollered.

"Yeah?" Megan responded, heard but not seen.

"Put the rest of our stuff in the car!" he shouted with the shotgun pointed at the three girls on the ground.

Megan slipped out the door with the case of water and a first aid kit as she headed for the car. She heard every word while she'd been hunkered down inside the mini-mart. Her fearful eyes had peeked over the counter several times over the past five minutes, barely managing to resist the temptation to interject herself in her boyfriend's confrontation.

How proud was she of Steve? He'd stood toe-to-toe with three girls--two of whom were armed--only to somehow wiggle his way out of trouble. Look at how the situation had turned out, for God's sake! Three devastated-looking women huddled together on the pavement, a metal bat laid on the ground behind him, and he held a shotgun in his possession. The past five minutes caused her to experience a cavalcade of emotions, but she couldn't deny her smitten attitude as she moved past her man. She was turned on.

She placed the important supplies on the floor in the back of her car, and returned to the station to retrieve the rest.

"Keys," he demanded with his hand out. Sandy reached into her pocket and handed him Megan's set, but those weren't the only car keys on his mind. "Yours too."

Her look of disagreement said it all.

"Give me your keys," he repeated. "Now."

"We don't have any other way--"

"Give me your keys now," he interrupted, his voice strong and demanding. "Don't make me ask you again."

She reluctantly fetched her truck keys from her pocket and dropped them into his outreached hand.

Megan hurried toward their car with the last two boxes of food from in the backroom. She piled them in the front seat as she let out a deep sigh of relief. Somehow, everything had turned out fine.

A sharp whistle caused Megan to snap her head around.

"Come over here," Steve said.

She shut the passenger door and approached him. Moments later, she held a gun in her hands for the first time in her life.

"Pull the trigger if any of them make an aggressive move toward you," he told her. "Understood? Don't think twice about it either. It's them or us."

Megan nodded, her intense blue eyes focused on Sandy, who didn't shy away from returning a glare of her own. The other two girls weren't a concern. Samantha had her head in the lap of a clearly jolted Tanya as they focused on comforting each other. Steve had obviously already dealt with them.

He retrieved the metal bat on his way to the black pickup truck. A key wasn't necessary as he opened the unlocked driver side door and peeked inside, curious to see what they had in their possession.

Could it have been more obvious that these girls didn't plan to escape to a more reclusive part of the state? They certainly weren't on their way to one of the designated safe zones either. There was nothing of use here. In fact, a pack of Marlboro Lights may have been the most valuable item in the entire vehicle.

His excitement piqued after he checked the glovebox. A manual for the truck sat on the bottom, an insurance card and proof of registration were positioned on top, and a black flashlight that he'd already slipped into his pocket was snuggled into the corner. Oh yeah, there was also a plastic bag that justified their entire fiasco. Suddenly, it felt well worth it to have had a gun pointed at him.

Ten beautiful, crisp, red and gold shotgun shells filled the clear plastic. The bag in his grasp may as well have been ten winning lottery tickets. What could better address his biggest concern of protection than ammo?

The ten shells in his hand--combined with the one in the shotgun that Megan currently held--gave them eleven chances to defend what was rightfully theirs. The world had changed over the past ten hours. They would need to be ruthless in order to survive, and he definitely wasn't above taking from these three girls. It would benefit them in the long run.

"What's in the bag?" Megan asked as he approached her.

"Gold bars," he answered, grinning. "I'm going to see if I can fill up our car."

He pulled a credit card out of his wallet and activated the pump that had been powered on by the breaker box inside. It felt ridiculous to verify his zip code right after having a gun pointed at him, but that's exactly what the screen required of him. Maybe he wasn't a bad guy, after all? He was still paying for gas!

Watching the gallons add up on the display screen after he squeezed the pump made his near-death experience worth it. How many more miles could they travel now? Hell, what could they barter a gallon of gasoline for? This very fuel could end up saving their lives.

He topped off Megan's tank before poking around in the trunk for Mr. Hicksaw's two-liter soda bottles that they'd filled with water. Gas or water? What was more important?

If only they had a few gas cans in their possession! There couldn't have been one left inside the station? Really?

Not only did they already own numerous smaller water bottles, but a potentially drinkable creek ran through Megan's uncle's property. The opportunity to collect additional gas was something they couldn't pass up. Perhaps he would regret his decision days or even weeks from now, but it felt like the right choice at the moment.

He dumped half of the ten two-liter bottles that were full of water, and instead filled them with gasoline.

"Okay, let's get going," he said after completing his mission.

Megan nodded at the group of girls. While Tanya remained busy nursing her girlfriend, Sandy gazed off into the distance blankly. She almost appeared shell-shocked by the turn of events. Her husband had disappeared while her friends comforted one another as they continued to cry, and their weapons had been forcibly taken from them. It was a level of helplessness out of place in this day and age.

"You need to tell her the truth," Megan whispered into his ear.

His girlfriend was right. He couldn't leave this woman with the idea that her husband was out there. Unintentionally, this trio had provided them with an amount of protection that they wouldn't have otherwise acquired, so it only seemed fair to return the favor.

"I lied."

Sandy snapped out of her fog at the sound of Steve's admission. "What?"

"I haven't seen any other men," he told her. "I don't have a friend in Florida either."

"You...lied?" she asked with a whimper. She couldn't handle much more devastating news.

He nodded, looking away to avoid her disappointed expression. He knew they would encounter challenges along the way, but the burden of explaining the loss of a stranger's husband rattled him. He stood in front of her in a pair of blue jeans and a white t-shirt, but he may as well have been dressed in a black cloak. He felt like the Grim Reaper.

"What happened then?" Sandy asked, still searching for answers.

He still couldn't will himself to look at her. "I honestly don't know. I don't have the answers, and I can't explain why I'm here either. I'm sorry and I hope you find your husband. Make sure she gets some sleep too," he said, pointing at Samantha. "Don't give her any painkillers either. They increase the risk of bleeding."

He tossed Sandy her truck keys and walked over to their running car--bat in hand--where Megan waited for him. The two finally managed to leave fifteen minutes later than expected, but with more than a few essential supplies to join them on the rest of their trip north.

Chapter 5 -- Young Love

"I feel bad for leaving them like that," Steve said.

Megan glanced behind her to find Steve in his original position, lying along the back seat. Her eyes peered further to observe the faint outline of three girls still seated on the pavement in the gas station parking lot. It was a dog-eat-dog world, and they'd just passed their first test. Somebody had to lose at the end of the day.

The absence of sound consumed the car for the following five minutes as they reflected on their encounter. It wasn't until they turned unexpectedly onto a side street when Steve snapped back to reality. Megan's decision to turn off the engine added to his confusion.

"We're here already?" he asked, looking out the window. "Wait, this isn't farm country."

A familiar smirk awaited him after he moved his attention to Megan.

Megan jumped into the back seat, pinning him against the polyester lining that he lied flat along. She rushed to remove her purple v-neck as her lustful ways swiftly got the better of her. She didn't care where they were parked. She was too turned on to fight herself any longer.

"Listen, Megan, we can't do this now," he said, flabbergasted that he actually attempted to reject her advances. "What if someone comes out from one of these houses? What if they have a gun or something?"

"Fortunately for me, I have a guy who can handle those kinds of problems," she giggled.

"No, Megan--"

"You have no idea what you did to me earlier," she interrupted, gripping his forearms and moving his hands to her exposed midsection. "And when I poked my head up to see the situation for myself? Oh my God, Steve."

"What I did to you earlier?" he asked, not following.

She grinded deeper into his lap, driven by the feel of his hardening cock beneath her. "You got me so fuckin' wet."

His eyebrows shot up. He hadn't expected to hear that. "I got you...wet?"

"So wet," she nodded. "You didn't hesitate, back down, or show any hint of fear. I mean, you were still teasing those girls while they had a shotgun pointed at you. A freakin' shotgun! You do have a great ass, by the way."

"I--"

"I watched my man take on three aggressive women--two of whom were armed--and walk away with a shotgun and a bat," she cut him off again. "I watched my man act like a man, and now it's time to reward him like a man."

She slid back to give herself room to unbutton his jeans. Was this the time or the place to mess around in the back seat of their car? Absolutely not, but she was too horny to care.

"We have to make this quick."

"Oh, it'll be quick for me," she laughed, trying her best to wiggle out of her yoga pants and panties without falling over. "And I can make it as fast as I want for you too."

"Excuse me?"

An unmistakable confidence radiated from her. She couldn't recall the last time she'd felt so good about herself. "You wouldn't last thirty seconds if I didn't want you to."

"Is that right?" he questioned, amused.

"Yeah, that's right," she confirmed with a nod.

"How about you put your money where your mouth is? I say we make things a little more interesting."

She was up for that. Honestly, at this very moment, she was up for anything. "What do you have in mind, big boy?"

"If I cum first, then you can kick back and watch me unload the car once we get to your uncle's place. Now, if you cum first, then I'm going to pull up a chair, grab a drink, and enjoy watching your little arms haul every single thing inside by yourself."

"You honestly think that you can hold out longer than me?" she asked, genuinely perplexed. "Are you serious?"

"I'm not fifteen years old, Mulder," he chuckled.

She reached back and unhooked her bra, allowing the white lace nylon to fall into his lap. The audible gulp she heard from below put a smile on her face, and the pair of strong hands that she felt slide along her toned body and cup her supple breasts may as well have acted as a silent concession speech. He didn't stand a chance.

Steve was everything she wanted in a man. He was strong, loyal, handsome, aggressive, and loving, but they weren't the stars of some Hollywood romance. The guy pinned beneath her wasn't a superhuman porn star either. He was a history teacher, and it was comical to expect him to outlast her in bed.

"Did someone forget about the two rather quick times he came earlier?" she teased.

Uh-oh. Maybe he'd bitten off more than he could chew? Had he forgotten about how ridiculously sexy she was? Her perfect set of perky breasts; her smooth, flat stomach: and her knee-weakening blue eyes: she looked more and more like a model every time he glanced in her direction. Today was his first time with a woman in almost eight months, yet here he was, talking a big game like a seasoned professional.

He would at least give it a shot. What did he really have to lose?

Reluctantly, he dropped her breasts from his hands and reached out to put the final touches on their agreement. She met his hand with her own, and they agreed on a deal that neither would've deemed fathomable only days ago. They'd officially bet over who could hold out the longest.

She hastily familiarized herself with her favorite new toy once again after tugging off his boxers. As wet as she was, his thick girth still provided ample resistance to her tight pussy as she sank down onto him. They were two puzzle pieces that didn't quite fit just yet. They would be a perfect match a few weeks from now, but things were still rather snug at the moment. That was far more concerning for the guy who already had his eyes closed, however.

"Already?" she giggled as a result of his panicked look.

Her deep grinds resulted in him letting out a masculine moan. She fully intended to make him squirm like a teenager, and her first step involved smothering his fat cock like no other girl could. His dick belonged to her, and she was more than ready to claim it.

"This is gonna be even easier than I thought," she remarked.

The suffocating warmth from earlier in his apartment returned. How could he already be on edge after being less than two hours removed from multiple euphoric orgasmic explosions? How could she feel so spectacular?

He fought to keep his hands off her body. The little scar he observed on her shoulder was something he wanted to explore further. Her high-pitched squeals provided the perfect soundtrack to his life. Every inch of her was equally exquisite, but he had to block it all out.

She lowered her mouth mere inches from him and purred, "Daddy's getting close, isn't he?"

Relax. Think of something else--anything else. Baseball, dogs, apple pie...warm apple pie. Apple pie that envelops your soul. Apple pie that makes you twitch and squirm. Apple pie that--

Shit! Focus!

He relaxed himself. Every part of him went limp other than his cock. He could do this. He could outlast this perfect ten. It was time to step up and be the man his girlfriend needed.

"Daaaaaaaady," Megan teased, rolling her hips as she sank deeper into him. She tugged off his shirt, allowing her hands to travel along his fit body. "Gimme that cum!"

His hands found her waist in an effort to calm her moving hips, but she wasn't having it. She pinned his arms against the seat and went about her riding. She was determined to get her way.

He still had one last card to play as his body began to tense up again. It would be an act of desperation, but he needed to pull out the big guns. What other choice did he have?

He opened his eyes to make his move.

His fingers moved south along her smooth skin until he arrived at his intended target. Was it fair? Not exactly, but he didn't necessarily care either.

"Hey!" Megan protested.

He didn't stop.

"That's not fair!" she shouted while swatting at his hand. "Cut it out, Steve!"

"Are you talking back to Daddy?"

The twenty-five-year-old blonde didn't resemble a responsible adult. Instead, Megan's cadence reflected that of a middle-school-aged girl. "It's not faaaaaair though!"

Her eyes rolled back in her head as he continued to rub her clit, sending a constant wave of pleasure to wash over her body. His size filled her unlike any of her previous boyfriends. He created a sense of completeness that she steadily craved.

His electric touch simultaneously stimulated the eight-thousand nerve endings in her clit while his thick cock filled her pussy. He had her so close to erupting, and she would be a goner if she didn't match his perversion. It was time to turn up the filthiness.

She reached behind her and found his two big balls which rested on the seat. Moments later, her delicate fingertips massaged his heavy sack. His immediate panicked expression was her exact intention.

"Stop!" he demanded.

Her wandering middle finger slithered toward his ass.

"Stop!" he opposed urgently. "Megan!"

Her smirk would be adorable if it didn't have him on the verge of cumming. Their hands turned motionless as they came to a silent agreement of no more cheating, but an unexpected grin soon covered Steve's formerly flustered face. The perfect idea came to him.

He'd trekked up the mountain of bliss, looked over the edge, and held his ground. The growing urge to explode had come and gone. He'd leapt over that seemingly sky-high mental hurdle, proving to himself that he could outlast his dream girl.

He rested his hands behind his head nonchalantly as he stared up at his girlfriend with a big smile. His casual expression mirrored his confidence. Her tight pussy felt just as astonishing as it always did, but now he could sit back and enjoy the experience of being ridden by a perfect ten.

"What's that look for?" she asked.

"I'm just thinking about how happy I'll be while watching you unload all of our stuff."

She was about to show him how competitive she was. He also didn't have a clue about her history of excelling in athletics throughout high school. Sure, she was submissive in bed, but she wasn't a damsel in distress who couldn't fend for herself. She fully planned to watch Steve haul all of their supplies into Uncle Dave's house.

She ran her hands through her blonde hair as she puckered her lips seductively. Her hips rolled once again as she devoured every inch of his manhood inside her warm pussy. She had a thirty-second

timer in her head, but she didn't intend to hear it buzz. No, she would be finished well before her half-minute was up.

"Is that all you got?" he asked with a snicker.

She moved her hands down to her breasts to push them together. What happened to her boyfriend? It didn't feel like she was looking at the same guy from this morning. It was like her body didn't overwhelm him anymore, and her blue eyes didn't cast him under a spell. His realization of her mortality caused her to increase her effort.

She placed her palms flat on his chest, allowing her to rotate her hips. "I'm Daddy's little girl."

He laughed at her.

"I'm your little cumslut," she said, biting her lower lip. "I want your big load."

His guffaw grew with each passing second.

Megan had never been more determined in her life. He seriously laughed at her? His arrogant smirk would soon be replaced by a mind-boggling expression of satisfaction, and he wouldn't know what hit him after she got done.

She squeezed her pelvic floor muscles in an attempt to take him to cloud nine. Instead, she was greeted by a cocky simper. He couldn't possibly appear more pleased with himself.

"You have thirty seconds, Mulder."

Her moving hips came to an abrupt stop. "What?"

"You have thirty seconds," he repeated.

"What happens after thirty seconds?"

"You're going to cum all over my cock," he said as he gazed up into her sparkling blue eyes. "One, two, three..."

His confidence did all kinds of things to her, but perhaps confidence wasn't the right word to properly describe his swagger. Arrogance would most likely fit the bill. A few of her ex-boyfriends had carried themselves in a similar manner, but they couldn't actually back up their talk. Stepping up to the plate didn't seem to be a problem for Steve, however.

What would happen after his countdown? He would make her cum? How? By snapping his fingers or something? She wasn't the easiest girl in the world to get off, and her first-ever orgasm during sex earlier in the morning proved that. Oral sex had been a necessary requirement throughout her life, but his guarantee of a climax had piqued her curiosity.

"Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three..." he continued to count.

She'd zoned out for eighteen seconds without moving? Really? What happened to their game? Did her subconscious yearn to see what would happen after he reached thirty? Perhaps she'd conceded without even realizing it?

"Twenty-seven...twenty-eight...twenty-nine..." he went on.

She waited nervously. Suddenly, Steve lunged at her, wrapping his powerful arms around her petite body. She was roughly pulled down to the back seat of her car with him. He had her in a bear hug,

and the intensity of the moment amplified tenfold when his warm breath tickled the inside of her ear.

"Thirty," he whispered. "Time's up."

She'd never experienced anything like what followed. She almost couldn't believe that she used to think she enjoyed rough sex with her ex-boyfriend. Now, this was rough.

His powerful groin drove into her with unprecedented force. Parts of her were touched for the first time as he fucked her like a rag doll. His lock around her body turned tighter as he somehow increased his ferocity, causing her to question if he would break her in half.

"Who do you belong to?" he grunted into her ear.

A chill shot down her spine. She could only respond with cries of pleasure as her regrets flooded to the forefront. Why hadn't she made a move on him earlier? This could've been her sex life for the past two years!

"I asked you a question," he said, hammering into her.

She didn't like her chances to form a coherent sentence, but a one word response would be manageable if she gathered every last remaining ounce of energy. She started to question if she would be able to walk in the morning if he didn't let up.

"You..." she whimpered.

"I what?" he asked, his clutch around her body turning to a suffocating lock.

"I-I-I be-be-belong to you!" she barely managed to spit out. "Oh my God!"

The apocalypse was worth it. The end of the world couldn't have come at a better time as far as she was concerned. Her rather mundane life would've chugged along per usual if not for the incomprehensible event that had reduced the population in half, and she couldn't possibly be happier.

She belonged to a man who could roughly fuck her to an orgasm. She was the proud girlfriend of the last remaining stud on the planet. Selfishly, four billion missing men were well worth her current reality.

She frantically cried, "Ahhhh!" as a powerful warmth burst throughout her body.

Her skin turned to fire. Her blood piped hot. The orgasms she experienced from oral sex couldn't compare to this. Even her eruption from this morning couldn't hold a candle to her current state of ecstasy.

She'd discovered a sense of belonging. She'd uncovered a purpose greater than herself. Her sole mission in life had been made clear. Her job involved protecting her amazing boyfriend whom she couldn't imagine going on without having at her side.

Megan erupted and everything instantly made sense.

His relentless pounding temporarily calmed as she began to descend from her high. All of her worries and tension left her body with that one simple moment of euphoria. Her anxiety had been reduced to nothing. Her mind had never operated so efficiently, and she was ready to confess the unimaginable. They'd only been together for less than a day!

"I love you."

The warm, strong, tight hold around her body disappeared. She pulled back to gaze down into Steve's blue eyes. She'd seriously just admitted that she loved him? Was she out of her mind? Most men weren't interested in hearing that after two months, let alone two hours!

His surprised expression derailed her train of thought. He didn't appear embarrassed for her or turned off from what she'd said. He didn't even seem regretful of his decision to run upstate with her. Rather, a sly smirk formed on the very mouth that she cherished so much.

Steve had kept something from her. Underneath his handsome features and muscular frame, there was a kid who still loved comic books and science-fiction movies. He also fancied himself as a bit of a dork who'd never been privy to such an opportunity. Megan had just confessed that she loved him significantly sooner than she should have, and he refused to allow his chance to slip away.

"I know."

Her eyebrows immediately perked up. "Excuse me?"

"I know that you love me," he repeated, his grin growing wider. "I guess you're alright too."

His sarcastic comment caused her jaw to drop. "I'm just alright?"

He locked his arms around her naked body and pulled her into him again, soaking in the feel of her large bust pressed against his bare chest. Had he ever felt like a bigger jerk than after he recited a line right out of *Star Wars*? No, but he didn't regret it either.

"You're going to be a good girl and answer my question, aren't you? Who's Daddy's little girl?"

"I don't belong to anyone," she responded. "I don't have a daddy."

The pummeling returned, causing her to drop her playful act in a hurry. She was putty in his hands. His size, the way his warm breath tickled her inner ear, and the confident demeanor in which he carried himself with were all equally enchanting. His wiseass personality wasn't exactly a negative either. Any guy who could quote *Star Wars* was okay in her book.

"I be-be-belong to-to you!" she struggled to get out. "Oh my-my-my God, Daddy! I-I-I belong to you!"

He slammed into her perfect pussy, finally breaking the dam that held back his bubbling orgasm. For the second time this morning, he marked what was rightfully his.

The grunts in her ear caused the hairs on the back of her neck to stand up straight. She couldn't describe what bringing him joy did for her. She could live in his hold, and the fervor of being filled with his seed sustained her. She would never leave him.

His loud grunts dwindled to faint gasps as the last of his orgasm ejected deep inside her warm hole. He eased his tight hold around her flawless body as he slowly descended from his high. He'd already grown to hate this moment. At any second, she would slide off of him, and he would be cold and lonely once more. It was a misery he wanted no part of.

Her gripping pussy refused to give up its hold on what she claimed as her own. If she belonged to Steve, then Steve absolutely belonged to her. This was her dick.

And then it returned. Icy agony overtook his soul as she left him. His hard cock desperately craved to return to the one girl who drove him crazy, but a particular set of dazzling blue eyes caused his depression to fade before he could further ponder his sadness.

"You know that I love you?" she asked. "Really?"

"What? I always wanted to say that," he laughed.

She rolled her eyes while using the blanket to clean the mess of cum and juices that had collected his thighs. She did her best to clean herself as well. While he wouldn't have a blanket to cover himself with anymore, the past five minutes were well worth the risk. Her still shaking legs certainly thought so.

"Hey," he spoke up.

She looked at him while she slipped back into her panties. "Yeah?"

"We have to get moving," he reminded her. "We really shouldn't be on the road unless we have to be. The sooner we get somewhere safe, the better. Okay?"

She nodded before getting dressed and climbing up into the front seat. Something caused her to turn her head after she started the ignition. She recognized the hand that had just tapped her on the shoulder, and a sly smile awaited her when she looked to her rear.

"I love you too," he said, stunned that he'd just confessed his true feelings so soon.

Megan turned back to the road with the biggest smile of her life. "Oh, I know."

Chapter 6 -- It Runs in the Family

"We're here," Megan announced.

Steve couldn't believe his eyes after he sat up in the back seat. He also couldn't comprehend how his girlfriend had failed to mention a particular detail that he still struggled to grasp. How in the world had she forgotten to tell him about this?

It took thirty minutes to arrive at Uncle Dave's place after their latest lust-filled romp. The two-storied farmhouse sat relatively close to the road, and two driveway entrances--one on each side of the home--completed the ideal rural look. It was in dire need of a fresh coat of white paint, however.

The stone driveway looped around the dwelling, creating a half-circle with the country road. A red barn sat just behind the residence, but his eyes remained transfixed on something he'd yet to fully process. How could they take advantage of their unbelievable surroundings?

Megan had noted a few specifics after their first time in bed together back in his apartment. He recalled that her uncle lived out in the country, he didn't have a farm but his neighbors were farmers, and that every house in his area owned acres of land. She'd left out a few important pieces of information, though.

He'd envisioned rolling hills and miles of empty space. The mountains off in the distance created quite the picturesque backdrop, but her uncle's house wasn't anywhere near as close to the peaks as he'd expected. In fact, their current landscape was much different.

"I can't believe you didn't tell me about this," he said as their tires hit the stones of the driveway.

"Megan, this is huge."

She parked in the middle of the half-circle--in front of the barn--so that the home would block their vehicle from being seen by passing travelers. She glanced behind her curiously and asked, "What's huge?"

While he had never lived out in farm country, he'd passed through it enough times to know what he saw. They weren't surrounded by wheat or pastures used for grazing. No, what he looked at was his favorite type of landscape. Few things relaxed him like driving through this kind of scenery on his way to a weekend backpacking trip.

The past five months had put his town in an incomprehensibly cheery mood. His only memory that he could relate to the past one hundred and fifty days was when their professional hockey team made it to the conference finals almost a decade ago. Of course, injuries devastated them and derailed their season of destiny--sending everyone reeling into a fit of depression--but doom and gloom had been exempt from their town this year.

The warmest winter in Upstate New York history came to an end six weeks ago. There wasn't a single storm or any real snow for that matter, and the temperatures consistently hovered on the right side of forty degrees. It was paradise for everyone except the skiers and snowboarders.

The amazing weather rolled right into spring. April had been heaven for him. Had the thermometer dipped below seventy degrees a single time during the day? Maybe once, but only for a brief moment.

They may as well have lived in Florida. Everyone knew that the following winter would most likely be brutal. Mother Nature had a tendency to even things out. No one was in a hurry to complain about walking around in shorts and tank tops during the months that they were usually bundled up, though. And little did he know, while he was busy creating outlines for his history class outside on his laptop, the farmers just an hour north were excited about the temporary shift in climate for an entirely different reason.

Soil needs to be sixty degrees--and the air at least sixty-five degrees--for a certain type of crop to grow. It was a requirement he was absolutely clueless about. He'd assumed that the farmers would get an early jump courtesy of the temperatures in the low-to-mid seventies for the past few weeks, but what his eyes currently soaked in continued to amaze him.

He gazed at cornstalks that were already four-feet tall.

It was clear that the crops weren't fully mature yet, but other than that, he remained fairly mystified about anything farming related. Did they need to be fertilized? What was the irrigation system for watering the fields? How would he even know when the crops were ready to be picked? He'd never considered himself a city boy before, but he was in way over his head at the moment.

"You said that your uncle didn't have a farm," he said, still memorized by all the potential encircling them. "His whole yard is a freakin' cornfield!"

"Is that what I said?" she asked. "I meant that he isn't a farmer, but yeah, everything out here is farmland."

He needed to slow down and worry about what they could control first. The lack of internet and cell signal reflected just how on their own they were unless they found someone who knew about growing corn. They would cross that bridge later. First, they had to unpack.

Megan exited the car, shuffling slowly back to the trunk where she let out an exaggerated sigh. She made no attempt to hide her displeasure at having to pay up on their bet. How had he outlasted her? She still couldn't get over it!

But on the other hand, an endless number of ideas raced through her mind regarding her new sex life. Here she was, all alone in the country with nothing to do, with a stud who was infatuated with her. She couldn't even begin to count the endless number of possibilities.

And with that, she became a little more infatuated with her new boyfriend.

Steve grabbed a bag and slung it over his shoulder before retrieving the twenty-four pack of water they'd scavenged from the gas station. "What?" he asked with a smile. "You didn't really think I would make you unload the car by yourself, did you?"

To be honest, she did. She also wasn't completely sure if she would've helped if he'd lost the bet instead. It was just another one of his amazing traits that drove her crazy. She'd really hit the jackpot.

They'd only passed one other gas station and a small pharmacy on the remainder of their trip, but the sight of several cars in both parking lots prevented them from stopping to explore. She made the decision to continue driving without alerting Steve. It was for the best. The last thing she desired was for another gun to be pointed at the guy who'd already managed to wiggle his way out of one dicey situation today.

She followed him to the front door where she rang the doorbell. Neither of them expected a response, but old habits die hard. Plus, she would've felt ridiculous to break a window, only for Uncle Dave to be down in the basement or something. She also wasn't ready to ask the human door opener to do his thing quite yet. A childhood memory would be worth checking out first.

"I remember that my aunt kept an extra key in the barn, but that was like thirteen years ago," she said. "It probably isn't there anymore."

"Let's go check it out," he told her, setting the supplies down on the little stone walkway. He didn't like his chances against this solid oak door. "I'd prefer to not have to smash a window or something."

She hadn't made this walk in forever. She used to fly out every summer to spend several weeks with Uncle Dave and Aunt Carol--an annual tradition which unfortunately ended once she hit the eighth grade. She often looked back and regretted not coming back during her high school years.

Her summers spent with her aunt and uncle throughout her youth were why she'd decided to attend college on the East Coast. There was an undeniable peacefulness to this place. It possessed a serenity that caused her to sit down and appreciate every day. It was the complete opposite of the frantic California city lifestyle that she grew up in.

In fact, she found herself enticed by the idea of someday moving out to the country. Farmers' markets, minimal crime, and all the acres of land that she could possibly dream of owning: the perks were endless. She just hadn't expected to find herself living in a farmhouse at the ripe age of twenty-five.

The towering unlocked barn doors parted, revealing an abundance of equipment. A small tractor, shovels, pipes, hoses, and all kinds of random farming necessities littered the barn, but plenty of

expected items appeared to be missing. There wasn't a larger tractor? Where was the fertilizer? How about a manual on farming? Some step-by-step directions would certainly be nice. A shiny copy of *Corn Farming for Idiots* would do just the trick.

Megan briskly made her way back to the far corner as Steve mentally cataloged their new supplies. What was he doing? He was a history teacher the last time he checked; not a farmer. Had he seriously planned to take over a cornfield and solve all of their food problems?

"It's still here!" exclaimed Megan.

A metallic key glistened in the dusty air as she strutted his way with an ear-to-ear smile. How much relief had her discovery provided him? It appeared that his foot was off-duty for the rest of the day.

"Are you sure that your uncle didn't become a farmer without you knowing?" he asked with a chuckle, pointing over at the piles of equipment.

"Yeah, I'm sure. He used to lease his land out, so I assume he's still doing that. He worked in a bakery and my aunt was an elementary school teacher. Trust me, neither of them were farmers."

He took another quick glance around the barn. Her explanation of Uncle Dave leasing out his land definitely made sense. The more important and valuable equipment was probably in someone else's barn, and he liked the odds of their property's caretaker being close by. It wouldn't make sense to waste time and money hauling supplies for miles.

"You don't know who's leasing his property, do you?" he asked.

She shook her head before holding the key up again. "No, but maybe we can find out inside."

The two exited the barn, closing the doors behind them. Unfortunately, there wasn't any sign of the chicken coop that used to exist where the cornfields started. Moments later, Megan stepped foot inside her uncle's house for the first time in twelve years, and immediately felt the strongest case of déjà vu in her life.

She may as well have been ten years old again. Suddenly, today had never happened. Neither had the past decade. In fact, she'd just spent the afternoon wandering the cornfields before throwing a stick to the most awesome border collie in the world.

Bouncer would always drop something at her feet, and he would play fetch until his tongue dragged along the ground. That crazy dog was her best friend for fourteen days every year. Nothing made her feel more special than the way he would lose his mind after not seeing her for fifty weeks. Would he just sit there and wait for her to return every year? He certainly acted like it.

The smell of cinnamon and cardamom from one of Aunt Carol's homemade apple pies filled the air as her foot touched down on the mudroom floor. There wasn't an expensive laptop on the table or some big screen television on the wall when she made her way through the house and into the family room. A tube TV, bookshelves filled with novels, and a big wooden chest that held dozens of board games awaited her in the family room. It was a simple way of life that she couldn't get enough of.

Those many hours alone with her beloved aunt molded her personality, the big box of doughnuts that Uncle Dave would bring home from work caused her to light up like nothing else, and the unbelievable dinners that she could still taste were fresh in her mind. Unpasteurized milk,

hamburger meat from a local farm, and all the corn on the cob she could eat. If it wasn't heaven, then she didn't know what was.

Aunt Carol had taught her how to bake and knit while introducing her to the world of Dean Koontz. Her time spent with her aunt had impacted her life more than the years with her own mother. Maybe that was why she'd never returned to this house after Aunt Carol passed away? Perhaps she wasn't strong enough? Sometimes, life's problems seemed easiest when she turned her back and pretended they didn't exist.

What if Uncle Dave wouldn't have turned into a recluse if she'd made more of an effort? Why hadn't she visited him a single time over the past seven years despite only living an hour away? What kind of horrible person was she, and why did it take an apocalyptic situation to make her understand how important family was? It may have been too late, but she made herself a promise that nothing would ever come before her loved ones again.

The walls were the same colors and the furniture hadn't been updated. Even an old tube television still remained in the family room. The bookshelf full of paperbacks that Steve had already begun to thumb through hadn't changed either. What if fate had brought her back? What if this was her opportunity to make up for her past failures? Maybe this was more than an escape plan? Perhaps it was an answer?

The house wasn't messy, because there wasn't anything to make a mess of. It was nice to see that Uncle Dave hadn't changed in the slightest. He'd always been a simple man while Aunt Carol would meticulously save and file away every note and sentimental item.

She still remembered the time her aunt showed her all of the handwritten letters and school art projects she'd held onto over the years. Why would someone three thousand miles away hold onto a terrible drawing from a third-grader? Because that's the kind of person Aunt Carol was. She was an amazing woman--a much better woman than herself.

The first order of business involved unpacking the car and lugging everything inside. Twenty minutes later, they stared at a significantly more cluttered kitchen than the one they'd arrived in. It also didn't look like Uncle Dave was much of a shopper. The cabinets and refrigerator shelves were mostly empty.

A half loaf of bread, a few cans of soup, a little milk, and three boxes of mac and cheese were all they could add to their already limited selection of food. She had a feeling that alcohol had been her uncle's drug of choice over the years, and she couldn't help but feel partially responsible for his depression. She should've been there for him.

The two continued to wander the rather dull house until something caused their moods to change. The atmosphere shifted in a split second. At least one thing had been altered since her summers spent exploring every nook and cranny of the property.

The basement.

Surprisingly, the basement was actually more tidy than it'd been a decade ago. The boxes and storage containers that had previously littered the floor were now stacked neatly in the corner. A wooden computer desk was also new to the room, and so was the laptop that actually appeared to have been manufactured in the past decade. That piece of technology may as well have been futuristic by the rest of the home's standards.

But something was out of place. It was also a clear sign of how rapidly her once sane uncle's mental health had declined. Twenty-three by seventeen inch cork bulletin boards lined the wall--the light birch wooden frames appearing even more foreign in the dark, grim, unfinished basement. The lack of light gave her goosebumps. It created a certain ominous mood.

Steve pulled down on a small chain that hung from the ceiling, resulting in a bulb directly over Megan's head to light up, and when it did, her eyes bolted to the now illuminated wall.

Papers covered the bulletin boards, held in place by clear push pins. Newspaper clippings, magazine pages, and articles printed out from the internet added to the mess. Although, when he looked closer, he realized that an order may have existed to the previously labeled chaos.

"So, this is your crazy uncle?" he asked.

No, this wasn't her crazy uncle. A crazy uncle implied that someone had a screw loose. What she looked at had to be mental illness. There couldn't be any other explanation for this lunacy.

Printouts of crop circles, comprehensive chemtrail reports, records of major political and influential summits, and articles detailing everything from natural disasters to mysterious bird deaths: it was all here. The collage of papers featuring gruesome cattle mutilations was particularly worrisome. Why had her uncle decided to research such topics?

The scene resembled a gangster movie where FBI agents labeled pictures of Mafia members on the wall, except instead of noting the mobster's nicknames and ranks throughout the organization, each piece of paper contained a strange combination of numbers.

"You said that he worked in a bakery, right?" he questioned.

She wasn't sure what was going on any longer. Where had Uncle Dave found the time to support his new hobby? And more importantly, why? Had he quit his job? Was he living off the money he made from leasing his land? Maybe Aunt Carol had a big life insurance policy that kept him afloat? Everyone always knew that her uncle was a bit nutty, but this was deranged behavior.

"Um...yeah...he did work in a bakery," she answered, her blue eyes continuing to soak in the outlandish display in front of her. "I'm...uh...not sure that he still does, though."

"There's a room back at your apartment that looks like this, isn't there?"

His sarcastic question brought a slight smile to her face. "No, there isn't. You see, this is what a conspiracy theorist looks like. I, on the other hand, am not a conspiracy theorist."

"I'm not so sure about that, Mulder," he said while observing the collection of crop circle images on one of the bulletin boards. "This stuff is probably right up your alley."

He wasn't necessarily wrong. She'd never met a conspiracy theory that she wasn't at least up for entertaining, but she would never turn her place into an investigation room either. She wanted nothing more than to sit down and talk with Uncle Dave right now. She would kill to find out what was on his mind. She needed to discover if he still struggled to cope with Aunt Carol's passing. God, what an awful niece she'd been.

"I want to catalog everything we have," she said in an attempt to move on from the absurdity of her uncle's craziness. "Food, drinkable water, medical supplies, toiletries--"

"Why would he have all of this stuff down here?"

She huffed before turning to the guy who'd just interrupted her. "I told you he went crazy."

"That doesn't make sense, though. Crazy people rant on Facebook and spend their time on conspiracy websites. They don't create some kind of system to detail world events. Megan, there are probably two hundred pictures and articles on the walls, and they all have a number on them."

"We have more important things to--"

"You don't have any idea what his password is, do you?" he cut her off again while taking a seat in the computer chair. "Imagine what's on his laptop?"

"Why does it matter?" she asked.

She watched him turn his attention back to the mess of photos instead of answering her inquiry. While she'd been under the impression that she was the conspiracy theorist in their relationship, it appeared that her boyfriend wanted to play detective now. Whatever. It would probably be easier this way. His irrational decision gave her time to create an inventory of their belongings without any worry of being bothered.

She journeyed upstairs, leaving the man in her life to further explore just how dysfunctional certain members of her family were. Thank God that Steve wouldn't meet her cousin Julie anytime soon. Actually, she wasn't the only one concerned about her cousin.

All of her relatives wondered why the adorable seventeen-year-old blonde had transformed into a goth girl. Black clothes, black nail polish, a bright blue spiked mohawk, and some rather unflattering facial piercings seemed like a monumental waste on such a pretty girl. Julie belonged on the beaches of San Diego, not in a drug-fueled rave in some Southern California club, but don't tell her that. In her world, the one-time blonde's true calling belonged in the former British punk band, Tones on Tail.

Was there a chance that some of her relatives looked at her the same way? Could they have seen her as a kooky girl who'd moved across the country to live in some little mountain town? But did it really matter what anyone thought anymore? The only person's opinion she cared about belonged to the guy downstairs, and he was busy searching for Bigfoot at the moment.

She took a deep breath and observed the collection of bags and boxes that filled the kitchen. It was time to get to work.

Chapter 7 -- I Want to Believe

Five Hours Later.

"What in the world?"

"Oh, hey," smiled Steve.

"Hey..." Megan returned his greeting, her usually confident voice rather skeptical at the moment.

"Whatcha up to?"

"Nothing much."

It certainly didn't look like nothing much to Megan. Half of the bulletin boards had been pulled off the wall, and now lined the concrete basement floor. A notebook containing a plethora of handwritten numbers consumed the space directly in front of her feet, meanwhile, her boyfriend casually sat in the computer chair, staring at her.

Should she be worried? How couldn't she? He was supposed to be the levelheaded one!

"Why is all of this stuff on the floor?" she asked.

He pointed at the board nearest to his feet. "What do you see there?"

"We have more important stuff to worry about," she reminded him.

"What do you see?" he repeated.

Would it really be the end of the world to entertain him? While they were concerned with surviving in this post-apocalyptic environment, they had more time on their hands than they knew what to do with.

She observed the board before answering, "Information about last year's Bilderberg meeting."

"And?"

"And pictures from Bohemian Grove," she went on. She didn't need the board to be labeled to answer his question. Hours of surfing conspiracy websites had resulted in her being well-schooled on Illuminati related topics. "Now what?"

The wheels on the computer chair slid along the floor, moving him to the next board. "What about this one?"

"Pictures of chemtrails."

"Now, look at the articles," he said. "Every one of them talks about a mysterious illness, or how the flu hit a community extra hard, or an unexplainable case of thousands of birds randomly falling out of the sky. The articles correlate with the location of where the photos were taken."

She struggled to understand his point.

He wheeled over to the next set of information. "What about this?"

"Those are crop circles," she huffed before moving her eyes along the line. "And that's drivel about Project MK-Ultra, and then there's cattle mutilations, details about HAARP, and on, and on, and on. Steve, my uncle was crazy."

"Look at the numbers."

She had more serious matters to worry about. "Steve--"

"Just look at the numbers!" he demanded, raising his voice.

She knelt down to take a closer look at her uncle's messy handwriting. Random, nonsensical numerical combinations were marked on the corner of every piece of information. Some of the numbers were repeated, while others were exclusive. It was complete gibberish.

"I don't understand what any of this means," she admitted.

"Okay, look at this," he said while sliding all the way down to the furthest board. "There was an earthquake in Peru on Friday night that killed thirty-two thousand people. This article mentions eyewitness reports of mysterious lights being seen in the skies over Lima just hours before it occurred. It's marked 0008410530."

Was she missing something? These boards didn't make any sense to her.

He pointed at the board next to him. "Flu vaccines linked to autism. 3402130081."

Megan remained lost.

"Residents in Colorado's Morgan County report seeing silent, unidentified black helicopters," he said as he moved along. "Mutilated cattle are discovered the next morning. 0148300007."

Her attention shifted to something that had distracted her throughout his presentation. One of the boards on the wall was completely blank. There weren't any markings, articles, or pictures on any part of it.

"Why's that one on the wall empty?" she asked.

"No idea," he answered, shrugging his shoulders. "These numbers mean something, though."

"No, they don't. They're nonsense."

"But what if they aren't?" he asked. "What if your uncle knew something?"

"Oh my God, you have to be kidding me," she groaned under her breath.

"Hear me out--"

"I'm supposed to be the conspiracy theorist!" she declared passionately while cutting him off. "Not you!"

"I'm not a conspiracy theorist. I don't believe in Bigfoot or that 9/11 was an inside job. I honestly don't, but I haven't been able to stop thinking about what you said earlier in the car. Maybe you two are right?"

"You two? Who's you two?" she questioned.

"You and your uncle."

"Stop putting me in the same category as my uncle!" she reacted, offended by the notion that he would label her as crazy. "Seriously, you need to cut it out!"

"But what if you're right? What if the government is involved in this?"

Her eyebrows perked up after hearing that. "You called me crazy for saying that earlier!"

He took another glance at all the intelligence surrounding him before looking back at her. "As bizarre as it's going to sound, nothing else makes sense. You're right. It can't be a disease, or terrorism, or anything like that. It needs to be something that caused almost four billion people to suddenly vanish. I think that not only does the government know what's going on, but that your uncle had an idea as well."

Her boyfriend wouldn't be so quick to credit her uncle if he'd ever met him. Uncle Dave wasn't an ultra-intelligent deep thinker who saw things on a different wavelength than the rest of the population. He was an ordinary Joe who'd turned into a nutcase over the years!

She may not have had the answers, but she was positive that Uncle Dave didn't know the solution to their problems.

"I want you to take a look at this computer."

"I organized all the stuff we have, I've been going through the rest of my uncle's crap, and I still need to clean the house," she huffed, rolling her eyes. "You should see how much dust is in some of the rooms upstairs. It's disgusting."

"Do you have any idea what his password might be?" he asked, lost in his own world. "I found some notebooks and random scribbles, but nothing with any type of codes. Well, other than the numbers on the papers, and believe me, I've tried every single one of them. You know him way better than I do. What could it be?"

"Try Carol."

He wasted no time entering Uncle Dave's late wife's first name. Unfortunately, his excitement was short-lived. It was incorrect just like all his previous attempts.

"What else?" he asked. "Nicknames, favorite sports teams, former pet names...anything at all?"

"We have more pressing matters at hand."

He turned back to her, his stunned expression capturing his true feelings to a tee. "Unlocking this laptop is our main priority."

"Unlocking a computer is so far down on our list of priorities," she said, shaking her head in disbelief.

"No, it isn't."

"Yes, it is!" she snapped. "A computer won't keep us fed! It won't protect us either! We need to focus on what we can control!"

Why couldn't she see what he saw? "Listen, Megan, we barely talked to each other before today. You just so happened to stumble out into the hallway the minute I was leaving for work, you ended up being the one woman who eventually came around to see that I'm not some villain, and it turns out that we're a great fit for each other. Then you're uncle--who lives alone, by the way--has a place out in the country, and he ends up being a super conspiracy theorist who was obviously tracking some kind of pattern or something too. None of this seems like a sign to you?"

"A coincidence? Sure. A sign? No."

"What happened to the skeptical girl from earlier?" he asked. "Huh? Remember your nickname? It's Mulder! I thought you would be excited to see all this stuff!"

"Okay, it's interesting," she confessed, caving slightly. "I won't deny that, but I can promise you that there isn't anything on that laptop. My uncle was an ordinary guy before my aunt passed away. Honestly, my aunt was far more interesting and way more charismatic than he is. You would probably consider him to be a bit of a bore if you met him. He worked in a bakery! He never even went to college! He isn't some revolutionary thinker!"

"How long has it been since you last saw him?"

"Like, twelve years," she answered regretfully.

"How about since the last time you talked to him?"

"At least five years," she admitted. She still couldn't believe it'd been so long. "On Facebook..."

"You seriously don't think that he could've changed during that time?" he inquired as he placed the boards on the floor once more. "I mean, I'm not the same person I was five years ago, and I'm definitely not the same guy from twelve years ago. Who knows how much time he put into this stuff? What if it's his life's work? For all we know, he could be the most informed person on the planet when it comes to what's happening. Megan, critical information could be on this computer."

She was running out of ways to explain the situation to him. "There isn't critical information on that computer. There won't be anything on there that makes any sense at all. Just like how all these boards are rubbish."

She caught a little silver object which had been tossed her way. She didn't need to look down to know what she held in her hand. She could feel it.

"Where did you get this?" she asked.

He turned back to the desk and opened the top-right drawer. "It was taped in the very top-back corner. I never would've found it if I wasn't specifically looking for stuff that might be hidden. I've searched every inch of this basement, including all of those boxes and storage containers too. I came across a bunch of pictures of you when you were a kid. You were adorable, by the way."

Megan cracked a smile.

"Why would your uncle tape a key to specifically hide it? The barn wasn't even locked, but he has a key hidden in his basement? It's obvious that he's trying to protect something."

"He probably isn't in charge of locking it," she said, proposing the most realistic scenario regarding the barn. "Chances are he doesn't even own anything in there either. Do I know what this key is for? No, but I promise you'd be disappointed by whatever it unlocks."

He reached out for her to return the key to his possession. That little metallic object represented endless possibilities in his mind. What if Uncle Dave was a doomsday prepper? There could be years worth of food stored somewhere in this big house. And what about weapons? Who knew what he could have hidden? That key depicted access to a potential Fort Knox, and he didn't have any plans of giving up hope until he discovered what it unlocked.

"What about the most important question?"

He looked at her curiously. "Huh?"

"What about the most important question?" she repeated. "Why are you still here? Do you have any idea why that is? It's certainly much more bizarre than these bulletin boards, my uncle's password protected computer, or why he taped a key underneath his desk. How did one guy manage to make it through?"

"There could be other men. We don't know."

"Or it could just be you," she told him, her eyes peering sharply. "What if you know what caused this? Maybe you're hiding something?"

"Hiding something?" he asked, stunned. "Do you seriously think I know something, because I honestly don't."

Guarded footsteps carried her closer to him as he remained seated in the computer chair. She found his strong shoulders with her hands as she moved to his rear. "What if you're working with them?"

"Working with who?" he questioned.

"The government," she whispered. "You could be one of them."

"Megan, I'm not--"

"Just kidding!" she cut him off, planting a big kiss on his ear. "Love you, goofball! Feel free to give me a hand upstairs after you're done playing detective. I'll see if I can find you a badge and a slick suit," she joked, pinching his cheek in the process. "My big FBI man..."

"You're a bitch, you know that?" he laughed, shaking his head.

Megan giggled all the way up the stairs.

Chapter 8 -- Aunt Carol

Steve finally ventured upstairs hours later, mentally exhausted. He'd searched each and every inch of the basement over and over again, desperate to find a hint that could unlock the computer. Discovering Uncle Dave's real intentions had all but consumed him.

Common sense said that Megan was most likely right. Their problems wouldn't be solved by unlocking a laptop, but he wasn't running on rationale at the moment. Instead, he was fueled entirely by intuition. Something in his gut told him not to give up. Uncle Dave's laptop held the answers to all their questions, and his hidden key would solve their most pressing needs. He just knew it!

None of that prevented him from not feeling like a loser as he entered the meticulously organized kitchen. Megan had been busy organizing their lives while he played pretend down in the basement. He hadn't necessarily pulled his weight today.

"Crack the code, detective?"

He spun to see Megan walk into the kitchen to join him. "Um...not exactly."

She handed him a sheet of paper that she'd retrieved from the cabinet. He would be surprised if not for the girl standing in front of him. Should he really have expected anything else?

"Wow," he remarked.

"That's an inventory of all our food," she told him. It turned out that her secretarial career had come in handy, after all. "Every single item we have is on there. While we don't have to starve ourselves, we aren't exactly in a position to be snacking either. I'd guess that we have enough food to last a month if we stretch things out."

A thirty-day food supply was longer than he'd expected, but it was her precise detail that impressed him more than anything. She brought a level of organization to his life that he'd never before experienced.

"Our bottled water supply is at the bottom as well," she pointed out. "I don't know if we should push our luck with water out of the tap for much longer. Now, there's an upstairs bathroom and a downstairs bathroom in his house, and I've already filled the upstairs one with water and plugged the drain. That should keep us going for a while."

He'd never even thought of that. She really was on the ball, wasn't she?

"We need to talk about this creek too," she said. "Honestly, we should probably test it out soon if that's what we decide to do. That way we aren't running on barebones if we end up getting sick."

"I'll test it out tomorrow," he said, handing their sheet of supplies back to her.

"We can both do it--"

"There isn't a reason for both of us to do it," he interrupted. "It's fine. I'll do it."

She shot him a smile before signaling for him to follow her. An undeniably comfortable vibe radiated around him with each footstep behind her. It'd only taken one day for this amazing woman to turn her uncle's place into a home.

Everything had been straightened and organized. The previously dusty house appeared spotless, the dirty rugs had been scrubbed and vacuumed, and all of their clothes and personal possessions had been put away in the upstairs bedroom. Megan had already made Aunt Carol's old dresser her own. In a way, it felt like they owned this house.

"This is amazing."

"What's amazing?" she asked, folding a spare blanket on the bed.

"All of this," he clarified himself. "This place looks unbelievable."

She was all smiles.

"I can't believe that I was in the basement this entire time," he said, struggling to understand why he'd left her alone. "I should've helped you out."

"I'm a bit of a neat freak. I like to do things a certain way. Letting me organize our stuff on my own was probably for the best, and to be completely honest, I imagine you're pretty happy to live with someone clean judging from what I saw in your apartment."

"You have no idea," he laughed, reflecting on how messy he would allow his apartment to get. Mike definitely never cared.

"I put all your clothes in there, and moved my uncle's stuff into the hallway closet," she said while pointing at Uncle Dave's dresser. "Our toiletries are in the downstairs bathroom. It might be inconvenient at night, but I'd prefer to fill the tub of the bathroom we'll use the least, and that'll be the upstairs one over the long term. I washed the sheets and blankets on the bed too."

He'd officially discovered how amazing life could be with an incredible girlfriend. He'd never felt more useless than he did at this very moment either. He had to do something. He'd spent the past seven hours accomplishing absolutely nothing, all the while Megan had picked up the slack for his incompetence.

"Okay, I'll pull your car into the barn. We should keep it--"

"Out of sight," she finished his sentence. "Don't worry, I already put it in there. I also found a bike lock that I was able to use on the barn door handles. We don't want anyone snooping around in there. The code is 4147."

He didn't know what to say. What exactly was his value in this relationship? Megan was a powerhouse of productivity.

He struggled to find something to do. "Okay...um...well, I can make--"

"Dinner?" she cut him off again with a smile. "I got that covered. I'm planning on making mac and cheese. We can split half a box, and then leave the rest in the refrigerator for dinner tomorrow. Sound good?"

All he could do was nod.

"I would love some company in the kitchen if you aren't busy," she said.

He wouldn't dream of turning down her request. Could he properly describe his excitement for the opportunity to spend even a single minute with his dream girl? What if the incredible buzz which aided her presence never faded? He didn't know how, but he had a feeling that it never would.

Chapter 9 -- Dinner

Thirty Minutes Later.

"You're going to go crazy if you keep thinking about it."

Steve had stared down into his orange bowl of goodness for the past five minutes, picking at his dinner with his fork despite the fact that he'd yet to eat today.

"What?" he asked, looking up at the sound of Megan's voice.

"You can't dwell over something that doesn't make sense," she explained herself. "You're going to go crazy, and I really can't afford to lose you."

"No, I wasn't thinking about--"

"I know exactly what you were thinking about," she interrupted. "Don't lie to me. I can see it all over your face."

How could she already read him like a book after spending only one day together? There was no denying the fact that his mind remained down in the basement. He could still see the many pictures and articles that he'd yet to make sense of.

The purpose of the strange numbers marked on every piece of information drove him insane as well. Why couldn't he find a pattern? Why wasn't he able to solve the riddle? Or was it even a riddle? Perhaps Megan was right? It may have merely been the delusions of a mentally unstable man, and he could be wasting his time and energy concerning himself with it.

"I've been thinking about what's in the basement too," Megan spoke up. "Let's pretend that my uncle did know something. Okay, now what? He won't have an answer regarding how to bring back four billion people. All of our future problems, our ability to survive, and what we do from this point on is on us, not Uncle Dave. I'm not going to sit here and pretend that those bulletin boards aren't interesting. I mean, you're right, that stuff is right up my alley, but all I saw was a bunch of conspiracy theories with random numbers on them. I didn't see any answers."

"His computer, though," he reminded her, unable to shake that mysterious laptop.

"It's probably more of the same. That computer was his tool to gather all the information you see on the walls downstairs. Listen, I'd bet that I've visited a bunch of the same websites that he has. Steve, those people are insane. They waste their lives trying to uncover hidden meanings in everything. Could the government be behind all of this? Absolutely. You know my feelings on that topic, but that doesn't do us any good at the end of the day, does it? We're on our own. The only thing that matters is you and me. It's us against everyone."

Why couldn't he shake the basement? Why did it continue to linger with him?

"And I know that you're still thinking about the key you found," she said, reading his mind once again. "There's something you don't know. My uncle was madly in love with my aunt. Like, you have no idea to what level he adored her. I'm going to tell you something that almost no one else knows. I once asked Aunt Carol why she didn't have children. You know, in the brazen, almost rude way that kids ask adults about something they don't understand. I didn't mean to offend her with my question, but it was definitely insensitive when I look back at it all these years later."

He gave her his undivided attention.

"My aunt was a teacher who loved little kids, and she always treated me like a daughter, so I never understood why she didn't have any children of her own. She sat me down and explained to me that she had primary ovarian insufficiency. POI is a condition which results in your ovaries not functioning as they should during your fertile years. Only one percent of women under forty experience this, and my aunt was one of them. So, they tried a bunch of fertility treatments. My aunt and uncle were regular people. They didn't make a lot of money, and they spent so much trying to get pregnant, but nothing ever worked."

What could he say after hearing her admission? Her late aunt's situation sounded horrific, yet here he was, staring at his girlfriend from across the table. Remaining quiet was all that made sense to him, so that's what he did.

"I had no idea how badly Uncle Dave wanted a kid until my aunt told me. I never took him as a guy who wanted to be a dad, but he supposedly had an extremely sensitive side that he rarely showed. My aunt was devastated by not being able to give him the one thing he wanted more than life itself. She went through periods of questioning her worth. She struggled to feel like a woman. She loved her husband so much, yet she couldn't give him a child. She even offered him a divorce so that he could find a fertile woman to start a family with."

The revelation of her aunt's struggle cut through him like a knife. He couldn't imagine losing Megan after spending less than twenty-four hours together, so it had to be unfathomable to offer your spouse a divorce due to your own infertility. Why did life have to be so cruel?

"But then she told me something I'll never forget. I was eleven-years-old and I can still hear it clear as day. She was the first woman to give me advice on men. Even my mom never talked to me about boys. She sat me down at this very table, poured me a big glass of lemonade, and said, 'Megan, some women love men for power, others love them for money, and a few even love them for their name; but expensive cars, big bank accounts, and exclusive parties won't stay by your side through thick and thin. Find yourself a guy who has your back. Hold onto a man who'll never put anyone ahead of you, because there's no better feeling than waking up each and every morning next to a partner who adores you.' My aunt married a man who she couldn't give the one thing he truly wanted, yet his love for her never faltered. He worshipped the ground she walked on. Part of him died when she passed away. She was that special to him."

Once again, he didn't know what to say.

"Do you want to know what that key unlocks?" she asked.

"What does it unlock?"

"What's valuable to my uncle," she answered. "What he cherishes more than anything. It'll unlock whatever he deemed most special in their relationship. Whether that be my aunt's wedding ring, a letter she wrote him, or a videotape full of memorable moments they shared together. It won't be the answer to whatever happened this morning. The basement is my uncle's attempt to fill the void in his life from losing his wife. It's his way of finding a purpose. Understand?"

His obsession with the cryptic room below them vanished in a second. Megan was right. Uncle Dave was a guy searching for something, but his real answer didn't involve a conspiracy theory or a government experiment. His true journey led him to his late wife.

His mind cleared, allowing their real priorities to take center stage once again. "Have you seen any action going on next door?"

Next door wasn't actually next door. Well, technically it was, but a healthy distance separated them from their closest neighbor. It was one of the perks of living out in the country.

Their front door was located on the side of the house. Directly across from the home's entrance--separated by a large cornfield--was a red house not all that different from their own. Their nearest neighbor's home was also two-storied and in need of some paint, but possessed a garage instead of a barn, and an older-looking black pickup truck sat parked in the driveway. It was enough to make them wonder if someone was home.

The next nearest house was located across the street. That light blue home was significantly further down the road than the red one on his mind, but his interest in their potential neighbor had hit a bit of a roadblock after stepping foot in the basement. He needed to get back on track and put their safety first.

"No, I haven't seen anything," she said. "I've been checking too. The truck hasn't moved and I haven't seen anyone in the windows. There hasn't been any other activity either. We'll have to keep an eye out for lights once it gets dark out."

"I'm going over there tomorrow," he announced.

She didn't like the sound of that, and her immediate response couldn't have made her intentions more clear. "No, you aren't."

"Yes, I am," he told her firmly. "That's the one house that can see us. I mean, the one across the street can kind of see us, but we would need to be standing by the road. The red house has a perfect view of our front door. It can also see our bedroom light. We need to know if anyone is over there."

"Which I'll find out when I check tomorrow," she said, sturdy in her stance.

He stared at her from across the table, flabbergasted by the idea of allowing her to explore a potentially dangerous house by herself. "You're going to stay here."

She matched his confused look with one of her own. "Do you think you're going to be wandering all over the place? Steve, you need to stay relatively hidden. What's a passing car going to do if the driver looks out the window to see a guy walking through the fields?"

"I'm not going to be wandering around, okay? I have to make sure that house is empty. It's for both of our protection. You're going to stay here, I'll take the gun--"

Megan's loud huff put an end to his plans. "You've had one too many guns pointed at you already. You're going to stay here, I'll see if we have a new neighbor, and that's that."

He sat back in his chair and stared directly into her blue eyes. Her icy response showed that she wasn't interested in his opinion. Once again, in her mind, he was too valuable to risk losing, but her cautious behavior was a restrictiveness that he wasn't comfortable with.

His girlfriend had attempted to curb his manhood. It was his job to protect her. He couldn't care less if it was the end of the world or not. By no means did he intend to stay inside while she explored their surroundings by herself.

"I'm going over there tomorrow," he announced, emphasizing his words with a firm glare.

"I really, really, *really* don't want you to. Nothing good can come from you doing that. Just think for a minute. If it's empty, then there won't be any problems, right? But if there are women over there, then they won't freak out after seeing me. Either way we won't have a problem. They'll lose their minds after seeing you, though."

"They won't freak out after seeing you?" he asked, not buying that for a second. "Based on what? What do you think those girls from the gas station would've done if it was just you? Smile and ask how your day is going? I don't trust anyone, and I feel a hell of a lot better being the one who takes the risk. I'm not asking for your permission either. I'm going over there tomorrow while you stay here with the door locked. End of story."

"That's not fair."

"Well, that's how it's going to be. I don't want to lose you either."

"There are four billion more of me," she reminded him, not about to give up her fight. "There's one of you. You really shouldn't go knock on some stranger's front door. What if someone opens it, points a gun at your head, and pulls the trigger? Great, now maybe the last man on earth is dead because he's a stubborn ass."

"I want to address a few things too," he said as he moved onto more urgent matters. "We only have one entrance--the door that leads into the mudroom--and it needs to stay locked at all times. I don't care if you're only running outside for a second either. If you leave, lock it behind you. Two, I want you to take the gun with you if you go outside. You should always have three or four shells in your pocket at all times as well. Do you know how to shoot a gun, by the way?"

She shook her head no.

"I'll show you tomorrow then. And whoever doesn't have the gun should take the bat with them. We're not going to let a truckful of rednecks roll up on us and try to take our shit again."

"Where did you learn how to shoot a gun?" she asked.

"My dad is a big hunter," he answered. "He used to take me to the shooting range all the time when I was a kid and I loved it. Um...it didn't exactly go so smoothly when we went hunting, though."

His sudden shyness piqued her curiosity. "What happened?"

Seventeen Years Ago.

Cool, brisk fall air flowed through the open meadow. Trees covered in oranges, yellows, reds, and greens created the perfect backdrop for the ten-year-old's first hunting trip with his father. Even more enticing was the ten-point buck browsing obliviously just over one hundred yards away.

It was a dream come true for the fifth-grader from his position lying flat on his stomach. Dad told him that it took a year before he got himself his first buck, yet here he was, on the verge of accomplishing that feat in only a few hours time. He already felt like an avid hunter.

The steady breeze swirled suddenly, kicking leaves up into the view of the scope attached to his Remington 770 rifle--a birthday present from his grandpa. The buck's head perked up at the sound of the rustling wind, only to let its guard down once again as the current resumed its westerly movement. The world grew calm as he focused on his target.

"Relaxed breaths," Dad reminded him.

The sound of his father's voice put him at ease. Dad lied just to his left, but he may as well have held his rifle for him. His nerves settled from the luxury of having an experienced hunter by his side. He could hit this buck from ten thousand yards. He was that confident.

"Take your time," Dad told him, his voice quiet, never swaying. "There's no rush."

The white-tail buck in his scope had to be close to two hundred pounds. The majestic creature possessed a beautiful brown coat with spots of white everywhere from its throat, to around its eyes and nose, and even on its stomach and the underside of its tail. It was the undisputed king of the dewy field it called home.

Until now.

His unobstructed broadside view of the buck was even better than he could've asked for. What could possibly go wrong? He had a perfect angle!

The ignorant animal unknowingly took its final breaths as he narrowed his focus.

He was well-schooled on where his shot should go. Dad had repeatedly told him that a lung shot was the best way to humanely dispatch of an animal while wasting very little meat in the process. A slight miss would still deliver a crippling blow which ended in minimal suffering. It was a safe shot no matter what.

He pulled the trigger with his index finger, sending the bullet speeding seventeen hundred miles per hour at his first kill.

It took a handful of seconds to know how badly he'd missed, and his father's stern look reaffirmed his initial belief. He'd messed up. Somehow, he'd missed his target badly.

The bullet pierced the buck's windpipe, consequently taking away the ability to raise its head. It didn't even drop after being hit. Instead, it stumbled backwards, failed in an attempt to lift its intimidating antlers, and staggered off toward the tree line.

"I-I-I didn't mean to-to hit it there," he sputtered, horrified.

"Mistakes happen," Dad said, his calm voice reassuring as always. "We need to track it, though."

He nodded, his eyes wide with the image of the beautiful animal in a state of disarray as a result of his blunder. The two collected their rifles and headed in the direction of where a fatal shot would've

left the body of his victim. Unfortunately, they were met with drops of blood and tracks that led them along the wet grass.

Specks of blood turned to noticeable puddles once they entered the woods. Fifteen minutes of tracking had left him wondering how an animal could make it so far after being hit. Every passing second increased their chances of discovering something horrific. They wouldn't stumble across a dead buck on the forest floor. It wouldn't be that easy.

His nightmare turned to reality five minutes later. The buck had propped itself up against a large tree--its head down--unable to see the boy who'd taken its life. It wheezed. It gasped desperately for breath, but instead of sending oxygen to its deprived lungs, more blood spilled from its neck.

The romanticism of war had vanished. The world's cruelty always felt far less scary on TV or in the movies. He loved shooting one of his friends in a video game, but he hadn't just pulled the trigger on his buddy, and this certainly wasn't make-believe. It was real life.

He'd stolen the essence of a harmless animal. He'd brought indescribable pain to its soul for the past twenty excruciating minutes. He was a killer.

"Steve."

He continued to stare at what he'd done, unable to respond to his father.

"Steve!" Dad shouted.

He finally turned to Dad.

"We can't wait any longer," his father said. "You need to put it out of its misery."

The gruesome sounds of agonizing choking filled his ears. His trembling hands couldn't even raise his rifle above his waist. He only felt guilt.

He didn't like this. He'd become crippled from watching a life die slowly at his young hands. He couldn't do it. He couldn't finish the buck off.

"Turn around," Dad ordered.

It was like his father could read the chaos which paralyzed his scattered mind. He could sense his reluctance. All he desired was to return to the safety of his home.

He heard a shot ring out as he turned his back to the grisly sight. That Saturday morning marked the first and only time he'd hunted. He didn't mind occasionally going to the range with Dad, but taking a life was a barbaric act that he didn't want any part of.

He'd changed quite a bit over the past seventeen years. The world had beaten him down. Failed relationships, deceitful loved ones, and the grind of everyday life was more than enough to toughen his former naive outlook. He'd learned to never make himself vulnerable like he'd done as a kid.

He wouldn't hesitate at the idea of killing something now--human or animal--if he needed to protect himself or his family, but some memories never fade, and he could still see that poor buck gasping for air all these years later.

Back to Current Day.

"Steve?" Megan asked, confused from the way he'd stared blankly at her for the past fifteen seconds.

He smiled at his perfect girlfriend. Why would he ever expose someone as pretty and sweet as Megan to a horrible hunting story from his youth? She didn't belong in that world.

"I'll show you how to shoot tomorrow," he said.

"Will you at least think about it?"

"Think about what?" he asked.

"About letting me check out if anyone is next door," she clarified herself. "Please."

He went back to eating his dinner.

"Steve!" she shouted.

"Fine," he said after swallowing a mouthful of mac and cheese.

Her blue eyes lit up with excitement. "You'll let me go then!?"

"No, fine as in I'll think about it."

Her enthusiastic mood changed to an annoyed glare in an instant. She silently scolded him.

Ah, he'd forgotten all about the scorn of an angry girlfriend. The sex, amazing personality, and gorgeous body all came with a downside as well. Sure, Megan still looked beautiful, and her current behavior couldn't compare to the way his ex-girlfriend used to sulk, but it was still a reprimanding that he hadn't experienced in a long time.

"Megan, I'll be fine."

She looked past him in the direction of the pantry, mute.

"Megan," he tried to get her attention.

Her eyes remained elsewhere.

"Seriously? You're going to give me the silent treatment?"

She ignored him as she helped herself to more of her dinner.

"How old are you?" he asked with a laugh. "Really?"

The two didn't speak for the remainder of dinner, for the few hours that followed, or even when they slipped into bed together. All of his comments were met with silence. He may as well have been alone.

What was he supposed to do? Cave on his stance? He didn't want her to explore some random house by herself. That made him a pretty caring boyfriend in his book, and if she didn't like his stance, then she could pout like a child for all he cared. One day, she would wake up and realize that he only had her best interest in mind.

It'd been a long time since he last slept overnight in the same bed as a woman. There was an undeniable warmth that radiated from Megan's flawless body. Mad or not, her presence brought him comfort, but then something unexpected happened which caused him to forget about all the hours he'd received the cold shoulder.

A perfect blonde angel wiggled into him, pressing her butt against his groin as she grabbed his hand and wrapped his arm around her. The faint smell of strawberries lingered even after her shower.

Everything was peaceful and cozy despite their lack of communication. He would deal with sixteen hours of daily silence if it resulted in his nights ending in similar fashion.

"Good night," he whispered.

She snuggled closer into him, passing on returning his sendoff. She couldn't possibly make her feelings more clear. Yes, she cared deeply for the man who currently held her, but she refused to sit back and be a spectator in their life together. Her opinion carried weight, but Steve acted like it didn't.

Steve had never been a great sleeper. He would toss and turn in bed at night, often only managing a few hours of shuteye before his alarm sounded in the morning. He'd tried everything from sleeping pills to changing his diet, all to no avail.

Decades of problems promptly disappeared. Megan had acted as the world's strongest source of melatonin. Everything felt right as he pulled her closer, and any possibility of changing his mind had faded. He would never allow her to put herself in danger.

Chapter 10 -- A Not So Empty House

The Following Morning. Tuesday. May 7th.

Had he been asleep for a week? He'd never felt so refreshed as his eyes were greeted by the bright sunshine pouring in from the bedroom window. A certain warmth no longer resonated with him, however. He encountered an unexpected emptiness, and he couldn't be more eager to fill the void.

He rolled out of bed and journeyed downstairs, soon discovering the very missing slice of heaven that he searched for. Blue jeans, a red t-shirt, and her attention on the stove: this was his idea of a morning ritual. He'd never been treated to such a magnificent sight in his days of sharing an apartment with Mike.

The sound of his footsteps caused Megan to turn and observe her shirtless boyfriend enter the kitchen. Had her mouth developed a slight hint of a lustful smile after seeing him dressed only in a pair of black athletic shorts? Yes, but her irked mood remained unchanged.

"Come on, are you kidding me?" he asked, picking up on her attitude.

They clearly weren't on speaking terms yet.

She approached him with a bowl of oatmeal in hand. Unfortunately, a little milk from Uncle Dave's refrigerator was the only item added to his rather bland breakfast, but a lack of brown sugar stayed far down on his list of concerns. He couldn't believe that she was still sulking over last night's dinner.

He took a seat at the table as she set the bowl down in front of him. "Megan, this is ridiculous."

She simply went back to the stove, made herself a bowl of oatmeal, and returned to the kitchen table to sit. Once again, she was more than willing to eat in silence.

"What do you want me to say? That I changed my mind? I'm not doing this to be controlling or to come off as some kind of jerk. I'm trying to protect you."

She sent a glare his way at the idea of her needing to be sheltered. She wasn't a helpless princess. She could more than handle herself.

"Listen, I didn't say that right," he attempted to explain himself better. "I know that you're a strong woman. I really do. I honestly don't know what you want to hear. You can't possibly think I'm doing this to insult you."

She let out a loud exhale while she stared down into her oatmeal. Was she being too hard on him? She obviously knew that he would never disrespect or mistreat her, and it finally occurred to her that nothing positive would come from continuing her behavior. She needed to grow up and act her age.

"I'm sorry," she apologized.

Her angelic voice could cure diseases, end wars, and solve whatever mysterious phenomenon had occurred to cut the planet's population in half. Two simple words brought a smile to his face. She could've said anything and he would be the happiest guy in the world. He just missed hearing her talk.

"I don't know why I've been acting like this," she continued to express her remorse. "We're a team, and--"

"You don't have anything to apologize for," he cut in. "We're both under a lot of stress. It's fine. I just need you to understand that I always have your best interest at heart. Whatever I do, I'm doing for us. Okay?"

She nodded.

"You also need to know that I value your opinion more than anyone. I followed you up to your uncle's place. We still really don't even really know each other all that well. Doesn't that show how much I trust you? And how important you are to me?"

She nodded again, beginning to feel guilty for the way she'd behaved over the past ten hours. Had she seriously forgotten watching him confront the group of girls at the gas station? He had a shotgun pointed at him but still protected their belongings, for God's sake!

He had to get a couple key points off his mind. "I want to talk about a few things as well. First, we need to have some kind of code for knocking on the door. I think that we should knock quickly three times, wait five seconds before knocking once more, and then knock two rapid times after another five second break. That way we're positive it's one of us."

"Three quick knocks, pause before one knock, and then two quick knocks again?" she double-checked.

"You got it," he verified. "I'm going to grab the binoculars we found upstairs for you to keep an eye out while I'm next door too. We didn't see any lights last night, so if you see anything at all, unlock the door and scream as loudly as you can."

She felt a knot in her stomach at the idea of him encountering trouble on his expedition. She prayed for an uneventful afternoon, but her gut instinct said otherwise. Something told her that things would turn out badly.

They finished their breakfast before he slipped upstairs. He returned with a white t-shirt to go along with his black basketball shorts, and two items that caused the hairs on the back of her neck to stand up straight. Things had gotten very real.

He placed the metal baseball bat down on the table along with the binoculars that had been around his neck. The shotgun and ten shells in his pockets inspired confidence, but Megan's concerned look reminded him of the jeopardy that he put himself in. It was enough to make him a little nervous.

"It's going to be fine," he promised.

She wanted to think that, but she unfortunately didn't believe him. She couldn't explain why either.

His attempt at a kiss was ended prematurely by her hugging him as tightly as she could. "Please, be careful," she whispered.

He pulled back with a reassuring smile before heading out the door. "What's our code again?"

"Three knocks, one knock, two knocks."

He winked at her before making his way in the direction of the cornfields. She regretfully locked the front door and raised the binoculars to her eyes, intently focused on her surroundings. Even the slightest hint of movement would cause her to run outside and scream as loudly as she could.

Mass anxiety built rapidly in her stomach. Suddenly, she was the panicky mess from her apartment hallway yesterday. She just wanted him back home!

Every footstep he took through the fields represented her trek closer to loneliness. That old, red house was trouble. Something would happen. The man she'd fallen in love with would be taken from her, and nothing would ever be the same again.

Steve followed along a path carved by soil, the four-foot high crops blocking two-thirds of his body. He was exposed out here. He could duck and hide in the sea of cornstalks if he needed to, but he couldn't conceal himself from someone with eyes on the very field he currently moved across. The faster he walked, the sooner he would be out of sight again.

But something caused him to stumble and fall.

While he traveled west to east, an unexpected piece of equipment had been positioned north to south. A flexible black hose--six inches in width--ran as far as the eye could see. That had to be the irrigation system, right? He didn't see any pipes or spouts, but what else could it possibly be?

He would return to the mysterious hose after first clearing their neighbor's house, but the undertaking of potentially running a farm became a lot more realistic to him.

He jumped to his feet and turned back to their house. He gave a big thumbs up, hoping that Megan could see his signal from her view out the mudroom window. Sixty seconds later, he exited the cornfield, and crossed a stone driveway that connected to a white two-car garage.

Three steps carried him up the front porch before he paused to take a moment to think. What was his game plan? To break in? He hadn't exactly been entirely honest with Megan. While he wanted to know if they had neighbors, he planned to raid the place whether it was occupied or not. They desperately needed as many supplies as they could get.

He decided to knock. That would be the simplest approach at the end of the day. The door would open, he would stick his shotgun in the face of whoever answered, and then he would ponder his next move once he arrived at that point.

The lack of an answer caused him to take matters into his own hands.

He didn't know if there was food, weapons, or medical supplies behind these walls, but he planned to make everything his. Their gas station experience showed him how the world had changed. The insanity of the Walmart parking lot was definitely along the same lines as well. Behaving in a civilized manner would get them killed. He couldn't pass on the opportunity to acquire additional food and supplies, and no one mattered except himself and the girl he had waiting back at home.

The bottom half of the solid white front door wouldn't be of any use to him, but the top half was more than ideal. The upper-portion of the entrance was made up of nine small glass windows. Actually, make that eight. The butt of his shotgun had just shattered one of them.

He reached through the busted window and unlocked the door. Had he stepped into the future? It sure felt like it based on how outdated their own place was.

A flat screen television in the family room, marble countertops in the kitchen, and a twenty-first century vibe made him feel like he was back in his apartment. None of that compared to discovering a cabinet full of junk food cereal in the kitchen, though. Could he possibly be happier? He was in the mood for some sugar treats!

The unmistakable sound of footsteps from above caused him to grip his gun tighter. He'd come a long way from that fateful morning hunt with his dad, but the idea of pulling the trigger on another human didn't exactly sit high on his list of desires either. What other option did he have, though? This place contained vital supplies, and he would resort to taking them by aggression unless the person upstairs planned to hand them over.

He inched upstairs cautiously, keeping the barrel of his shotgun pointed in front of him. The hallway turned right after he arrived at the top, with two doors on each side of the white walls. The nearest door to his right had been cracked open, while the other three stayed closed. Another sound of faint ruffling from inside the slightly opened bedroom helped make his next decision a fairly easy one.

"I have a gun!" he announced from the hallway.

Everything went quiet.

"I don't want to use it but I will! I know someone is in there! Say something!"

...

...

"Say something!" he demanded.

...

...

Carefully, he stepped inside the pink bedroom which undoubtedly belonged to a young girl. Posters of boy bands lined the walls, and a mess of brightly colored clothes scattered on the hardwood floor reminded him of his youth. It actually wasn't all that different from his apartment.

He didn't see anywhere else to hide other than behind the brown closet door. He closed the bedroom door behind him and locked it to prevent from being ambushed by a surprise guest. Why couldn't this house be empty? It would make his life so much easier.

"One last chance!" he shouted. "I'll blow the door open!"

"Don't!" a voice called out.

Why would it have played out differently? Of course, the voice behind the closet door belonged to a girl. Had he really expected anything else?

He'd seriously come here with the intention of raiding their neighbor's house? Wouldn't he have to kill the occupants if he did? This girl would see his face if he allowed her to leave, and what if she returned for revenge weeks later? Perhaps it wasn't a good idea to come here at all, but he was already in too deep.

"Come out," he ordered. "Very slowly."

"Please, just leave me alone!" the girl pleaded, her shaky voice full of terror.

"You have three seconds. One..."

"Please!" she cried.

"Two..." he continued to count.

He adjusted his grip on the shotgun as the handle on the closet door turned. Even the slightest hint of deceitfulness from this girl would result in it being the last lie she ever told. Circumstances had changed, and he wasn't above pulling the trigger on anyone now.

But then his firm stance softened. His hold on the gun loosened and his aggression subsided, while he lost focus momentarily. He'd expected anything after the reveal of someone in the bedroom closet, but he hadn't planned on growing smitten.

Long brown hair in a high ponytail, big brown doe eyes, and a little figure that couldn't appear more innocent. The brunette emerging into his view couldn't have been taller than five-foot-one, and he would be shocked if her tiny frame pushed more than one hundred pounds. Her pair of cut-off shredded jean shorts and gray t-shirt had him heating up at a moment's notice. He never thought that he would find a girl more adorable than Megan, but he was beginning to wonder if he had.

One thing caused him to quickly question her innocence, however. The iron poker in her hand that belonged downstairs next to the fireplace unsettled him. The incredibly sharp end made him awfully queasy.

"Drop that," he instructed.

She followed his order immediately. Her wobbly hand served as a clear indicator of her intense nerves. He couldn't tell if he'd experienced a change of heart or if he was simply a victim of her cuteness, but the idea of robbing her had become significantly less appealing.

"Go sit in the chair," he said, trying his best to stay focused. He needed to be prepared for anything. She could still attempt to attack him!

He tracked her as she made her way over to her computer desk chair nervously. Light freckles covered her nose and upper cheeks, her small breasts fit her body to a tee, and her backside was as perky as they come. He couldn't believe it, but he looked at a younger, littler, brunette version of his girlfriend.

"What's your name?" he asked, lowering the shotgun.

"Ar-Ar-Ari-Ariana," she barely managed to spit out, sitting in her chair.

"Is there anyone else in this house?"

She shook her head no.

"Are you positive? Ariana, things will turn out very badly if you're lying to me."

"It's just me," she told him. "I swear."

"Where are your parents?"

"It's only me and my dad," she said. "He wasn't here when I woke up yesterday. I guess...if what the TV and internet say is true...then--"

"He might still be around," he jumped in, not wanting to dash her hopes that her father was gone.

"No one knows what's going on. It's not a guarantee that--"

"We don't have a relationship like that," she interrupted. "We never really got along. You don't have to pretend like he's out there."

Silence filled the room as neither was sure what to say. He knew what he had to do for both his and Megan's survival, but Ariana's lovable face made his previously obvious decision quite the dilemma.

On the other hand, Ariana kicked herself for revealing so many details. Why had she just told some strange guy with a gun that she was all alone? What was wrong with her? She should've lied and told him that her entire family was home! Maybe it would've scared him off?

"How are you still here?" she asked.

Her question began to sound redundant. He was running out of ways to explain his existence to every woman he encountered. "I don't know."

Her big brown eyes were anything other than trusting at the moment. Just like all the girls before her, Ariana was clearly skeptical of his presence. It was understandable. He was just as confused as any of them.

He would regret his next decision, wouldn't he? He should've pulled the trigger and stripped this house of every possible asset. No one would know what he'd done. Ariana was all by herself, Megan wouldn't know the true cause of the gunshot--assuming she would even hear it--and the laws of society no longer existed. Murder might not even be punishable now!

The sugary cereal in the kitchen provided plenty of incentive to ransack the house. Who knew how many other goodies were here either? This place was a potential gold mine, and he'd just decided to pass up its riches--all because Ariana was so unspeakably cute.

But then it came to him. Maybe he could get what he wanted without violence? Perhaps he could have the best of both worlds?

"What's your plan?"

Her distrustful look shifted to curiosity. "What?"

"Do you have a plan?" he asked again.

"I don't know. I mean, I heard about those designated zones, and--"

"I'm going to be honest with you," he cut in, taking a seat on her comfortable bed as he explained the situation. "You have a lot of stuff I want."

Her eyes bolted to the fireplace poker on her hardwood floor.

He stepped on the tool to trap it under his foot. "I'm not going to hurt you."

She didn't believe him for a second.

"Ariana, look at me."

She peered up into his eyes, gulping anxiously.

"I promise that I won't hurt you," he gave her his word. "You're free to do whatever you want. Honestly, you are. However, I think we would work better as a team."

He could see the fear in her big brown eyes.

"You have supplies that we don't have, and we have supplies that you don't have," he said. "It would work out better for everyone if we teamed up."

"We?" she asked. "Who's we?"

"Me and my girlfriend are your new neighbors."

She immediately relaxed after hearing his latest reveal. A million different scenarios had played in her head as she looked at him--all of which ended with her being his personal sex slave. It only felt natural to fear for her safety after a strange man had broken into her house with a shotgun.

She wasn't necessarily off the hook just because he had a girlfriend, though. What if he was lying? Or what if his girlfriend was crazy? Her options didn't look too favorable at the moment. Not only would he take all of her stuff, but he knew where she lived as well. Could she really turn down his offer? She didn't have any leverage whatsoever.

"You're living at Mr. Thompson's?" she asked.

He nodded while doing his best to hide his smile. It was funny to him that he'd only learned his girlfriend's last name yesterday. Somehow, he'd fallen in love within twenty minutes of discovering her full name. It still didn't seem real.

A more pressing matter involved Ariana's fear of him. It was unsettling. He needed her to trust him. The last thing he wanted was to be attacked after he turned his back, and he could only pray that he wouldn't regret his decision to handle the situation peacefully.

"Mr. Thompson is my girlfriend's uncle," he told her. "We came up here yesterday, and we honestly aren't out to hurt anyone. We're two nice people who just want to survive. Now, you could stay here by yourself."

The look on her face made it obvious that she didn't want that. The experience of having an armed man break into her house probably had something to do with her reaction, but he wouldn't be surprised if she'd planned on leaving before his intrusion. Actually, he was rather taken aback that a girl her age hadn't left already.

"Or you could stay with us," he offered. "We have food, water, and protection. It's not safe to be on your own. Everyone needs someone to watch their back."

Ariana considered his proposal for a moment before asking, "Your girlfriend wouldn't mind? You know, having some random girl move into her house?"

"It's my house too," he laughed. "And no, she's an extremely nice person. You would love her."

"I mean, if it's not a burden or anything."

"Not at all," he told her. "I wouldn't have made the offer if I thought you would be a burden. Sorry about your boyfriend too."

"What?" she asked, her curiosity returning to the forefront once more.

He pointed to the corner of the room where a mess of clothes sprawled across the floor. A few items in particular captured his attention. Specifically, the white button up blouse and red and green plaid skirt.

The tension in the room was sucked out in a second. The hesitation, fear, and awkwardness of what had happened disappeared. Ariana snorted loudly, resulting in a big smile on Steve's befuddled face.

"That's not for a boyfriend," she continued to laugh. "Oh my God."

"Oh, I assumed it was an outfit for him or something. You know, like a schoolgirl costume."

Her smile had yet to fade. "It is an outfit. I go to Catholic school. That's our uniform."

His cock twitched at the sound of her words. Why did the visual of a schoolgirl outfit still do it for him after all these years? How had that ever become a sexual thing in the first place? He wasn't sure, but he couldn't even begin to imagine how sexy she looked in her uniform.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Eighteen."

The apocalypse happened, the sexy girl down the hallway had fallen in love with him, they'd run off together to the countryside, and an eighteen-year-old Catholic schoolgirl just so happened to be their neighbor. He was dreaming, right? Four billion people had disappeared, and he couldn't possibly be happier.

No, he couldn't be like that. The last thing he wanted was to make Ariana think that she owed him something--especially sexually. He wasn't that kind of guy.

"I'll accept the offer if you're positive your girlfriend will be okay with me staying," she said, her brown eyes hopeful that he wouldn't retract his proposal. "I don't want to create any problems."

"I already told you that it's okay. We have a spare room with a bed so you don't have to worry about that either. I'm sure you have plenty of stuff to pack up, so I'm going to take a look in the kitchen. Steve, by the way."

"Nice to meet you, Steve," she smiled back.

He left the bedroom and hustled downstairs, eager to see what other treats remained hidden in the kitchen. He would kill someone for a bag of brown sugar. He wouldn't survive another week if he had to eat plain oatmeal. It wouldn't be the end of the world to cheat a little on his diet! It was the apocalypse, for fuck's sake!

Ariana stared off at the wall in a slight daze. What a bizarre turn of events. She honestly didn't have a plan before Steve showed up. The idea of driving somewhere if things didn't change in the next few days was a real likelihood. Where? Who knows? Anywhere but here would be an upgrade. All alone without the internet, communication, or any companionship was tough to take after just one day. Seventy-two more hours of loneliness may have been enough to break her.

She hadn't necessarily gotten off on the right foot with Steve--with him breaking into her house and pointing a gun at her--but deep down in her gut, she believed that he was genuine. Something told her that he was a nice guy with a warm, inviting girlfriend. Perhaps this was a sign? Maybe her new neighbors were the answer to her prayers? Her dire situation suddenly appeared significantly less bleak now that she had two people to lean on.

And it didn't hurt that he was cute either...

Chapter 11 -- A Jealous Girlfriend

Had he died and gone to heaven? Fruity Pebbles, Cap'n Crunch, and Lucky Charms: this kitchen pantry cabinet was the most valuable wooden structure on Earth as far as he was concerned. The boxes of pasta, bags of rice, and jars of peanut butter were enough to make his cock twitch too. This one pantry easily tripled their food inventory, and he'd yet to even take a peek inside the refrigerator!

He couldn't debate it any longer. He was absolutely in heaven. The world had ended, and he'd vanished along with the rest of the male population. How couldn't he have? The refrigerator was loaded!

Eggs, yogurt, fruits and vegetables, bread, milk, and orange juice. God, it was beautiful. Forget about tripling their stock of food. This easily multiplied their supply by seven or eight times, and it came with the added bonus of being healthy unlike the bags and boxes of junk food they had back at home.

He took a minute to seriously consider moving into Ariana's house. It was newer and better supplied, but it lacked a certain aura that Uncle Dave's place possessed. The basement was also something he didn't want to leave behind. While he didn't plan to obsess over it any longer, he wouldn't pretend that it didn't exist either.

Uncle Dave's house was also special to his girlfriend. It was a place where she used to visit every summer. It was the home of her beloved late aunt. And while it would be a pain to lug everything back to their current residence, it was an inconvenience that he was more than happy to deal with.

He found the basement door and headed downstairs to look for boxes or containers to transport their new food with. Abruptly, his heart ceased beating after he looked around the room. A black four-shelf shelving unit full of food was positioned against the wall. Everything from cans of tuna to bags of chips lined the available space. Did this house double as a grocery store? They'd hit the ultimate jackpot!

The workbench was full of tools, forgotten supplies like garbage bags and tampons sat in boxes on the floor, and a four-pack of toothpaste looked extra beautiful given their circumstances. The discoveries he'd made over the past ten minutes had easily bought them another six months, and they still had plenty of wiggle room despite having another mouth to feed with Ariana in the picture. All the proof of that was in the box of Nutty Bars that he would undoubtedly dig into later tonight.

He climbed back upstairs for his first of many trips after loading up a box with as many goodies as he could fit. He also liked the idea of using Ariana's father's truck to haul their supplies back and forth despite the risks. It would take forever to walk everything across the cornfield.

And while their activity may be noticed by a passing vehicle or even an unsuspected set of eyes, using the truck made the most sense to him. He wanted to put it in their barn anyway.

"Ariana!" he shouted.

Hurried footsteps from above moved to the stairs. The next thing he knew, the world's cutest brunette hustled down the steps to see what he needed.

"Yeah, Steve?" she asked.

"I want you to lock the door behind me. I know that I busted one of the windows, but I still don't want it to be unlocked."

"Do you want my Dad's keys?"

"Actually, I want to talk to Megan first real quick," he declined her offer. "Start piling up all the stuff you need to take down here, okay? We'll load it up when I get back."

She nodded and locked the door behind him as he stepped over the broken glass. He hustled across the driveway before slipping into the cornfield. The realization that he needed to check with Megan had just hit him a minute ago. The last thing he wanted was to load up the truck, pull into their driveway, and have an irate girlfriend waiting for him.

He'd just invited an absurdly cute eighteen-year-old girl to stay with them. Why had he assumed that Megan would be cool with that? He absolutely wouldn't be fine with her offering some handsome male neighbor a room in their house if their situation was reversed. In fact, he wouldn't allow anything like that to happen at all.

So, he was coming with a box of bribery. The package in his possession didn't contain nutritious food or bottled water. Instead, it was full of slightly less important items. Well, less important to him. A certain blonde would refer to his gifts as vital.

First, the boxes of tampons would be extremely well-received. He wasn't sure what would happen after they ran out of feminine hygiene products. Second, he'd discovered on the drive up here that chocolate chip cookies were Megan's favorite thing in the world, and three boxes of her most treasured treat would definitely soften her up. Lastly, he'd stuffed the box full of other snacks, added the toothpaste, and finished it off with several rolls of toilet paper. If this didn't do the trick, then nothing would.

He needed to relax. Megan would be fine with everything, and--

Steve suddenly stopped in his tracks.

"Ribbet-ribbet. Ribbet-ribbet. Sssssssssss. Ribbet-ribbet. Ribbet-ribbet. Sssssssssss."

Was that the sound of a frog croaking? Every few seconds, a sucking, almost hissing noise, would add to the unrest, creating a bizarre distortion. He knew that he wasn't close enough to the stream to hear frogs, and what would they be doing in a cornfield anyway? But then it hit him.

What if frogs weren't the culprit of this ruckus?

He was halfway home, standing in the middle of a cornfield with a box of supplies in his grasp. His occupied hands also meant that he'd made perhaps the biggest mistake of his life. He couldn't believe how stupid he was.

Ten shells stayed tucked away in the pockets of his basketball shorts, but the shotgun remained in Ariana's basement. He'd forgotten his gun! How could he make such an error after just lecturing Megan about the importance of staying armed at all times?

Could a different kind of animal be responsible for this buzz? Or what if a dangerous person hidden in the cornstalks taunted him with the strange explosion of sounds? He'd never been more vulnerable to his environment. At least he knew what he was getting himself into at the gas station yesterday. Now, he was completely blind.

"Ribbet-ribbet. Ribbet-ribbet. Sssssssssss. Click-click-click. Ribbet-ribbet. Ribbet-ribbet. Sssssssssss."

A sound which resembled a tongue popping loudly against the top of a mouth had joined in on the chaos. Something was out here. He couldn't see it, but he felt it. An ominous mood swept across the farmland as he prepared himself for the unknown. He was alone, exposed, and about to pay for his horrible mistake.

He only had one option, and it'd worked fairly well for him yesterday. It was time to bullshit his way out of this situation.

"I have a gun!" he shouted.

"Ribbet-ribbet. Ribbet-ribbet. Sssssssssss. Ribbet-ribbet. Ribbet-ribbet. Sssssssssss. Click-click-click."

He spun as he noted the way that the noise changed direction suddenly. His attention turned from the stream in the distance, to the road only twenty yards ahead, but he didn't observe any movement. The slightest ripple of a single cornstalk would've captured his attention. He was locked on his environment like a hawk, but the migration of whatever mocked him somehow eluded his senses.

He seriously planned to throw a box of tampons at whatever was out there? Didn't he realize how screwed he would be if something decided to attack him? He picked up his pace as he moved more briskly across the field. The sooner he was somewhere safe, the better.

"Sssssssssss. Click-click-click. Sssssssssss."

It followed him now. His hurried walk morphed into a controlled jog as he hopped over the familiar black hose and hustled for the house. The outline of Megan's binoculars became faintly visible in the mudroom window. He was only twenty seconds from safety.

Why did the crops to his rear remain frozen? Something trailed him, but none of the stalks moved as a result.

"Click-click-click."

Selfishly, while he was concerned for his safety, his own well-being was insignificant compared to the girl he had waiting at home. Megan needed him. They needed each other. Protecting his

girlfriend remained his number one priority, and he wouldn't be able to do his job unless he made it out of this field alive.

"Sssssssss. Sssssssss. Click-click-click."

The unidentified frenzy nipped at his heels, causing him to clear the last fifteen feet of corn-covered dread in a dead sprint. He was done messing around. The final cornstalk disappeared from his peripheral as he bolted across the driveway toward the entrance of the house, where Megan stared out the window with a pair of binoculars around her neck, and a look of concern planted all over her face.

She quickly moved to unlock the door.

"Don't!" he yelled.

He turned back to observe the property. Under no circumstances would he lead something into their home. The front door needed to stay locked until he said otherwise.

Everything remained quiet. The slight breeze died down, resulting in the landscape to mirror that of a painting. What if everything had just been in his head? Maybe he was caving to the pressure of his new role as a leader? Or maybe, just maybe, there really was something out there?

"What's wrong?" Megan asked from behind the closed door, concerned.

The world remained still. If there truly had been a threat out in the fields, then it was either gone or dormant. It was worrisome to know that something could be lurking in their yard, but at the end of the day, he never saw anything. It may have merely been a figment of his imagination.

"Steve!" she yelled.

He turned to lock eyes with a frantic Megan through the window of the oak front door. He'd allowed his fear to be transferred into his perfect girlfriend, showing that he'd once again failed as a man. He'd allowed his emotions to get the best of him. He needed to be a rock--a tree which refused to waver no matter how strong the gusts. It was essential that he be strong for her.

He smiled and nodded calmly. The door opened immediately and Megan rushed to pull him inside, locking it behind them. Seconds later, she removed the box from his hands, set it down on the floor, and wrapped her arms around him. She didn't know what he'd run from, but his undeniable panic horrified her. Her gut instinct had been proven correct. That house was trouble!

"What's wrong?" she asked after breaking their embrace so she could look up into his eyes.

"Nothing."

"Don't lie to me."

"I'm not lying," he fibbed. "Everything's fine."

She didn't appreciate his dishonesty--whether it was done with the intention of protecting her or not--and she really didn't like how he'd put himself at risk. She also didn't enjoy being treated like a little kid. She was twenty-five years old! She could handle the truth!

"What were you running from?" she asked.

"There was an animal or something that surprised me," he said, trying to retain his manhood while attempting to caution her. "Listen, there's nothing to be afraid of, but I don't want you to go outside by yourself anymore."

Her puzzled look made her confused thoughts perfectly clear.

"And make sure that you take the gun with you if you absolutely need to go out by yourself," he said. "It's necessary."

Her eyebrows perked up after hearing that. She knew that something was missing. "Where's the gun?"

"I left it next door by mistake."

Her baffled expression grew. "How are you going to get it back?"

"I'm going to walk over there and get it. I'll take the bat with me."

"Are you insane?" she asked, dumbfounded. "I could see the look on your face. You weren't running from a mouse or something! What did you really see out there?"

That was his exact problem. How could he explain his fear when he couldn't even identify the cause of his angst? Could he actually tell her that he'd been freaked out by strange sounds? Because that's exactly what happened.

"I heard some weird noises," he admitted. "It's nothing to worry about, though. I just don't want you going outside by yourself--gun or not--unless you absolutely have to. Okay?"

None of this made sense to her. He'd heard a weird noise? That's what caused him to dash the final stretch of his journey to safety? Yesterday, she watched him take on three women who were armed with a shotgun and a metal bat. Her man wasn't a wimp. He wasn't being truthful with her.

"Take the car instead of walking back over there."

"No way," he argued, shaking his head. "We can't use the car unless it's an emergency. It's a waste of gas."

"I'm coming with you then."

As expected, he wasn't on board with that either. "Not happening. I do have a surprise for you, though."

He pointed at the floor as she gazed at him curiously. Her eyes followed his hand, right to the cardboard box she'd forgotten about. His safety was far more important than some mysterious package.

But her terror dissipated after she knelt down to rummage through the box he'd returned with. Honestly, she may have been the happiest girl in the world at the moment. This served as the ultimate care package.

The three boxes of tampons were a godsend, and the addition of chocolate chip cookies made her want to scream! Toothpaste, toilet paper, and two big bags of potato chips added to the already endless rewards. Steve's treacherous journey had been worth it in the end. These tampons alone justified the ordeal. She didn't like the idea of him putting himself in jeopardy again, however.

"This is amazing, but I'm going over there with you. I'll watch your back."

"You're staying right here," he said, putting an end to her crazy ideas. "You won't believe how much more stuff is next door, though. Megan, it's like a fuckin' grocery store over there."

Her eyes lit up with excitement.

"We easily picked up ten or fifteen times the amount of food we currently have--especially if the power stays on. The refrigerator over there is loaded."

"With what!?" she asked frantically.

"Fruit, yogurt, orange juice--"

She couldn't control her excitement. She didn't even allow him to finish his thoughts without interrupting. She picked up the bat and readied herself to tag along. "I'm coming."

"No, I need you to stay here and keep an eye on the field while I cross it, okay? Same thing as before. If you see something, unlock the door and scream as loudly as you can. Don't you dare come running out, though. You need to immediately get your butt back inside."

"You saw something!" she declared passionately. "Stop hiding it from me! I'm not a child!"

She absolutely wasn't a child, and she deserved better than to be kept in the dark. They were a team. She was entitled to a description of exactly what he'd heard.

He would sound crazy, but she wanted the truth. "I didn't see anything, but I definitely heard something. There were these weird hissing and croaking types of sounds in the fields."

"Like, an animal?" she asked.

"I didn't know," he said, not about to jump to conclusions. "These bizarre pops would randomly join in too. The strangest part was that it followed me. I could feel it. I don't want you to be worried, alright? It was probably a dog or something."

She put her foot down. "You're driving back over there. There's no way you're walking across that field again."

"I'll be fine. Listen, I do have one other thing that I need to talk to you about."

She'd yet to move on from what she'd just heard. What in the world croaks and hisses? And it made popping sounds as well? That didn't resemble any type of dog she was familiar with, and now he planned to stroll right back across the exact cornfield where he'd encountered this mystery? Wait, what was the other thing he needed to tell her?

"There's someone next door," he said, cutting right to the chase.

Her stomach churned. Had there been violence? Had he effectively hidden an injury from her this entire time? She didn't know what he would tell her, but she didn't expect it to be pleasant news.

"She's all alone," he filled her in. "And she's very nice, so I invited her to come stay with us."

Her eyebrows couldn't be higher.

"It only seemed right," he went on. "She has so much stuff that we need. I mean, I could've just taken it, but we're still human beings."

"Who is she?"

"Her name is Ariana. Like I said, she's very nice. You two will get along great."

Her apprehensive expression showed that she didn't agree with his statement. "How old is she?"

"Eighteen."

Suddenly, she glared at him. Her mood turned from anxious to annoyed. "Is she cute?"

"Huh?" he questioned.

"You heard me," she continued to stare at him, her blue eyes full of jealousy and mistrust.

He'd severely underestimated how badly his revelation could turn out. Megan silently fumed at him while he attempted to buy himself time. He couldn't possibly answer her question truthfully, though. No matter how cute Megan thought their new roommate may be, she would be blown away when she actually saw Ariana's adorableness.

"Um...I mean...she's uh...she's not ugly," he sputtered while looking off to the side.

Her left eye twitched. This seriously happened? "Let me make sure that I have this correct. You met some eighteen-year-old cutie next door and invited her to come live with us. Right?"

He'd yet to look at her.

"On what planet did you think I would be okay with this?" she asked while doing her best to keep herself under control. She was on the verge of snapping.

"Megan, we--"

Her subdued act lasted only a handful of seconds. "This is so disrespectful! Are you fuckin' kidding me!?"

"Just hear me out," he tried to explain his actions.

"Let's trade places for a minute," she said, his voice raised. "Suddenly, I'm the only girl left in the world, and what do I do after I wander off next door and bump into some hot college guy? I invite him to come live with us. What would your reaction be if I did that? Huh? Would you stand there and be okay with me acting like it's no big deal?"

"Um..."

"Would you!?" she screamed.

"Probably not..." he admitted under his breath.

"Probably not?" she laughed, her guffaw sounding of disbelief. "You absolutely wouldn't be okay with it! I'm your girlfriend!"

Yesterday revealed a fiery side to his girlfriend. Megan possessed a pit bull mentality. She could be a little hardheaded at times, and he was currently seeing just how jealous she could get. He didn't necessarily blame her either.

Had he invited Ariana to stay with them based solely on her looks? No, but he wouldn't have been so eager to offer a room to an eighty-year-old grandmother either. Part of him had thought that Megan wouldn't mind what he'd done. Was he naive? Maybe, but what girl didn't want a friend? What if these two hit it off? It would be great!

"I don't even know what to say. I'm so not okay with this."

"I already offered her a room," he said quietly. "She's packing up her stuff now. What do you want me to do? Tell her there's been a change in plans but we're still taking all her food? We need that stuff!"

A quick peek into the box below confirmed his last point. Not only had Steve told her about all the amazing food next door, but these goodies were so much better than what they currently had. She looked at Chips Ahoy cookies! They could probably pass for gold bars in this new society! And Lay's potato chips too!

An entire house packed with similar treats was too good to pass up, even if it came with the burden of a new roommate. Steve was right about them still needing to remain civilized. They couldn't just steal this poor girl's stuff. She was an eighteen-year-old who'd suddenly found herself all alone in a scary world. The least they could do was help her out.

"I need to tell you something," she said, not allowing him time to jump in. "I tend to get jealous. I can also be overprotective. I had a relationship when I was younger that really hurt my ability to trust men, and I tend to assume the worst."

"Megan--"

"Let me finish," she cut him off. "I dated a guy for three years when I was in college. We were a couple from the time I was eighteen, right up until I turned twenty-one. I honestly thought that he would be the guy I'd end up married to, but he always changed the subject whenever I brought up anything to do with engagement, marriage, kids, or anything along those lines. I assumed it was just because we were so young, you know? That he would eventually want all of those things later in life. Well, he ended up missing my twenty-first birthday party because he received some surprising news."

He waited for her reveal.

"His girlfriend was pregnant."

"Wait, I thought you were his girlfriend?" he questioned.

"I was one of 'em," she rolled her eyes, still disgusted by the memory of her asshole ex-boyfriend. "This guy who wouldn't discuss anything regarding marriage, and who was beyond opposed to having kids, got some slut who he was cheating on me with pregnant. And do you know what he did? He married her."

"Yikes," he remarked.

"I'm happy that he knocked her up. It finally made me realize what a jerk I was with. The signs were there, but I was too dumb to open my eyes and see them. I spent my twenty-first birthday swearing off men while I got hammered at a bar with my friends, and I haven't had a boyfriend since. Something about you always felt different, though. Even back when we would just smile at each other in the hallway. You seemed genuine. You felt trustworthy. I need to know that you're mine."

He had his faults, but disloyalty wasn't one of them. "I'm not a cheater."

While she trusted him, he was still a man, and sometimes men couldn't resist certain temptations. She was about to sign off on something that she never would've imagined agreeing to. She'd pictured riding out the apocalypse with her awesome boyfriend--not in a *Three's Company* situation with some eighteen-year-old girl--but the past thirty hours had been anything but normal. It didn't come as a surprise to encounter speed bumps along the way.

"Fine, she can stay here," she said, still reluctant, but understanding. "I don't want anything to do with her, though."

He didn't want to push the issue further. He would keep his fingers crossed that the two of them would become cordial someday, but he would settle for them simply being roommates as a starting point. Witnessing Megan's fury come and go rather quickly was another relief as well. At least he wouldn't receive the silent treatment this time.

And while some guys may view a girl with Megan's attitude as a negative, he saw it as anything but. Was there any doubt that she would kill for him if he needed her to? How many guys could say that about their partner? Well, probably no one since he could be the only man alive, but intense loyalty hadn't exactly been a widespread trait with the women in his life prior to yesterday's ordeal. He finally had a ride-or-die chick.

He took the bat from her hands and reaffirmed that she understood his plan. "Scream if you see something, got it? And then get back inside."

She nodded, unable to conceal her worry. "You should walk along the road."

A passing car could be even more dangerous than whatever was in the field. He could also walk all the way to the back of their property--to the location of the stream he'd yet to explore--and make his way to Ariana's through her backyard. He would be lying if he didn't admit to something, however.

He may have been looking for trouble.

He now had a metal bat and no box to restrict his movement, and he'd never been more ready in his life to send a message. Whatever was out there would find out that his property was off-limits. It was time to lay down the law.

He gave Megan a kiss and headed outside for his trip back across the cornfield before she had a chance to protest further.

He was a man on a mission. His swag was that of a guy with a fourteen-inch dick. His distant memory of the buck he'd shot as a kid would be replaced by some dangerous animal with its skull caved in. His humanity had been put on the back burner. It was time to protect not only Megan and Ariana, but his yard as well.

But he didn't encounter any peculiar sounds this time, because the walk to Ariana's house was a rather uneventful one. He hadn't planned to be disappointed by the fact that he stood in Ariana's driveway--having not needed to resort to brutality in the middle of a cornfield--but that's exactly what he felt. His adrenaline had kicked into high gear for nothing.

He made his way up the front steps and to the locked door where he yelled through the broken glass. "Ariana!"

The high school senior hurried downstairs and unlocked the door, shooting him a smile in the process. "Hey, Steve. I cleaned up the glass, by the way. That way we won't have to worry about stepping over it."

"Thanks."

"No problem," she said. "So, did you talk to your girlfriend?"

He nodded.

"All good?" she asked, unable to hide the hopefulness in her eyes.

"All good," he verified, stretching the truth by a country mile. He found himself caught off-guard by the towering stacks of bags and suitcases that surrounded him. "Is this everything?"

"Um...it's probably like half of it," she told him.

Of course, this was only half of it. Why would he have thought otherwise? He was dealing with an eighteen-year-old girl, after all. Megan could most likely fill ten cars with clothes if they returned to their apartment to finish packing as well.

"My dad saves all our boxes in the garage," she said. "I put them in the kitchen so you can pack up the food."

He didn't like the sound of that. "Wait, you went outside?"

"Just for a minute," she said casually.

Did he have a mini-Megan on his hands now? What the hell was going on? "Holy shit, you can't go off on your own! What if someone would've pulled into the driveway while you were in the garage?"

"I can handle myself. It's not a big deal."

"We're all going to sit down together once you're moved in," he said, shaking his head. He couldn't believe how the women in his life couldn't see the danger that surrounded them. "We have to discuss a few things. There are rules that need to be followed. For safety reasons."

"Like, leaving a gun in the basement?" she asked with a big grin. "Is that rule number two or three?"

Was Ariana Megan's long-lost little sister? Don't get him wrong, by no means was he complaining about the similarities in their personalities. Actually, it was fantastic! These two would get along great whether they were ready for it or not. They were spitting images of one another.

"Do as I say, not as I do," he chuckled. "Yeah, that wasn't my finest moment."

"I put your gun in the kitchen too. Hey, it's a good thing that I like you," she giggled before heading back upstairs to finish packing the remainder of her bedroom.

He discovered a pile of collapsed cardboard boxes with a roll of packing tape waiting for him on the kitchen table. Five minutes later, he had the cupboard completely cleared. He could taste those Fruity Pebbles already!

He temporarily passed on packing up the refrigerator to instead turn his attention to the basement. As amazing as it was to load up Ariana's food, he actually yelped in excitement at the discovery of five seven-gallon water jugs under the stairs. How could one room provide so much hope? How

could a single house contain everything they needed? Thirty-five gallons of water. Thirty-five freakin' gallons! It was easily a month's worth of drinking water for the three of them.

It took close to half an hour to haul everything upstairs. Laundry detergent, a bottle of apple sauce that was three months expired, and a small box of old rags: he didn't leave anything behind. Who knew when something would come in handy?

The number of bags stuffed with clothing, accessories, and makeup on the entranceway floor had tripled since he first went down into the basement. Where did she fit all of her stuff in her little bedroom? It would almost be funny if it wasn't so ridiculous.

Footsteps caused him to turn back to the stairs, where a breathtaking brunette had a gym bag slung over her shoulder. "That's everything," she said.

"Hey, have you ever heard any weird noises outside?"

"Like what?" she asked.

"Like...anything strange?" he clarified, trying his best to not sound crazy. "Anything like hissing?"

"Hissing? Where? In the cornfields?"

He nodded.

Her mystified look showed that she'd never shared a similar experience. "I've never heard any weird sounds outside."

The last thing he wanted was to freak her out. Hinting at something peculiar in their yard wouldn't be the best idea in the world.

He looked at the pile of bags and shook his head as he quickly changed the subject. "I see that you packed a bag or two..."

"Please don't act like my dad," she laughed. "I know, I like to shop."

He still couldn't get over how much stuff she'd packed. "I don't understand how one person can have so many clothes. I wear the same five different outfits over and over."

"Ah, the luxuries of being a guy. Did you pack up all the food?"

He pointed in the direction of his most important discovery. "Everything's packed except the refrigerator. You never mentioned those water jugs, by the way. They're by far the biggest score."

Her face abruptly turned white. "You haven't drank water out of the tap, have you?"

"Not yet, but we were going to. Why?"

"Don't!" she yelled. "All the pesticides and fertilizer that the farmers use seep into the drinking water around here. It isn't safe. We've been drinking out of jugs that we buy from the store for my entire life. The one in the kitchen just ran empty last night, and I hadn't gotten around to bringing a new one upstairs."

"There aren't any jugs at our place."

"Really? That's crazy. You need to find a well that isn't near farmland to be safe. Way too many toxins get into the water where we are. There was a big news story about it a couple of years ago. Apparently, the county tried to cover it up. It was a huge deal."

Their situation suddenly became much more bleak. Water from the tap was a no-go, their bathtub had been filled with useless fluids, and the stream was definitely off-limits. He knew that boiling water wouldn't kill pesticides. That was information he'd discovered years ago while researching water filters for his hiking trips.

How hadn't he considered the possibility of chemicals running off into the stream? Why had he been so quick to approve of drinking from the tap? Carelessness would get them killed, and he'd overlooked everything regarding their water situation. He was very thankful to have bumped into Ariana.

"Do you know of any safe wells around here?" he asked.

"I don't, and drinking from the tap is something that should be reserved for an absolute desperate scenario," she gave her two cents. "It needs to be our last option. Don't worry, we'll figure something out."

While he loved her optimism, he didn't share her confidence. It wouldn't be long before clean water became a pressing concern. They needed to figure out something fast.

The two loaded the food and water into the truck before Ariana waved him into the garage. She had a few essential items set aside like extension cables, tools, and a car battery charger. He was disappointed to not see a generator--which was a luxury that he still couldn't believe a conspiracy theorist like Uncle Dave didn't own. Who knew when the power would go out? And when it eventually did, he didn't like the chances of it returning anytime soon.

He would further ponder their problems later, because right now, he was a very, very, very happy guy. In fact, he was ecstatic.

"I thought you would like that," Ariana smiled, reading his overjoyed reaction. "My dad's a borderline alcoholic. Hey, it looks like his drinking problem finally came in handy, huh?"

"This is the happiest moment of my life," he remarked.

He didn't see one glorious twenty-four pack of Labatt Blue cans. He certainly didn't see two either. No, he looked at ten beautiful blue boxes piled one on top of the other. Two hundred and forty cans of his favorite beer sat right in front of him, and he wouldn't trade a single box for the biggest generator in the world. If he was riding out the end of days, then he planned on doing so while nice and tipsy.

They loaded the beer into the back of the truck and made the twenty second trip home. They would still have to return to pack up the food inside the refrigerator and to collect Ariana's clothes, but an irrefutable weight had been lifted off his shoulders. All of their new supplies really were a blessing.

He still held his breath over what would happen next. A wary girlfriend waited behind their front door. It was time to see just how much Megan trusted him.

He hopped out of the truck and gave Megan a thumbs up, signaling that it was okay for her to come outside. Surprisingly, Ariana may have been even more circumspect than his girlfriend as she exited the vehicle. Megan's skeptical vibe was so strong that their new eighteen-year-old roommate could feel it without exchanging a single word. She was being judged by someone she'd never even met.

"Hi," Ariana said to Megan with a smile.

Megan ignored her greeting, and instead turned her attention to Steve. "Did anything weird happen again? You looked fine walking across the field."

"Nothing weird," he told her. "This is Ariana, by the way. Ariana, meet Megan."

Megan had no interest in getting to know Ariana. She'd already made her way to the back of the vehicle to explore all of their new goodies. "This is all food? Holy cow!"

He joined her and opened the truck's tailgate. The excitement which radiated from his girlfriend was contagious. It caused his own enthusiasm to spike.

He removed several boxes to reveal the jugs of water which caused Megan to gasp audibly. Her happiness was tenfold after he exposed the beer now in their possession.

"Listen, we shouldn't drink any of the water around here," he said. "Not from the tap or the stream."

Her brow furrowed at his advice. "Why not?"

"Ariana said that the pesticides and fertilizer they use in the fields gets into the water. It's not safe."

Megan instinctively peered at the high schooler who stood five feet away--who remained visibly uncomfortable from the lack of acceptance she'd been shown. It wouldn't do Ariana justice to call her cute. She was absolutely gorgeous.

Brown hair, a perfect face, and a little body that had most likely been the envy of thousands of men over the course of her lifetime. This girl resembled a teen model. Even her little button nose was captivating. Megan had always been secure in her own looks, but this cutie made her self-conscious by merely existing.

Megan picked up two boxes and headed inside, continuing to ignore their now former-neighbor. She didn't have to be friendly with her. They just needed to coexist.

Uncomfortable tension lingered as they unpacked the truck, but Megan found her mood taking a turn for the better after each and every box she looked inside of. Her boyfriend definitely hadn't exaggerated. They'd found El Dorado! Unfortunately, it also meant that she had a long day ahead of her. She would have to inventory every single piece of food.

A particular idea brewed around in Steve's head while they moved everything into the kitchen. Did it have the potential to backfire big time? Absolutely, but he needed Megan and Ariana to get along.

No one said that they needed to be friends, but he didn't have any desire to live this way. Megan's current behavior resembled that of a catty middle school girl. His idea certainly carried a risk, but perhaps leaving them alone would be the best way for them to solve their differences?

"I'm going to head back," he announced. Ariana took one step in his direction before his voice caused her to stop. "Actually, I want you to stay here. Give Megan a hand unpacking this stuff."

Ariana clearly wasn't comfortable with that. "No, I'll help you. I mean, it's my stuff over there. It doesn't seem right to have you load up my things."

"I want you to stay here," he reiterated his stance. "I'll leave the bat with you guys."

A quick look in Megan's direction was all it took for Ariana to observe her indifference. It couldn't have been more obvious that the pretty blonde didn't want anything to do with her. What did Steve

see in her anyway? This was his nice girlfriend? This was the woman he thought she would get along great with? She struggled to see that ever happening.

He left the bat on the kitchen table after retrieving it from the truck. He still had to load up all of Ariana's things, empty the refrigerator, and make one final check of the house. They couldn't leave anything valuable behind.

He also couldn't help but feel guilty from what he'd done. Megan had already started to unpack the boxes while Ariana just stood there, staring at him like a lost puppy. She mutely begged to come along with him, but he had to leave her behind. Not only for her safety, but for the potential of these two being able to bond--however small of a possibility it was.

* * * * *

"What can I do to help?"

Megan huffed before finally looking at Ariana for the first time since Steve had left. "Use the binoculars to look out the window. Keep an eye on your house, and speak up if you see anything strange. Understood?"

Ariana nodded meekly before heading into the mudroom. At least she'd escaped Megan's ice-cold demeanor for the time being. Maybe she would be better off on her own? She didn't have to stay here. If their living situation didn't work out, then she could always pack up her stuff and take Dad's truck elsewhere. Steve didn't come off like the kind of guy who would force her to live with him.

Katie Cummings was the only girl who'd ever made her feel the way Megan did. Katie's harsh attitude could be credited to discovering that she'd flirted with her ex-boyfriend online, but it wasn't like she was dating Brad at the time. He was single! What was the harm in talking to him?

She wasn't the type of girl to steal someone's boyfriend. She respected relationships, and she didn't carry a hint of malice in her heart. She hadn't even considered the possibility of making a move on Steve. Sure, he was cute, but he had a girlfriend, and going there qualified as a strict no-no in her mind.

Chapter 12 -- BFFs

Ariana's eyes remained transfixed across the cornfield forty minutes later. She'd heard plenty of rumblings come from the kitchen, but opted to stay in the mudroom by herself. One, she needed to make sure that Steve was okay. Two, she was a little scared of Megan.

Megan didn't seem like the type of girl who put up with nonsense, and she wouldn't put it past her to snap a neck or two if need be. She possessed legitimate concern about stepping on her toes. What if she mistakenly did something to offend her? She'd only moved here for the safety of living with a man, but now she wasn't sure if she'd made the right decision.

The sound of footsteps caused her to turn and observe Megan enter the mudroom, and she immediately tensed up as a result.

"See anything?"

"No, I haven't seen anything at all after Steve made it over there," Ariana answered, her tone timid and shy.

Megan had never been one for small talk. She also wasn't someone who forced conversation when nothing needed to be discussed. All the proof of that was in her decision to head back toward the kitchen.

"I'm sorry about Mrs. Thompson."

Only a handful of different remarks could cause Megan to stop dead in her tracks. An update regarding Steve or information about more supplies would have certainly done the trick. Oh, and the mentioning of her late aunt.

"You knew my aunt?" Megan asked, turning to face the petite brunette.

Ariana nodded, quickly looking away from Megan. She struggled to hold eye contact with the intimidating older girl.

Megan quickly did the math in her head. Aunt Carol had passed away five years ago, so Ariana would've been thirteen at the time of her death. That made her old enough to develop a real relationship with the most amazing woman to ever grace this beautiful planet.

Her other question involved why she'd never seen Ariana during her summer visits? But then again, she only would've been six-years-old at the time--assuming she'd even lived next door back then. She would uncover all the details later. Now, she had more urgent questions to address.

"Did you know her well?" Megan asked.

"My mom and dad divorced when I was just a baby, and my mom moved away with some other guy not long after," Ariana provided a look into her life. "I've never had a real mother in my life. My dad's had a few girlfriends over the years, including one who almost became my stepmom, but I never had a real motherly relationship with anyone. Mrs. Thompson is the closest I've ever come to having a mom."

Megan hadn't expected to hear anything like that.

"It devastated me when she got sick," Ariana went on. "I could barely make it through her funeral. I spent so much time over here talking to her. My dad doesn't know the first thing about being a girl. Mrs. Thompson helped me the first time I got my period, she was the woman I came to for advice about boys, and she's the only reason I'm somewhat decent in the kitchen. She's been so important in my life."

Ariana was at Aunt Carol's funeral? It didn't come as much of a surprise that she didn't recall seeing her, though. There were hundreds of people there, after all. She'd struggled to keep her composure throughout the ceremony as well.

Suddenly, Ariana didn't feel like an intruder. Actually, she felt like family. She'd clearly gotten Aunt Carol's sign of approval, and what could be more important than that?

"I would come over to check on Mr. Thompson from time to time, but he was never the same after Mrs. Thompson passed away," Ariana said. "I probably should've popped in more often. You know, just to see how he was doing? I guess life got in the way."

Megan couldn't believe it. They both experienced the same exact guilt over not having a more active role in Uncle Dave's life. It was almost spooky.

"I lost contact with my uncle over the past few years," Megan admitted. "What happened to him?"

"He was always super nice to me, and we would wave to each other when I saw him getting his mail and stuff, but he grew kind of distant. His car was always in the driveway too. Did you move it, by the way?"

How had they missed that detail? There wasn't a car in either the driveway or the barn. Where was her reclusive uncle's vehicle?

"No, we didn't move his car anywhere," Megan told her.

"He drives a blue Ford Taurus," Ariana informed her. "I was surprised to see it gone. I thought that maybe he was still alive."

"Did he ever say anything strange?"

"Strange?" Ariana questioned. "Like what?"

"Have you ever heard him say something that sounded out of place?" Megan clarified. "Anything that would make you think something was going on? Or that he might've known something?"

"We really didn't have that kind of relationship. I was really close with Mrs. Thompson, but I was more cordial with Mr. Thompson. Like I said, I didn't check on him all that much over the past few years. I don't know, to be honest with you."

An intense sensation of interest swept over Megan. She never would've expected it in a million years, but she found herself curious about the cute girl with a pair of binoculars around her neck. It wasn't right to act so cold to her. Ariana was all alone and without either of her parents, and she'd treated her like a criminal. Their situation had become so much better thanks to all of Ariana's food and water, for heaven's sake! All she'd done was extend how long they could survive, and if someone was good enough for Aunt Carol, then they were absolutely good enough for her.

"I'm sorry."

Ariana's still-guarded stance softened. Her cautious disposition temporarily eased. Had she just received an apology?

"I haven't treated you fairly," Megan went on. "It wasn't right of me."

"No, it's fine. I--"

"No, it's not fine," Megan interrupted. "I've been acting like a bitch. Listen, we got off on the wrong foot earlier. How about we try to get to know each other a little bit? You know, since we're going to be living together? So, you're a senior in high school?"

"Yeah, I go to Sacred Heart," Ariana nodded, surprised and overjoyed that their conversation had taken a pleasant turn.

"Is that a private school?"

"It's an all-girls Catholic school," Ariana confirmed with a nod. "It's like twenty minutes away."

"Do you play any sports or anything?" Megan asked in an attempt to find out more about her new roommate.

"I run track."

Megan's eyes lit up after hearing that. "Are you serious!? I ran track back in high school too!"

"Really? What events?"

"Both the sixteen hundred and thirty-two hundred meters," Megan said. "I did some long jumping too, but endurance events were where I excelled. What about you?"

"One hundred, two hundred, and four-hundred meter dashes," Ariana stated proudly.

"You're a sprinter with those little legs?" Megan asked, teasing.

Ariana responded by rolling her eyes. She knew that Megan was just joking, but she'd heard similar comments a million times before. "Believe me, I'm really fast. And what about you?" she grinned, pointing at Megan's sizable chest. "You ran long-distance with those?"

"Thank God for sports bras," Megan laughed. "I was a cheerleader too, but--"

"Oh my God, so am I!" Ariana cut her off, her ecstatic smile ranging from ear-to-ear.

Megan was ready to forget all about the past hour of her life. Why had she been so closed off to someone she didn't even know? It only took one simple conversation to discover how much they had in common.

One thing didn't add up for Megan, however. "You cheer at a Catholic school?"

"We cheer for an all-boys Catholic school, but we're not slutty cheerleaders who try to look hot," Ariana said. "It's competitive cheerleading. We travel for events and stuff."

Megan had just found her new best friend.

Chapter 13 -- Separated At Birth

Steve pulled back into Uncle Dave's driveway, dreading the chaotic environment he would be returning to. What in the world had he gotten himself into? An angry girlfriend, a scared eighteen-year-old high schooler, and what would undoubtedly be a ghastly situation. Could he just stay in the safety of this truck forever?

The last thing he wanted was to push Megan away. There was a uniqueness to their relationship. It'd been merely two days, but he'd never felt so strongly about anyone. What they shared was far too special to jeopardize, but he'd done exactly that, hadn't he?

What if Megan demanded he choose between herself and Ariana? He obviously wouldn't hesitate to pick his girlfriend, but he just wanted everyone to get along. A friendly house didn't seem like too much to ask for.

The refrigerator ended up being even more packed than he'd previously thought. The bags of lunch meat and package of bacon in the pull-out drawer made him drool, and he couldn't believe his luck after discovering that the yogurt was actually Greek--a favorite of his. It was tastier, less sugary, and contained significantly more protein than regular yogurt. He'd even found a jar of strawberry jam in the very back!

A quick peek around Ariana's father's room had netted him a few things while he checked the house one last time. He snagged plenty of socks--of which he'd greatly underpacked--collected a few belts, and even snuck a bottle of cologne into his pocket. Hey, someone had to use it, right?

Her dad's shaving cream and razors also found their way into his box. He didn't leave one vital item behind after he closed the front door for the final time. He made sure of it.

He wanted to sit here forever. This pickup truck wasn't all that uncomfortable, and he could easily make a cozy bed with the help of a pillow and a few blankets.

He reluctantly lifted the door handle after watching Megan and Ariana stroll outside in his direction. Why didn't anyone listen? What if it wasn't safe to step outside? They were supposed to be communicating with signals!

But then everything changed. Suddenly, the world wasn't so dark. Megan and Ariana walked his way side-by-side, and he couldn't mistake their big smiles for anything else. Hearing the sound of laughter after he opened the door confirmed his hunch. It happened! They were getting along!

"No way!" Megan giggled. "Are you kidding me?"

Ariana's smile couldn't be bigger. "I'm totally serious. I packed all of my nail polish. I have like forty bottles in my bag."

The two of them brushed right past him on their way to the back of the truck. They were seriously laughing about nail polish? Here he was, dreading the potential boxing match that he'd expected to walk into, and instead, they were conversing like lifelong friends. It was perfect!

"Hey, girls," he said as he approached them. "Um...what happened to our signals? Remember?"

Megan shot him an unimpressed look as she pulled a box off the truck. "We were watching from inside the entire time. There's nothing going on."

"Can you please wait for me next time?" he asked.

She nodded before handing the box to Ariana. "Do you have to go back?"

"Nope, this is everything," he answered. "There's nothing useful left next door."

Megan was more than ready to get her new best friend situated. "Well, let's get Ariana moved in!"

* * * * *

Megan took a break from cataloging their new food to make dinner. It'd be an understatement to describe her mood as ecstatic despite the hours of work still in front of her. There was so much food! And Ariana was awesome!

The little brunette was a wiseass, full of life, and she possessed a toughness while still retaining her girly side. They had the same type of personality too! What more could she have asked for in a new roommate?

She thought that Ariana was kidding when she first mentioned packing forty bottles of nail polish, but she actually had! And they were the coolest colors! An awesome boyfriend and a kickass friend on top of it all? She couldn't believe it, but it'd taken the apocalypse to finally bring her happiness.

She called down into the basement where Steve was busy organizing their supplies. Footsteps sounded above her head after a similar shout upstairs informed Ariana--who was unpacking her stuff in her new bedroom--that dinner was ready. Thirty seconds later, she had her family gathered in the kitchen. Was it too soon to refer to these two as her family? Because they certainly felt like kin.

A plate of turkey BLT's sat in the middle of the table. Under no circumstances would she let their lunch meat go to waste, and she wouldn't be caught dead allowing bacon to spoil. The mayonnaise,

lettuce, and tomatoes were the perfect complements to the slices of bread that had a slight crisp thanks to the toaster. Rationing their food had been a serious concern this morning, but now they enjoyed bacon on their turkey sandwiches! A lot had changed as a result of their new neighbor.

"These look awesome," Steve said.

Ariana was in full agreement with Steve. "No kidding. Thanks, Megan."

The three sat down at the table to enjoy a rather unexpected dinner. There wouldn't be any splitting half a box of mac and cheese tonight. No, this evening, they would eat like post-apocalyptic royalty.

Ariana had discussed plenty of topics with her new friends over the past few hours, but one thing had yet to be brought up. "Do you guys have any guesses about what caused this?"

Steve was too preoccupied with devouring his dinner to respond. Megan, on the other hand, was more than ready to talk about what had happened. Her interest in the basement had been piqued again as well. Had the relief of drastically multiplying their food supply renewed her curiosity in Uncle Dave's business? It felt like they now had a little wiggle room to explore subjects that weren't on their priority list earlier.

Megan had intentionally kept Ariana out of the basement. How would an eighteen-year-old girl react to walls covered in conspiracy information? They'd bonded over track, cheerleading, and their love of colorful nail polish, not the Illuminati. The last thing she wanted to do was freak her out.

"We both think that it might be something government related," Megan spoke for Steve. "You know, like an experiment gone wrong or something."

"That's not what happened."

Steve's head popped up as a result of Ariana's extremely confident tone. "How do you know?"

"Because only one thing could've caused this, and it isn't the government," Ariana said boldly.

Megan set her sandwich down so she wouldn't miss a single detail. "What caused this then?"

Ariana took a deep breath before making her case. Her opinion regarding a particular issue usually didn't go over so well. "The government isn't competent enough to do something like this. Look at the way the country is run, for God's sake. I mean, remember when they tried to build a healthcare website? The thing barely functioned! Now, I'm not going to pretend that they don't have a bunch of secret projects going on. I'm sure they're working on technology that we can't even imagine at classified bases all over the country, but there's no way they could've caused billions of people to suddenly disappear. They just couldn't. We aren't that advanced yet."

"You don't know that," Megan said.

"Oh, come on," Ariana smiled at her. "I mean, really? You're giving the government way too much credit if you think they're capable of pulling something like this off. You can't seriously think we possess some kind of super advanced machine that could cause half the planet's pollution to vanish. There's only one possibility for who owns that type of technology."

Steve and Megan both waited for her announcement.

"Aliens," said Ariana.

They both stared at the petite brunette, waiting for the reveal of a playful joke. They soon realized that she was indeed serious, and it only took a quick glance in Megan's direction for Steve to have his girlfriend giggling. Moments later, they were both laughing loudly at the kitchen table.

"I'm being serious!" Ariana declared, not a fan of having her ideas mocked.

"Aliens!" Steve remarked, laughing. "Holy shit, are you kidding me?"

Megan loved this. It was nice to no longer be the conspiracy-nut in the household. "E.T. phone home..."

"I'm not joking, guys!" Ariana huffed. "You wouldn't be laughing if you've seen what I have."

Their guffaw soon dissipated before Megan asked her to expound on her most recent comment. "What have you seen?"

Ariana took another bite of her dinner before disclosing her story. "I woke up and walked over to my bedroom window to open my curtains five years ago on an August morning. It was so beautiful. I've heard people refer to it as creepy, strange, or even dumb--like my dad does--but there was something so pretty about it."

"About what?" Steve asked.

"The crop circle outside," Ariana answered. "Twelve big circles were connected by thin lines in the cornfield, and each circle was not only identical in size, but they were the exact same space apart as well. Even the small lines that connected to each of the circles were curved perfectly. And this isn't just my opinion or something. The police came out and measured it. They said whoever pulled off this prank was unbelievably skilled, but I know better. A UFO landed in that field."

The girls watched as Steve stood up and left the room without saying a word. With him now gone, Megan turned her attention back to Ariana. Things had gotten weird. How much more in common could they possibly have? Ariana was a conspiracy theorist too? But there was one thing that Megan had never bought into, and it just so happened to be the very topic that her friend seemed so passionate about.

"Aliens aren't real," Megan said.

Ariana didn't need to respond. Her look said it all. That still didn't prevent her from verbally defending her opinion, though. "Yes, they are."

"Do I believe that intelligent life exists somewhere else in the universe?" Megan asked herself mostly. "Absolutely. It's pretty much impossible that we're alone, but it's laughable to think that little green men are visiting us in flying saucers, mutilating cows, and leaving cute designs in cornfields. Everyone carries phones that act as cameras with them at all times now. Why were there so many more UFO sightings in the nineties?"

Ariana opened her mouth to respond, but Megan plowed right over her. "Wouldn't we have overwhelming evidence now since no one would ever miss an opportunity to record an encounter? The only explanation is that most UFO sightings are misidentified clouds or balloons, and crop circles are actually hoaxes, and this is coming from a huge conspiracy theorist. Steve calls me Mulder."

Ariana couldn't hide her excitement after hearing that. "He calls you Mulder!? Like, from *The X-Files*!?"

Megan nodded.

"Oh my God, that's so awesome!" Ariana said excitedly. "I've watched every single episode of *The X-Files* on Netflix. It's the greatest show ever, but just listen to me for a minute. Megan, people couldn't have caused that crop circle."

"Why not?"

"You would understand if you stood inside one of the circles and felt what I did," Ariana said, looking down at the table before turning her attention back to her friend. "There was such an energy. An electricity. It was unlike anything I've ever experienced. It wasn't from this planet."

The sound of heavy footsteps caused them to turn and look before Megan could question her further. Not only had Steve returned, but he was now armed with a bulletin board in hand. He pushed the plate of sandwiches to the side and placed the board down in the middle of the table.

He pointed at a paper printout on the very bottom of the cork as he took a seat. "This is what you're talking about, isn't it?"

Ariana's bulging brown eyes wandered the length of the amazing board which was littered with information regarding crop circles, design patterns, and details about supposed extraterrestrial encounters. She had so many questions about what sat on the middle of the table. Where had this board come from, who made it, and why had no one mentioned it sooner; but before she could get around to vocalizing any of her inquiries, her focus locked on the image that Steve referred to.

"Yes, that's it!" she verified enthusiastically. "That's the same crop circle!"

It hadn't clicked for Steve until Ariana mentioned the paranormal phenomenon occurring outside her bedroom window. He most likely wouldn't have put the pieces together without the aid of that specific detail either. It seemed so obvious now that he knew what he was looking at. The image had been taken from a helicopter high in the air, allowing him to observe the unique design in all of its glory. It was the very crop circle that Ariana talked about, and it occurred in the exact field he'd walked through just hours ago.

He traded hesitant glances with his girlfriend. The same indecision ran through both of their minds as they continued to look on. While neither believed that the picture was the result of anything other than a couple of high-school-aged pranksters looking to play a joke, it was a rather strange coincidence that bizarre noises had followed him through the same field earlier. It was the same field where he'd felt an unsettling presence watching him as well.

"A UFO landed right there," Ariana said, pointing in the direction of her house.

"Did you actually see it?" he asked. "Or did you see anything at all?"

"I didn't need to see anything," she answered. "The proof was in that field. Do you need to see a bear to know that one is close-by? No, right? You can tell by paw prints. That crop circle was the footprint of an extraterrestrial life form."

Steve and Megan's baffled expressions returned.

"Oh, come on!" Ariana exclaimed, annoyed and extremely surprised. "You don't believe in aliens either, Steve?"

He shook his head no.

"Who made this board?" Ariana asked.

"My Uncle Dave," Megan told her.

Mr. Thompson made this? Really? She was such an idiot! If only she would've checked on him more often! It was the least she could've done for Mrs. Thompson.

Her late neighbor deserved to have someone keep an eye on her husband, but she'd selfishly put her personal life first. She never would've expected Mr. Thompson to be a conspiracy theorist. She'd always assumed that he spent his days watching TV and drinking away his worries, not researching crop circles.

"Go take a look in the basement," Steve said.

"Why?" Ariana asked.

"Just do it," he said with a chuckle. "Believe me, you're going to like it."

The petite brunette left the table and headed for the basement, giving Megan an opportunity to address her boyfriend. "I don't know if that's a good idea."

"She's going to find out eventually."

"I specifically kept her away from the basement," Megan said. "I didn't want to freak her out."

He could only laugh after hearing that. "Don't want to freak her out? Megan, the girl thinks aliens landed outside her house. She might be a little crazy already. Plus, she's going to love what she sees down there."

"She thinks that something happened in the same field where you heard those weird sounds, right? What if they--"

"OH MY GOD!" Ariana screamed, causing Megan to cut herself short.

They laughed at the kitchen table as a result of the overjoyed reaction from the basement. That room may as well have been heaven for Ariana. Why wasn't their new roommate best friends with Uncle Dave? They seemed perfect for each other.

Aliens? Who the hell believes in aliens? They weren't characters in a science-fiction movie. Sigourney Weaver wouldn't show up to kick some Xenomorph ass either. Something far more realistic had caused a mass extinction of the male species, and both Megan and Steve were positive that it wasn't extraterrestrial.

The excitement from the basement grew with every passing second. "THIS IS AMAZING!!!"

"Well, that should keep her busy for a while," Steve laughed while reaching for another sandwich.

Chapter 14 -- Best Friends Share Everything

Megan glanced down at her fingers from her spot alone on the family room sofa, all smiles as she turned the page of her novel. Her bright orange nails looked awesome!

It'd become easier to appreciate the simple pleasures in life now that everything had been taken away. The TV broadcasted the same emergency instructions concerning the safety zones, the internet remained out of commission, and the radio they'd found down in the basement transmitted nothing but static. So, she occupied herself with more basic pleasures.

Ariana had granted her access to all of her cosmetics, and she started to wonder if the world's coolest eighteen-year-old secretly worked as a sales associate for Mary Kay. Makeup, lotion, nail polish, lipstick were all readily available. It definitely put her own collection of beauty products to shame!

But something significantly sexier than nail polish remained missing from her life as she hopped off the sofa and made her way through the house. He was strong, tall, and oh so handsome. His protective hold had also caused her to sleep like a baby last night. It was time to track down her man, and what better place to start her search than the last room she saw him?

She strolled over to the basement door and opened it. She wasn't exactly surprised to see the lights on. Hearing two distinctly different voices caught her off guard, however.

Ariana sat at the desk, her attention solely on the notepad she used to jot down her thoughts. Steve appeared to be a tad bit less comfortable. In fact, she had to laugh at the bag of rice he used for a pillow as he sprawled flat on his back along the hard floor and stared up at the ceiling.

"You two are still at it?" Megan asked.

"Hey, Megan," Ariana smiled, completely unaware that a third party had joined them.

Steve was just as surprised by his girlfriend's decision to come downstairs. "What's going on, Mulder?"

Megan folded her arms and rolled her eyes. "Can I have a different nickname?"

"What's wrong with Mulder?" Ariana asked, quick to jump in.

"It's a guy's name," Megan defended herself. "Nicknames should be cute. Not something that makes you picture David Duchovny every time you hear it."

"That's the best part of it," Ariana voiced, her grin only growing. "I love me some David Duchovny."

Ariana clearly didn't have her back. Her only chance involved pleading her case to the man in her life. "I'm not even the biggest conspiracy theorist in the house anymore! Ariana is!"

"What do you want your nickname to be?"

"Anything but Mulder," Megan told him. "Seriously!"

Megan's request for a new nickname wasn't granted. Instead, she was greeted by a notepad containing a mess of numbers and confusing scribbles. She looked to the girl who'd just handed her the pad of disarray.

"Do you have any idea what these numbers could mean?" Ariana questioned. "It's driving me nuts. I originally thought that just the crop circle stuff was marked when I first saw it, but then I noticed that everything is labeled after I came downstairs. Literally everything! But none of it makes any sense!"

Those mysterious numbers had been on Megan's mind over the past few hours as well--nowhere near to the extent of the two cuties who looked exhausted as a result of attempting to solve Uncle Dave's madness--and she remained just as lost as they were. She still leaned in the direction of everything down here being nonsense.

"I have no idea," Megan admitted.

"Steve told me that he found a hidden key too," Ariana said. "Who knew that Mr. Thompson had so many secrets?"

"He doesn't have secrets," Megan huffed, frustrated by how her uncle had been portrayed as some sort of mastermind. "I don't want you trying to figure this out all night either. We have a bunch of things to do tomorrow. We need to figure out our water situation, what we're going to do about all the corn around us, and I still have to learn how to shoot."

How had that slipped his mind? It should've been at the top of his list of priorities. "I'm definitely going to show you tomorrow. What about you, Ariana? Do you know how to shoot a gun?"

She shook her head no.

"You both are going to learn then," he said. "Oh yeah, Ariana mentioned that our property is being leased out by the blue house across from us."

It wasn't necessarily accurate to label the blue house as being across from them. Across the street and a ways down the road would be more precise. It was nice to know who lived in the opposite direction of Ariana's former home, though.

"The people in that house farm our land?" Megan asked.

"Yeah, the Zappo's," Ariana answered with a nod. "Well, it's really Mr. Zappo and his two sons. I've never seen Mrs. Zappo working outside."

Add another task to tomorrow's to-do list. They would have to pay this Mrs. Zappo woman a visit. They had a big day ahead of them, and they needed their sleep in order to be fully alert of their surroundings--especially with all they had accomplished today.

"Are you coming to bed?" Megan asked Steve.

"Yeah, I'll be up in a few minutes, Blondie," he said.

The girls traded smiles. Megan was clearly a fan of her new nickname, while Ariana attempted to comprehend how adorable these two behaved with each other. She would definitely be on board with being called Mulder if Megan didn't want to. Being an FBI special agent would be the coolest job ever!

Megan climbed the stairs as Steve hopped to his feet and gave the notepad one last thorough look over. Why couldn't he see through these codes and riddles? Why couldn't he be more intelligent? What if these numbers unlocked something? It drove him crazy that all of their problems could potentially disappear from solving a puzzle, yet, he couldn't do it.

"I feel so dumb."

"Me too," Ariana laughed. "I'm tellin' ya, these numbers aren't random. They're a code."

"That we're too stupid to solve," he added.

She shot him a smirk before providing a few words of encouragement. "We have nothing but time. We'll figure it out."

Maybe they would, but perhaps they wouldn't? And it could end up being the one thing that cost them their lives.

It was time to shut off his brain. He was exhausted both mentally and physically, and his lower back felt the results of all the boxes he'd lifted throughout the day as well. No amount of fatigue could diminish his lust for the blonde who'd most likely made her way into bed already, however. He had a few things in mind for that perfect ten.

"Good night, Ariana," he said.

"Good night, Steve," she smiled back.

He headed upstairs while Ariana continued her attempt to find the meaning of the numbers on the crop circles bulletin board. It was nice to have another person on the project. Ariana was a sharp girl, and an extra mind certainly couldn't hurt. He wouldn't be of much use with his decision to turn off his brain. On the other hand, his dick was anything but ready to call it a night.

He opened the bedroom door to reveal a rather cozy-looking Megan who was already under the covers.

"Hey, sexy," he smiled.

Her relaxed mood briskly perished. She knew what he meant by his words. "Not tonight, Steve."

He hopped into bed in only his boxers after tossing his t-shirt and shorts on the floor. Moments later, he snuggled with his girlfriend, but something clearly wasn't ready for bed. In fact, it poked her.

"I'm not going to turn you down often, but I'm seriously wiped out," Megan told him between his kisses along her neck. She just wanted to cuddle with him until she fell asleep. "We'll mess around in the morning. I promise."

It was like he couldn't hear her. Did a permanent strawberry scent radiate from his amazing girlfriend? Her hair possessed a faint dampness from her shower, but he could still smell that intoxicating odor.

She'd been on his mind all day. It was easy to fall asleep last night after two earth-shattering orgasms, but despite his moderately stressful past twelve hours, his sex drive hit full-bore.

"Come on, Blondie..."

A smile swept across her face. She loved having a cute nickname! It sure the hell beat being referred to as Mulder. She was just so mentally drained from cataloging their food inventory, and she'd carried most of their supplies into the basement herself to keep Ariana away from the very room that she was in at the moment. Some good her decision had done!

He pulled at her pink pajama top, exposing her shoulder which he immediately covered in kisses. "All this alien talk has me so hard."

Megan burst into laughter.

"Spaceships, glowing fingers, and full-scale extraterrestrial invasions get me going like nothing else," he added sarcastically.

He was such a goofball. He also just so happened to be the sexiest thing ever. The soft touch of his lips caused her to melt, and his personality kicked down the last of her resistance. Could she really say no to him? Maybe she wasn't in the mood at the moment, but she could still help him out in other ways. It was the least she could do.

"How about a blowjob?" she offered.

All the conformation she needed was in the big smile she was met with after she looked him in the eye. Her man was different, but he wasn't that different. What guy didn't love blowjobs? It would only take five minutes to remind him of what an amazing girlfriend he had.

He kicked off the blankets, his boxers quick to follow a similar path. Seconds later, his hard cock was back between the pouty lips that he loved so much, but a certain enthusiasm lacked in their fun. Both of them could feel it. There was no hiding Megan's exhaustion.

He finally acknowledged the situation after attempting to convince himself otherwise. While any kind of blowjob was a good one, she clearly wasn't in the mood. He never wanted to make her feel like she owed him something.

"Tomorrow."

She looked up at him from her position flat on her stomach, between his long legs. "What?"

"We'll mess around tomorrow," he clarified. "It's fine."

She dropped her mouth back onto his cock to resume her mission. Steve didn't deserve a girlfriend who quit on him. If her man wanted some action, then he would get some action.

Another uneventful sixty seconds ticked by before she eventually conceded to the inevitable. She loved this cock--and she adored the man attached to it--but she couldn't fight nature. She just didn't have it in her tonight. She absolutely planned to go the extra mile tomorrow, though. The blowjob she would wake him up with would erase any memory of tonight's disappointment.

He watched her roll out of bed and leave the room without saying a word. She also left the door wide open, resulting in him pulling a blanket over his groin. What was that about? Had she forgotten about their new roommate? It wouldn't be the best idea for Ariana to catch a glimpse of his erect cock on her first night in the house. And while the two girls were friends for now, Megan's jealous side always lurked.

Was he supposed to go to bed? The lamp stayed on but he was otherwise alone. Wait, had he pissed Megan off? Is that why she'd left him without even informing him of her plans? But the blowjob was her offer! He never even really pushed her to do it!

Megan strolled back into the room casually and climbed into bed, resting her head against his bare chest as she snuggled into the side of him. Here he was, fully erect, with a beautiful blonde resting the side of her face on his chest, and nothing but silence surrounding them. He certainly hadn't expected this.

"I did some thinking."

"What?" he asked.

"I did some thinking," she repeated. "Mostly while I was reading on the sofa earlier. A particular idea popped into my head. And while I never imagined entertaining something like this before, circumstances have changed."

What in the world was she talking about?

"I'm just really tired," she reiterated.

"And that's fine. We can fool around tomorrow like you said. I shouldn't have pushed you into anything tonight."

She was quick to put an end to his worries. "You didn't push me. I was the one who offered you a blowjob, but you also have needs. Needs that I can't always take care of."

He still didn't understand what she was attempting to tell him.

"You can come in!" she shouted.

The lightest of footsteps entered the bedroom. Black sweatpants, a light green tank top, and no makeup from her shower after dinner earlier: the petite brunette standing at the end of the bed still looked as spectacular as always.

Three concerns instantly consumed him. One, he was in bed with a boner hidden under the blankets, but it wasn't technically out of sight. It actually pitched a rather large tent for everyone to see. Two, his erection was somehow growing. Three, Ariana stared right at it.

She couldn't have joined them for the reason he thought, could she? Their farmhouse hadn't transformed into a porn set. He needed to wake up and get with the program! Megan had obviously called Ariana into their room to tell her something, and he had to do a better job of covering himself in her presence.

The sound of Megan's voice caused him to freeze before he could attempt to better conceal his manhood. A few rather choice words caught him by surprise. Exactly how much had their friendship grown in only a few hours?

"Have you ever seen anything cuter?"

Ariana looked down at the hardwood floor with a shy smile.

Honestly? No, he hadn't. Their new roommate was the single cutest thing he'd ever laid his eyes on despite styling her hair down instead of in her usual ponytail. While Megan may be sexier, no one could rival Ariana's complete innocence and adorableness. It just wasn't possible.

"I know that we've discussed my overprotective tendencies, my trust issues, how I get jealous, and all that stuff, but there's something different about this girl," Megan went on. "I feel like I've known her my entire life. Like I can trust her with anything. I also understand that it isn't fair to hog you all to myself."

He gulped while Ariana smiled again, still looking down. This couldn't actually be happening.

"Nail sisters," Megan giggled while holding her hand in the air to show off her bright orange fingernails. Ariana flashed her hot pink ones with a similar laugh.

This time, Ariana finally made eye contact with him, and when she did, she sent a look his way that he'd never seen before. She no longer resembled her usual self. The pure and naive girl he'd come to

know disappeared. Instead, she appeared naughty and capable of fulfilling his every fantasy. He witnessed a flash of Megan in Ariana for a brief moment, but then her unadulterated self returned.

"Ariana and I learned a lot about each other while we inventoried the food," Megan informed him before looking over at her girlfriend. "Why don't you tell Steve something about yourself? Something that you know he wants to hear?"

"I've only had one boyfriend, and he didn't look anything like you," Ariana admitted. "I really like all your muscles, and I love how strong you are. It makes me feel safe."

The two girls exchanged a smirk before Ariana continued. "And I love how nice you are. I had some pretty outrageous theories in the basement a little while ago, but you listened to all of them--even if you didn't agree with what I said. Respect is important to me. Knowing that my voice will be heard

means a lot. Especially since I'm new here."

"We're all pretty new here," Megan reminded her.

"And I couldn't believe that either," said Ariana. "I almost fell out of my chair after Megan told me you guys have only been dating for two days. You act like a couple who have been together forever! I'm being serious too! And, well, Megan might've told me a few other things while we did our nails."

He braced himself for anything.

"She uh...she...um..." Ariana sputtered while her eyes hit the floor once more. "She might've...um...told me that you are...uh..."

Steve couldn't see the big smile on Megan's face.

Ariana looked up at him. Gazing into his masculine blue eyes calmed her nervousness. It helped to settle her. Suddenly, her anxiety left. She was back to being the confident girl she always carried herself as.

"That you're really big," Ariana said with a grin. "And that you know how to use it."

He'd prepared himself for a few things, but discovering that these two had discussed their sex lives caught him by surprise. Watching Ariana's eighteen-year-old finger play with the blanket on the bed caused his cock to twitch. What guy didn't love being told that he's well-endowed? And coming from a knockout on top of it? It was incredible.

Ariana's twirling finger came to a stop as she locked eyes with him again. "My ex-boyfriend wasn't big. Now, that's not the end of the world, but Megan told me that bigger guys are more fun. And she told me that something else is a lot more enjoyable when it's big too."

"Um...and uh...what's that?" he asked, unusually flustered.

She smiled at Megan before looking back at Steve. "Blowjobs."

He was on the verge of passing out.

"I left the room to go ask Ariana if she wanted to play with you," Megan spoke up. "I'm tired and not really in the mood to mess around, and I have a gorgeous friend who sleeps down the hallway now. I figured, why not see if she wants to help out? What were my exact words, Ariana?"

"Do you want to suck Steve's cock?" Ariana repeated her girlfriend's improbable question from moments ago.

His heart pounded out of his chest.

"And what did you say?" Megan asked.

"I said yeah," Ariana giggled childishly, her finger now playing with her long brown hair. "That I want to suck his big cock."

Had his dick ever been harder? He wasn't above admitting to having fantasized about this exact scenario the moment he first laid his eyes on Ariana earlier in the day. He didn't plan to tell Megan about that, though. Although, maybe he could now? It certainly seemed like his possessive girlfriend had loosened up a bit.

"Get up here and suck his cock then," Megan instructed her best friend. "Our man can't go to bed if he isn't taken care of, can he?"

Ariana hopped up onto the mattress. "No, Daddy needs his balls drained."

Megan had never been met by a more bewildered expression after she turned to observe Steve's reaction. She didn't have a ton of material to talk about since they'd only been dating for two days, but her new bestie had heard all about how amazing Steve was in bed. So what if she wanted to brag about her amazing boyfriend? She had to tell someone about him!

It turned out that she had even more in common with Ariana than she'd ever imagined as well.

"She has a bit of a daddy thing too," Megan told him while Ariana yanked the blankets off the bed. "I gave her permission to be your little girl in the bedroom. If you don't mind, of course."

He couldn't respond. He could barely think. All because someone had just yelled.

"Oh my God, your dick is huge!"

Megan laughed while looking back at the action, resting the side of her face on his chest once again. She decided to settle in for the show. "Of course, he looks huge to you. You're tiny."

"I could be a giant and this thing would still be enormous," the awestruck teen proclaimed. "My boyfriend wasn't even close to this. I mean, this is nuts!"

"Too much for you?" Megan asked.

A determined grin swept across Ariana's cute face. Was he too much for her? Really? She lived to overcome challenges. Her entire life consisted of people telling her that she was too small, too cute, and too girly to accomplish her goals. And what did she do each and every time? She kicked ass. This wouldn't be any different.

"Does Daddy like having his balls sucked?" Ariana asked.

Megan couldn't get enough of this. "Daddy loves that."

"I want to hear him call me his little girl," whined Ariana, fluttering her long eyelashes. "I'm Daddy's little girl."

While Megan would kill to see the look on Steve's face, her lustful eyes refused to leave Ariana. Part of her still struggled to comprehend what was happening. She never trusted anyone--especially

other women--but she had complete faith in these two. She could leave them alone in a room and know that nothing would happen without her permission. It was strange to feel so confident after such a short time together, but she did.

"Suck my balls," he ordered after finally finding his composure. He felt more like himself again.

It looked like Ariana would have to earn her desired title.

Ariana had always had a thing for older men. While having never dated or messed around with an older man, a certain attractiveness surrounded a guy who had his shit together. The boys her own age were obsessed with video games and playing on their phones. She wanted a guy who spent his time in the gym and on his career. An undeniable sexiness existed in a man who could afford to take her out to dinner and a movie. Was it fair to the eighteen-year-old football players who she cheered for that were interested in her? Not exactly, but it wasn't like she had to worry about them anymore.

Steve's masculine moans from the head of the bed turned her on equally as much as the look of lust on Megan's beautiful face. A sense of safety existed in this room. Outside, society had fallen apart, but she didn't have a worry in the world from her spot flat on her stomach with her legs playfully raised in the air behind her. She was free to do whatever she wanted.

"Jesus Christ..." he moaned once more.

Megan's reaction fell in line with her boyfriend. Ariana went at his balls like they were her only source of oxygen. Licking, sucking, and worshiping; this girl didn't miss a spot. She was passing her first exam with flying colors.

"How's that feel, honey?" Megan asked.

"Unbelievable," he barely managed to respond.

"It looks unbelievable," Megan commented. "Someone loves those balls, doesn't she?"

Ariana couldn't explain what had just happened to her. Had this been an unexplored fetish of hers for all these years? She wasn't sure why she dropped her voice to a childlike cadence, but she did. At this moment, she desperately wanted to be his little girl.

"I love 'em," she giggled. "They're so big and heavy. And full too."

"Of what?" Megan questioned.

"Of yummy cum!" Ariana blurted out in a juvenile cadence.

He had to be lost in a dream. He'd disappeared with those four billion other men, hadn't he? This was all just some kind of simulation. The two sexiest women in the world couldn't be talking dirty while one of them worshipped his balls. They just couldn't! He was a high school world history teacher, for fuck's sake! Not a rock star! But if this was a dream, then he had no intention of ever waking up.

It was time for him to turn up the fun. "Suck my cock."

The head of his manhood slipped inside a warm, wet mouth as he stared up at the white ceiling. Ariana possessed the oral abilities of an inexperienced girl, but her enthusiasm and effort more than made up for her lack of skill. It was impossible to replicate her energy.

Megan reached out to move Ariana's flowing brown hair away from her eyes. "Good girl. Now, tell Daddy how much you love taking care of him."

Ariana popped up so that Steve could see her over Megan's head. "I love sucking your big cock, Daddy!"

"Tell him what you love about it," Megan encouraged.

The teen glanced back down at the head of his manhood. "It's really big."

"You got that right," Megan chimed in once again. "Daddy has a big cock, doesn't he?"

"And he's so thick!" Ariana exclaimed in a frenzy. "Like, my fingers don't even touch when I try to wrap my hand around it!"

Megan wasn't about to pass up the chance to tease her man. "Don't get cocky, Steve. She has the smallest hands I've ever seen."

Ariana grabbed Megan by the arm and pulled her hand toward Steve's member. "Try to wrap your hand around it!"

Megan was unsuccessful in her attempt to complete Ariana's challenge.

"See!" Ariana shouted, her smile perfectly reflecting her excitement. "His cock is huge! And it tastes good too! Like, his precum is sweet. And it has all these hot veins running along it. It's just so fuckin' sexy."

Megan started to see Ariana in a different light. This was more than three people simply blowing off some steam sexually. Her new friend obviously had a thing for Steve, and while the Megan of old would've immediately put an end to this craziness, the new and improved Megan embraced her opportunity.

Another time would come when she would want to relax at the end of a long day. So, what could she do in the future? A simple call down the hallway would result in a perky brunette to stroll into their bedroom.

What about when she ran out of birth control pills and was experiencing a heavy flow day? A perfect eighteen-year-old would be more than willing to take care of her boyfriend then. She still wasn't sure whether or not she would allow them to have sex, but some oral fun was okay in her book.

Megan instructed her boyfriend while she sat up for a moment. "Move against the headboard. I want you to show this cutie a thing or two."

Ariana wasn't sure what Megan meant, but she wasted little time wiggling up the bed to reclaim her position over the biggest dick she'd ever seen. It wasn't like she had too many cocks to compare it to. Steve was only the second man she'd ever seen naked in person, but his body rivaled the guys in porn! She just wanted to wrap her lips around him again!

Megan joined Steve with her back against the wooden bed headboard, and rested her head on his strong shoulder. She wouldn't be here for long, though. At least she wouldn't if things went according to schedule. It was time to introduce her BFF to an entirely new world.

"You ready?" Megan asked.

Ariana turned her attention to her best friend. "Ready for what?"

"To be Daddy's little girl," Megan said with a big grin. "I didn't tell you everything about Steve. You see, my man is pretty much perfect. You know that. He's smart, handsome, kind, caring, loyal, and so sexy, but he has a side to him that you haven't been privy to. You've only seen the gentlemanly side of him. Even here in bed he's been very kind and respectful, but Daddy isn't always so nice."

She quickly understood what Megan had just told her after she looked at Steve. His always soothing blue eyes were full of dominance and aggression. He had a different personality in the bedroom. The guy who would put himself in harm's way outside to keep her safe, just might be the one dishing out the pain when it came to the bedroom, and Ariana had never been more ready to explore the submissive part of herself.

It turned out that Steve wasn't the one she had to brace herself for. Megan reached out and pushed Ariana's head down on his towering cock, causing her to choke from the way his thick girth stretched her tight throat. She could barely take half of him before he hit her gag reflex.

"Choke on Daddy's big cock," Megan grunted as she continued to force her little mouth down on Steve's large member. "That's a good girl."

Memories of her ex-boyfriend were erased. What she'd done with Stan in the back of his mom's SUV didn't even qualify as a blowjob by these standards. Behaving submissively with her ex was never an option since he would just sit there quietly while she sucked on the head of his cock. He was far too timid to physically control her like her new best friends. Megan essentially fucked her face! And as fun as it was, she was eager for Steve to be the one in charge.

And he didn't make her wait long.

He moved Megan's hands out of the way, and rested his own on the little head of their new plaything. Everything came to a standstill as the three of them soaked in the situation from their unique perspectives.

Megan's panties were soaked. Not only had she grown comfortable with what was happening, but she thoroughly enjoyed everything about it. Her boyfriend's big cock could barely fit in Ariana's mouth! She was just so little and cute! She couldn't even imagine the endless amount of girl talk now. They could spend hours discussing how to make each and every one of Steve's fantasies a reality. It would be so awesome!

Ariana was perhaps even more wet than Megan. She'd finally come to terms that her ex-boyfriend didn't resemble a man in the slightest, and this was her very first sexual interaction with a real stud. Referring to Steve as Daddy made sense, and it wasn't anything incestuous either. It had everything to do with him being her protector. He was the man she would come to with her problems from now on.

While Megan had the personality and aggressive streak to hold her own against anyone; physically, her girlfriend was obviously outmatched by the man of the house. The shotgun, a metal bat, and Steve were their three weapons, and it was up to her and Megan to make sure that all of the above were well taken care of.

Steve attempted to come to terms with the fact that he now had two girls fawning over him. Yesterday was the first action he'd gotten in eight months, and now he had a pair of women ready to service his every need. Sexy and blonde or cute and brunette? Could life get any better?

He was eager to see just how much Ariana and Megan had in common.

His hips repeatedly thrust up off the mattress, his hands firmly holding Ariana's head in place as he fucked her mouth. Her sexual submissiveness was exactly like Megan. A pair of little limp hands on the mattress told him everything he needed to know. This girl got off on being dominated. She lived for being controlled, and they had a lot more fun ahead of them.

A warm breath tickled the inside of his ear. Apparently, someone else couldn't get enough of what she saw either. "This is so fuckin' hot."

His girlfriend certainly wasn't wrong. Ariana's unsuccessful attempts to keep her big brown doe eyes open caused his cock to throb. Spit and drool poured from between her lips, collecting on his groin below. It was time to give this perfect eighteen-year-old exactly what she'd been waiting for.

"Who's Daddy's little girl?" he asked.

"Guh-Guh-Guh-Guh-Guh!"

Whoops. He may have forgotten to ease up, but maybe that wasn't a mistake? Perhaps subconsciously, he wanted to hear Ariana attempt to answer his question with his manhood stuffed in her mouth? The stunner to his left definitely didn't have a problem with it.

"Look at that adorable girl gagging on your big dick," Megan moaned. Every passing second made the task of keeping her hands outside her pajama bottoms even more difficult. "Who's Daddy's little girl, Ariana?"

"Guh-Guh-Guh-Guh-Guh!"

Megan's warm breath returned in his ear, describing all of her darkest fantasies. "I bet she tastes sweet."

His bucking hips picked up their pace.

"GUH-GUH-GUH-GUH-GUH!"

"Daddy wants to watch me taste her, doesn't he?" Megan continued to whisper in his ear. "Maybe your little girls can have some playtime tomorrow?"

He was fast-approaching the end of the line.

"See how far she can take it," Megan said.

His jerking hips came to a stop as he pushed down on her head. Inch by inch, his cock disappeared until thick wads of spit shot from the corners of her mouth and landed in his trimmed pubic hair. Ariana may have been lucky to take half of him, but by her standards, it may as well have been a mile.

His hands left Ariana's soft hair, allowing her mouth to shoot skyward. Finally, an opportunity to catch her breath! Being with a real man was a hard job. Fun, but hard. It also stirred around all kinds of previously unknown feelings. What would he feel like inside her? Would he even fit? They would definitely need to go slow and use lots of lube. Shit! Lube! They probably didn't even have any. Well--

Her rambling inner voice came to a stop after she noticed Megan staring at her. She could read the blonde's hypnotizing blue eyes. It was time for bed, and that meant they were ready for the grand finale.

"On your knees," Megan instructed. The teen swiftly sat on her knees as she followed her BFF's orders. "Now, place both of your hands on his cock. One on top of the other."

Seconds later, two small hands tried their best to wrap around his big, thick, wet pole.

"I want you to stroke as fast as you can while using your mouth to suck the head of his cock at the same time," Megan said. "Don't stop until I tell you--no matter what you hear coming from Steve's mouth."

"Daddy's mouth," Ariana corrected her before biting her lower lip.

"Daddy's mouth," nodded Megan. "Get to work, cutestuff."

Ariana moved onto the final and most important part of her test. It was time to take care of the man of the house. Steve deserved it. He was the one who'd invited her to stay with them, he would be the one who risked his life to protect her, and he was entitled to all the rewards that came along with those many hazards.

The soft, unweathered skin on her little hands repeatedly slid the length of his towering erection. Her mouth sucked strongly on the sensitive head of his penis. She needed to pull every drop from the tip of his dick. She had to show Megan that she was capable of filling in for her. If her friend needed the night off, then she would be the girl who came in from the bullpen, no matter what the future had in store.

Steve's moans grew deeper and more intense. She knew that he was almost there. She also knew that one thing in particular would send him flying over the edge, and she was about to give it to him.

Ariana locked eyes with him.

Her gentle and innocent brown eyes caused a powerful orgasmic sensation to shoot through his cock and explode inside her young mouth. Rope after rope followed as she refused to slow down. The overwhelming feeling of being simultaneously sucked and squeezed while in his most vulnerable state resulted in him to squirm and shake on the bed. He could barely breathe as the last shot of semen emptied between her lips.

Ariana no longer felt like a novice. A brand new sense of sexual confidence engulfed her petite frame. She would never forget the sounds that Steve had made as he filled her mouth. She caused that! A combination of her hands and mouth induced a man to writhe around like a child! It was a powerful feeling!

Megan was eager to see the proof of a job well done. "Show us."

Ariana tilted her head back slightly so she wouldn't spill the collection of fluids inside her mouth. Her lips parted to reveal the mess of semen, much to the delight of Megan. Steve, on the other hand, appeared exhausted and ready for a good night's sleep.

"What do good girls do?" Megan asked.

Ariana closed her mouth and swallowed, sending the large gathering of cum down her throat. She was extremely excited to open her mouth once again to show the results.

"Good girl," Megan praised her. "Does Daddy taste good?"

"He tastes yummy," Ariana nodded. "Thank you, Daddy."

Steve was in a daze. He was drained and tired, and he struggled to keep his eyes open as only five words seemed to make any sense at the moment.

"You girls are fuckin' awesome," he said.

The pair of friends laughed before they bid each other farewell. Ariana headed back to her bedroom, and Megan shut their door behind her before climbing into bed, snuggling with her man who was already dozing off. They'd taken a bit of a detour, but everyone was right back where they were a mere ten minutes ago--just a lot more satisfied.

Chapter 15 -- A Close Encounter

His thirst was unbearable. The dark bedroom was a desert and he'd been wandering it aimlessly for days. What time was it? Two in the morning, maybe? He still felt drained and satisfied as he carefully slithered away from his sleeping girlfriend. Faint snores escaped from Megan's pouty lips, and he was fairly certain that he'd never loved anyone more than the blonde who he currently gazed at with some help from the moonlight sneaking in from the closed curtains.

She'd allowed him to mess around with Ariana! He still couldn't get over it! The adorable brunette down the hall referred to him as Daddy, sucked his balls, choked on his cock, and swallowed every drop of cum he'd unloaded inside her mouth. And she did it all with a big smile.

He'd expected to go to bed dreading their new living arrangement after first inviting Ariana to stay with them. Earlier today, it was an impossibility to even fathom receiving a blowjob from Ariana while Megan talked her through it. He still struggled to understand how quickly those two had become friends. And not only were they friends, but they acted like best friends.

No internet, zero phone reception, and a TV that only broadcast designated zones where relief was promised, but you would be hard-pressed to find someone happier than him. Megan was more than enough. Going to bed every night with his dream girl was paradise as far as he was concerned. The addition of Ariana was simply the cherry on top of his sundae.

He wasn't exactly in a hurry for things to return to normal. This new world where he might be the only man alive was pretty awesome in his mind. Maybe the only luxury he missed was being able to fill a glass with water from the tap? He knew that they couldn't overindulge in the limited supply of clean water they possessed, but his throat screamed for fluids. A few sips would hold him over until the morning. He just needed a taste.

He exited the bedroom and headed down the hallway. He was surprised to find Ariana's door locked when he stopped to check on her. Perhaps she was just being careful? He'd given her the bat to sleep with while he had the gun hidden under the bed he shared with Megan, but locking the door was an extra layer of protection against a potential break in. Actually, it was a precaution that he should follow. It certainly couldn't hurt.

He kept the lights off while he journeyed down the stairs carefully. The decision to keep everything as dark as possible was something they'd all come to an agreement on. Lights could be on at night,

but they had to make sure the curtains were closed on all of the surrounding windows. The last thing they wanted was for someone to snoop around their property, and the best way to prevent uninvited guests would be to make people think that no one was home.

While they would perhaps encounter an occasional scavenger somewhere down the line, he would gladly take an impromptu meeting over a planned home invasion, and they would be asking for trouble if people knew they lived here.

His desperate need for water increased with each step closer to the kitchen. Why was he so parched? He couldn't recall ever being so thirsty. His most comparable memory to his current craving involved the brutally hot August afternoons when his high school football team ran sprint after sprint at the end of practice. Now, he would drink out of a dirty puddle if it was his only option. He wouldn't make it another minute without water.

The kitchen was right there, but his feet were stuck in the family room. Something didn't allow him to move. Physically, he retained the ability to walk, but things weren't so effortless mentally.

The room was almost completely black. Only a sliver of moonlight peeked in through the shut curtain, providing just enough of an aid to outline a petite figure that stood in front of the television. Ten feet and a sofa separated him from what appeared to be a body. It was far too diminutive to be Megan. Besides, she was sleeping upstairs in bed. Ariana was locked in her room as well.

"Hello?" he asked.

What could this possibly be? Megan must've put something there without telling him. A small coat rack? Or perhaps a stack of something?

But then his world changed. Fear filled his blood like never before in his life. His panic from earlier in the cornfields didn't resemble his current dread. He wasn't looking at a coat rack or a stack of something for one very simple reason.

It moved.

A single, silent footstep in his direction caused his already dry throat to transform into a barren wasteland. He should be running away. Why didn't he yell for help? How did his weapons always end up somewhere else when he needed them the most?

Fear comes from big, hulking, intimidating figures. It's in the knowledge of knowing you're outmatched physically. It's admitting to being helpless. That was his understanding of horror until mere seconds ago, because he now looked at someone who couldn't be taller than four-feet, but its presence caused his heart to pound out of his chest. The hair on his body stood up straight. He was truly terrified.

He finally breathed after the mysterious figure took another step closer. It was a slight gasp of pure survival. His brain took over and decided to keep him alive, but he remained stuck in place. Every part of his brain screamed at him to react, and his body begged him to lunge and drive whoever this was into the floor.

Then something indescribable occurred. Something happened that he couldn't comprehend whatsoever. The room remained black, but he could now see--not perfectly--but enough to make out what stood across from him.

Its skin was dark gray. The small chest with elongated features and a visible skeletal structure was unlike anything he'd ever observed in person. It possessed no muscular definition, and there was an even greater lack of external organs.

The head was by far the most captivating part. It was large--disproportionately large compared to its slender frame. The lack of clothing revealed no noticeable hair. Ears and a nose were missing, but a slight opening for a mouth was present. The eyes were anything but modest. They were enormous--dark as night and lifeless as a doll. The absence of an iris or pupil unsettled him further.

He knew what it was, but his mind refused to accept the possibility of its existence. This was Hollywood's depiction of a Grey alien. It was the starring character in every extraterrestrial abduction movie.

These were the cruel, heartless, and most brutal of all paranormal beings. They were the bad guys of space. The features they possessed somehow caused them to appear intimidating despite their meek statures. Their blank stares came off as devious, but an undoubtedly advanced mind worked behind those big, black eyes.

The couch slowly began to slide to his left as his body continued to reject any attempt to react. The only piece of furniture that divided them was being moved telepathically, and the entrance to the kitchen was soon blocked by the sofa. Long, lanky arms dangled down to its knees. Those black eyes never left him. It was like he was being studied.

His inner voice begged him to run. What kept him stuck in place? Was it this being? Was he being controlled mentally? He didn't have any answers, but the creature began to approach him again before he could further ponder his horror.

Methodical steps carried the frail creature closer. He was two feet taller than whatever this was, but he desired nothing more than to run away and hide like a child. He'd lost his will to fight. His testosterone disappeared. No part of him was aggressive and dominant. His body had been reduced to an empty vessel of fear.

Its head turned slightly as it studied him. Steve's arms and legs shook, but his feet remained perfectly still. The wrinkles on the creature's forehead, complete lack of color in its large eyes, and otherwise small facial features resulted in a scolding look. It appeared angry and vengeful.

A hand with three long, thin fingers and a smaller thumb raised into the air meticulously. His entire body quivered as his eyes tracked the foreign appendage nearing his chest. So, this was the end? His final moments would come in the family room of his girlfriend's uncle's house? Maybe it would be best to just concede to the inevitable? He was powerless to--

Everything suddenly turned white.

Was it all over? Was he dead? What if heaven was real and he'd somehow ended up there? He was never one for religion, but perhaps the church had been full of shit all this time? What if he didn't need to believe in God to make it to paradise?

It made sense for good people to be rewarded with an eternity of inconceivable bliss, and he'd always fancied himself as a pretty swell guy. What about all those times he held doors open for strangers? And he remembered when he pulled over and changed a flat tire in the pouring rain for a grandmother a few years ago. Yep, this was heaven alright, and it was exactly where he belonged.

Except it wasn't heaven. It wasn't hell either. It wasn't the afterlife at all because he wasn't dead. He was alive--very much alive--and the evidence of that was in the same alien creature now staring down at him.

The walls and ceiling were white; the cold table he lied on was of a similar shade; and something had his arms, legs, and head trapped. His clothes had been removed as well. He was completely naked, and an invisible force field held him back. A strapless presence prevented him from escaping. Once again, he wasn't able to move. Only his eyes could explore this unknown terrain.

The emergence of two additional identical beings caused him to question everything. Could the same creature from the family room actually no longer be present? They appeared to be clones of one another. No distinguishable features separated them, and now all three had gathered around the table.

They seemed to communicate with glances. No words, nods, or even hand signals were exchanged. Instead, they correspond through simple looks. Their expressionless faces contained a silence that screamed of high intellect and malevolence.

His need for water vanished. All of his cravings for anything other than his freedom disappeared. He just wanted to be back in bed.

He watched as a small circle in the ceiling opened silently, unveiling a metallic colored device. His ears didn't work. The sounds of his own struggles weren't audible, and his surroundings remained mute. The monsters around him continued to stare at his helpless body. What held him back? He wasn't strapped down by any chains or restraints, and he knew that he was stronger than these things. He could physically dominate all three of them at the same time given the chance.

There was a mental disadvantage that he couldn't overcome. Whether it was purely in his head or the result of some kind of superior technology, he was bound to this cold table against his will until these mysterious beings decided otherwise.

The tip of a long needle extended from the mechanism above. He watched it lengthen in his direction before he finally realized that it hadn't elongated. No, it'd lowered.

He screamed but his lips were sealed. His desperate pleas could only be heard inside his head. His feeble attempts to wiggle frantically and squirm on the frigid table resulted in absolutely no progress. The sharp tip of the needle lined up perfectly with his belly button, and it approached at a painstakingly slow pace.

His eyes darted around the table to be met by a trio of undemonstrative faces. There wouldn't be any sympathy from these entities, and his stomach was on the verge of being prodded unless he figured a way out of trouble. He had to think!

It came closer, and closer, and closer, and--

"AHHHHHHHH!!!"

He shot up in bed, his heart pounding and his brow covered in sweat. He scrambled for the lamp and turned it on without worry of the girl who stirred awake next to him thanks to his loud shriek. He pulled up his t-shirt in a frenzy to reveal no scars or peculiar markings.

"Steve?" Megan asked, rubbing her tired eyes.

His breathing remained heavy and hectic as relief shot through his system from the realization that he'd experienced a nightmare. It all felt so real, though. The unshakable chills from that icy table still ran down his back. The surreal presence those creatures created lingered. No part of what he'd just lived through seemed fictional, and even his desire for water came off as a tactic to lure him downstairs. It couldn't have simply been a dream!

"Sorry," he apologized for the commotion.

"What's wrong?" she asked, concerned.

"Bad dream," he told her with a comforting smile. "Sorry for waking you up."

"Is it something you want to talk about?"

Was it something he wanted to talk about? Absolutely not. Especially after how strong of a stance he'd taken against conspiracy related theories over the past few days. He'd just dreamed about being abducted by aliens. Fuckin' aliens! Was that the subconscious of a mentally stable man? It didn't seem like it.

"No, it's nothing serious," he said before turning off the light.

Megan snuggled into his body as he wrapped his arm around her. A quick kiss on her soft cheek made everything better. The world regained some sense of normalcy. Memories of his horrible dream faded, and the beautiful woman falling asleep in his grasp reminded him that he could take on anything.

He fell back to sleep with a peaceful smile.

Chapter 16 -- Close Encounters of the Cute Kind

"Hey, sleepyhead."

Steve stumbled into the kitchen on this Wednesday morning. They were officially two full days removed from the still inexplicable event that had claimed half the planet's population, and he could find himself warming up to his new routine. A cute brunette read a magazine at the kitchen table while a perfect blonde washed dishes in the sink. He needed to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming.

"Hey, Megan," he returned his girlfriend's greeting. "Good morning, Ariana."

Ariana couldn't hide her smirk after looking up from her reading material. "Morning?"

He did a double take after he looked at the clock on the stove. "Two o'clock!? I slept to two in the afternoon!? Why didn't someone wake me up!?"

"It's not like you're going to be late for work," Megan reminded him with a chuckle. "It's not a big deal."

He felt like a high school kid on a Saturday afternoon. He'd slept until two in the afternoon? He may not have had to worry about making it to his first period class on time, but he still had plenty on his schedule. It would be awfully difficult to accomplish their tasks if he snoozed in bed all day.

"I shouldn't have slept for sixteen hours," he said, still shaking his head in disbelief. "I've never done anything like this before. I don't know what happened."

To be honest, Megan had come close to waking him several times. She'd made the promise of a rather eventful way to start the day, but her morning blowjob went for naught as a result of her boyfriend's deep slumber. He just looked so relaxed in bed. Plus, who knew how long it'd taken him to fall back asleep after his nightmare? She needed her man well-rested, after all.

Megan retrieved two pans from the cabinet. Ariana mentioned earlier that grilled cheese sounded good, while she was in the mood for chicken noodle soup herself. Those two tasty dishes went together like peanut butter and jelly.

It would be a late lunch for the three of them, and then they would enjoy a light dinner in a few hours. They still needed to watch what they ate, though. Their supply would shrink at an alarming rate if they overindulged.

"Did it take a while to fall back asleep after your bad dream?" Megan asked.

The realization that Ariana now gazed at him curiously may as well have been another nightmare. What kind of man would he look like in her eyes now? This girl wouldn't respect him if Megan mentioned stuff like that. He couldn't afford to show any weakness. He needed to be strong.

"No, it was fine," he answered bluntly, attempting to move on as fast as he could.

"You had a bad dream?" Ariana inquired.

All he wanted was to eat and then start working on the tasks he had planned for today. Teaching his girls how to handle the shotgun was his first priority, checking out the stream would follow, then he would pay a visit to their neighbor and land lessee Mrs. Zappo, before further exploring the black hose in the cornfield. Discussing his thoughts and emotions weren't on his schedule the last time he checked.

"No," he lied.

"You can tell her the truth," Megan jumped in quickly. "It's nothing to be embarrassed about."

"I'm not embarrassed," he said, trying his best to keep himself composed. He didn't even want to think about last night. "I just don't want to talk about it, okay?"

Ariana's big eyes peered at him sharply as he took a seat across from her at the kitchen table. "What was your dream about?"

These two girls really were the same, weren't they? He'd just said that he didn't want to talk about it! Why did they both continue to push him for details?

"I don't remember."

Ariana clearly didn't believe him. "You just said that you don't want to discuss it, but now you don't remember what it was about? Why don't you want to talk about it? You know, dreams are often meaningful. They can represent our true thoughts and deepest desires."

He rolled his eyes.

"I'm serious!" Ariana proclaimed passionately. "Just describe your dream. We can help interpret it."

"It was nonsense," he told her. "It was completely ridiculous."

Megan decided to speak up after retrieving two soup cans from the cupboard. "It didn't seem like nonsense to me. Steve, not only did you scream, but you were pouring sweat."

"Please tell me," Ariana whined.

How ludicrous would he sound if he admitted to the truth? Especially after how dismissive he'd been of anything paranormal-related. He'd flat out told Ariana that he didn't believe in aliens yesterday, and now he was about to describe a dream where he not only saw an extraterrestrial, but was abducted by one!

"We won't judge you," Megan told him while pouring the soup into a pot on the stove. "We promise. We just want to help you out if we can--like what Ariana said. There could be symbols or something in your dream that you missed."

There was a symbol, alright. It pointed to him being crazy.

"I didn't know I was dreaming," he started reluctantly. "It felt so real. I honestly thought I was awake because I was so thirsty. I've never craved water so badly before. I even stopped off at Ariana's room to check on her, but the door was locked. That's how real everything felt."

Megan toasted bread in a pan for their grilled cheeses, her ears fairly-attentive to the guy who reminisced about his night. Meanwhile, Ariana was anything other than distracted. Her attention locked solely on Steve.

"I headed downstairs and into the family room when I suddenly froze," he went on. "It was dark--really dark--but I could see the outline of something in front of the TV. I thought that it was a coat rack or something at first. It was very diminutive, and then before I knew it, it took a step in my direction."

That little detail was more than enough to pique Megan's interest. "It took a step in your direction? Someone was in the room?"

Ariana appeared far too bewildered to question his memory. Her mouth hung open in awe.

"I guess you could say that," he chuckled under his breath, shaking his head at how absurd his recollection must sound. "Remember, the room was completely dark, but all of a sudden I could see who was there. Or rather, what was there."

"Or what was there?" Megan asked, puzzled.

"Yeah, or what. It was a fuckin' alien. You love *The X-Files*. You know the way they depict Greys? Four-feet tall, big heads, huge eyes, and really frail? It was the same alien I've seen in dozens of movies over the years, but I was completely frozen the entire time! I couldn't scream, or run, or anything. I was just stuck in place, helplessly staring at an extraterrestrial life form in the family room."

Her boyfriend had quite the imagination on him.

"This thing even moved the sofa between us with its mind," he went on. "Slowly, it began to approach me, but I still couldn't react. All I could do was stand there. It was like it had some kind of control over my functions. It stopped right in front of me and raised its hand. One of its lanky fingers reached out to touch me, and--"

"You woke up in a white room."

This time, it was Steve whose mouth dropped as he looked at Ariana. "How do you know that!?"

The eighteen-year-old stared down at the table. "You weren't able to move even though nothing visibly restrained you. More of those same things came into the room and gathered around the table you were trapped to naked, and then the ceiling opened."

He'd never been so blown away in his life. "How do you know all this!?"

"A long needle descended toward your stomach, but you woke up in panic right before it pierced you," Ariana continued, still avoiding eye contact.

She'd describe his entire dream to a tee. Every moment, every detail, and every feeling: she knew it all. But how? How was that possible?

"Was that your dream?" Megan asked.

Steve stared at Ariana in disbelief. The timid brunette continued to look down at the table, obviously uncomfortable from disclosing her reveal. His desire to understand how she knew about his nightmare couldn't be stronger. The entire situation gave him chills.

"How do you know this?" he asked for a third time.

"You're not going to believe me," Ariana said quietly.

"I'm not going to believe you?" he asked, his dumbfounded expression showing just how much he disagreed with her proclamation. "You just described my exact dream! Of course, I'm going to believe you!"

"I don't think you will," she reiterated her stance. "You definitely won't believe what I think happened to you either."

Megan turned the stove burners off so she could take a seat at the table with the two of them. Her curiosity was at an all-time high as well. "What do you think happened to him?"

"Start with how you know this," he requested. "I still don't understand that."

Ariana took a deep breath as she finally looked up. "I've been having that exact dream for five years. It started two days after that crop circle first appeared."

"My dream?" Steve asked her. "You've been having my dream for five years?"

Ariana nodded. "Yeah, usually two or three times a week. I've had it at least five hundred times and it never changes--never. It's literally the same thing every time. I'm always thirsty and in search of water."

"What if you--"

"Leave a glass of water by the bed?" Ariana interrupted his proposal. "It's never there when I wake up. Heck, I've tried sleeping in the bathtub with a life jacket on. I just woke up, got out of the water, and headed downstairs to the kitchen. I didn't even try to get water out of the bathroom sink or anything! I've had the dream while staying over at my friends' houses, while camping in a tent, and even when I slept in my car the time I got drunk at a bonfire with my girlfriend from school. I always go looking for water, I always stumble across a Grey, and I always end up in that same white room."

"You never try to fight back?" Megan asked.

"You can't," she answered. "You're helpless. You almost feel paralyzed. Most abductees report a similar experience. Steve knows what I'm talking about."

He nodded at his girlfriend.

Megan turned back to Ariana and asked, "This all started after that crop circle appeared in the field?"

"Yeah, but I don't think the crop circle was the only thing that caused this," Ariana said. "I think I was abducted."

Megan's blue eyes squinted as she attempted to process what she'd just heard. "Abducted by what?"

Only Dad and her friend Claire know what she was about to admit to, and unfortunately, they both thought that she was crazy. Actually, Dad accused her of seeking attention, while Claire always joked that she was a wacky conspiracy theorist.

It felt nice to finally have someone to relate to, despite the horror that Steve must've experienced last night. Her days of consoling with strangers on the internet were over. It was time to see if her new family truly accepted her or not.

"I think I was abducted by aliens," Ariana clarified. "I think it happened the night those crop circles were made in the field, and I've spent the past five years being reminded of it. I also think something happened to Steve."

"But I've never experienced anything paranormal," he reminded her.

"You've never experienced anything paranormal that you know of," Ariana pointed out. "Neither had I other than standing in that field, but my dad was right next to me, in the same exact circle, and nothing ever happened to him. I've done a ton of reading on the subject. Listen, abductions aren't like Hollywood. Crazy lights don't flood through your window while some alien snatches you out of bed. People frequently wake up feeling different. Feeling odd. Everything will be normal, and then one day they'll experience discomfort in their leg, or abdomen, or arm, and X-rays will reveal a chip which had been inserted inside them without any hint of a mark or a scar."

"A chip?" Megan asked. "Like, a computer chip?"

"Yes, but no one has any idea what it is," Ariana said. "Or people will wake up and find themselves standing naked in their backyards. Sometimes, they'll have the same dream over and over--like I do--except some people don't think they're dreams. A lot of people see them as memories."

"But our dream, or memory, or whatever you want to call it, was the same thing," he said. "How's that possible? Wouldn't it be different?"

"Maybe we shared the same experience?" Ariana suggested. "If you were to run a series of tests on mice, those mice would all have the same memory of what happened because you carried out identical experiments on them. Maybe that's what happened in our case? What if everything's the same right up until the actual experiment, so that's when our mutual recollection ends? You know, when the needle is about to break our skin? Maybe that's a way for them to keep us confused?"

How could this have happened? His life was completely normal a few days ago! Now, he'd been abducted by aliens? That couldn't have been the case!

He had to be missing something. Maybe it was the air? Or perhaps the pesticides in the cornfield he'd walked through earlier had done something to his mind? Anything other than extraterrestrials would make more sense than what Ariana had just told him.

"I know that you guys think I'm crazy."

Megan reached out and placed her hand on top of Ariana's. "We don't think you're crazy. All of this is just...odd. It's a lot to take in. Do you think that you're dreaming or sleepwalking while this is happening?"

"Both," Ariana said.

He definitely didn't feel that Ariana was crazy. In fact, he'd started to wonder if he was the kooky one. All of this was overwhelming.

Relax. Why are you sweating things that you can't control? You just so happened to have the same dream as the girl down the hallway. That's not all that crazy. Well, maybe it's a little peculiar, but you have more important things to worry about, don't you? You're supposed to teach these girls how to handle the shotgun today, so take care of your priorities like a man.

His focus moved in the direction of the basement door. The answers were down there. He knew it! The explanation for his dream was hidden in those numbers. Or perhaps it was inside the locked computer? It was somewhere in that room!

No, don't go down there! Food, water, shelter, and protection should be the only four things on your mind. You haven't looked into running the cornfields, you aren't comfortable enough with your water supply to dick around, you haven't turned the house into an impenetrable fortress yet, and the girls don't even know how to fire the one gun you possess. How about you get your shit together, dumbass?

But the basement called his name. He could hear it. The mysterious bulletin boards lining the walls engulfed his mind every time he closed his eyes. His interest had become consumed by the laptop. The password screen teased him. He'd spent hours attempting to crack the code with Ariana last night. The trash bin was full of crumpled up notes consisting of numerical combinations from the papers on the walls, and they'd yet to even take a baby step toward finding an answer!

You're going to get someone killed if you don't focus. Food, water, shelter, and protection. Prioritize. Now!

He stood up and headed for the basement. "Call me when lunch is ready."

"Me too," Ariana said, hurrying behind him.

Megan looked around her now empty kitchen. That had certainly happened quickly, but she could get everyone back to the table once she made lunch. She retrieved Ariana's issue of *Seventeen* from the table, tossed the magazine down on the counter so that she had something to read, and started on lunch once again.

Chapter 17 -- Lewis and Clark

"Any questions?" he asked.

Megan and Ariana didn't exactly resemble seasoned hunters. The truth was that the past twenty minutes had been fairly shaky. Ariana seemed to be under the impression that it was a race. Could

her mindset be linked to her track background? Or perhaps it involved her history of competitive cheerleading? Whatever the case, he felt more comfortable being the one who managed the shotgun.

He didn't accomplish anything in the basement earlier with Ariana. A discussion over their number one obsession--Uncle Dave's computer password--took center stage at lunch, but now it was time to take care of what really mattered. He needed to teach his girls how to properly protect themselves.

"I should keep three shells on me at all times?" Ariana asked. "Even when I don't have the gun?"

He nodded. "Yeah, at all times. Each of us should have three shells in our pockets wherever we go, regardless if we have the gun on us or not. One will be in the gun and the other will be in my dresser upstairs. The last thing I want is for any of us to be desperately searching for shells when we need them. And remember, only shoot if you absolutely have to. We only have eleven shots unless we find more shells, so we need to make 'em count."

He would kill for a box of shells right now. He'd showed them how to load the shotgun, hold the weapon, turn the safety on and off, and discussed the importance of not firing at anything too far away. They were in possession of a shotgun, not a rifle, but there was so much that Megan and Ariana still couldn't experience. They weren't able to shoot, they couldn't feel the way the gun recoiled after firing, and the simulated lesson lacked the raw power that came from discharging a live weapon.

Would Ariana break the one hundred pound mark on a scale? Would she even be able to handle firing a shotgun? And unfortunately, she would pop her cherry in a real life moment instead of at a shooting range. Emotions would be high, lives could potentially be on the line, and intense nerves would cause her entire body to shake. They didn't have any other choice, though. They couldn't afford to waste a single shell on a practice round.

Megan's confidence helped ease his worries. She was so in control of herself at all times. A comforting vibe radiated from her, and there was little doubt that his girlfriend would be able to shoot and reload in the heat of the moment. Actually hitting her target would be a much different story, but he prayed that situation would never present itself.

He decided to send Megan back into the house by herself. It didn't make sense for the three of them to be out in the open. It was an unnecessary risk, and Ariana was the one who knew the terrain better than anyone, after all.

Megan headed inside, locked the door, and immediately picked up the pair of binoculars to keep an eye out for trouble. She understood his reasoning despite her preference to be outside with Steve and Ariana. She also liked the idea of someone being home at all times.

Their entire livelihoods were in this house. What if someone broke in while they were all off exploring? There was no doubt that their food and water supply would be wiped out when they returned, and their days would be limited as a result. Guarding their property was a precaution that definitely made sense.

Steve and Ariana headed through the cornfields and to the stream. While their view was nothing new to the young girl, he was pleasantly surprised by what he saw. The water moved fast. It was the exact type of flowing water that he looked for while backpacking, and it would make for an ideal source of hydration if not for the chemicals that ran off into it.

With the water flowing in a westerly direction, he began moving east toward Ariana's house. The path of the stream then turned north just before reaching her backyard. Cornfields no longer covered the land as they journeyed alongside the gushing current, the water moving against them while they walked next to it. Grass coated the topography before towering eastern hemlock trees created a scenic view in front of the majestic Adirondack peaks off in the distance.

The stream of flowing water began to narrow and slow as they further explored it. Of course, the faster moving water--which naturally possessed a higher chance of being clean--was located closer to the cornfields where it would be exposed to chemical runoff. Why wouldn't it be that way? Heaven forbid that this amazing water source would remain in ideal condition as they moved away from the farmlands.

They didn't see houses, roads, or any sign of life as they continued to walk. The only sound came from a slight wind rifling through their hair. He turned back to the cornfield that they had wandered a comfortable distance from to observe the flowing water--although not at a rapid pace--but he felt far enough away from the crops to avoid potential hazards.

"Why can't we drink the water up here?" he asked.

Ariana's eyes followed Steve's. She'd been told to not drink from the stream for her entire life, but she never stopped to consider what a trip a few minutes up north could provide. How far could those chemicals travel in the ground? What if pesticides and fertilizer were in the dirt directly below them? And if that was indeed the case, then there was little doubt that it was also in the water.

"Because the ground up here might not be clean. And the water won't be either if that's the case."

It seemed like a risk worth taking to him. Finding drinkable water that only needed to be boiled could potentially solve their number one problem. What would their plan be if the stream was indeed polluted? To look for an untainted well somewhere? But how would they know if one was clean without testing it? Or maybe they would resort to roaming the countryside, breaking into houses in search of bottles and jugs? That strategy seemed like a guaranteed death wish.

He was done asking questions. They had at least a month's worth of clean water, plenty of food, and a comfortable shelter. He couldn't think of a better time to test the water than right now. If he did become sick as a result, then he could fight off his illness inside a warm, dry, well-supplied house. He also had two girls who would help nurse him back to health.

"I'm testing it out."

"No, you aren't," Ariana said, immediately shaking her head.

"Yes, I am," he disagreed. "This stream could keep us going for months. Shit, it could end up being our water source for years."

"We have no idea how far those chemicals spread," she emphasized her concern again. "What if a farmer dumped his waste out here or something? Steve, everything we're looking at could be polluted."

"Or it might be fine."

Maybe Steve was right? What if she was being paranoid? It would be terrible for the stream to end up fine, only for them to never know thanks to her overly-cautious ways.

Technically, she didn't have a shred of proof that anything was wrong with the flowing water they both stared at. And what were the chances that farming chemicals could end up in the ground all the way out here? She still had one major concern regardless of if the water was clean or not.

"Yeah, it could end up being fine, but you're absolutely not going to be the one to test it out," she told him.

"Yes, I am," he said, not about to allow her to be their lab rat.

"And what if something happens to you? Why do you keep acting like you aren't some kind of precious commodity? Society deemed you disposable three days ago. I always found it bizarre the way men have been treated throughout history. Like, they would literally send you guys off to die like cattle whenever we learned about wars at school. They would load boats up with men, drop them off on a beach, and let them get mowed down by machine gun fire, and no one even protested it! And what if a ship sinks? It's women and children first, right? Well, guess what? Shit has changed."

He couldn't get over how much she sounded like Megan. He wanted them to get a DNA test if society ever returned to normal. They had to be related.

"I know that it's not a possibility, but you really should be locked up inside until we figure out what's going on," she said. "You might be the only guy left on Earth, so yeah, you potentially becoming sick is significantly more worrisome than something happening to me."

He had to admit that she was right. Yes, he should be much more cautious; and yes, he was a precious commodity now--as unfathomable as that still was to comprehend. He'd somehow become the Emily Ratajkowski of this new society, hadn't he?

But his caveman DNA kicked into high gear the moment he discovered that something had happened. The primal urge to protect and provide for his family outweighed logic. His women belonged somewhere safe, and he would be the one who took the risks. He really didn't care if Megan and Ariana agreed with his decision or not.

Twenty-seven years of being told to put women first was hard to overcome. Three hundred thousand years of human evolution was an even tougher mindset to break. There was a natural order in his life--regardless of what had changed in the world--and it involved men looking out for women. He had no plans to change that.

He trekked further north along the water with Ariana hot on his trail. She wasn't giving up that easily.

"Steve, you need to listen to me! Let me test it out!" she begged.

His silence answered her pleas.

"Steve!" she shouted.

Pesticides couldn't travel this far in the ground, right? At least that's what he told himself. This water moved just fast enough for his liking, and it was time to find out what they were dealing with.

He retrieved an empty twenty ounce plastic water bottle from the pocket of his gym shorts.

"What if you get sick?" she attempted to talk some sense into him. "It would devastate Megan. Steve, she loves you! You should've heard the way she talked about you while we were doing our nails. You're like Superman in her eyes. She needs you."

"She has you now," he reminded her. "So, she won't be on her own if something happens to me."

"Rock, paper, scissors."

His eyebrows perked up. "What?"

"Rock, paper, scissors," Ariana repeated. "Best of three. Whoever wins gets to test out the water."

"I'm not playing rock, paper, scissors," he laughed, flabbergasted that she wanted to use a childish game to decide something so important.

"Fine, let's race."

His confusion swiftly doubled. "What?"

"Let's race," she offered again.

He was rather surprised by the revelation at lunch that both Megan and Ariana had not only ran track, but were also into cheerleading. Truthfully, he wasn't so shocked to hear that from Ariana. Megan's high school cheerleading career was something he'd never expected to discover, though.

It made sense in a way. Megan was gorgeous, but he didn't have a clue that she was capable of doing backflips and handsprings. Of course, the pervert in him immediately translated her flexibility to potential scenarios in the bedroom.

"I'm not going to race you."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because it wouldn't be close," he laughed. "Do I not look like an athlete to you?"

"No, you look super athletic, but I'm definitely faster than you."

On what planet could a girl be faster than him? Especially someone like Ariana? She was so small, for God's sake! He could probably pick her up and throw her across the stream if he wanted to. He'd played safety throughout his high school football career, and his current lean and muscular physique reflected his athletic ability to a tee. Ariana had to be delusional to even fathom being able to beat him in a race.

"There's absolutely no chance that you would ever beat me in a race," he told her firmly. It was insulting to think otherwise.

Ariana snatched the water bottle from him and walked out into the open grassland. Why were men always so cocky? Confidence was sexy, but arrogance was the furthest thing from attractive. Steve had no idea what kind of sprinter she was!

Steve assumed that he could beat her in a race because he's a guy and she's a girl. Did his aggressive, confident, take-charge attitude in the bedroom turn her on unlike anything else? Absolutely. Last night may have been the hottest experience of her life. The earth-shattering orgasm she had alone in her bedroom after their fun was over definitely proved that. This, however, wasn't hot. In fact, it annoyed her. It was time to win one for women everywhere.

The water bottle ended up forty yards away as he watched Ariana strut back his way confidently in her little pink shorts and white t-shirt. The cocky smirk on her cute face fueled his competitive side. As ridiculous as it was to solve a dispute by running a race as a twenty-seven-year-old man, beating her would be the easiest solution to his problem.

He just had to smoke her in a forty-yard dash, become the official tester of the water, and cross this task off his list of chores.

"So, I try the water if I beat you?"

"Yep, but I get to test it if I beat you," she laid out the terms of their bet. "Deal?"

He quickly shook hands on their agreement before she had an opportunity to change her mind. He wouldn't lose to a girl! Ariana could transform into Marion Jones and he would still leave her in the dust. She's a woman!

"This still doesn't seem fair to me," he commented as the two lined up.

She rolled her eyes before crouching into a four-point stance.

Had they been teleported to the Olympics? This was like watching the new kid at school try to bullshit his way out of a fight by pretending to know karate. A sprinter's stance wouldn't do her any good when he was twenty feet ahead in a matter of seconds!

"On your count, princess," he said.

She glared over at the guy who stood next to her casually. He didn't even take this seriously! And he'd actually just called her princess? That only flew inside the bedroom. She was daddy's little girl, princess, or any other cute pet name when she had his dick in her mouth, but she was nobody's princess when it came to a competitive race.

Ariana opened her mouth with a grin to start the countdown. This would be so sweet.

"Three...two...one...GO!"

She exploded out of her stance as the two stayed neck and neck for the first ten yards. The last three quarters of the race were anything but an even match, though. Her little strides created a frantic blur next to Steve as he kicked it into overdrive in an attempt to keep pace. His effort was of little use, and she even slowed down over the last ten yards to really rub it in.

"You left early!" he yelled.

He didn't even wait to cross the finish line before protesting. She couldn't possibly be that fast. The only reasonable explanation was that she got an early jump, because he would absolutely beat her in a fair race.

She got a kick out of the panting hunk who still couldn't believe what had happened. "No, I didn't! I told you I would win. I'm super fast."

"Best two out of three," he said.

He didn't want to race two minutes ago, yet here he was, changing the rules of their bet. She wouldn't pass up the opportunity to crush him again. She lived for competition.

Ariana felt rather cocky as they headed back to the starting line. "You're out of shape, old man."

"And you're a cheater."

"Oh, you're a sore loser too?" she laughed. "You know what your problem is? You're all muscle. Meanwhile, I'm all cardio. We're in the middle of track season, gramps. This is my sprinting peak."

Gramps? She'd just referred to him as gramps? Round two was go-time for him. Not only did he want to be the one who tested the safety of the water, but his pride was on the line as well. There was no way that he would allow some five-foot-one, one hundred pound cutie to ever beat him in anything athletic again.

"I'm gonna smoke you," he proclaimed assuredly.

Her giggle would be adorable if it didn't taunt him. "I'll be honest with you, Steve. I was only running at like eighty percent."

"Is that why you left early? Little fuckin' cheater."

Her smile couldn't be bigger. He was so mad! "I definitely didn't leave early, but I'll let you count this time. That way you won't be able to make any more excuses. Actually, how about we up the stakes? You know, to make it a little more interesting?"

"What do you have in mind?" he asked.

"I can request a favor from you whenever I want if I win, and I'm talking about any kind of request. And if you win, then you can request anything from me," she offered.

"Anything I want?"

"Anything you want," she verified. "And you know what? I'm feeling generous. This race is winner-take-all instead of best of three. Whoever wins this, wins everything. Deal?"

He shook her hand and prepared himself. He even crouched into a sprinter's stance as well this time. He was done messing around.

Ariana was faster than he expected, but their last race was obviously a fluke. He was a lifelong athlete who excelled in football back in high school. He'd been killing it in the weight room over the past few weeks too!

He was ready to do this.

And watch Ariana blow by him again.

He lost by an even wider margin this time. Her white t-shirt was barely visible as she left him in the dust. He didn't enjoy it, but he had to admit to the obvious.

He'd lost a race to a girl...twice.

"How the hell are you so fast?"

Ariana shrugged her shoulders with a big smile. "Genetics."

"This is so ridiculous," he announced, bent over at the waist to catch his breath. "You shouldn't be able to beat me. I'm fast!"

"But I'm faster," she said, her voice full of pride. "Cheerleading and track are way tougher than football. We don't get the respect we deserve. Everything is football, football, football. You should see how many people come out to the football games we cheer at, but hardly anyone shows up at our track or cheerleading competitions. It really isn't fair."

He'd been embarrassed enough for one day. The last thing he planned to do was allow her to convince him that cheerleading was tougher than football. Ariana would probably end up being able to throw a football sixty yards with how unexpected the past five minutes of his life had turned out.

She knew that he still couldn't think with reason. The man part of his brain wanted to be the one who took the risks, and he was naturally wired to protect her. It was in his DNA.

"Don't worry, this stays between us," she said before filling the bottle with water.

His stomach churned as he watched her take that first sip. Knowing that she could become sick as a result of being their guinea pig disgusted him. He still should've been the one to test the water. Who cared if she'd beat him?

"I'm going to drink a bottle from the stream every day for the next week," she announced. "We'll know it's safe if I'm fine."

Or she would become sick and he'd be to blame? Were hospitals even open and operating? Their first aid kit certainly couldn't treat Giardia or cancer, but the part that brought him the most guilt involved how unaware Megan was of the situation. He was supposed to look out for Ariana, not put her health in jeopardy!

"Steve, seriously, just relax. It'll be fine. We need you to stay safe," she said, gulping down another sip.

He finally accepted his situation. At the end of the day--despite his instincts--he was the most valuable member of their household. It made sense for Ariana to drink from the stream instead of him, and perhaps it was time to ease back on trying to be Superman? Ariana and Megan weren't helpless little girls. They're strong women. They worked better as a team, didn't they?

She took another swig before tucking the bottle into her pocket. "So, Mrs. Zappo?"

He picked up the shotgun and held out his hand to allow her to lead the way. The two walked through the fields and past the house where they waved at Megan to signal that everything was okay. They then slipped into the cornfields across the street to stay off the road as they headed in the direction of Mrs. Zappo's house.

"Do you lock your door at night?"

Ariana peeked behind her as they continued to approach their destination. "Huh?"

"Your door was locked in my dream. Was that real?"

There was something that she'd meant to bring up. She avoided mentioning it in an attempt to not worry Megan. "Listen, I'm not completely sure that what you had was a dream."

He stopped in his tracks, causing the girl who blazed the trail to freeze as well. "No, it was a dream. I told you that. I woke up in bed."

"You woke up in bed, but that doesn't mean you didn't get up and head downstairs like I always do," she explained. "It's not sleepwalking either. Something calls me at night, but I also think I have lucid dreams as well."

He didn't follow.

"I know what's happening when I get up looking for water," Ariana went on. "I originally didn't at the beginning, but I came to realize that I was dreaming after probably two or three months. Normal dreams aren't something you can control. They're set paths that are mapped out for you. It's a movie that has already been filmed and you're just a character. It's only when you wake up that you realize something was actually different."

"You said that your dreams are always the same, though," he reminded her.

"They are and they aren't. I notice little changes. As time went on, I would be able to reach out and touch something, or stop and look at a picture on the wall while I'm going to get water. Something still attracts me downstairs against my will, though. I'm not fighting it, but at the same time, I know that I don't want to go where I'm being led."

That wasn't his impression of lucid dreaming. "I thought you're in control when you lucid dream. You know, like in *Inception*?"

"That's why I think it's only some kind of lucid dreaming. I know it's a dream and that I can do slightly different things from time to time, but there's something pulling me to a Grey who's always waiting for me. It's like I'm being exposed to a landscape full of possibilities, but I can't explore it. All I want to do is break free from whatever has a hold of me. I've even tried hiding knives throughout my house so I can grab one for when I eventually come face-to-face with that thing, but I never can. I'm only allowed control over certain things."

The view of Mrs. Zappo's light blue house in the distance took a back seat to this news. He couldn't get a particular question out of his head. "What if you could?"

"What if I could do what?"

"What if you could control specific details that you currently can't?" he expounded on his thought.

"What if you could run away or retrieve a knife? Or just do something that would change how your dream plays out?"

"I wonder about that every day," she told him. "Could I kill that thing? Or would everything end up playing out the same regardless of what I do? I honestly have no idea. I can promise that you're going to have that dream again, and when you do, *really* try to realize that you're in a dream. You're not helpless to the outcome. Steve, we have the ability to change what's happening. I know it. I'm going to be able to fight back one of these times."

He observed the petite eighteen-year-old in front of him as his brow furrowed slightly. What would she be able to do physically? That thing moved a sofa with its mind. With its mind!

"Maybe you shouldn't do that?"

She was quick to disagree with his warning. "Oh, I'm definitely fighting back, and I'm gonna kick the shit out of that thing when I get the chance."

He loved her fiery attitude. She really was a younger version of Megan, wasn't she? But dream or not, he wasn't a fan of her brawling with some extraterrestrial being. They didn't know the first thing about what they were dealing with. They didn't even know if it was real! Maybe disrupting their dreams would result in everything getting worse? Perhaps the visions would no longer end before the needle pierced their skin?

She let out all of her emotions. It brought her so much relief to discuss her troubles with someone. "The way that they just take over my life is so invasive. I hate it. So yeah, that's why I lock my door at night. It's out of instinct, I guess. I know it won't do any good. I've tried blocking my door with furniture, using locks to seal it shut, and so many other things, but nothing's ever there when I get out of bed in search of water. Everything is always back to normal. It's so unfair."

"Have you ever tried recording it?"

"That's the first thing I did," she nodded. "I honestly thought that I would get an alien on film too. My phone would just record me standing in my family room. There wasn't an alien or any sign of me disappearing at all. The only thing you see is me turning around and heading back upstairs. So, I recorded my room the next time, and guess what I saw? Me leaving my bedroom to go downstairs before I roll back into bed two minutes later. It's not possible to get any kind of proof!"

"I--"

"You have no idea how excited I was to hear that you had my dream," she interrupted, her voice beginning to quiver. "I know that sounds crappy, but I honestly was. Sometimes, I think I'm losing my mind. That I'm just some crazy conspiracy theorist who can only relate to other wackos online. Knowing that I have someone sane who understands what I'm going through means the world to me. It really does. I'm so scared every night when I go to bed."

He allowed the now crying teen to wrap her arms around him as her tears soaked through his cotton t-shirt. Moments later, her loud sobs wetted the skin on his chest. Five years of fear and frustration poured out. The little girl hidden beneath her tough outer shell finally felt comfortable enough to expose herself.

Her father never took her seriously and her friends viewed her mistrusting ways as paranoia. Sometimes, she felt legitimately crazy. None of that stopped Steve and Megan from accepting her, though.

Were her new best friends skeptical of some of the things she said? Absolutely. Did Steve tease her when she talked about HAARP having the ability to control the weather? For sure. But he still valued what she said. He treated her like an adult.

The strong hand that rubbed her back made her feel at home. There was a sense of safety in his hold. She didn't know if he could truly protect her from her dreams or not, but she was positive that he would try. She had a place in his heart, and in return, he had one in hers.

"I'm not going to let anything happen to you," he said.

His one simple promise caused her to squeeze him as tightly as she could. Those nine words resulted in her coming to an easy conclusion. She was his for as long as he wanted her. She wasn't entirely sure of her role in their household. Megan was his girlfriend and they clearly shared a special bond with each other, but she would be one happy girl whether she ended up as a roommate, a friend, or even something more to this amazing man.

Faint sniffles were the best she could do to compose herself. She knew that her makeup ran and her nose had to be red. She most likely didn't look particularly attractive at the moment, but everything was just so emotional. Even the way he wanted to test the water himself made her feel special. It was a strange feeling to have a guy in her life who actually cared about her.

He looked down at his arm curiously while he continued to hold Ariana. How was that possible? Tears were falling from the back of her head?

"Holy shit!" he shouted.

His loud reaction caused her to jump as her tight hold around him loosened, allowing her to wipe the tears from her watery brown eyes. The shock on his face after her view cleared confused her. Or at least it did for a moment. The surprising sensation of something wet hitting her skin resulted in her to behave in a similar fashion to Steve.

"Oh my God, it's raining!" she said with a big smile.

He turned and started back in the direction of their house. "Come on!"

"What about Mrs. Zappo?"

"We'll deal with her later!" he said, raindrops starting to fall at a faster rate. "We have more important things to worry about!"

The two bolted across the street and sprinted home. Who knew how long this surprise rain shower would last? How hadn't they planned for this? Just how dumb were they? They'd put so much effort into searching for clean water, but they'd never thought about the easiest way to collect it.

From the sky!

"Megan!" Steve shouted as he pounded on the locked front door. "Megan!!!"

"Where is she?" Ariana asked.

"I don't know," he grunted, frustrated by Megan's horrible timing to leave her post. "Megan!!!"

He should've known better than to doubt his amazing girlfriend as she ran into the mudroom with two large plastic bins in hand. She was the brains of the house, after all. She unlocked and opened the door before greeting him with an equally perplexed face.

"How didn't we plan for this?" she asked.

"I have no idea," he laughed while shaking his head. He couldn't believe they'd been so dumb either. "We're idiots. Do we have some type of material to go over the buckets? To keep out leaves and stuff."

Ariana wiggled past the pair and disappeared inside the house. She quickly reemerged with her dad's keys. "I have just the thing in my garage! Come on!"

Megan placed the bins in the driveway, away from any trees that could potentially drop debris or other undesired junk into their growing water supply. Steve and Ariana were already hustling across farmland. Shotgun in hand, he struggled to keep up with Ariana as she bolted across the briskly softening soil. She hurried to unlock the back garage door when she arrived.

He still wasn't sure what she had in mind as they slipped inside the garage. "What are you looking for?"

She dug through stacks of materials they'd left behind. While the house may have been stripped clean of valuable goods, the garage still had a few things they could use, and she could only pray that Dad hadn't thrown out what she desperately searched for.

"It has to be here somewhere," she mumbled, digging through a pile in the corner. "Unless my dad threw it out. Wait, here!"

The big sheet of woven wire mesh that she surfaced with brought a smile to his face. The stainless steel in her hands couldn't have been more perfect. The tiny gaps in the alloy would allow the rain to penetrate the barrier, but keep any unwanted elements from contaminating their latest source of water. It was exactly what they needed.

"My dad bought these years ago when he promised to help me build a garden in our backyard. As you can probably guess, we never got around to it. I'm just happy that he didn't throw them out."

Wait, she said "them," right? That meant she had more than one!

Ariana pulled out another sheet before following with one more. The three sixty-by-sixty centimeter pieces of steel were a godsend, but her discovery was only the first part of his new joy. It wasn't until Ariana mentioned something that his mind finally caught up to his excitement.

"It looks like someone is watering the fields for us," she noted.

She had that right. The best irrigation system? Mother Nature, of course. What if this was a sign that things had turned their way? Maybe the water from the stream would be perfectly fine, their bizarre dreams would end, and they would find a way to live an amazing life together? He could further speculate if they were characters in a fairy-tale later. Right now, they had to get these mesh sheets back home.

They made their way back across the fields where Megan waited inside the house. She soon joined them with a towel to clean off their latest prizes. Seconds later, one big piece of steel mesh rested across the top of both bins. The skies seemed to open as the torrential downpour made the task of seeing further than two feet a chore.

The three of them ran inside to escape the storm like little kids on the first day of summer vacation. The childish giggling that filled the mudroom took him back to his youth. Rainstorms meant the day would be full of video games in his younger years, but things had changed quite a bit now.

He had to strip down the shotgun as a result of exposing it to the elements. Dad always told him to "wipe, oil, and dry" when one of their weapons got wet. His twenty-seven-year-old self had more important worries than defeating Bowser in *Super Mario World* on his Super Nintendo, but he could do a lot worse than being locked in a house with his two favorite women. He would bet that they could find a way to pass the time...

Chapter 18 -- Cashing In

Click... Click... Click...

His ears perked up from his cozy spot in bed. He'd enjoyed an uneventful evening after escaping the rain earlier. He'd cleaned the gun, the three of them spent an hour accomplishing absolutely nothing in the basement before Megan left him and Ariana to their daily ritual of attempting to make sense of Uncle Dave's numbers, and then they ate dinner together before a rather competitive game of *Monopoly* broke out on the dining room table.

It all started with a little trash-talk, and it ended with a victorious Megan being exempt from kitchen duty for a week. What house didn't have a dishwasher in this day and age? An old farmhouse would

be the answer to that question, and the hassle of having to clean their plates and silverware was more than worth wagering on.

Click... Click... Click...

The strength of the storm had dissipated greatly over the past few hours, and the sound of a constant light drizzle hitting the roof was music to his ears. Rain was a blessing, but a massive amount that flooded the fields would be a nightmare. He didn't experience a nightmare at the moment, though. A warm bed, a great dinner, and that heavenly sound approaching from the upstairs hallway had put him in an exceptionally good mood.

Click... Click... Click...

He knew what was coming. Megan's grin had given it away. Her poor attempt to conceal a particular item that she'd retrieved from the closet made it extremely obvious, but he didn't have a single complaint about his spoiled surprise.

He smiled the moment the bedroom door opened. His gorgeous girlfriend's blushing face didn't help him to keep his cool either. She just looked so ridiculous.

"I know..." she groaned. "I didn't pack my bathrobe, so this is the best you're going to get."

Four-inch black stiletto pump heels, long legs and toned thighs that went on for days, and a disgusting navy blue Boston Red Sox jacket. He still struggled to come to terms with the fact that he dated a Boston sports fan. They lived in Upstate New York, for God's sake! Rooting for the Red Sox was a crime punishable by death where they're from!

And she was a California girl on top of everything! Nothing about it made sense! He'd never seen her wear this jacket in the years of passing each other in their old apartment hallway, but she'd just so happened to put it in her bag while packing. He couldn't believe that he was in love with a Boston sports fan!

But her face made him forget all about silly sports rivalries. Her perfect makeup and beautiful blonde hair caused him to swallow nervously. The idea of what was hidden underneath her jacket caused his cock to stir, but the real prize came from what was inside her. Her heart was loving. Her mind was sharp. Her soul was pure. She was as perfect on the inside as she was on the outside.

She unzipped her jacket, and his jaw dropped right along with her hand. A black lace bra and a matching black thong served as quite the reveal. He didn't care that there wouldn't be any trips to Victoria's Secret in this new world. Fancy lingerie wasn't needed to get his engine pumping. Megan in a snowsuit would be enough to have him hard in a matter of seconds.

Her winter coat hit the floor, and a quick spin caused him to appreciate her flawless body like never before. The rapidly-growing erection in his boxer shorts more than made up for his lack of words. He would enjoy each and every inch of her tonight.

"Does Daddy like?" she asked, biting her pouty lower lip playfully.

No, he didn't like. Enamored would better describe his current mood. How was she more angelic with every passing day? He never wanted to leave her side.

What did she have planned for him? Her slow, calculated steps that carried her closer to the bed made him think that a romantic evening was in store for him, but his mind was in a far dirtier place.

He jumped off the bed and pushed her over the side of the mattress. Those unbelievable high heels caused her perky butt to look even more delicious than usual. The sight of her chest and face buried in the sheets was a view that he could get used to seeing. Did he love gazing into her amazing blue eyes while she rode him? Absolutely, but having her submissively bent over the bed may have been his favorite position, and he wouldn't waste another second teasing himself.

He pulled down her thong and his boxer shorts soon followed suit. A rough slap on her plump backside resulted in a loud yelp. The fat head of his cock pushing into her tight pussy caused her to gasp. If this was her idea of making up for her lack of sexual energy last night, then she'd already blown away his expectations.

He began to drive into her roughly. Something always overcame him when he was with her, and his knowledge of her love of rough sex egged him on. They could wake up an elderly lady in a house a mile down the road for all he cared. The louder Megan moaned in pleasure, the more he felt like a king.

"Oh-oh-oh my G-G-G-God, harder!" she begged.

Her engulfing warmth returned. No amount of oral sex could ever replicate being inside his favorite person on the planet. Her vast wetness was all that allowed him to push past the natural resistance that her tightness provided. All he had to do was get her bra off and--

Knock, knock, knock.

He froze as he turned to look at the bedroom door. Megan lifted her face off the blankets to glance at the closed entrance as well. They weren't exactly in a hotel. There could only be one person at the door, and both of them currently wondered what Ariana could possibly want at a time like this.

Ariana could wait. The cute brunette in the hallway would've yelled--not knocked--if she was in a truly desperate situation. His cock was far too comfortable to pull out, and he refused to leave Megan's divine grasp for a single moment. Both of his girls were important, but the one bent over the bed always came first--literally and figuratively.

His pumping resumed and so did Megan's intensely growing moans. His strong hands locked onto her curvy hips and he had no plans of slowing down. Megan wouldn't wake up until the afternoon tomorrow thanks to what he did to her. He wanted her walking with a limp for the next few days. She deserved to cum hard, and he wouldn't stop until she did just that.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"May-may-maybe we sho-should--"

He snapped her head back by her hair before she could finish. His fingers intertwined in her long blonde locks, making his thoughts perfectly clear. They weren't checking on Ariana until his main priority had been taken care of first.

"Megan!" Ariana yelled from the hallway.

The loud shout from outside the room caused him to let go of his girlfriend. Ariana's concerned tone resulted in Megan pushing him back to allow her room to move, and she held up her index finger to inform him that she would return in a minute.

"This better be serious," he groaned as Megan cracked the door slightly and peeked out into the hallway, only allowing her face to be seen.

"What's up?" Megan asked.

The muffled sound of Ariana's faint voice was the only response he heard.

"We're busy. What do you need?" Megan asked again.

...

"No, we're in the middle of something," Megan said.

...

"What? Can't we talk about this tomorrow?"

...

"Really? Now? It seriously can't wait?"

...

"Fine..."

Megan shut the door and turned to face him. "Ariana needs to talk to you."

"Now?" he questioned.

"Yeah, now," she huffed, annoyed by her bestie's horrible timing. "It can't wait."

"What does she need?"

"I don't know," Megan groaned. "Please make it quick, though. I was so close to cumming."

He stepped into his boxers and a pair of athletic shorts, tucked his erection into the waistband of his shorts, and tossed his tank top on for good measure. It seemed weird to walk out into the hallway naked. Sure, Ariana had sucked his dick twenty-four hours ago, but it still came off as strange. This was a house, not a brothel. He shouldn't walk around nude.

His aggravation immediately melted the moment he slipped out into the hallway. It just wasn't possible to be mad at Ariana. She was too cute.

The world's prettiest eighteen-year-old brunette was dressed in an adorable set of pink pajamas, and a pair of big brown eyes stared down at the floor sheepishly. It wasn't a secret that she felt guilty for interrupting them, but her look of remorse soon faded after she glanced up at him. Her naughty stare from last night had returned.

"I want to cash in."

His brow furrowed in confusion. "What?"

"You owe me a favor," she clarified her request. "Remember? From our race?"

"What does this have to do with you interrupting us? Just tell me tomorrow."

"I want to watch."

He couldn't be more lost. "Watch? Watch what?"

"I want to watch you two have sex," she said, her lack of smile showing how serious she was.

He'd expected her to ask him to clean her room or something. She wanted to watch them have sex? Seriously? It really wasn't his decision, though, was it?

While Megan had definitely enjoyed their fun last night, he wasn't sure how she would react to Ariana's involvement again. His girlfriend was horny and patiently waiting for his return, and she may not be in the mood for having her best friend sit in to watch the action.

"Um, I wouldn't have a problem with you watching, but it isn't my decision," he said honestly.

"Yes, it is. I'm asking you. Not Megan."

"No, Ariana--"

"You owe me a favor," she cut him off. "And you agreed to anything. This is anything. I want to watch you guys go at it."

The two stared at each other as he debated his next move. He simply wanted to bang his girlfriend, make her cum, and then fall asleep with her in his hold. Was that so much to ask for?

What if Megan freaked out? What if this completely turned her off? He jeopardized her shutting down and ending their night before it even began, but he owed Ariana a favor, and he'd promised her anything she wanted.

"Wait here," he told her.

Ariana struggled to control her excitement as he headed back inside, shutting the door behind him. This would be so hot! Her best friends were so sexy! Megan was the perfect blonde who made every girl jealous, and Steve was the hunk who all the guys would kill to look like. They were also her only opportunity for some steamy smut with the internet down.

He took a deep breath and looked at Megan, whose high-heeled foot tapped impatiently on the hardwood floor. "Ariana has a request."

Megan waited.

"She wants to uh...she uh...she wants to watch us," he stalled for time, unusually timid.

Megan clearly didn't understand what he was talking about.

He decided to go right for it. He didn't see the point of beating around the bush. "She wants to watch us have sex."

Her eyebrows perked up in surprise. "She wants to watch us have sex? Um...why?"

"I don't know," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I owe her a favor and this is what she wants."

"Why do you owe her a favor?"

He had no desire to reveal why Ariana was able to request anything she wanted. Some things were better kept secret. "It's a long story. Basically, she's able to request one thing she wants from me, and this is it. She wants to watch us have sex."

"But why?" she asked again.

"How would I know? Maybe because of last night or something?"

Megan wasn't sure about any of this. While Ariana seemed to have a good time in their bedroom last night, this could be a step too far. Her best friend really wanted to sit in the room while they had sex? She wasn't sure how she felt about that, to be honest.

Sex was intimate. It's personal. It also wasn't something she ever considered doing in front of an audience. She'd never even entertained the idea of fulfilling her ex-boyfriend's threesome fantasy. Yesterday was very uncharacteristic of her, and she didn't plan to allow Ariana to join in on a nightly basis. Actually, she really only wanted the cute brunette in their bedroom when she was too exhausted to take care of Steve, but she was the furthest thing from drained tonight. No, tonight, she couldn't remember the last time that she felt this horny.

"Why would you promise her anything she wanted?"

"I wasn't expecting something like this," he said, still attempting to wiggle out of explaining why he owed Ariana a favor. "Never in a million years did I think that she would want to watch us, but I promised her anything. I honestly don't think I can say no. I mean, I did agree to anything."

"She'll see me naked. And she's going to see us...you know...really going at it. Is she prepared for that?"

He smiled at the idea of them grossing her out like a kid who walked in on their parents having sex. "I can't imagine we'll do anything that freaks her out. She's the one who asked to watch, after all."

"Fine, she can watch us, but I don't want her to get involved. Tonight is about you and me," said stated her terms.

That was music to his ears. He headed to the door and opened it, making no attempt to be sneaky this time. Ariana quickly looked around the big guy blocking her view to catch a glimpse of Megan.

Her best friend looked stunning, and she would totally kill to have boobs like hers! And how amazing did her seductive lace bra make her cleavage look? Her slutty high heels completed her already racy look! God, it would be so unbelievable to watch her gorgeous BFF have sex!

"You can watch," he told her.

"Really?" Ariana asked excitedly. "Megan's okay with it?"

"Yeah, but you can't get involved. Understood?"

She nodded frantically. Her jumpy feet--full of enthusiasm--bounced from side to side. She wasn't ready just yet, however.

"I'll be right back," she said.

Ariana dashed down the hallway to her room as he made his way back to the bed. Somehow, somehow, Megan appeared even sexier than she had five minutes ago, and he hurried to undress as a result.

It didn't take long for him to bend her back over the side of the bed again. He pushed inside her once more, their mutual moans creating a lustful symphony as they quickly picked up where they'd left off. Suddenly, nothing else mattered. It was just them. The two people bringing pleasure to one another were the stars of their own show.

Or for the time being, at least.

"Oh my God, you guys are so hot," Ariana said.

His moving hips froze as he watched Ariana jump up onto the bed. It didn't take long for her to make herself comfortable, resting her head on Megan's pillow as she lied flat on her back. Two things were hard to shake. First, she'd already started to slide her cute pair of pink pajama pants down her little legs. Second, and by far the most unexpected part of the evening, was the purple and white vibrator now resting on their sheets.

"Pretend that I'm not here," Ariana told them. She kicked off her bottoms and her white panties followed. "I won't say a word."

He could only see the side of her body from his angle, but it was more than enough to rattle him. She appeared ready for bed from the waist up. But from the waist down? Well, sleep couldn't be further from her mind.

She moved her now buzzing vibrator toward her bare vagina while her pink pajama tops hid the upper half of her petite body. He wanted nothing more than to see her undoubtedly impeccable pussy. He had little doubt that it was tight, pretty, and completely hairless. That didn't take away from the fact that he still wanted visual confirmation, though.

And he was about to make Megan feel each and every one of his inappropriate desires.

He snapped her head back by her hair and resumed his mission of fucking her to an orgasm. His new goal involved getting both of his girls off. Megan, courtesy of his cock; and Ariana, as a result of the pounding she was privy to watching from her front row seat.

He moved his mouth to Megan's ear and asked, "Who's my little girl?"

The majority of Megan's senses had been rendered useless with the exception of the buzzing sound that her ears picked up. She knew that she drooled. There wasn't any hiding the trail of saliva that flowed over her bottom lip and landed on the blankets below. The rest of the room was a bit of a mystery, though. The overwhelmingly full sensation repeatedly thrusting into her had made the usually simple task of answering Steve rather difficult at the moment.

"Did you not hear me ask this slut a question?"

Ariana's eyes were locked on Megan's perfect face. How amazing did her makeup look? And what about her red lipstick? That definitely came from her own supply, and she was more than happy to share her beauty products with her best friend.

This was her first ever experience watching a girl literally be fucked senseless. That wasn't a corny expression anymore either. Her smart, savvy, and personable friend most likely wouldn't be able to name the college she'd attended. She was being ravaged so hard.

But Ariana's attention shifted to Steve as she realized what had just happened. It looked like her promise to be a good girl and keep to herself would be broken, but she wasn't the culprit. His question had been directed at her! Steve had decided to bring her into their session!

"She didn't answer your question, Daddy," Ariana answered. She was already close to erupting from the combination of watching these two while her vibrator massaged her clit. "She's a bad girl."

"And what do bad girls get?" he asked.

She could direct them now? Anything she wanted to see was a possibility! All of her deepest and wildest fantasies could be brought to light. This was the greatest night of her life!

"Bad girls get their faces pushed into the sheets," Ariana giggled. "Bad girls have it held there so they can't breathe while Daddy fucks them as hard as he can. And bad girls take it."

He exchanged smirks with Ariana before burying Megan's face into the fluffy blankets below. His hand locked firmly on the back of her head as he drove her further into the mattress. His other hand gripped her hip while he attempted to impale the pristine pussy he never wanted to leave.

But then the most joyous moment of his life occurred. It was something that even outshined when he'd cummed inside Megan for the first time. He heard the sweet sounds of Megan and Ariana's moans mixing, resulting in a beautiful song to resonate throughout the bedroom. Who needed music when he could have the most breathtaking chorus in the world?

"Harder," Ariana begged. "Fuck her harder, Daddy."

He roughly pulled Megan's head up to allow her to breathe. But just like that, he pushed her face back into the sheets, and focused on sending his girlfriend over the edge.

"What's Megan?" he asked.

Ariana took a break from moaning to giggle, "Your little slut. Just like me. I'm Daddy's little slut too."

"Let me see," he demanded.

Ariana knew exactly what he meant, and there wasn't a moment of hesitation in her decision to turn her body slightly. He leaned over Megan to allow himself a perfect view for when her pesky vibrator moved to the side. Ariana wasn't so quick to reveal what he wanted to see so badly, though. It was fun to tease. Sometimes, she enjoyed being a bad girl. Especially when it riled him up.

She couldn't understand the words escaping from Megan's mouth anymore. The noises were muffled by the sheets, but it sounded like she was about ready to explode, and Ariana would do her part to help out her friend.

She moved the buzzing vibrator head to the side, and when she did, the look on Steve's face was one that she would never forget.

He'd never seen a pussy like Ariana's. While Megan's vagina had small lips and an inviting pinkness, Ariana's was just a tiny slit. There were no visible lips or a single hair present, and it matched the rest of her perfectly. It was small, immaculate, and he already knew that it was unspeakably tight. And while he wasn't aware of it, not only had he pushed down harder on Megan's head, but he'd also increased his already vicious pace.

And now Megan was shaking.

Megan's pussy clamped tighter around his dick as she erupted in pleasure. What was the best part of her experience? Was it barely being able to breathe? Or how about the relentless force her boyfriend drove into her with? It could be the noise of Ariana's buzzing vibrator mixing with her own moans too? But on the other hand, the sound of Steve's pelvis pounding into her backside wasn't bad either. Everything was perfect.

"Did she just cum on your cock?" Ariana asked, moving her vibrator back to her clit.

He lifted Megan's head once again so that she could personally answer Ariana's question. "How about you tell Ariana what just happened, Blondie?"

It was never an easy task to speak after that incomparable warmth consumed her being. Ariana's lustful brown eyes eagerly awaiting her answer served as quite a motivating force, however. The idea of Ariana desperately waiting to find out if she'd just orgasmed from sex was almost funny in a way. Her best friend really was a pervert, wasn't she? Not like that was a bad thing. Everyone has a bit of a dirty side to them, after all.

"He-he-he just ma-made me cum," Megan struggled to answer, still flustered and shaking.

Ariana couldn't believe it! Steve could make Megan cum during sex? Seriously? How insane was that? Her ex-boyfriend had never come close to getting her off from intercourse. Her friends at school who'd experienced sex never talked about orgasms from anything other than oral either, and trust her, they discussed everything. This wasn't some over-the-top porn scene where the actress acted euphoric to have a dick awkwardly slam into her completely dry vagina either. This was like watching a hot BDSM novel play out in person!

Ariana's hand shot up.

"Um...yeah," Steve said, slightly confused.

"Can I make one more request?" Ariana asked. "I promise it'll be the last one."

What harm could one more request do? "Sure," he said.

"I want to watch you fuck Megan's face," Ariana said with her cutest smile. "It was so hot when you did it to me last night, and I want to see what it looks like when you do it to her."

Megan wasn't consulted on the subject. She hadn't exactly expected to be either. Her bra was unhooked and his big hand made its way back to her hair, and before she knew it, she kneeled down on the hardwood floor.

Megan had been yanked off the bed and Steve already pumped his cock into her mouth. The taste of her own juices covered his stiff pole as he went about treating her like a little slut. There were few places she would rather be. Actually, come to think of it, this was her happy place.

"GUH-GUH-GUH-GUH-GUH."

Ariana was moments away from going off like never before. The room swarmed with the sounds of Megan gagging on Steve's cock! And she had a perfect view of the action! Watching her best friend being dominated hit all the right spots. A sexy blonde down on her knees, a big hunk completely controlling her mouth, and a vibrating head touching each and every one of the eight thousand deliciously sensitive nerve endings in her clit: this was home. This was where she wanted to be.

"I want to see how far she can take it," Ariana whined. "Pleeeeeeease."

He liked the sound of that. "You want to watch her make my dick disappear?"

Ariana's eyes bulged. "There's no way she can deepthroat you!"

He was about to show this girl a thing or two. Apparently, Ariana had yet to realize that Megan resembled a porn star in bed, and he had no problem showing off his girlfriend's oral talent. In fact, he enjoyed flaunting her skills.

Inch by inch, his cock crept down her throat until there was nothing left to see. Megan's nose nestled in his trimmed pubic hair as she did her best to show him her watery blue eyes. Nothing did it for him like watching her submit.

A series of passionate moans caused him to suddenly look back at the bed where Ariana began to squirm.

Even her orgasmic moans were cute. The sight of this adorable brunette writhing around on the bed caused him to hold Megan in place. He started to see Ariana less like a roommate, and more like another girlfriend. While not yet on Megan's level, she wasn't too far below either. He merely desired to send her back to her room happy and satisfied every night.

He released his hold on Megan's head to allow her to pull back and gasp for air. Her eyes quickly shifted to the scene unfolding on their bed. Could her best friend possibly look more delighted? Perky, cheery, and full of energy: Ariana was just perfect.

It was a struggle, but with her eyes closed and her body attempting to recover from her powerful climax, Ariana managed to raise her hand one last time.

"Yes?" Steve questioned.

"Can I pick where you cum?" Ariana asked.

Megan was too caught up in the moment to look up at Steve. She was beyond eager to find out what was on Ariana's mind. "Where do you want Daddy to cum?" Megan asked.

Ariana turned her head so she could gaze directly into Megan's beautiful blue eyes. "All over your pretty face."

Megan looked up at Steve with a smirk. "Does Daddy want to give me a facial?"

His grin said it all.

Megan lowered her mouth to his balls while her right hand frantically jerked the big cock above her. Her tongue swirled along his testicles, licking and worshiping every inch of the stud who had to be right on the edge. A facial? She never took facials. There was something different about this situation, though. At this very moment, she couldn't wait to be covered.

Ariana's vibrator returned to her clit. Knowing that her best friend was mere seconds from having her face covered brought her to the brink of orgasm number two. While she had personally never experienced a facial, it was something she always found hot in porn. It was fun to have her two very own porn stars to turn her fantasy into reality.

"Beg for it, Megan."

Ariana was giving her orders now? Five-foot-one and barely one hundred pounds, and Megan was ready to follow demands from the petite angel who was on the cusp of orgasming again up on the bed.

She moved her mouth away from his balls and wrapped her free hand around his dick. She now rapidly stroked it with both her hands. "I want that cum, Steve."

"Daddy," Ariana chimed in. "Call him Daddy."

"I want that cum, Daddy," Megan corrected herself. "All over my slut face."

"Pretty face," Ariana added her two cents yet again. "Daddy's going to cum all over your pretty face."

Steve couldn't last another second. A loud roar resulted in a thick shot of cum to blast from the tip of his cock and slam into Megan's nose, sending semen flying onto both her cheeks. A second shot launched directly into her mouth and disappeared down her throat.

She positioned his exploded manhood higher so that she could feel his fluids cover the unmarked parts of her face. She got dirty for him. The urge to be his fantasy woman was higher than ever. The idea of impressing Ariana also fueled her raunchy side, and the warm seed he continued to shoot onto her lips and cheeks added to the perversion. From the eyes down, she was a slutty mess.

"Oh...my...God!!!"

Megan didn't need to look at the bed to discover where that scream had come from. Ariana had just cum again thanks to the visual of Steve exploding all over her face. Maybe she would allow these two to go at it? What harm would it do? She would sit in on the fun to make sure that nothing got out of hand, Ariana could experience what it was like to be with a real man, and perhaps the three of them would grow even closer?

Maybe one day? Right now, this was her cock, and it needed to be cleaned off.

Steve waited for Ariana to descend from her high before he waved her closer. The little brunette wiggled to the end of the bed and watched him scoop a wad of cum off his girlfriend's face. Megan was so entranced in sucking him dry that she didn't even realize that he now held out a fingerful of his seed.

Ariana knew that she'd played a part in causing that. Steve had cum thanks to her involvement. It was only fair that she got a taste, right? Ariana wrapped her lips around his finger and helped herself to his cum. Just like yesterday, it was the perfect way to end the night.

Megan gave the shiny head of his cock a big kiss before heading for the door. Ariana immediately jumped out of bed and followed her, announcing that she would help her clean up.

Could he speed up time somehow? He wanted the days to zip by. Why couldn't every minute be nighttime? That was when the real fun happened. Daytime consisted of boring chores and unenjoyable activities to keep them alive, but the first hint of dusk made him wonder who would suck his dick first before they all called it a night.

He climbed into bed and slipped under the covers. His eyes struggled to remain open, but that was the effect that his two girls had on him. To be honest, his new nightly routine of going to bed completely wiped out had become his favorite feeling in the world.

A sudden rush of energy filled the room while he was on the verge of drifting off to sleep five minutes later. Megan joined him in bed, turned off the light, and cuddled into his hold. It was the ideal ending to an incredible night.

"Steve?"

He opened his eyes and immediately looked toward their bedroom door which had been opened. He wasn't met by a mysterious outline or a coat rack this time, though. No, he was very familiar with the shadowy figure in the doorway.

"Yeah, Ariana?" he asked.

"Can I sleep with you guys?"

Megan decided to speak up before he had a chance to answer. "You want to sleep with us?"

"Maybe it would help with my dreams?" Ariana told them. "You know, if I wasn't alone?"

They couldn't say no to her. If sleeping with them brought even a one percent chance to calm her night terrors, then they would give their friend that opportunity. Ariana was family at the end of the day.

"Come on, you can sleep with us," Megan told her.

Ariana didn't take a spot on the outside of either Megan or Steve. Instead of going the reasonable route, she wiggled right in between her two friends. It was the safest spot in the house. It also happened to be full of love and respect. She was a little girl who'd crawled into bed with her parents, and nothing could invade her dreams now.

He reached out and placed his arm over Megan, covering Ariana in the process. Her little butt pressed against his stomach as the three of them drifted off to sleep. There wouldn't be any nightmares tonight. He was sure of it.

Chapter 19 -- Too Real

Ariana didn't want to move. Everything felt so comfortable. The room was pitch black and she was nestled between Steve and Megan's warm bodies, but it was the muscular arm resting along her shoulder that brought her the most care and protection. Nothing could interfere with the immense amount of happiness that had overtaken her world. Nothing could invade her personal space and cause her to feel vulnerable. Nothing could possibly make her leave this bed.

So, why had she just slithered away from her two friends?

There was only one explanation for why she hopped off the mattress. Nothing else could be at fault for her decision to open the bedroom door and slip out into the hallway. Her world turned to a single concern which needed to be addressed as soon as possible.

She was so thirsty.

All she needed was a few sips of water and she would be right back in bed. A little taste would be enough to clench her craving for refreshing fluids. Although, maybe she could indulge a bit? They definitely had more water now thanks to yesterday's surprise rainstorm, and they would have an endless supply if the stream turned out to be safe. Odorless, tasteless, transparent, and nearly colorless: she wouldn't trade a glass of H₂O for the biggest piece of chocolate cake on the planet.

Safety was far at the bottom of her list of worries. She hustled down the dark stairs without a care about her own well-being. Water was her only desire.

But then she froze.

Four steps were all that separated her from the floor. A handful of seconds and she would be in the family room. Moments later, fluids would wet her arid lips, but something prevented her from moving.

You know what's happening. This isn't real. You aren't thirsty.

But she was dying for water! Her imagination couldn't cause such an intense itch! No one was playing mind games with her either. She simply needed something to drink.

No, you don't need water! You aren't thirsty! You're being tricked! You know what will be waiting for you in the family room, Ariana. That thing will be standing there, and it'll take you again.

Yes, of course! She was caught in a dream! Physically, she stood on the stairs; but mentally, she wasn't actually here. An extraterrestrial being had pulled her in the direction of the family room against her will. She would still be in bed if it was her choice.

You can change this. Tonight is your stand. It's time to end this! That thing is invading your dreams. It's violating your personal space. They're abducting you and running experiments without your consent.

She took another step down the stairs.

No, go back upstairs! Go wake up Steve and Megan! They'll help you! Steve knows exactly what you're going through, and he won't laugh at you like Dad always did. He won't call you crazy the way Claire does either.

Only two stairs remained as she once again stepped down.

It'll never stop if you don't change something! Go back to bed!

She was now down to one step.

Okay, Ariana, think. This thing obviously isn't allowing you to run away, but you can still fight back. Remember what you did earlier? You beat Steve in a race! Not only did you beat him, but you left him in the dust. You're strong! Show E.T. that he picked the wrong girl to mess with!

She didn't have anything around her to use as a weapon. Her feet touched the floor and moved in the direction of the family room without any ability to control herself. She wanted to yell. She desperately yearned to do anything at all! Why wouldn't her legs stop moving? Why were her lips sealed? It was about to happen again, and she was helpless to stop it.

You're too little to fight back. You're too cute to make a stand. Be a good girl and let this thing have its way with you. That's the easier route, isn't it? Who knows what happens in that white room after your dream ends? You're probably being violated. Those things probe you. They treat you like a lab rat, and you're going to continue to be their little test dummy, aren't you?

Not tonight. This was her chance to set things straight. It was her moment to tell this monster to go mess with someone else. Actually, that wasn't what she wanted. She was ready to make a stand for humans everywhere. She would fuck this thing up just enough to send it limping back to its little spaceship.

Killing it would do a disservice to her true mission. Death wouldn't get her point across. Marvin the Martian would tell his buddies all about the crazy Earth girl they should avoid after she was done with him. And while they're at it, perhaps they should take their experiments to some other galaxy? The people of this planet were officially off-limits.

Her body moved along its predetermined path into the family room, and like a train on a child's toy track, she stopped right where she knew she would. All of her fantasies crashed down around her. Her plan to kick some alien ass suddenly disappeared.

Her kryptonite stood just beyond the sofa. That Grey was her ultimate weakness. It was the one thing that caused her to question her own strength. She could take on the world until her eyes met that creepy figure. Its body was so lanky and unappealing. Its eyes were creepy and impossible to trust. Its tiny mouth always possessed a diabolical grin with evil on its mind.

She shared Steve's ability to see in the completely dark room. Of course, that was nothing new to her. The sofa slowly moved to the side just like Steve had described, and now things played out exactly as expected.

Her feet remained stuck in mud as it approached. Her sole motion came courtesy of her shaky hands. It was childish to have pretended that things could unfold any differently. She'd honestly thought that she could fight this monster? And seriously injured it? She was so stupid sometimes.

Look at its grin. It's mocking you. You're being mutely taunted because you can't escape. You could move to California and it would still be waiting for you. What if this is the rest of your life? What if you're still being taken against your will when you're a mother with kids fifteen years from now?

Her hand was desperate to strike forward. Her trembling arm frantically craved to defend herself. The Grey stopped inches in front of her and shot her a familiar smirk. Its arm rose slowly as she prepared herself for the white room.

She couldn't do anything. Just like when she lied on that cold table with a needle descending from the ceiling, she was helpless to how things played out. Was there a chance that she didn't actually have lucid dreams? Maybe it was delusional to think that she could control her future? But then something happened that changed everything. One single action occurred that opened her mind to a world of possibilities.

She launched her arm forward and sent her fist hammering into the alien's frail shoulder, causing it to immediately stumble backwards and fall onto the hardwood floor.

You did it! You freakin' did it! See, you knew it! This thing isn't Superman. It's not some perfect entity either. It has flaws just like everything else in the universe, and you knocked it on its ass exactly like you thought you could. Welcome to Earth, bitch!

The Grey staggered back to its feet and silently observed her from a distance. A demonic expression washed over its typically vacant face. It possessed a look of hatred. A glimmer of revenge sparkled in its eyes as it approached, and when one of its slender fingers reached out to touch her, she knew that this time would be different.

Naked, cold, and trapped on the familiar white table: the majority of her experience went unchanged. A few things had been altered, however. Three Greys surrounded her, but for the first time in her five years of this torment, she could identify the alien from the family room. The glare that came from her right was chilling. It instantly made her regret her decision to retaliate.

What had she expected? For this thing to run away? Or to leave her alone? She'd pissed it off, and now she was completely vulnerable to whatever devious deeds it had planned for her.

The lack of sound didn't cause her to forget the next step in the sadistic process. She looked above to find the needle methodically moving closer to her belly button, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't change this part of her nightmare.

She didn't bother to try yelling. What good would it do? Sure, being able to punch that thing in the shoulder earlier caught her by surprise, but she couldn't break free from this room no matter how hard she tried. The good news was that it was almost over. Only a few brief moments separated her from waking up in bed. Everything would--

Ariana screamed.

The excruciating sounds of her blood-curdling cries filled the isolated room. The needle pierced her belly button and drove deep inside her, and her lips were allowed to part for the very first time in all her years of being forcibly taken. There was a reason for this change, wasn't there? It was retribution for her decision to fight back in the family room. It was so she could hear her own torture.

The agonizing pain turned sharper. It burned and destroyed her body. Actually feeling the needle was unlike anything she'd ever imagined. There was no more wondering what happened right before she woke up in a panic, because she currently experienced it.

"Ariana!"

The Grey's intense glare continued to insult her, and the looks on the other two creatures were of similar derision. They wanted her to feel each and every moment of misery. They were making her experience this pit of torture.

"Ariana, wake up!"

A hot knife may as well have stabbed her. The time she'd accidentally stepped in broken glass as a little girl couldn't compare to this moment. Having a doctor dig broken shards out of her foot was child's play in comparison to her current suffering.

"You're dreaming, Ariana! Wake up!"

Tears flowed from her big brown eyes as the needle explored further. Her screams turned to pleas for the pain to end. She wanted to die. She wasn't strong enough to fight it. Her body wasn't made to withstand such an indescribable amount of punishment.

Ariana abruptly shot up in bed.

Her petite frame viciously rocked back and forth as she continued to wail and beg for it to end. This was a trick. Steve and Megan weren't on each side of her--implored her to wake up from her nightmare. The Grey was deep inside her head. She was being manipulated by an extraterrestrial monster. She'd yet to leave the white room and the sharp needle had permanently cemented itself in her belly.

She would never be allowed to escape.

"Make it stop!" Ariana screamed. "Oh my God, please make it stop!"

Steve wrapped his arms around her trembling body and pulled her into him.

"It hurts so much!" she howled at the top of her lungs.

Megan ran her hand through Ariana's brown hair while she attempted to console her calmly. "It's just a dream, sweetheart. Wake up and it'll be over."

Ariana had wished for death, and there was little doubt in her mind that it was coming. She was about to be impaled. She was wrong this entire time. Greys weren't running tests on her or collecting samples of some kind.

They were killing her.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!" she wailed in horror.

Ariana's watery eyes burst open, and she used every ounce of her strength in an attempt to push away from whatever held her. No more of this! She was done being used!

"LET GO OF ME!!!" she demanded.

Steve immediately released her from his grasp.

The panting eighteen-year-old lingered in a state of panic. Dread swarmed her soul as she attempted to take in her surroundings. What if this was a cruel joke? What if Steve and Megan were illusions? What if she was still in that white room?

"I'm not going to let anything happen to you."

Ariana immediately buried herself into Steve's chest. His one declaration brought her back to the cornfields during their walk to Mrs. Zappo's yesterday. Back to when he made the promise to always protect her. What she'd just experienced couldn't have been real, because he wouldn't allow her to be hurt. The tickle of his chest hair against the soft skin of her cheek brought her comfort. The touch of Megan's hand in her hair made her feel protected. Her two friends melted away her worries.

"I'll get you some water," Megan said before heading downstairs.

Ariana never wanted to leave Steve's grip. Nothing could snatch her away while he held her. "It all felt so real!" she cried.

"Were you in the white room again?"

"Yes, but I fought back before then," she told him through sniffles and tears. "I knocked that thing down. Steve, I punched it in the shoulder as hard as I could, and it fell!"

"You were able to change your dream?" he asked.

She pulled back slightly to allow herself to look into his eyes. Something this important needed to be discussed face-to-face. "I told you we could. We have the ability to fight back. I honestly don't know how I did it, but I did. I hit it so hard too, but then..."

She started to shake again.

"It's okay," he comforted her with his steady voice. "Just tell me what happened."

"It was like I made it mad. Its eyes seemed to get even darker. The scowl on its face was more vicious than usual. For the first time, I saw it show real emotion."

That was his exact fear. His worry involved everything changing for the worse as a result of her retaliation. Wait, what exactly had they changed? Their dreams? What they experienced were just nightmares, right? Sometimes, he found himself giving these night terrors too much credit. Sometimes, he forgot they weren't real.

"What happened next?" he asked.

"It got back to its feet and touched me, and it took me right back in that white room like always, but something changed. There was a different feeling in the air. I swear to God that Grey was angry. I could tell the three of them apart for the first time in my life because it looked so vengeful."

"I--"

The distraught eighteen-year-old plowed right over him as she told him her memories. "The needle lowered, and lowered, and lowered, right until the point when I expected to wake up. You know, like I always do? But it didn't stop."

"It didn't stop?"

She wiped away the tears that started to flood her eyes once again. "No, it didn't stop. It entered my belly button. It hurt so much. I could hear myself screaming. They wanted me to listen to myself pleading for them to make it stop, but it just kept driving deeper and deeper into me. I-I-I..."

Ariana lost all control over herself.

She collapsed into Steve's waiting arms as she let herself go. All she desired was to fall back asleep. The nightmares never returned so soon, but what if she'd changed that too? What if fighting back resulted in her losing the privilege to ever get a good night's rest again?

She just needed to turn off her brain. To shut down her mind and drift off to a different world. To a place where she didn't have any worries or responsibilities.

"Promise that you won't let anything happen to me," she whimpered, having lost all of her strength.

"I promise," he reassured her, rubbing the comfortable back of her pajama tops. "It was just a bad dream. It was something we can't control. You know I'll always protect you. Megan too. We won't allow anything bad to happen to you."

"I can still feel the needle," she whined. "It's never going to stop. They'll keep invading my dreams."

"But they're only dreams, and dreams aren't real. We aren't really in danger. We can't get hurt in our imagination."

Crying into his chest helped to relieve most of her fears, but plenty of concerns still remained.

"Then why can I still feel it?" she asked, breaking away from his clutch. "It's like I'm still being probed."

She lifted the bottom of her top to show him her belly button which still felt odd, and when she did, both of them gasped. Ariana couldn't believe what she saw. Meanwhile, Steve was at a complete loss for words about how he could restore her confidence now.

He blinked rapidly in an attempt to correct his vision. What happened to his eyes? Something was wrong. Maybe he was still sleeping? Or perhaps his exhausted mind played tricks on him? Anything other than this being real would make sense.

The shade of cherry red was darker than he was used to. It was thin, yet thick. The small line created an overwhelming sense of fright. Neither of them would've put much thought into an occurrence such as this in a normal situation, but circumstances were anything other than routine.

A small trail of blood leaked from Ariana's belly button, and he found her brown doe eyes looking to him for an answer. What was he supposed to tell her? Should he admit to what was really on his mind? All the signs pointed to one thing, but he refused to utter those words. It was an impossibility that her dream was anything other than just that.

Her thousand-yard stare was undeniable. She used her finger to faintly dab a spot of the blood, which instantly caused her to violently shudder. Her worst nightmare had come true. This was her life now! Twenty-four seven, there would be no escape from the vindictive Grey who was hell-bent on destroying her soul, and if everything she'd experienced in her dream had actually happened, then that thing could still be downstairs.

"MEGAN!!!"

Steve jumped back courtesy of Ariana's loud scream. She managed to scurry away from him and run for the door before he could react.

"MEGAN!!!" she yelled again. "MEGAN, IT'S NOT SAFE DOWN THERE!"

He hurried after Ariana who was already on her way down the stairs. She was clearly shell-shocked. Her eyes were distant and confused, and reality and fantasy had become interchangeable in her mind. It wasn't the mental state of a girl who should be on her own.

"MEGAN!!!" she hollered out once more.

He almost ran over the young brunette as he stopped just one step above her. Three stairs were all that kept her from the first floor of the house, but an immense fear of encountering a Grey wasn't why she'd halted suddenly. Instead, she froze from the sight of Megan holding a glass of water in front of the steps.

"What's wrong?" Megan asked, confused. "Why are you yelling?"

"It's-it's-it's not-not safe down here," Ariana stuttered in a state of extreme fright.

She looked past her panicked friend, to Steve. "It's not safe? What?"

"You didn't see anything strange down here, did you?" he asked.

Megan shook her head no.

This was all part of their plan, wasn't it? Those aliens wanted her to appear crazy to her friends. It was a strategy of divide and conquer, but they'd forgotten all about one vital piece of evidence, and Ariana was ready to show Megan how real everything truly was.

She lifted her shirt to expose her stomach, but she knew what she would see when she glanced down at her body. The blank expression coming from Megan told her everything. Those Greys were messing with her. The very same beings who'd ruined her life for the past five years, wouldn't stop until she lost her mind.

Part of her didn't want to look down. It would be just another slap in the face.

Ariana reluctantly peeked down at her completely clean midsection. There wasn't even a hint of blood to be found. It was too much. Everything was a joke. The world crashed down on top of her.

Ariana finally broke.

"Steve, grab her!" Megan shrieked.

He reached out and gripped her petite hips, just in time to feel her body go limp in his grasp. He would've been in big trouble if she wasn't light as a feather. Her lifeless frame dangled forward before he effortlessly scooped her up into his hold. Her look said that she was exhausted, overwhelmed, and in need of a long rest.

"Did she just pass out?" Megan asked.

He wasn't a doctor, but it sure looked that way to him. "I think her dream took a lot out of her."

"Why did she show me her stomach?"

"Because there's blood on it."

Her brow furrowed, water still in hand. "What?"

"There's blood dripping from her belly button," he repeated. "A needle probed her in her dream, and then she lifted her shirt back in bed to see blood trickling down her stomach. It's fuckin' surreal."

"There isn't any blood on her," Megan said.

He lifted her shirt to be greeted by the same view Megan had just been privy to. A tight and flawless stomach met his eyes, absent of even a speck of blood. Had he gone crazy as well? But he just saw blood on her! He wasn't insane!

"Let's go," Megan ordered, picking up on his growing uneasiness. "Both of you need to be in bed."

He carried Ariana up to their bedroom and laid her down on the mattress. He made sure to lock the door after Megan entered the room. Something spooky was going on and he didn't want to experience any more of it tonight. Today just needed to end.

"We're all going to talk about this in the morning," Megan announced as she pulled the blankets over the three of them. "We need to get everything out in the open. I never want to see Ariana like this again. It's scary. Steve, something isn't right about what just happened."

He certainly couldn't disagree with her opinion. "We'll talk tomorrow."

Megan snuggled into his hold while she wrapped her arm around Ariana's small body. Everything would be fine. Her family had suffered a minor mishap, but an open conversation over breakfast would clear the air. It would help to put them all at ease. This would all be behind them in the morning.

Chapter 20 -- Little White Lies

The scrambled eggs that he picked at were far down on his list of priorities as thunderstorms greeted them on this Thursday morning. Even the mysterious apocalyptic event from Monday no longer interested him like it once had. A distant vibe resonated from the girl sitting across the kitchen table as well. Megan obviously reflected on whatever had taken place last night, causing a foreign silence to fill the kitchen. They always had such an effortless rapport with each other. This, however, was anything but easy.

"Should we wake her up?"

He paused for a moment to reflect on Megan's question. He'd slept for sixteen hours after his nightmare, so who knows how long it would take for Ariana to recover from the trauma she'd gone through? The visual of her bleeding belly button was fresh in his mind. How could her wound

disappear seconds later when she showed Megan? It didn't make any sense! He saw it with his own two eyes!

He didn't see any reason to not allow her to rest as the clock on the oven showed eleven o'clock. "Let her sleep in. She's not hurting anything."

"Maybe it would be good for her to get up and moving a bit?" Megan proposed. "You know, to put last night behind her? That way she can get her mind on other things."

How could he explain that it wasn't so simple? Just look at what his own dream had taken out of him despite being twice Ariana's size! Now, imagine the toll it would take on a one hundred pound girl--especially considering what she went through. He couldn't even conceive the horror of having that needle actually pierce his skin.

"Ariana thinks that her dreams are lucid dreams, and she thinks my dream was one too."

Confusion covered Megan's face. "What are lucid dreams?"

"It's when you're aware that you're dreaming," he explained. "She thinks that my dream was one, but that I'm not fully aware of what's happening yet. She also told me that it took her a while to figure out what was going on in her own situation, but now she can control little things during it because she understands."

"Control little things?" she asked. "Like, being able to wake us up for help?"

"No, she's still pulled downstairs against her will, but she'll notice small changes from time to time. She also said that she would fight back given the opportunity, and that's exactly what happened last night."

Megan didn't like the sound of that. "She fought back?"

"Yeah, she hit the Grey so hard that she knocked it down."

"I need to be in the know," she said, disappointed by how she'd been kept out of the loop. Lucid dreaming sounded scary, and it was something that she absolutely should've been informed was happening. "You should've told me about this."

"I know. She told me yesterday but we got distracted once it started raining. I guess it kind of slipped my mind after that. Megan, what she described to me last night was terrifying. She didn't wake up just before the needle entered her like she always does. Those things kept her awake so she could feel it. So she could experience the pain of being probed. I saw blood on her stomach."

"That's impossible," she stated firmly. "There wasn't any blood on her when she lifted her shirt. It couldn't have just disappeared."

"How else can you explain it?"

That was her exact problem. She didn't have any answers. Answers? How about a single answer? How about anything? She was at a complete loss as to what had happened. As if the mystery of why almost four billion men had disappeared wasn't enough, now she dealt with the possibility of her boyfriend and best friend being abducted in their dreams. Or were they even dreams? All of this seemed so strange.

"I don't know, maybe--"

"What if this is all related?" he interrupted. "You know, these dreams and what happened on Monday?"

"You think that dreams about being abducted by aliens are related to half the population disappearing?" she asked, clearly not buying that as a realistic scenario. "Seriously?"

He looked off at the oven after hearing his question come out of her mouth. It really did sound ridiculous, didn't it? But what if it wasn't? Perhaps everything was intertwined?

"Steve, Ariana has been having those dreams for five years," she said. "How could it be related to something that took place this week? Wouldn't it have happened five years ago?"

"I'm not saying it's the same. I'm just saying they might be linked. It seems odd that I somehow didn't vanish like who knows how many other guys, I suddenly have the same paranormal dream as a girl I just met, and there's this weird energy since Monday. I know you feel it too."

Now, Megan was the one who avoided eye contact. Why hadn't that topic been discussed yet? Something felt off, but it was difficult to describe. There was a certain vibe in the air, and while she tried hard to find an answer that wasn't conspiracy related, the skeptic in her wanted to blame something crazy.

Occam's razor made the most sense at the end of the day. The simplest solution tends to be the correct one, and the proposal that everything was somehow extraterrestrial seemed ridiculous. Or maybe it wasn't?

The sound of diminutive footsteps from the direction of the stairway caused her to bite her tongue. She had to be rational. The last thing Ariana needed was to be further freaked out. *The X-Files* was a fictional television show the last time she checked, not a documentary. Aliens weren't real, nothing paranormal had occurred, and her friend needed her support.

Megan hustled to the stove to prepare a plate of scrambled eggs for Ariana. The teen couldn't downplay her lack of enthusiasm as she took a seat at the kitchen table. Her expression was one of embarrassment. She was clearly still ashamed of the dramatic production she'd put on last night.

"How you feeling?" he asked.

Megan set a big breakfast in front of Ariana before her friend could answer. "Yeah, how you feeling, sweetheart?"

Would humiliated best fit the bill? Last night was beyond mortifying for Ariana. She went to sleep with the hope that her bad dreams would cease thanks to the presence of Steve and Megan, but it ended up playing out a million times worse than she'd ever imagined. She must've come off like a lunatic.

"I'm...um...okay," Ariana answered meekly. "I'm sorry for waking you guys up."

Steve and Megan talked over each other as they hurried to reassure her that she hadn't done anything wrong. Why would they possibly be mad at her? They were family.

Ariana felt her shame fade courtesy of her welcoming environment. While she didn't expect to be mocked or scolded, an undeniable sense of relief came along with the knowledge that her friends had her back no matter what. They'd accepted her at her absolute worst. Neither Steve nor Megan hesitated to help her even when she screamed and flailed like a child.

"I want to apologize--"

"There's nothing to apologize for," Megan interrupted Ariana. "Seriously, we'll never get mad at you. Especially over something like this. The one thing I need to ask for is your complete honesty, though. What if something happened to Steve last night? What if I was the only one there for you? I didn't know about any of this lucid dreaming stuff until Steve just told me."

Ariana looked down at her breakfast.

"And I understand if you're not comfortable telling me everything," Megan went on. "I really do, but that was something you should've filled me in on. Steve and I awoke to you screaming in bed last night. It was scary."

"I'm sorry," Ariana apologized again, still unable to look up from the table.

"It's fine," Megan told her. "I just want to be able to help you as much as I possibly can. It's easier to do that if I know exactly what's going on."

Ariana shot her a smile before digging into the big helping of eggs in front of her. Few things put her at ease like a home-cooked meal. Dad wouldn't be caught dead in the kitchen, so she'd be forced to eat takeout every night if she didn't whip something up on her own. It was nice to enjoy someone else's cooking for a change.

The three of them finished the rest of their meal before Ariana went upstairs briefly. She returned moments later with two raincoats in hand.

She handed Steve her father's jacket. "We should go to Mrs. Zappo's house."

It wouldn't be a good idea to further delay visiting their neighbor. While the recent burst of rain would keep their potential future corn supply watered for the time being, who knew if Mrs. Zappo had answers? Anything from water, to food, to an explanation as to why the population had been abruptly reduced would be information that they couldn't afford to turn down.

He collected the shotgun, gave Megan a kiss on the cheek, and headed outside with Ariana. The navy blue windbreaker she wore protected her from the steady falling rain as they checked on the buckets collecting water in the driveway.

"You emptied these, right?" she asked, concerned by the lack of fluids in the bins.

"Yeah, we collected it earlier. Megan is going to boil it and then store it in specially marked bottles. Just so we know what's what. I can't imagine we'll have any problems with it, though."

Her little hand slipped into her jacket pocket before re-emerging with an item that he wasn't particularly excited to see.

"Listen, Ariana, we have more water now. We don't have to--"

"I'm still testing the stream," she cut him off. "Like we agreed to for a week. We need to know if it can be a long term solution. Hey, I feel fine from the bottle I drank yesterday."

He rolled his eyes while following her toward the stream. "What about no more secrets?"

"I don't see the harm in a little white lie. Megan doesn't need to know everything," she said.

Megan didn't need to know everything? His girlfriend just said that she wanted to be informed of all their happenings, but now that he reflected on their conversation over breakfast, Ariana had never agreed, had she? She'd only apologized and smiled.

"Megan needs to know what's going on," he told her, hustling to keep up with the brunette who moved at a brisk pace. "No more secrets."

"Do you want her to know that I'm testing the water?"

He was fine with keeping that hidden from Megan. It was the only secret he was okay with, though! They needed to be honest about everything else, but remaining hush-hush regarding their water experiment wouldn't hurt anyone. No one needed to know about Ariana's little water test.

"That's what I thought," she laughed as a result of his silence. "You have some stuff you'd prefer Megan not know about, and so do I."

He found himself caught off guard by her words. "Stuff? What stuff?"

It didn't take long for her to fill the bottle with potentially hazardous stream water. The sound of raindrops hitting the hoods of their jackets--combined with the rushing water next to them--didn't provide a desired reply. Ignoring him wasn't typical of Ariana's behavior, and it was something he didn't appreciate. Suddenly, he found himself being left out in the cold.

"Hey, I asked what stuff?" he spoke up louder.

She took a long swig from the bottle before looking up at him. His eyes possessed a worried shine to them, which was far from his confident gaze that always brought her comfort. It didn't help her already dwindling confidence.

There was something that she had to keep from Megan, and she'd prefer if Steve didn't know as well. Unfortunately, that wasn't her choice to make. Steve was the only person she could confide in with something so sensitive, and her desperation to tell someone grew by the minute.

"You have to promise that you won't tell Megan about this," she said.

"No, I'm done with secrets. Well, other than you drinking from the stream."

She immediately shook her head. "No, you have to promise me. Megan can't know what I'm about to tell you."

"No more secrets, Ariana!" he demanded. "We have to be--"

"I don't think I've been having dreams!" she interrupted loudly.

Everything came to a sudden stop. Even the clouds above them appeared to dissolve for a split second. Two people, separated by three feet in distance and twelve inches in height, were locked in a staring contest.

His eyes tracked a raindrop as it fell from the bill of her hood, and plopped down onto her little button nose. His surroundings became crystal clear. The pure Adirondack air rejuvenated his soul. Memories of weekend backpacking trips in the mountains rushed back. This was the one place he'd always come to forget about his worries. A trip upstate consistently held the cure to whatever was on his mind, but life wasn't so carefree anymore. In fact, it was constant problems.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, not understanding the reasoning for her panicked tone. "I know that you haven't been having regular dreams. They're lucid dreams."

"No, I don't think I'm having lucid dreams. I had an epiphany this morning while in bed. It took me close to an hour to finally come downstairs because I couldn't stop thinking. I know I have to tell you this, but I don't know how to do it."

"Tell me what?" he questioned.

The skies opened and they suddenly found themselves in the middle of a hurricane, but an unexplainable presence kept them in the open. Common sense said to head back inside or to take shelter under one of the barn's awnings, but they both refused to move. Something had overtaken reason.

"Tell me what!?" he asked yet again, yelling so that she could hear him over the pouring rain.

Ariana looked down at the ground, unable to bring herself to confessing her true thoughts.

"Ariana!"

She glanced up at the sound of his raised voice. This wouldn't be easy. "I-I-I--"

The storm abruptly ceased.

They both observed the now perfectly clear sky. It was a rather sudden end to the monsoon-like conditions, but it also couldn't have happened at a more perfect time. He was eager to find out what was so important that Ariana wanted Megan to be kept out of the loop.

"You what?" he said, trying to get her back on track.

She could do this. Steve would believe her, and he definitely wouldn't laugh at her even if he didn't. She had to remember that he was different from Dad. Her overwhelming desire to not be viewed as crazy always lingered, however. It was a mindset that she needed to break.

"I think I'm--"

It began to downpour again, causing her to stop speaking.

Curiosity turned to outright bewilderment. The weather was seemingly being controlled by a child with a remote control. How could rain stop and start on a dime like this?

She just needed to get it off her chest. "I don't think I'm dreaming!" she shouted over the noise of the rapidly-intensifying storm. "I think I'm being abducted!"

"Abducted?"

"Repeatedly!" she told him. "It makes--"

He grabbed her by the hand and led her toward the barn. Why were they having a conversation out in these elements? They were shouting to each other from mere feet away, for God's sake! It was ridiculous!

Four strides in the direction of shelter was all it took for the sun to reappear. The clouds scattered as quickly as the rain had ceased. He had to be imagining this.

He'd experienced Florida rainstorms during his vacation to the sunshine state several years ago. A perfectly sunny day would be disrupted by an abrupt downpour, before the sky would clear up

minutes later. That was the closest he'd come to anything like this. This wasn't Florida, though. This was Upstate New York, and he didn't have any idea how storms could come and go every thirty seconds.

"Why does it keep doing that?" she asked with her eyes looking up at the clear sky.

"I don't know," he answered while taking a peek up at the sun himself. "I've never seen weather like this before, but what did you just say? Something about being abducted?"

She turned her attention back to him and said, "I think--"

It was far from an easy task to maintain eye contact with him despite her best efforts. Actually, her attention wasn't on any part of his face. Instead, her focus moved past him as her jaw simultaneously dropped. She raised her hand in the air slowly and pointed into the distance.

He turned to witness the most bizarre scene in his twenty-seven years of life. A thick, several mile long sheet of black clouds engulfed the sun. A quick peek down at the ground revealed a lack of shadows, and when he glanced back up, the sky was vacant of light. The mess of dark clouds that rolled their way had overtaken the sky. Everything was dark.

"What the hell just happened?" she asked, stunned.

He didn't have an answer for her. It felt like nighttime--not just from the darkness--but from the temperature that had dropped noticeably as well. The view of their house over the cornstalks unsettled him. Their upstairs bedroom window looked directly at where they stood, and the lights were on and clearly visible.

Something wasn't right, and he didn't plan to wait around any longer to find out. With the shotgun in his left hand and Ariana's petite wrist in his right, he hurried back home.

"Ribbet-ribbet. Ribbet-ribbet. Sssssssssss. Ribbet-ribbet. Ribbet-ribbet. Sssssssssss."

He stopped unexpectedly, his head snapping back to the stream. It was the same sound that had followed him through the fields just a few days ago! But it didn't resonate from the water or a specific part of the field. No, it came from all directions.

"Sssssssssss. Click-click-click. Sssssssssss."

Ariana's heart pounded. "Steve, what's going on!?"

"Remember when I asked if you'd ever heard any weird sounds in the cornfields?"

She barely managed to nod as the chaos which surrounded them amplified.

He released his hold on her hand, causing her to wrap her arms around his forearm. "This is what I was talking about. We're going to run as fast as we can back to the house on the count of three, okay?"

"Sssssssssss! Sssssssssss! Click-click-click!"

It was time to be a big girl. The child in her didn't want to leave Steve's hold, but the woman in her knew what they needed to do. They had to sprint like their lives depended on it, because they just might.

"One," he started.

The bizarre collage of noises turned to a roar.

"Ribbet-ribbet!!! Ribbet-ribbet!!! Ssssssssss!!!"

Ariana released her hold around his arm and prepared herself.

"Two," he said.

The hectic sounds echoed in her head now.

"SSSSSSSSSS!!! CLICK-CLICK-CLICK!!!"

"Three!" he shouted.

The two dashed through the cornstalks without wasting a precious moment to look anywhere other than straight-ahead. The deafening sounds played on the world's largest stereo. The soil shook due to the vibrations, and any noise from the manner in which their bodies brushed past the wet stalks of corn couldn't be heard over the ruckus.

They were being watched. They were being mocked. Something was out here with them, and they had no intentions to stick around to find out what.

Strong winds swirled throughout the fields as their completely lit home grew closer. Why was every light on in the house, and even more importantly, why weren't any of the curtains closed? But their biggest question involved why it was so dark on a Thursday afternoon?

They sprinted out of the field and raced home, both the grass and the stones of the driveway barely exposed to the soles of their dashing sneakers. Steve and Ariana were by no means of similar stature, but they couldn't have been more alike at this very moment. They shared an obsession in escaping from the elements. They bonded over a mutual necessity to find safety, and everything they both needed was behind the closed front door.

A blue ribbon didn't await Ariana after she crossed the finish line first. The locked front door was something out of a horror movie. She'd become the starlet who the audience thinks had escaped from a psychotic killer, only for the twist to reveal that she'd played right into the monster's trap the entire time.

The well-lit mudroom didn't do Steve any favors either. It served as another example of something mocking them. Of being shown a prize that he couldn't have. Safety awaited behind the locked door he pounded on, but the world wouldn't allow him that privilege.

"MEGAN!" he screamed.

"MEGAN, OPEN UP!" Ariana echoed his pleas.

A swirling breeze resulted in something cold and solid to smash against his hip. Suddenly, another heavy object bashed into the exposed skin on his right calf. He looked up just in time to be met by what felt like a right hook to his collarbone. He no longer cared about why this was happening. All he could do was react.

He moved Ariana in front of him and leaned over her body, his balled-up fist continuing to beat on the oak front door. Using himself as a shield was the only way to protect her from the baseball-sized chunks of hail that fell from the pitch black sky above.

What if Monday acted as a precursor to the real end of days? The past five minutes had been something out of the Book of Revelation. It was a startling turn of events.

And then he lost his breath.

A large pellet of ice fell only inches in front of his face, and when it passed by, time somehow ground to a halt. A perfectly clear reflection sparkled off the frozen water. It displayed a painting for his eyes to soak in and admire. The bizarre weather, what really happened on Monday, and all his other questions took a back seat to the image to his rear, which he still couldn't wrap his head around.

It shouldn't have been possible. He wasn't a religious guy. He celebrated Christmas and had received candy as a kid on Easter, and he knew about the supposed return of Jesus Christ from the handful of times he'd been hauled to church during his youth, but what he gazed at should've confused him.

But somehow, it didn't.

The darkness had turned to a misty setting. A slight breeze caused the tops of the cornstalks to sway from right to left as the last of the hail hit the ground. The scene just in front of the fields was what he couldn't shake. His focus refused to move. He didn't understand how, but he knew what he saw.

A powerful, bearded, broad-shouldered man sat high on a white horse, an unmistakable look of confidence covering his authoritative face. His presence was one of trust and reassurance. His arrival represented hope. A calmness flowed through Steve as he observed the man with a bow in his right hand and a golden crown on his head.

But he wasn't the answer to their prayers. Nothing good would come from this man. Broken promises and failed expectations would be the result of his rise to power. He was a deceiver. He was a liar. He was the Antichrist.

Youthful, exuberant red hair flowed from the man positioned on the back of a red horse as Steve's eyes moved to the left. He possessed the distinct look of a soldier. His arrogant smirk could only belong to a young man who deemed himself untouchable. His unblemished shirtless body had yet to be weathered by the cruelties of life. The sharp edge of the silver sword in his hand was covered with the blood of his enemies, and while his demeanor couldn't have been more different from the peaceful vibe of the gentleman on the white horse, he knew that they belonged together.

This twenty-year-old lad represented war and bloodshed. He was a pawn in the grand scheme of things. He couldn't be held accountable for his actions, because he simply followed orders. When the impostor on the white horse revealed his evil mission, the soldier rode into battle with a wicked urgency to play his part.

A black horse carried an old, frail man--his hair white and thin. A pair of weighing scales dangled from his outstretched hand, and a beaten robe covered his sickly frame. The thumb and index finger on his free hand swiftly snapped. There were no words or actions, but instead a simple snap. That basic movement resulted in the death of every single stalk of corn to his rear. Acres of food turned brown and shriveled in front of his eyes.

He was famine. It was he who allowed the false prophet on the white horse to ascend to power. The people would beg for a leader once society collapsed, and the voice of a man who promised food was the voice of a man who was valued.

There was little question who was seated on the fourth and final horse. His hands were exempt from holding a weapon or an object, but what followed him was far more horrifying than the sharpest sword. He rode on a pale horse. The skeleton who wrapped his body in ragged white rags was trailed by the resting place of the dead. Almost four billion souls burned in a raging inferno. Earth's male population had been trapped in a fiery pit of flames.

Steve stared at death. The Grim Reaper, the collector of souls, the angel of death: he was the final piece of the puzzle. Death thrived on war and violence. He feasted on the animalistic actions of both man and beast. He represented the darkness in everyone and everything.

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse waited patiently thirty yards behind him. The worst the world had to offer stood in his yard. He needed to see them with his own two eyes. A reflection wasn't good enough.

He turned to observe the four figures who he'd always deemed mythical until just seconds ago, but they were gone when he did. The barely visible crops were alive and well, no traces of the baseball-sized chunks of ice could be found on the ground, and the darkness reflected an ordinary evening.

"Oh my God!!!"

He spun back to be met by a baffled Megan. Her sweaty face possessed a light layer of dirt on her left cheek, and her always perfect hair was unusually messy. Everything about her screamed of stress.

She hurried to hug him, smothering Ariana in the process. Her touch warmed his heart. It brought him comfort. The universe felt simpler in her arms.

"Where the hell were you two!?" Megan asked, relieved but still unbelievably frantic.

He broke away from her hold as Ariana finally emerged from his shadow. Where were they? What kind of question was that? Not only had they been within shouting distance of the house the entire time, but they'd pounded on the door for close to a minute! The better question involved Megan's whereabouts.

"You didn't hear us beating on the door?" he asked.

He'd never been exposed to a more perplexed reaction in his life. Megan's blue eyes were lost. Had he spoken a different language? How could a simple question result in so much confusion?

"Beating on the door? Steve, you and Ariana have been gone for ten hours!" Megan revealed.

His perplexed eyes squinted at the pretty blonde in front of him. He couldn't see, but Ariana stared at Megan with a similar look of puzzlement. The pair started to wonder if something happened to Megan while they'd made their trip down to the stream. Sure, some strange events took place during their journey, but they were only gone for ten minutes at the absolute longest.

"What time is it?"

"Ten o'clock," Megan answered him.

That didn't make any sense. How could it be ten in the morning if he'd headed outside with Ariana around noon? And why was it dark out? Maybe this wasn't real? Perhaps he was dreaming in bed? Nothing about this added up.

"Ten at night," she clarified. "You guys have been gone for ten hours!"

"It's ten...at night?" Ariana asked with a stutter of disbelief.

Megan nodded.

"At night?" Ariana asked again. "As in two hours from midnight?"

"I've been in a panic since two o'clock!" Megan said, running her hand through her blonde hair. "I looked for you guys at Mrs. Zappo's, at Ariana's house, and all throughout the cornfields. I even got my car out of the barn and drove up and down the road."

That tidbit caught his attention. "You were driving!?"

"I didn't know what else to do!" Megan yelled back. "You guys disappeared! I thought something happened to you!"

Ariana still struggled to comprehend the situation. "It's ten at night, and we were gone for ten hours?"

"I was so worried," Megan admitted, not directly answering her best friend's questions. "I thought that something had happened to you two, and you were gone, and--"

Megan cut herself off at the sight of Ariana's legs growing unsteady. Steve was quick to reach out and help the shaky brunette to maintain her balance. It wasn't like he felt much better himself. How in the world had they been gone for ten hours? It wasn't conceivable!

He needed to sit down. They all needed to sit down. An open and honest conversation would help clear the confusion. There had to be a straightforward explanation for all of this nonsense.

Chapter 21 -- Coming Clean

The house was dark with the exception of two lit candles in the family room. Steve and Megan occupied the sofa, while Ariana sat in a wooden rocking chair off to the side, still rattled from the previous few minutes of her life--or the past ten hours if what Megan said was true.

"Ariana has been testing the stream water."

Megan's eyebrows perked up after hearing his admission. "What?"

"No more secrets," he said. "We're being completely honest about everything from now on. Ariana drank a bottle from the stream yesterday, and we went to refill it instead of going to Mrs. Zappo's house earlier. We want to know if it's drinkable."

"But I thought it was toxic," Megan voiced.

"We don't know," he said. "We're hoping that isn't the case, but we decided that it was worth the risk. She ended up testing it out because she beat me in a race. We should've told you."

He'd lost a race? What did that mean? And Ariana had been so adamant about not drinking from the stream just days ago, but now she was sampling the safety of the water? But all of her worries were irrelevant compared to her most pressing concern. Ten hours had passed without a hint of her friends' whereabouts, and no one would leave the family room until they figured out exactly what had happened.

"And I don't think I've been having dreams."

Megan turned to her previously quiet best friend. "You've been having nightmares, right? I watched you have one last night."

Steve was eager to hear Ariana's thoughts as well. Their conversation outside had been interrupted by constantly changing weather, but she'd mentioned something about an abduction. He looked forward to finding out what was on her mind.

"I was always under the impression that I was dreaming," Ariana started. "Or lucid dreaming. I really thought that's been the case the past five years, but last night changed everything. It totally cleared my mind. It's like a fog was sucked out of my head, and now I can finally see clearly."

Ariana took a deep breath. Admitting this in front of Steve was one thing, but coming clean to Megan was a different story. She didn't want to lose her best friend's respect. How else could she phrase her true thoughts without being honest, though? It was time to let it all out.

"I'm being abducted," Ariana announced boldly.

"Abducted?" Megan questioned. "Ariana, we went over this yesterday. You're having nightmares."

"No, that's not what's happening," Ariana told her. "Part of me always thought that I might've been abducted, and that my dreams are some kind of vivid recollection of that memory, but I finally figured out what's really going on. I'm being abducted over, and over, and over again."

Megan's skeptical stare showed that she wasn't ready to jump on board quite yet. Steve shared a similar look of reluctance as his girlfriend. These two weren't entirely sure of what they were being told.

"Do you think you're being abducted multiple times a week?" he asked.

"Yes, and that's why it's slightly different every time," Ariana answered. "They aren't lucid dreams! It's real!"

Megan still didn't understand. "You think that aliens are abducting you multiple times a week?"

"I know that's what's happening," Ariana confirmed confidently. "It's the only thing that makes sense. Steve saw the blood on my stomach last night, so how else could it have gotten there? Why did the needle enter my stomach after the first time I fought back and hit that Grey? Because it's real! What I experienced last night was revenge for making a stand!"

"That's not possible," Steve said, shaking his head in obvious disagreement.

"Yes, it is," Ariana argued with him. "It makes--"

"It doesn't add up," he interjected.

It was Ariana's turn to be out of the loop. "What doesn't add up?"

"Remember what you told me while we were walking to Mrs. Zappo's yesterday?" he explained his perspective. "You said that you recorded yourself when all of this first started happening so you could get proof that something was going on, but what did you see when you filmed it? You walked downstairs, stood there briefly, and then headed back upstairs and into bed. Wouldn't you have disappeared if you were being taken?"

"Well, I--"

He wasn't finished. "And let's say that something is up. Let's pretend there's an illusion, or a smokescreen, or something. The time still doesn't make sense. I've been in that white room too. It feels like you're in there forever. You wouldn't return to bed in two minutes if you're really being abducted."

Megan couldn't bite her lip any longer. What Steve just brought up was by far the most important topic on her mind. "None of this explains where you two were for the past ten hours."

"I have an idea about that too," Ariana said. "There's a ton of information online that would back me up if we had internet access as well. Most abductees report experiencing missing time. It can be minutes or hours, but a chunk of the day will be gone in an instant. That's exactly what happened to both Steve and I. It would explain why ten hours passed when we thought it was ten minutes."

"But that contradicts what you just said," he pointed out. "You don't experience missing time when you think you're being abducted at night. Time slows down when that happens. It may even stop."

"I know, so what if time is being manipulated in several different ways? Sometimes hours can go missing, while other times it's mere seconds?" Ariana said.

"Do you two seriously think that you were abducted?" Megan questioned, still somewhat baffled from all this. "That's where you think you were for the past ten hours?"

Steve looked off to the side while Ariana nodded confidently. He wasn't sure where their afternoon had gone, but nothing pointed to any paranormal interference--at least not to him. Ariana couldn't be more positive of who was responsible for their six hundred missing minutes, though. In her mind, the guilt rested with the same creatures who forcibly took her from the safety of her bedroom at night.

"What about the weather?"

Megan didn't understand what Ariana referred to. "The weather?"

"Yeah, the weather," Ariana said once again. "That wasn't strange to you? The way it would downpour, then stop, then downpour, then stop. What about those crazy clouds? Or the hail? I've never seen hail before, let alone baseball-sized chunks in May!"

"What are you talking about? It stopped raining right after you guys left the house."

His ears perked up. "It did?"

"Yeah, it was beautiful out," Megan said. "I should know. I spent the entire day outside frantically searching for you two. Hail? Where in the world did you see hail?"

He took a peek down at his right calf which still felt the impact of being hit earlier. A slight tingling pain existed where the chunk of solid ice had smashed into him, yet his skin was unblemished. It was eerily similar to Ariana's bleeding belly button from last night. How could an injury instantly vanish? How could an ache linger after the scar had faded?

"You looked for us by the stream, right?" Ariana asked.

"Of course," Megan nodded. "I literally searched for you guys until it got dark out, and I wanted to keep looking but I didn't know what to do. It's so dark out here without any streetlights or anything, and it felt dangerous to drive around at night."

"You shouldn't have driven around at all," he said.

"What was I supposed to do!?" Megan yelled at him. "Would you prefer I sit inside and hope that you two come back!? I didn't know what happened to you! I kept expecting to find one of you bleeding out somewhere!"

For the second time in two days, a woman he cared about cried into his chest while he comforted her, but he was quick to apologize as he ran his hand through Megan's hair. Would he have preferred that she'd stayed inside while they were gone? Absolutely. Nothing good could come from her driving up and down the country roads.

He understood her decision, though. Her intense level of concern was just one of her many traits that he adored. Everything she did was out of love and passion, and it was a feeling that he was still getting used to.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it like that. I just don't want anything to happen to you--to either of you," he said while looking over at Ariana.

Megan smiled up at him softly. Feeling his fingers wipe the tears from her cheeks soothed her. His protectiveness showed how much he cared, and his presence reassured her more than usual. She'd spent the majority of her day under the impression that she'd lost the two most important people in her life, but here they were. Her family hadn't gone anywhere.

Megan struggled to keep her blue eyes open. Hours of dread had taken its toll on her, and she desired nothing more than a good night's sleep. Had Ariana and Steve been abducted by aliens? Obviously not. She knew better than to believe something so ridiculous.

She didn't have an answer for where her friends had gone today, but just like Ariana's biweekly night terrors, there had to be a realistic explanation for what happened. She was a conspiracy theorist, but she wasn't insane. What kind of person believes in aliens anyway?

"I'm just so happy you guys are safe," she said, letting out a loud yawn in the process.

He picked up on her body language. A more complex discussion about today's happenings could wait until tomorrow, just like the shower his girlfriend would undoubtedly pass on until the morning. She just looked so exhausted.

He scooped her up and carried her toward the stairs as her beautiful eyes started to shut.

Every relationship has a turning point. It's a specific moment when both parties realize what they truly have. He'd experienced a few of these junctures over the course of his life with ex-girlfriends, but always for the wrong reasons. Beth would never be wife or mom material, Briana turned into a completely different person after a few drinks, and Caitlyn had a bizarre tendency to lie about anything and everything.

His dating track record showed that he was always the last to know what he had. His friends and family would wait for him to wake up and smell the coffee. This felt different, though.

Dirt covered Megan's jean shorts, light brown stains and a sweaty odor radiated from her white t-shirt, and she looked completely exhausted, but he'd never been more enamored with anyone in his life. It wasn't lust. It wasn't even admiration. His true feelings ran so much deeper than superficial attraction.

Megan was made for him. Every one of her qualities drove him absolutely insane. What would he do if something happened to her? Would life even be worth living? He cared about Ariana, but nothing compared to his obsession with his girlfriend.

He helped her out of her dirty clothes and into a clean pair of sweatpants and a loose fitting t-shirt. A quick trip into the bathroom to retrieve a washcloth was next on his list, and he soon returned to gently clean the dirt from her face and neck. There wasn't anything that he wouldn't do for her.

He tucked her into bed and gave her now clean cheek a kiss. "I love you."

"I love you too," she smiled back. "Tell Ariana I'm happy she's safe."

And with that, he was on top of the world. Of course, life wouldn't be worth living if something happened to her. She was his world, and he would never leave her.

He turned off the light and headed downstairs to where Ariana remained seated in the rocking chair. It didn't take long for her to speak up after he plopped back down on the sofa. She asked a courteous question first, but he knew what was really on her mind.

"Is Megan okay?"

"She's fine," he answered. "She wanted me to tell you that she's happy you're safe."

She smiled before quickly changing the conversation. It only took the slightest alteration in facial expressions to know that she planned to steer their discussion in a completely different direction.

"What if we get abducted tonight? And what if we see what they did to us for those ten hours?"

"Nothing points to us being abducted earlier," he disputed her claims. "Maybe we passed out or something?"

Ariana was blown away from what she'd just heard. "Passed out? Are you kidding me? Steve, we didn't pass out!"

He still couldn't buy into her abduction nonsense. In his world, he'd most likely experienced a bad dream the other night. "We don't know that."

"The weather, the clouds, the hail--"

"Were weird. I won't deny that it all seemed strange, but what if it wasn't real? What if we both fell and hit our heads or something?"

"And saw the exact same thing? Are you kidding me?" she asked, bewildered.

"We saw the same thing in our dreams too."

"Because they weren't dreams!" she shouted before quickly lowering her voice so she wouldn't wake Megan. "We saw the same thing because we were both abducted. It was real."

But it couldn't be real. They missed an easy explanation for everything. He needed to stop looking to Uncle Dave and Ariana for answers. The crazy ramblings of a reclusive conspiracy theorist wouldn't do them any good, and they would all be dead if they continued to prioritize the wrong parts of their lives.

"And what about those noises?" she asked, desperate to get him to see the light. "What the hell were they all about? And you said that you heard them before?"

"Yeah, but they weren't as loud," he admitted under his breath.

Why couldn't he just shut up? Ariana provided him an out with her sudden silence as she reflected on her own thoughts. All he had to do was be quiet, let this craziness pass, and then move on with his life. Things would return to normal. Starting tomorrow, their concerns would involve finding clean water and a sustainable source of food, not solving some paranormal puzzle.

But he just couldn't shut his mouth.

"I saw something else weird, by the way."

Ariana locked on him like a hawk. "You did?"

"Yeah, I saw it while I held you in front of the door. When we were calling out to Megan. It's going to sound insane, though."

"I want to hear it!" she shouted, too caught up in the moment to remember her sleeping BFF above them. "Please!"

He took the deepest breath of his life before he asked, "Are you religious?"

"Yeah, I go to Catholic school," she reminded him. "You know that."

"I know, but that doesn't mean you're religious."

"I definitely consider myself to be a Catholic," she said. "I believe in God, heaven and hell, and all of that. Don't you?"

His answer only made what he'd witnessed that much stranger. "No, I'm not religious."

"At all?" she questioned, surprised. "You don't believe in anything?"

He shook his head no.

"Well, what do you think happens when we die?"

"Nothing," he responded. "Everything goes black and it's over, and we either go into the ground where we rot, or we're cremated and that's the end of our bodies."

"But what about our soul?"

"I believe that we have souls, but not in the same way most people do," he told her. "I think the soul represents a person's being. It can be your kindness, your personality, or who you really are as a person. It's a moral compass. It's what truly matters."

Ariana's eyes squinted as she peered across the room. "But you don't believe that the soul is an extension of your life after you die?"

"I don't think so."

"I definitely do," she debated. "Our soul is the part of us that ends up in either heaven or hell. It's our barcode, if you will. You could be fat, skinny, ugly, or pretty, but the only thing that counts is what's inside you, and that's what lives on long after we die."

He didn't hate the sound of that. They both believed in the existence of souls, just on two different levels. Ariana definitely took the meaning more literally than he did--not that there was anything wrong with that. It did peak his curiosity on a certain subject, however.

"Where do aliens fit in with Catholicism?" he asked.

"Okay, so here's an idea," she started, having obviously spent her fair share of time thinking about this very topic. "What if the Garden of Eden isn't on Earth? Is it crazy to think that Adam and Eve are the original parents of another race?"

That sounded pretty crazy to him.

"The Old Testament might be the story of another planet," she went on. "Okay, now stick with me because it might get a little wacky. What if our creator isn't God, but an extraterrestrial race that was constructed by God? So, while God is the all-being, all-knowing architect of the universe, our God is actually an alien race."

He stared at her blankly.

"I'm not saying that I believe this," she was quick to emphasize. "I'm just pointing out that it's a possibility. God could be like the owner of a team, while the Greys are the general manager. We answer directly to the general manager, but the owner has all the power."

How could he even respond to such a claim? He didn't believe in aliens, let alone in the idea of them being some kind of gods. Ariana didn't sound like any Catholic he'd ever met.

"Um...I--"

"It's just a theory," she interrupted his hesitation. "But aliens had to come from somewhere, right? They couldn't have just popped up out of thin air."

"Well, what about the Big Bang? Isn't it more likely that everything came about from that?"

"Someone had to create the Big Bang," she pointed out.

"I've read about this," he said. "It's called string theory. There are multiple universes in string theory, and our universe is the surface of a soap bubble that's constantly expanding. So, the idea is that there are other bubbles out there, and when one of those bubbles collides with us, a new bubble can be formed. We could've come into existence as a result of two universes colliding fourteen billion years ago."

"But who created those other universes? I'm referring to the ones used to create us in this theory. It had to be someone."

"I've read about that too. Positive matter can cancel out negative gravitational pull, and the end result is a universe without any matter or energy. That means universes can be created without any net matter or energy."

Ariana looked skeptically at the guy on the sofa. His scientific mumbo-jumbo didn't add up in her world. Common sense said that something couldn't be created from nothing, and reason was significantly easier to understand than string theory. God showed up, created life, and that worked for her. Bubble universes? Get out of here.

"You still haven't told me about what you saw earlier," she said.

He was about to make himself sound like an idiot once again, wasn't he? And after just coming off as so smart too! The only upside was that Ariana wouldn't laugh at what he would say. How could she? She'd mentioned the possibility of an alien race creating life on Earth. He could say pretty much anything and still be the sane one in the room.

"I can't explain how, or why, or anything," he said. "I honestly can't. Nothing about what happened makes sense to me. I took a quick peek at the door while I was holding you during that hailstorm. Again, I know it's impossible, but time stopped. Somehow, somehow, I could see a perfect reflection in a chunk of frozen ice that paused directly in front of my eyes."

Ariana had never listened more intently to anything in her life.

"No hail fell in the view I had," he said. "It was like I wasn't really looking at our yard. Sitting right in front of the cornfields--"

"Were the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," she finished his sentence.

His sharp eyes observed the brunette who'd interrupted him. Her complete knowledge of his dream the other day had been creepy enough, but now she knew about this as well? How?

She excitedly filled him in before he could even open his mouth. "I saw them right before you covered me! I was positive that I imagined them, but I totally didn't! Holy crap, they're real!"

He didn't know what to say.

"Do you know what this means?" she asked. "Oh my God, Steve, this is the answer!"

"What's the answer?"

"Jesus opens the first four of the seven seals in Revelation, which summons the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," she informed him. "How didn't I see this before? I was so wrong! This is the Second Coming of Christ!"

"Slow down," he cautioned her. Aliens were crazy enough. Now, she was talking about biblical events?

Slow down? How could she possibly slow down? The Apocalypse was here! "Does Megan believe in God? We need to wake her up and ask. You really need to consider accepting Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior too. Please! It's the only way to..."

He jumped out of his seat on the sofa and stomped over to a still rambling Ariana. It only took a slight tug to yank her out of the rocking chair. He had a clear mission, and it didn't take long before they stood in the mudroom together.

He picked up a flashlight from the floor. With the shotgun in his left hand, he unlocked the door and led her outside. It was time to put an end to this nonsense.

"Where's the hail?" he asked.

She didn't need the aid of a flashlight to observe a total lack of hail. There wasn't even a sign of it--not like she didn't already know that. The storm had magically disappeared the moment Megan opened the front door.

"Where is it?" he asked again.

"I don't know..." she mumbled.

He marched over to where those four mythical figures had sat high on their horses. His light didn't reveal a trace of a hoofprint in the grass. It'd all been a product of their imaginations.

"But I saw them," Ariana stated firmly. "I saw the same exact thing you did!"

"We were hallucinating," he said.

"That's bullshit and you know it! And our abductions are hallucinations too, right? Huh? Are they, Steve?"

"Probably," he answered. "It's a hell of a lot more likely than us both being abducted, and it sure as shit is more probable than us having seen something out of the Book of Revelation."

"So, what were we doing outside for ten hours then?"

He didn't have a clue, and his decision to turn his attention to the cornfields clearly showed his lack of ideas.

Ariana huffed dramatically. Why did he have to be such an idiot sometimes? It was obvious what had happened, so why was it so hard for him to understand? This was the end of days, and extraterrestrials absolutely happened to be involved. Duh!

She'd already started her march back to the front door by the time he looked in her direction. Ariana slipped inside the house and slammed the door shut behind her.

Really? She was mad at him now? For what? All he'd done was voice his opinion, and he definitely didn't have any plans of converting their house into a church. Aliens weren't real, Jesus wasn't either--and it wasn't likely that he would return anytime soon even if he did exist--and these bizarre events would eventually stop occurring.

A chill shot down his spine as he looked around the dark, empty yard. He didn't like the feeling of being out here all alone. He had plenty of time to reflect on the previous seventy-two hours of his life, and he planned on doing so from the safety of his own bed.

He hurried inside and locked the door behind him.

Chapter 22 -- Megan's Turn

Megan stirred awake to find herself alone in bed. What time was it? And why did light leak in from the closed curtains?

It had to be the afternoon. What other explanation could there be for her insatiable thirst? And for what appeared to be daylight seeping into the room? While her mind and body reminded her of a woman who'd slept for the past fourteen hours, her throat resembled someone who'd gone weeks without water.

There was a desperation for fluids unlike anything she'd ever experienced. She needed water, and the speed in which she rolled out of bed and headed downstairs revealed her urgency. The stairs were much darker than expected. Perhaps it was still nighttime? But it couldn't be! The light coming in through the bedroom window told her so!

Thirsty. Wait, why does that sound familiar? Being thirsty correlates with something, doesn't it? Why are you coming up blank? It really must be the middle of the night, because why else would your brain lack the ability to answer a simple question?

She felt so foggy. Everything was a blur. Even the stairs wobbled as she journeyed down the steps. There was a solution to her riddle of confusion, and it was located inside the refrigerator.

A big, cold glass of water would clear whatever was responsible for why her brain operated at less than one hundred percent, but an unmistakable brightness captured her attention before she arrived

at her destination. A particular light glowed at the bottom of the stairs that could only be one thing. Even her slightly fuzzy mind couldn't mistake what she saw.

The television was on.

At least that explained where Steve was. Her boyfriend was enjoying a little TV in the otherwise dark family room. She increased her pace as she hustled down the steps, eager to snuggle with the man in her life after she grabbed something to drink. Watching TV with her boyfriend was a relationship perk that she'd always taken for granted. It was also something yet to be enjoyed with her new partner, and she was more than ready to change that.

"Can't sleep?" she asked as the sole of her naked foot touched down on the hardwood floor in the family room.

She slowed her trek to the kitchen instinctively due to a lack of response. He really didn't answer her? That wasn't like Steve. Actually, come to think of it, she was the only one in the house who'd resorted to childish tactics like the silent treatment.

Steve was seated on the sofa, the back of his thick head of hair visible as she moved closer to a desperately needed glass of water. She had little doubt what her first question would be once she poured herself a drink. It would involve attempting to find out where her boyfriend's manners were.

Megan jumped.

She recognized the eerily feeling from somewhere. Suddenly, she was beamed back over a decade to when she used to spend weeks of her summer vacation in this very house. She was no longer in the dimly lit family room. Instead, she was with Aunt Carol.

A sweltering heat filled the summer air while her blue eyes soaked in the nostalgic setting. The view of her aunt talking to a blonde-haired woman in the distance sent chills down her spine. She'd been here before! She knew this place! That was the lady Aunt Carol would buy hamburger meat from, and the fence she stood directly in front of wasn't a typical barrier.

It was electric.

The first thing the blonde woman had told her--whose name was Faith--was not to touch the steel fencing surrounding the field of grass where a herd of cows grazed. Her attention quickly moved back to the fence where her fingers hovered just inches from the electrified wiring. Her hand was smaller. Her breasts had yet to develop. She saw everything through her twenty-five-year-old eyes, but she'd returned to her prepubescent body. That also meant she knew what happened next.

Her index finger inched closer to the steel wire, her actions fueled entirely by youthful curiosity. It was funny to look back at herself all these years later. Twenty-five-year-old Megan wouldn't question orders to not touch something, but the younger version of herself couldn't turn down the chance to find out what the big deal was.

The strong electric shock caused her to yelp loudly and simultaneously jump several inches off the grass-covered ground. It was also the cause of Aunt Carol laughing harder than she ever could've imagined. Surprisingly, the sight of her helpless fingers twitching uncontrollably for hours was humorous in her aunt's world.

The electricity sent through her body had lingered for the remainder of the day after she first exposed herself to the foreign sensation. It was one of those strange moments still fresh in her mind

all these years later. It was also why she could identify the tingle currently flowing through her blood.

She'd walked right into an invisible fence in the doorframe that led to the kitchen.

She immediately turned back to Steve. Even the king of pranks couldn't pull off something like this. Besides, the past few days had been weird enough. Practical jokes didn't have any place in their new life, so what else could this be? She certainly wouldn't touch the hidden barrier again to find out.

Everything stopped after she moved her attention to the sofa. The light that shined off the television illuminated the place where Steve should've been seated, but the current occupant didn't resemble her boyfriend whatsoever. His sexy head of brown hair vanished, all of his big muscles disappeared, and the whereabouts of the man she loved deeply remained unknown.

She knew what she looked at. Steve had described it, Ariana had claimed it was real, and they were always the culprit of her excitement when she learned about an extraterrestrial theme to *The X-Files* episode she was about to watch.

Sitting on the sofa, staring at a television that broadcasted only static, was a Grey.

Water! This is why you came downstairs for water! Remember what Ariana told you at the kitchen table earlier? About always being thirsty in her dreams, only to find a Grey waiting for her after she headed toward the kitchen for a drink? Steve had this dream too!

Her curiosity vanished in a heartbeat. Fear acted as the sole resident in her heart now. No part of her desired to move closer to the sofa, but that's exactly where her legs decided to take her.

The frail-looking entity occupying the couch had yet to look at her. The truth was that this very situation would've qualified as comical only a few days ago. The Grey stared straight-ahead at the TV with a remote in its hand. An alien watching TV? It was something out of a Hollywood comedy. Her current reality lacked the laughs of the big screen, however.

She couldn't explain why she did it, but she took a seat directly next to her nightmare. This thing had been responsible for not only tormenting her friend for five years, but for invading her boyfriend's dreams as well. She should be livid! She should scream! She should fight this monster!

But she didn't do anything.

Her heart pounded and her arms shook, but her lips remained sealed. Her cries for help went unheard in the silent house. The television didn't even make a sound. It was simply her, whatever this thing really was, and an unimaginable amount of terror consuming her being.

The Grey turned to her slowly, its big black eyes staring into her soul. Its little grin held all the secrets. The answers to the mysteries from this week, the chaos that Steve and Ariana had been put through, and why she'd been brought downstairs against her will were all located inside its frail frame. She knew it.

It turned to look back at the TV. A single click of the remote caused images to cover the formerly static-filled television, and it didn't take long for her to identify the source of the pictures. It was in this one moment when she questioned everything.

Images of mutilated cattle appeared on the screen.

Click.

An earthquake-ravaged city in ruins replaced the picture of dead cows.

Click.

Doctors injecting small children with needles.

Click.

Massive tornadoes touching down in open fields.

Click.

Strange, modern structures in front of a scenic mountainous backdrop.

Click.

They were the same exact pictures from the basement.

The screen was engulfed by a single portrait this time. It was strange, unsettling, and covered every inch of her skin in goosebumps, but the revelation of the proximity was what disturbed her the most.

She looked at the very same crop circle that Ariana saw out of her bedroom window five years ago.

She found the Grey staring at her when she tore her eyes away from the television. Someone needed to smack the condescending smirk off its face, but perhaps that wasn't the best idea? Ariana had apparently received a rather harsh punishment for her decision to fight back last night. The urge to physically stick up for her friends still tempted her, though.

Blood-curdling screams caused her to turn back to the TV. The remote wasn't needed this time as the strange pictures from the basement were telepathically replaced by a scene she'd heard all about over the past forty-eight hours. It was something she'd never wanted to see.

Everything on the screen was white with the exception of a trio of Greys that stood to the sides of two tables, but who occupied those tables was what rattled her the most.

Two needles dug into the naked stomachs of Steve and Ariana. Her friends were being probed in the mysterious white room, but all she could do was sit and watch. Was this the reason for Steve not being in bed when she'd left their room to fetch a glass of water? And was Ariana upstairs or being dissected much like her boyfriend? She desperately needed to find out what was real.

She could escape her dreams. She had the ability to wake up from her nightmare. Nothing could make her sit on the sofa and watch her family suffer. It was time to end her miserable experience.

But she couldn't leave. Something held her in place as the deafening sounds of Steve and Ariana howling in pain intensified further. Her butt was glued to the sofa. Her feet were trapped on the floor. The only function she retained was the power to turn her head--right to where those big black eyes waited for her.

You can do this. Open your mouth and end this nightmare! You'll wake up in the loving arms of your amazing boyfriend. Don't you want that? Do it, Megan!

Why couldn't she open her mouth? Her dry lips refused to part as the pleas that poured from the television speakers increased with every passing second. She was responsible for her family's immense torment, wasn't she? She hadn't done her part to end their suffering! She needed to do something!

A faint breath finally escaped from between her chapped lips. She did it! She managed to separate her heavy lips against all odds, and now it was time for her vocal cords to get with the program.

"Tu-tu-tu-tu-tu..." she sputtered.

She could see the surprise in the Grey's previously expressionless eyes. This creature had doubted her vigor, and nothing would satisfy her more than witnessing a look of shock sweep across its hideous face. She yearned to show that she wasn't a helpless little girl to be taken advantage of.

Come on! You're stronger than whatever's going on. A warm bed, a strong boyfriend, and an awesome best friend are all waiting for you once you wake up. Speak!

"Tu-tu-tu..."

She channeled all of her strength and determination. She could do this.

"Tu-tu-tu-turn it off!"

She bolted up in bed. How did she end up back in her dark bedroom? And where was Steve? Her boyfriend's whereabouts had yet to be revealed, while the closed window curtains still allowed in hints of light. She had so many questions that needed to be answered, but she couldn't forge ahead until she discovered why it appeared to be night inside the house, but day outside the safety of their walls.

She pushed the blankets away and headed to the window. Her still shaky hands parted the curtains, only to almost be knocked on her butt by the brightest white light she'd ever seen. She felt like a deer standing in front of a pair of approaching headlights as she struggled to clear her troubled mind.

"Megan?"

The intense light disappeared.

She spun to her rear at the sound of Steve's voice. He turned on the end table lamp and squinted his eyes in the process. Her rumblings had clearly stirred him awake.

"What time is it?" he asked.

She looked back to the window to find nothing but darkness behind the once again closed curtains. What in the world had she just experienced? The bedroom door was shut, the blankets on the mattress appeared straight and neat, and she couldn't find a recognizable sign of her recent activity. Even her thirst had left her.

She was under the impression that her nightmare had ended when she bolted up in bed moments ago, so how could there have been an overpowering light coming through the window just before Steve spoke to her? Or was the intense illumination part of her dream as well? Wait, what if she was still dreaming?

"It's three in the morning," he told her, checking his iPhone which had been reduced to an alarm clock since Monday. "What's going on?"

How could she still feel a tingle of electricity on her skin? But the invisible barrier in front of the kitchen wasn't real. It was just a product of her imagination running wild.

But what if she'd experienced the same terrors that Steve and Ariana had been exposed to? What if this was her own version of the white room? First things first, she needed a reality check.

She jumped into bed and kissed the guy who still rubbed his tired eyes. Moments later, he kissed her back. It was a level of affection that the most vivid dream couldn't capture. The profound spark from the touch of their lips wasn't something that could be replicated in a fictional reality. No, she'd returned to the very place she belonged. Everything was once again warm and safe. The most terrifying illusion meant nothing if she had Steve by her side.

"Are you okay?" he asked, breaking off their embrace to check on her state of mind. "Why were you staring at the curtains?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow," she said as she reached across him and turned off the lamp. She soon cuddled into his hold and floated off to a world of peaceful dreams.

Chapter 23 -- Back to the Future

Friday Morning. 9:56 AM.

"How many different ways can I possibly apologize?"

Ariana ignored Steve's question as she went about her mission to unlock Uncle Dave's laptop. Ninety minutes of unsuccessful biblical-themed password attempts had left her extremely frustrated to begin with, so Steve's decision to join her in the basement didn't exactly brighten her day. Last night's events still annoyed her.

"I was just trying to show you that it wasn't real," he explained. "I'm sorry if I came off as condescending or whatever, but that honestly wasn't my intention."

It certainly didn't feel that way to her. In fact, last night came off as rather insulting. She knew what she saw. He saw it too! The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse had stood in their yard!

Why was he so hardheaded when it came to anything out of the ordinary? He'd seriously dragged her outside to prove his point? Four billion men may have disappeared, but for some reason, Steve still refused to believe that something paranormal may be the cause of their problems.

She would kill to find a Bible somewhere in their house. Now that she thought about it, why didn't she have one back at her house? A copy of the Good Book would absolutely come in handy at the moment.

She'd exhausted every ounce of her Catholic knowledge while trying to break into Mr. Thompson's computer, and the fatigue of constant failure had started to get to her. She could only look at the words "incorrect password" so many times before she snapped.

"You're not going to accept my apology then?" he asked.

Ariana shot him a glare before turning back to the computer screen. She didn't have any plans to accept his apology. Was there a rule that said she needed to be so forgiving all the time? Perhaps refusing to acknowledge his remorse would help prove a point? Maybe it would cause him to stop and think before he dismissed her opinion next time? How could he act like she was crazy?

He headed for the stairs, frustrated and surprised by Ariana's attitude. "Let Megan sleep in, by the way. She was acting a little weird this morning."

She immediately spun toward the staircase. "What?"

His eyebrows perked up at the sound of her recognizing him for the first time this morning. "Can we talk about what happened last night?"

She swiftly disregarded his question. "What happened to Megan? How was she acting weird?"

"I really didn't mean to insult you last night. Just let me explain myself. Ariana--"

"What happened to Megan? Oh my God, she didn't have a dream too, did she?"

He still didn't know the reason for Megan's odd behavior, but it worried him that she may have experienced something similar to their dreams.

Ariana's heart pounded. "She did, didn't she? Tell me, Steve!"

"I don't know if she did," he admitted honestly. "We planned to talk about it when she wakes up."

"What was strange then?" she continued her onslaught of questions. "You said that was acting weird, but you haven't actually mentioned any specifics."

This would complicate things further, wouldn't it? Unfortunately for him, it was time to find out. "I woke up at three in the morning to find Megan staring at the curtains on our bedroom window. She seemed confused when I asked what she was doing. She came off like she didn't know how she'd ended up there. I'm not saying--"

"She's having dreams too! Oh my God!" she cut in frantically.

"We don't know that."

His never-ending levelheadedness was getting old. She was ready for him to jump on board the conspiracy train. "She was out of bed at three in the morning and confused as to how she ended up there, and you don't think that sounds familiar?"

"But I woke up in bed after it happened to me. You did too. We weren't staring at a window or anything."

"You know what I'm talking about!" she huffed, more frustrated than ever. "Stop looking at everything with blinders on!"

Ariana was fed up and ready to change their roles. Steve was about to find out what it felt like to have the shoe on the other foot. She stood up and approached him, grabbing him by the hand as she led him upstairs--her ponytail bouncing the entire way. His inquiries as to where they were headed went unanswered. How hadn't she noticed this before? How hadn't Steve picked up on it either? She couldn't tell if stress was to blame or if something prevented them from thinking straight, but she felt like a monumental idiot at the moment.

"Where's the gun?" she asked.

"It's on the kitchen table," he said as they stepped foot in the family room. "Where are we going?"

She was too busy pulling him into the kitchen to reveal that piece of information. In a way, calling the shots was kind of cool. It was nice to be the one in charge for a change. Being a know-it-all wouldn't be the worst reputation in the world to have, and she would thoroughly enjoy some well-deserved revenge.

She scribbled something down on a piece of paper for Megan and left it on the table. Her little hand snatched the house keys as she once again led a now armed Steve toward her intended target. In the

same way he'd dragged her outside last night to prove his point, she pulled him into the mudroom to prove hers.

He quickly picked up on where he was being led after they moved outside. He didn't like the idea of leaving Megan alone in the house for however long they would be gone--especially after her strange early morning episode--but Ariana was clearly on a mission. The strength that her little frame possessed caught him by surprise as well. He became more confident in her ability to handle herself with each passing step.

"You don't have to drag me."

His comment resulted in her pulling him harder. It may have been a man's world prior to Monday, but the population could favor women four billion to one now. It was time for Steve to listen to her.

She finally released her hold on him after they arrived at the stream, where she placed her hands on her hips as she stared at the water. Steve clearly didn't understand her point. Instead of sharing her amazement, he sized up his surroundings for a potential threat with the shotgun in hand.

"Tell me what's wrong with this picture."

He moved his attention back to her. "What?"

"Tell me what's wrong with this picture," she repeated. "It blows my mind how I didn't pick up on it earlier, but something isn't right here."

His view appeared identical to the previous few days. Something was out of place? Like what? Maybe the crops were a few centimeters taller, but he couldn't think of any other differences.

"Um...I'm not sure what I'm missing," he admitted.

"Look at the water," she said.

He looked at the topic of conversation. The rapidly-moving water slowed as the stream narrowed--just as it always had. Wait, that didn't look right. He'd never witnessed a water source flow in such a manner. How could he have missed this blatant flaw in nature after all the time he'd spent backpacking and hiking over the years?

Streams and rivers flow faster--not slower--as they narrow, yet he stared at the complete opposite. Everything about this defied rationale. It disregarded logic. It left him extremely confused.

"Has it always been like this?" he asked.

"Not before Monday," she answered. "I don't know how I missed it yesterday either. Steve, this stream used to flow at a completely different pace, so how could it just change? And how did both of us miss it? We're not stupid."

"Maybe there's something out here manipulating our minds? That would explain why we both saw that bizarre shit yesterday."

Bizarre shit? Here we go again. It wasn't bizarre at all! It was reality! The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, the crazy rainstorms, and the baseball-sized chunks of hail: what happened yesterday wasn't a hallucination in her mind.

Did they still have plenty of unanswered questions? Without a doubt. What about Megan's claim of it having been a sunny day? Or where ten hours of lost time had gone? But the one thing Ariana was

positive about was that they hadn't gotten lost in a dream. She felt the pouring rain on her skin. She saw the characters from the Book of Revelation with her own two eyes! It was all so real!

He grew uneasy at the sight of her pulling a water bottle from her pocket and kneeling to fill it. "Let's cut this test short. We really don't know what's going on with this stream now, and--"

She tilted her head back and helped herself to a big swig of water, causing him to stop himself mid-sentence.

Suddenly, he questioned everything. What if Ariana was right? What if she had all the answers? Or what if she didn't have the answers, but his instincts were wrong? The flow of a stream couldn't change overnight, could it? And while it still sounded ludicrous, the idea of them having been abducted would definitely explain how ten hours were stolen from them yesterday.

He couldn't buy into this apocalyptic nonsense, though. He didn't even believe in God, let alone that four fictional men on horses provided the signal of the end of days being near.

"I'm open to the idea of us having been abducted yesterday."

Ariana's eyes lit up after hearing that. "Yes! Okay, and what about the crazy weather?"

"Maybe we somehow ended up in an alternate reality or something?" he suggested, anything but confident in his opinion. "And I can still feel a little pain on the back of my leg where a chunk of hail hit me, so--"

"I knew that you would come around!" she announced excitedly, interrupting him. "And the Four Horsemen--"

"I'm still not buying that."

"But they were right in our yard! You saw them!"

"That doesn't mean they're real," he said.

She took another sip of water while she contemplated her next move. If she couldn't convince him that God was somehow involved in all of this, then perhaps the one person he valued more than anyone could? It was clear that Steve cared about her, but it couldn't have been more obvious who he treasured most in their house. It was time to rely on Megan for help.

"We need to talk to Megan."

"I want her to sleep in," he told her for the second time today. "Let her get some rest."

"No, we have to wake her up," she argued.

She stood her ground defiantly as they engaged in an unannounced staring contest. She wanted to wake Megan up to get her on her side, while he remained determined to allow his girlfriend to sleep off her strange experience. He didn't plan to budge either. They both needed Megan operating at full capacity.

"Why won't you stop fighting me?" she asked, her tone sounding of annoyance and frustration.

"We're on the same team, Steve!"

He didn't bother to answer her. Why would he waste his time with something so insulting? He didn't fight her. He'd simply decided to look out for his girlfriend's safety, do his best to keep them alive,

and attempt to hold onto his sanity at the same time. Admitting to the existence of an alien life form was enough. He wouldn't change his atheist ways on top of it.

"Huh? Why won't you?" Ariana asked again, furious. "I'm just trying to help us, but you act like I'm some kind of nuisance or something!"

"That's not what I think."

"It sure feels that way to me. You treat me like a little kid at times. I'm not your daughter, you know? I'm your friend. You're supposed to respect me."

He'd been insulted enough for one day. "Stop."

"It's the truth, though," she went on, her voice growing more passionate by the minute. "You love to act like I'm crazy and delusional. Like I'm some kooky little girl whose brain is full of rainbows and lollipops. I don't live in a fantasy world! I'm going through the same exact shit as you!"

"Ariana--"

"My dad just disappeared! And you broke into my house and pointed a freakin' gun at me! And now look at my situation! I'm living with you! Not only am I best friends with your girlfriend, but I've messed around with you sexually! Doesn't that show how much I care about you and Megan!?"

"Ariana, just listen--"

"I would never do anything to hurt either of you!" she interrupted with a raised voice, tears flowing from her brown eyes. "You have no idea how much it hurts when you act like I'm crazy! You and Megan are all I have!"

It killed him to see her this way. He didn't have much experience living with women--especially with an eighteen-year-old girl as a roommate--so he was still adjusting to his new life. It was a realistic possibility that Ariana was more sensitive than he'd realized. He would most likely be able to say the same thing about Megan as well. It was his job to be a leader for his new family, not a critic.

He reached out to wrap his arms around her. She needed to know that he would never do anything to hurt her. A mutual feeling of love and respect existed between the two of them, but something caught his attention before he could further emphasize how much she meant to him. Something occurred that would undoubtedly raise more questions. Something took place that neither of them could deny the existence of.

The ground began to shake.

They stared at each other from a mere foot away, their bodies frozen as the last event either of them would've ever imagined increased in intensity. Earthquakes don't occur in Upstate New York--at least not noticeable ones. The trees shook in the distance and ripples burst through the flowing stream, but only one thing was on both of their minds. A simple glance was all it took to agree on their next move. Only one person could verify if this earthquake was indeed real, and they wasted no time running back to Megan.

Their journey through the swaying crops proved to be a difficult one. The shaking ground resembled an intoxicated blur as they trekked toward the house, but as sudden as the tremors had

struck, they ended even more swiftly. The picturesque farmland suddenly mirrored any other ordinary spring day.

They couldn't differentiate this Friday afternoon from the last. Unlike yesterday, there weren't four biblical figures stalking them from a distance. They were able to peacefully unlock the front door instead of needing to pound on it desperately.

One thing felt awfully similar to Thursday's bizarre occurrence, though, and it didn't take long before Steve and Ariana realized how confused they really were. The sight of Megan drinking a cup of tea casually at the kitchen table added to their already astonishing levels of bewilderment.

"Oh my God, you didn't feel anything, did you!?"

The look on Megan's face showed that she didn't understand Ariana's question. "Um...what? Good morning, by the way."

"Did you just feel that?" Ariana asked again, completely disregarding her greeting. "Megan, did you feel it!?"

Megan looked to Steve for help, but his expression was uncharacteristic of the man she adored. He appeared disheveled. He almost looked defeated. Ariana's mood was far from puzzled, however. The young brunette was bursting with energy.

"Did I feel what?" Megan asked.

Ariana turned to Steve with a smile. "I knew that she wouldn't feel it! Steve, it happened again! Time! We need to check the time!"

An audible gasp echoed throughout the kitchen after Ariana observed the clock on the stove. She looked to Steve to notice him staring at the same clock, equally as flabbergasted as herself.

"The power must've gone out. It had--"

Ariana dashed for the stairs, causing Steve to put an early end to his suggestion and instead turn to Megan. "Did you change the clock?"

"Why would I change the clock?" Megan asked him. "What's going on with you two?"

He already knew the answer, but he would ask anyway. "You didn't feel the shaking, did you?"

Her baffled reaction resulted in him running his hand through his hair, and Ariana's hurried footsteps dashing down the stairs caused him to let out a deep exhale. There was little doubt that she'd gone up to her bedroom to retrieve her phone, and he would bet every dollar to his name that it would confirm his gut instinct. Somehow, it'd yet to kick in that he'd just experienced the ridiculous moment of his life.

The abrupt disappearance of half the planet's population couldn't hold a candle to this. Even the mystery of why he was unaffected by Monday's events paled in comparison to what Ariana couldn't wait to announce. He took a seat at the table to prepare himself. How could life get more surreal?

"The clock on the stove is right!" Ariana declared, holding up her phone as proof. "Holy shit, do you know what this means!?"

He closed his eyes to try to think more clearly. While he didn't want to simply dismiss Ariana's excitement, he struggled to understand how something so ludicrous could happen. They weren't characters in an outlandish science-fiction novel. Stuff like this didn't happen in real life!

"Where's the note I left you?" Ariana asked Megan.

Megan pointed at the kitchen counter.

Ariana hustled to the counter to retrieve her note, desperate to confirm what both her mind and gut already told her. This would change everything. Nothing would ever be the same again.

Steve and I are outside. We took the gun.

10 AM.

-Ariana

Ariana ran back to the table and placed the note in front of her best friend. "Look at the time I wrote down!"

Megan's eyes moved from the note to the clock on the stove, back to the note, before observing the stove once again. How hadn't she noticed this? But the more important question involved the feasibility of such an occurrence. It had to have been a typo.

"Steve, we left at ten o'clock, right?" Ariana questioned.

He managed to nod despite being lost deep in his own thoughts. He'd specifically noted the time before they left the house together earlier, but a little part of him wished he hadn't. It would be significantly easier to brush off this unprecedented dilemma if he'd been ignorant to it all.

Megan looked back down at the note once again. Her focus then returned to the stove where she promptly gasped. There had to be an explanation for the confusion.

"It's nine-thirty!" exclaimed Ariana. "Nine-thirty! We went back in time!"

Steve and Megan exchanged baffled glances.

"I've never heard about this before," Ariana went on excitedly. "I know that lost time can happen during abductions and things like that, but I had no idea you could go back in time. Steve, you should be in bed right now, and I should be in the basement!"

This couldn't be possible. He was sound asleep at nine-thirty this morning, but somehow he wasn't. Time disappeared yesterday, but now they'd picked up over thirty minutes out of nowhere. His head spun as he attempted to process the insanity of it all.

Ariana joined her friends at the table with an enthusiastic smile. "I bet that earthquake caused this. Steve, we might be the first people to ever go back in time! Don't you understand how crazy this is!?"

Megan had a million questions, but she started with the obvious. "What earthquake?"

"There was an earthquake just before we came into the house," Ariana explained. "It didn't last too long, but it was pretty strong. You seriously didn't feel it?"

"She didn't feel it because it didn't happen," he jumped in.

Ariana couldn't believe it! He did it again! She possessed indisputable evidence that something caused them to travel thirty minutes into the past where circumstances had completely changed. Megan would still be asleep if they hadn't!

"Yes, it did happen!" she argued. "Why do you keep doing this? It--"

"Yeah, it happened to us," he interjected. "Just like the hailstorm from yesterday. I think this stuff is being reserved solely for us. It would explain why nothing is happening to Megan."

"So, you're admitting that the hailstorm from yesterday was real?" Ariana asked, pleasantly surprised. "And the Four Horsemen weren't an illusion then either, right?"

He swallowed his pride for the time being. "I'm not saying that any of this is real, but perhaps it's only real for the two of us."

"Four Horsemen?" Megan asked. "Who are the Four Horsemen?"

"Steve and I saw the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse yesterday," said Ariana.

He bit his lip and decided to stay quiet.

"I have no idea what that is," Megan admitted honestly.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are summoned after Jesus opens the first four seals in the Book of Revelation. They represent death, famine, war, and conquest," Ariana filled her in. "Wait, are you not religious?"

Megan had always struggled to answer that question. "Um...I'm not sure. I mean, maybe? I believe we have a creator, but I'm not sure it's God in the sense that we're told. I also wouldn't be surprised to find out that our existence came about by a random set of fluke events either."

"Steve and I both saw them during the hailstorm yesterday. It's a sign. Megan, you need to tell him! God is involved in all of this! It's the end of days!"

Megan's eyebrows perked up. "God caused this?"

"Absolutely!" verified Ariana, who spoke a mile a minute. "No offense, but Steve and I are the only two who have been seeing things, and I've been having these experiences for five years. What if God is trying to tell me something? What if I'm his vessel?"

It was time for Megan to punch her ticket into the circle of crazy dreams. Last night changed her outlook on a lot of things, but the biggest difference involved how much closer she felt to both Steve and Ariana. Her friends were no longer in an exclusive group, and while she hadn't been abducted herself, she'd finally experienced her very own paranormal encounter last night.

"I had a dream."

"Steve mentioned that you might have," Ariana said, sitting straight up in her chair. "What was it about?"

"I woke up so thirsty," Megan started.

Ariana's brown eyes bulged "Oh my God, are you serious!? You didn't see--"

"A Grey?" Megan finished Ariana's question. "I did. It was sitting on the sofa downstairs, watching TV."

Steve chuckled. He couldn't believe what he'd just heard. "It was watching TV?"

"Well, kind of," Megan told him before looking back at Ariana. "It showed me pictures from the basement, of all those disasters and unexplained occurrences. But then the television screen changed to something that caused my stomach to churn. It made my blood boil.

Steve and Ariana waited eagerly.

"I watched them experiment on both of you, and I could hear it too. It was like I was in the room with you, listening to all of your screams and pleas, but I was helpless to do anything. I just wanted to put an end to it. I needed to somehow stop the pain you two were going through."

"You couldn't though, could you?" asked Ariana. "You never can. It took me years before I was finally able to fight back, and the only thing it got me was harsher treatment."

"I told that thing to turn it off."

Ariana tilted her head slightly. She was intrigued. "You did?"

"I did," Megan nodded. "And then I woke up in bed alone before I walked over to the window, and the brightest light I'd ever seen shined into the room after I opened the curtains."

"What are you talking about? I was in bed and the room was dark," he reminded her.

"It wasn't at first," Megan revealed. "And you weren't in bed either."

Ariana had already put the pieces together. "Because you hadn't returned to reality yet. Steve was there when you finally snapped out of it. See how it works? How it just ends in a split second? It takes a while to get used to. I'm tellin' you, this is a sign from God."

"God showed me an alien?" Megan questioned, genuinely curious about her friend's thoughts. "Isn't God supposed to appear as a burning bush or something?"

"God works in mysterious ways," Ariana pointed out.

Steve had tried his best to keep his opinion to himself. He'd also made an assertive effort to not dismiss Ariana's stance if he didn't agree with it. This, however, was something he couldn't ignore. Especially when it involved his girlfriend.

"God isn't involved in any of this. God probably isn't even real."

Ariana fixated on maybe the only man left on the planet. "God is very real, and you better change your ways before the Four Horsemen return. Otherwise, you'll end up in a fiery pit."

"Give me a break..."

"It's time to accept Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior," Ariana told him, staring straight into his eyes.

He shook his head at the little brunette. "God isn't real, Satan isn't either, and none of us have any idea what caused this. It's time to be realistic here, Ariana."

"I am being realistic."

"No, you aren't," he argued.

"Yes, I am!" she shot back.

"No, you aren't!" he declared emphatically.

"Yes, I am!" she shouted even louder. "You're being an asshole again!"

"STOP!!!"

The two ceased their bickering and immediately turned to Megan. Her orange fingernails tapped on the glossy wood of the kitchen table rapidly as she silently scolded them. Hearing her yell with such conviction raised the level of tension in the room. The scowl on her pretty blonde face felt very out of place. She had a stranglehold on everyone's attention.

"Don't you two see what's going on here?"

The blank expressions coming from both Steve and Ariana clearly said no. Or at least they didn't agree on what they thought took place.

"Something is trying to turn us against each other," Megan filled them in. "Our contrasting stances on religion, the way I haven't experienced that white room but you two have, and even how we all view conspiracy theories differently. Don't you see how something is attempting to tear us apart?"

"Because some of us refuse to admit the obvious," Ariana huffed, glaring at Steve. "It's like there's a hardheaded guy in our group who's determined to be a pain in the ass."

Steve shook his head, groaning.

"We're allowed to have differing opinions, Ariana. It's not a crime to disagree with you," Megan said.

"Easy to say when you aren't the one being abducted..." the teen mumbled under her breath.

"Hey, I'm dealing with my fair share of problems too, you know?" Megan reminded her. "Don't act like it's all sunshine and rainbows for me."

Ariana's eyebrows shot up. "You're dealing with your fair share of problems too? Really? Like what?"

"Well--"

Ariana interrupted Megan before she could answer. "Like watching me get tortured on TV? Or maybe ending up with an awesome boyfriend from all of this? Or what about having the one family member you rely on be taken from you? Don't insult me by comparing our problems. I've had to deal with this shit for five years! You've experienced it once! And nothing even happened to you!"

"Well, excuuuuuuuuuse me," Megan fired back sarcastically. "I must've forgotten that I'm some kind of spoiled little princess. Do you want to know how carefree my life has been? Huh? My aunt was ripped away from me while I watched awful people all around me prosper. My parents don't even make an effort to stay in touch with me. My ex-boyfriend got some slut pregnant and married her after telling me that he never wanted to have kids. I've dealt with more than enough bullshit in my life, so don't act like I live in some kind of bubble. We opened our house to you! We accepted you into our family! You should be thankful!"

It finally clicked for Steve. A fiery conversation between the two hostile women at the table opened his eyes. Everything now made sense.

"This is exactly what Megan's talking about."

Both the girls turned to him.

"About something trying to make our lives difficult," he explained further. "We're fighting and struggling to stay on the same page. Since when do you two not get along? And I haven't been seeing eye to eye with Ariana at all. Megan's right. Something is trying to tear us apart."

The girls glanced at each other before one again looking at him.

"There's something going on that's out of our control. It's the reason why Ariana and I are experiencing all of these unexplainable events, but you aren't. It's why you can only watch while we're having dreams about being abducted. Something wants to pit us against one another. It's trying to create jealousy and resentment. It's doing everything it can to prevent us from working as a team."

"But what do you think it is?" asked Megan.

"I don't know," he confessed. "Is it God? Is it Satan? Is it something extraterrestrial? Is it some kind of government experiment gone wrong? Is it our imaginations? We don't have the answers."

An immense sense of guilt washed over Ariana. What was she doing? Had she seriously just gotten snippy with Megan? Her best friend was correct. They'd taken her in and made her part of their household, only for her to repay the favor by acting like she knew everything.

And why was she so certain that she held the answers anyway? Steve could be right for all she knew. All of this being an illusion with the sole purpose of destroying their bond could be a realistic possibility, and she may have bought into it hook, line, and sinker.

"I'm sorry," Ariana apologized to the table. "I've been acting like a bitch over the past few days. Especially to you, Steve."

Steve already shook his head in disagreement. "No, I should be the one apologizing to both you and Megan. I have a tendency to get headstrong with my opinions, and I can be a little quick to disregard a point of view that isn't mine. I shouldn't have dragged you outside the way I did last night either. I honestly wasn't trying to insult you, but I still came off like a jerk."

Ariana sent a soft smile his way before peering down at the table, embarrassed by her behavior this morning.

"We're a team from now on, okay?" Megan proposed. "We're allowed to have disagreements, but no more fighting, arguing, or being shitty to one another. We can't fight whatever's going on individually, but we have a chance if we're a group. Three is always stronger than one."

Steve's big hand covered Megan's as she smiled at him. Her brief moment of doubt had been replaced by certainty. Everything would be just fine. How couldn't it be? She could take on the world with Steve at her side, and they would be unstoppable now that Ariana had embraced their mentality.

"You mentioned that you went to Mrs. Zappo's house yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yeah, when I was looking for you two," Megan answered Ariana's inquiry.

"Was she there?" Ariana asked.

"No, and there was a note on the door saying that she went to Albany."

Steve let out a frustrated sigh after hearing that. Great, now what? He'd held out hope that Mrs. Zappo would know something about farming, but Megan's news ruled out any chance of their neighbor solving their future food dilemma. And he'd put their real priorities on the back burner over the past few days as a result of all of this paranormal craziness. It was time to accept the fact that no one would help them. It was up to them to forge their new way of life.

"You didn't go inside, did you?" he asked.

Megan interlocked her fingers with his and squeezed tightly. Memories from yesterday caused a flood of emotions to rush back. She thought she'd lost him forever. It may have only been day number five with him, but she'd never felt so strongly about a person before.

"No, I didn't go inside."

Ariana was quick to hop out of her seat. "Let's check it out. I'm sure that Mrs. Zappo has some stuff we can use."

Watching him retrieve the shotgun caused Megan's anxiety to rise. "Do you guys want me to come along?"

"I'd prefer if you stayed here," he told her. "It's an unnecessary risk for all of us to be out in the open."

"But what if something happens again when you two are outside, but it's more serious this time?"

"The stuff that's been happening isn't real," he reiterated calmly. "We all know that now, right? It's just something that's trying to divide us. It's messing with our heads." He bent at the waist and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "Nothing can hurt us as long as we have each other. I love you."

She whispered back, "I love you too," before receiving a hug from Ariana as well.

Megan let out a deep exhale as she listened to the front door close and lock behind Steve and Ariana. Her many questions weren't suddenly gone thanks to them all being on the same page now, however. Her boyfriend and her best friend had gone back in time. That somehow happened. Earthquakes, hailstorms, aliens, abductions, and now time travel: something certainly seemed to be messing with them.

The TV abruptly blared from the family room.

A million different thoughts raced through her head after hearing the unexpected sound. She was so preoccupied with the idea of something happening to Steve and Ariana once they left the house, that the thought of her being targeted never even entered her mind. She wrapped her hand around the metal handle of the baseball bat as she rose to her feet slowly.

What did you just talk about? Remember? None of this is real! You don't know what's trying to confuse you, but something obviously is. Just remember that whatever's in the family room is a figment of your imagination. It's only you, Steve, and Ariana. You haven't seen another living person since Monday.

Cautious steps guided her in the direction of the one room that would undeniably cause her to question everything. How could she tell herself that everything was fake when she still felt a tingle on her skin from last night? That couldn't have happened from her imagination!

An empty sofa was a particularly unexpected reveal after she entered the family room. The television being powered off hadn't been foreseen either. In fact, the room was desolate and completely silent on this Friday morning.

"Hey, Megan."

She spun around to find Ariana rocking casually in the wooden chair off to the side, dressed in the same little black athletic shorts and a red tank top that she'd just left the house wearing just moments ago. Even her hair was styled in a cute ponytail like earlier. A cold, harsh vibe resonated from the girl in the corner of the room, but how could Ariana be seated in front of her after she watched her walk outside with Steve?

You know that's not Ariana. Ariana is outside with Steve, and this is all in your imagination. Or maybe it isn't? What if something is here with you? Don't worry, you're not going crazy, though. Your friends have both experienced the same delusions over the past few days. Remember, it's you, Steve, and Ariana. No one else!

"You know that I'm a liar," Ariana announced, continuing to rock in the chair calmly. "Why would you ever allow a sexy eighteen-year-old girl to move in with you?"

Megan closed her eyes and took a deep breath. This illusion would be gone once she opened her eyes and took back her house. She didn't have time for mind games.

But she didn't find any closure after shutting her eyes, because Ariana grinned at her when she opened them.

"And Steve is crazy about me," Ariana went on, her wicked look turning to an arrogant smirk. "It was cute how you let us mess around with each other the other day. You know, I almost didn't pick up on just how pathetic you really are. You're willing to let Steve do anything to try to show how much you trust him, but we both know how insecure you truly are deep down. I know how scared you are that I'll steal him from you, and we both know how easily I can do that."

This isn't real! No one is talking to you right now! Does this sound like Ariana? Huh? Does it? Of course, it doesn't! Not only does your friend love and respect you, but she would never try to steal Steve.

"Yes, I would," Ariana spoke sharply.

She glared across the room at the imitation of her best friend. This thing was inside her head. It answered her doubts that she didn't even verbalize. Every part of her knew that her senses betrayed her, but the figure continuing to rock in the wooden chair appeared too lifelike to dismiss.

"Steve loves me," Megan shot back. "He would never leave me."

Ariana's little hand played with her ponytail, draped over the front of her shoulder. "I felt sorry for you when you told me your story the other day. You barely paid Steve any attention for two years, but then you suddenly fell in love with him once he was the only guy left? Hell, he might even be a bigger sucker than you."

Tell this thing to leave like you did last night. You can end this nonsense whenever you want. Do it!

Ariana looked across the room, her brown eyes glaring at the girl who stood next to the sofa with a bat in hand. "We both know that Steve will be fine without you. Just look at how much time we

spend together. Think about how excited he was when I sucked his cock. I'm younger, cuter, and way more fun than you, and I'll make him mine whenever I decide to. What do you think we've been doing outside while you're in here playing house? I'm getting to know him. I'm unlocking his fantasies and desires. I'm learning what I need so I can replace you."

"Get out of my house," Megan demanded strongly.

"No, let's have girl time!" Ariana giggled in an oh-so condescending manner. "We can paint our nails and talk about boys!"

"You aren't real," Megan hissed through gritted teeth. "None of this is real. Now, get out of my house!"

Ariana's glare grew more devious by the second. "I'm real when I bend over in front of Steve so he can check out my butt, I was real when I sucked his cock and called him Daddy, and I'll be very real when I eventually take him all for myself. It's time to wake up and realize what's happening, bitch. I'm replacing you."

Megan wanted nothing more than to smash this apparition with the cold metal in her hand. Would that permanently end things? Would the nightmares and torment cease to exist if she beat this ghost into the ground?

"And there's nothing you can do about it," Ariana continued to taunt her.

Megan took one step toward the impersonation of her friend before freezing. The rocking chair was empty and the room had gone silent. She started to question her sanity once again

"I'm never going to leave," a voice whispered in her ear.

She spun around to be met by a still empty family room. The lack of a paranormal presence only added to her confusion. Ariana's warm breath somehow lingered in her ear, but she knew better than to believe what she'd seen and heard. It was time to permanently end the absurdity.

"GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!" Megan screamed at the top of her lungs.

Ariana's voice returned in her ear, and her petite hand rested on her shoulder. "I'll be back."

Megan bolted around, but once again saw nothing. The cold presence of whatever had been in the room with her vanished. She needed to keep herself busy. She had plenty of cleaning and organizing to take care of around the house, and she still had rainwater to boil. Maybe her best bet involved keeping herself occupied?

Grab your headphones, get some tunes crankin', and only worry about stuff you can control. You have an amazing boyfriend, an awesome best friend, and enough food and water to keep you alive for months. What else do you really need? You know that what you just saw wasn't Ariana, and you know exactly what you have to do tonight. Bring your family together. Connect with each other in ways you never have. Be a leader!

Megan strutted to the closet with a hop in her step. Today would be the start of her new life. Her family took priority to everything from this moment forward. She would make sure of it.

"I still can't believe we went back in time!" Ariana reminisced wildly as they headed through the cornfields toward Mrs. Zappo's house. "We didn't even need a Delorean or anything either! Who needs to get to eighty-eight miles per hour when you have a freakin' earthquake to do the work!?"

It was funny how fast things had changed. They were at each other's throats five minutes ago, but now he found himself laughing at the playful eighteen-year-old who he couldn't get enough of. She liked *Back to the Future*? How perfect could one girl be?

The brunette swiftly stopped in her tracks. "Oh my God, I have a perfect nickname that you can call me! Doc!"

"Doc? You seem more like Marty to me."

"Marty? I'm not Marty! I'm totally Doc!"

"Megan is probably Doc," he told her. "She's the smart one, after all. That would make me Marty, and it would leave you as Lorraine."

"Oh my God, Lorraine Baines is my all-time movie crush! I would totally turn into a lesbian for her!" she exclaimed, overjoyed. She slowly and seductively approached him, slipping her index finger inside the waistband of his basketball shorts as she did her best Lorraine impression. "That is your name, isn't it? Calvin Klein? It's written all over your underwear."

"Well, we should keep an eye out for Biff, shouldn't we?" he asked with a smirk.

She removed her hand from his shorts and pretended to knock on his head. "Hello! Hello! Anyone home? Think, McFly, think."

It wasn't against the law to love two women at the same time. He listened to the world's cutest high schooler recite *Back to the Future* quotes and admit that she would go gay for Lea Thompson. How couldn't he love her? But they had more important things to worry about than movies.

"We need to check out Mrs. Zappo's house," he said, attempting to get back on track. "It's too bad we don't have a hoverboard, though. It would make it a lot easier to get around."

"Let's get going then, butthead," she giggled as she turned and led the way once again.

The front door window didn't provide much resistance to the butt of the shotgun after they unsuccessfully checked for an open entrance. The house wasn't exactly a treasure-chest full of supplies. The food was minimal, the basic toiletries definitely helped to boost their supply--but it wasn't anything crazy--and small items like blankets, batteries, and notebook paper were quickly stuffed into bags. It looked as if Mrs. Zappo had taken anything of value with her. They didn't even need a car to haul their booty back home.

The two headed through the cornfields again with a few plastic bags in hand, and a backpack slung over each of their shoulders. A noticeable sense of disappointment circled in the air as their feet carried them across the damp soil. While neither had expected a palace coated in riches, Mrs. Zappo's house had served as a beacon of hope over the past few days. It was a lifeline they'd hoped to cash in on, but now that they'd called, no one was there to answer.

"That was a bummer."

Ariana, who led the way, was quick to agree. "No kidding. I'm not going to complain about those two boxes of tampons, though."

"What are we going to do with all this corn?" he asked as he looked around. "I know that we should pick as much as we can and freeze it when it's ready--and pray the power doesn't go out--but what about after that? We don't know the proper way to grow it."

She stopped and turned to him. "We need to talk about something."

That didn't sound good. Similar statements over the last forty-eight hours had resulted in plenty of problems.

"We should think about taking the car out. Or my dad's truck. Maybe we need to go find someone who knows about farming?"

He really didn't like the sound of that. "I don't want people to know about what we have. We're on a backroad. It's not like traffic zips up and down the street. We can stay fairly secluded back here."

"I know, but people are eventually going to search for food if things get bad," she pointed out the obvious. "They'll find these fields at some point."

He wasn't so sure of that. This wasn't exactly an apocalyptic situation out of a Hollywood movie. People in trouble had gone to designated relief zones run by the government, and the population being cut in half would help to keep the food supply from dwindling too quickly. Yes, food would eventually run low, but there were fifty percent less mouths to feed now. It was one of the few bright spots of this entire ordeal.

"Let's say that we take the car out. Do you have any idea where to start looking?"

She shook her head no.

"So, what's your plan? Do you think it's a good idea to go door-to-door, asking people if they can help us with the massive amount of corn we have?"

It certainly didn't sound promising after he repeated her proposal out loud. "I don't know what to do, but we can't let any of this food go to waste, and these fields could feed us for the rest of our lives if we know how to properly manage them. Don't you think it's a risk worth taking?"

That wasn't his decision to make. Things had changed, remember? They were a family now.

"Let's talk about it with Megan," he said.

She nodded in agreement as they resumed their trip back home.

Twelve Hours Later.

Megan decided to pass on cuddling in bed with her boyfriend. It'd been a rather productive day, full of small but important tasks. The goods from Mrs. Zappo's house--which she'd already inventoried and put away--were a welcomed addition, the last of the rainwater had been boiled and properly labeled, and the house was spotless. She'd even sown the little tear in Ariana's gym shorts. Something had prevented her from relaxing and drifting off to sleep, however.

"What's gotten into you?"

She was too busy planting kisses on Steve's neck to answer his question. It took her all of two seconds to attack him in bed after he joined her. How could she be expected to control herself? Their conversation over dinner was so amazing!

The three of them had an open, honest, and peaceful discussion regarding their plans for the acres of corn surrounding them, and they agreed to wait and see until next week. It made sense to let things calm down for another seven days before they considered the possibility of exploration. She also revealed that she hadn't seen a single car during her time on the road yesterday. Maybe they were more secluded than originally thought? What if the majority of the remaining population had taken residence in the designated safe zones?

"Let Daddy--"

She tried to suck his tongue out of his mouth. Whatever Daddy wanted would have to wait, because she planned to absorb his essence tonight.

The truth was that something still didn't sit well with her. Her ghostly visit from earlier in the day had been on her mind for the past twelve hours. She knew that Ariana wasn't in the family room with her this morning, but part of her still felt the need to mark her territory.

"I love you," she said, pulling back slightly to look into his eyes.

"I love you too."

"No, I really love you," she emphasized her admiration. "And I need to know that you really love me."

He couldn't believe that she needed him to reaffirm his feelings for her. "I've loved you for years. It still annoys me that it took whatever happened on Monday to bring us together. I should've said something to you a long time ago."

"Tell me you'll always be mine."

"Where's this coming from?" he asked, surprised and somewhat confused.

"Just say it," she demanded. "Please. I need to hear it."

"You better believe I'll always be yours," he said, planting a big kiss on her lips. "Whether you like it or not."

"And you're pretty much stuck with me, aren't you?" she smiled back playfully. "You make me feel things no one else ever has. I've lost everything but I've never been so happy, and it's all because of you. I would do anything for you."

A devilish smirk appeared on his face. "Is that right? Well, you can start by bringing those sexy lips back over here."

She leaned in before stopping just inches from his mouth. This had to be done. It was the last step in bringing her family together.

Megan turned her head and yelled, "Ariana!"

A rumbling instantly sounded down the hall, traveling closer to their bedroom. Moments later, Ariana stood in front of their bed in her pink pajamas.

"You two look comfortable," Ariana noted, smiling at her friends while they basically groped each other. "What's up?"

"Kiss Steve."

Ariana gazed at Megan blankly. She hadn't expected to hear that. "Um...what?"

"Kiss Steve," Megan repeated. "Get up here and give Daddy a kiss."

She was called into the room to have a little fun with the man of the house? Who was she to say no? That sounded like a pretty awesome night to her, and the idea of giving Steve another blowjob already had her wet.

Ariana hopped up onto the bed, all smiles as she crawled over her best friend's outstretched legs. It didn't take long before her perky butt sat on Steve's rapidly-growing cock which remained hidden under the blankets. There was just something about her innocent little girl character that she couldn't get enough of. It was so fun to play hard to get, even if she never put up much resistance around these two. She would do pretty much anything they asked of her, but it was still fun to pretend otherwise.

"I don't want to kiss Daddy," Ariana pouted, biting her lower lip as she did her best to hide her mischievous grin. "He doesn't deserve it."

She felt his cock twitch beneath her. Knowing how much her act excited him did all kinds of things to her. It didn't help that deep down, she wanted nothing more than to kiss him, but there wasn't any harm in making him wait.

It didn't take long for Megan to pick up on the game her friend was playing. "I'm not asking. You better kiss Daddy or you're going to be in big trouble."

"Yeah, are you going to ground me?" asked Ariana. "I do whatever I want. I'm a bad girl."

A bad girl? The last thing this cute as a button brunette resembled was a bad girl--especially in her adorable pink pajamas--but that didn't stop Megan from joining in on the fun. "Kiss Daddy or you're grounded for a week."

Ariana defiantly shook her head while grinding on the hard erection trapped under her butt.

"Kiss me or you won't be walking right for a week," Steve spoke up.

Ariana's jaw dropped. Holy shit! Steve actually said that to her? And would it take away from the moment if she asked for some details? Did he plan to spank her? Or maybe he would bring out his belt to inflict some real punishment? The possibilities were endless!

"Wha-wha-what does Daddy have in-in mind for me?" Ariana asked meekly with a nervous stammer.

Everyone's attention turned to Megan as she decided to answer for her boyfriend. "I can tell you what I have in mind. You see, I've thought about this very moment all day. It started with a little kissing, turned into you sucking Daddy's big cock, and then my fantasies took a rather dark turn. You have no idea just how deviant I can be sexually."

Ariana gulped.

"I thought back to all those stories you told me about your ex-boyfriend," Megan continued. "Last night showed you just how lame your ex was in bed, didn't it? Watching Steve hammer into me was hot and it got you off a bunch of times, but it had to make you jealous. You've never experienced being with a real man before. You have no idea what it's like to completely submit to a stud. Heck, you've never even been with one."

Ariana glanced in front of her to find Steve staring directly into her eyes. It was like he needed to devour her spirit. A simple look was all it took to realize that he wanted to break her in half. The fantasy of being her friends' little plaything looked more likely by the moment, but the big thing poking her butt caused her to second-guess her decision. Her ex-boyfriend was a child compared to the hunk she sat on. What on God's green earth made her think that she could handle a man like this?

Megan smiled at the two people she cared about more than anyone in the world. "We're going to fuck each other tonight."

Both Steve and Ariana looked at Megan, surprised.

"We're going to connect with one another. We're going to form an unbreakable bond that some spirit or extraterrestrial life form can't threaten," Megan revealed her plan before turning her focus solely to Ariana. "And tonight, cutie, you're officially going to get a daddy."

Five Minutes Later.

Steve discovered what life as a dictator of a small island country must be like. Or perhaps this was the lifestyle of an elite athlete with a two hundred million dollar contract? He wasn't Mick Jagger in 1969, but he sure as hell felt like it.

He occasionally raised his head just to confirm that he was still breathing. Lying flat on his back with his eyes aimed up at the white bedroom ceiling wasn't an extraordinary event, but the party taking place south of his belly button was another story. Receiving head from Ariana had been unbelievable and sex with Megan rocked his world, but this was an entirely new level of power.

He felt like a king.

"When does Daddy deserve to be worshipped?"

"Every day," Ariana answered Megan, having dropped her bratty act. "It's the only thing that matters."

Good girl," Megan told her. "Now, get back on those balls."

Ariana resumed her mission of licking and kissing every inch of his nuts. A quick glance to her left revealed Megan positioned just like her: flat on her stomach with her feet wiggling carelessly in the air behind them. The situation was addictive. Steve's scent was something she found herself craving, and the idea of him actually being inside her caused shivers to shoot up and down her body. Could she really do it? Could she handle him and the rough way he made love?

A second mouth joined the party, causing a loud moan of pleasure to escape from between his lips. Both of his balls were lapped at and played with. One blonde, one brunette, two mouths, and the world's luckiest guy enjoying it all. Luck? Just surviving Monday's event was lucky. The truth was that not only was he surviving, but he was thriving. This was the pinnacle of existence as far as he was concerned.

"I'm going to teach you how to take him deep," Megan announced.

Scratch that. Now, this was the pinnacle of existence.

The student patiently watched the teacher. Ariana looked on in awe as Megan made his big, fat cock disappear with ease. She would learn how to do that? How? And where did Megan put that thing?

"How's that feel, Daddy?" Megan asked after finally coming up for air, her hand stroking up and down on the wet piece of meat in her grasp. "Do you like it when I swallow your cock whole?"

He didn't answer her. Instead, he merely stared up at the ceiling, still wondering how his life had turned into something out of a fantasy.

"I want to be able to do that," Ariana said.

Megan turned to her bestie with a smile. "God, you would look so cute with his entire dick in your throat."

Ariana definitely didn't doubt her BFF's proclamation. The idea of that towering erection somehow fitting in her mouth rattled her, however. She was only able to take about half of him during their fun the other night, so she didn't like her chances to turn into a porn star out of nowhere. She couldn't deny her desire to impress both Steve and Megan, though.

Megan moved her boyfriend's dick over to Ariana. "Just try to relax your throat. Remember, everyone has a gag reflex, but you can suppress it if you want."

"How?" inquired Ariana.

"Willpower," Megan answered nonchalantly. "You're in control over your own body. What's more important? Your ability to breathe or Daddy's pleasure?"

Ariana attempted to wrap her little hand around Steve's thick cock. "Daddy's pleasure."

"Exactly, so do your best to ignore your body's desperation for air. The only thing that matters is making him happy."

Ariana smiled at the sound of the masculine moan that came from the head of the bed. A slight squeeze of his thick cock put her on cloud nine. Being able to make him feel good brought her joy like nothing else.

But she braced herself for what seemed like an insurmountable task. Had his dick grown since she last saw it, or were her nerves responsible for why his erection appeared even more imposing than usual? It was just so big!

Ariana took a deep breath before wrapping her lips around the head of his manhood. Slowly, she began her descent to the base of his cock. Megan made it look so effortless, and she made it sound even easier! Somehow, her best friend had completely disregarded the inconceivable task of swallowing his cock whole.

Of course, she couldn't will herself to accomplish the impossible. The rules of physics still applied no matter how hard she wished them away. A thick object couldn't fit down her tight throat regardless of her mental state, and the sound of her gagging violently further proved her point.

"Relax your throat," Megan coached.

Ariana took a moment to gather herself after she pulled off his cock to catch her breath. Why couldn't it be simple? Why couldn't she effortlessly deepthroat him by relaxing her throat? She desired nothing more than to be the ultimate fantasy girl for the man of the house, but she wouldn't be able to satisfy Steve unless she kept up with his amazing girlfriend. She needed to grow up in a hurry.

She returned for round two, aided by an undeserved confidence. She couldn't explain why she felt so assured of herself, but she did. The visual of having his entire cock lodged down her throat played repeatedly in her head, and as his long dick disappeared inside her mouth, the dream of ascending to Megan's level of oral talent suddenly became a real possibility. It was happening! It only took a little confidence to instantly pick up years of fellatio experience! How awesome was this?

Or not.

Her gag reflex kicked in even fiercer than before. Thick wads of spit shot from the sides of her mouth, tears ran from her eyes, and mucus poured from her little button nose. The sudden mess that covered her face represented her failure. She wasn't a fantasy girl for this stud. She wasn't even a poor man's version of Megan. She was just some stupid high school girl who thought that she could play with the adults for some reason, and Megan and Steve would laugh in her face after she sprung up for air.

"That felt amazing," Steve gasped.

"Impressive," Megan noted informally. "You took him a lot deeper than the other night, and just imagine how good you'll get if you keep practicing. Hey, I don't think Steve will mind being your test dummy."

"Not at all," he laughed.

Ariana smiled as she used the back of her hand to wipe her watery eyes and runny nose. How awesome were these two? No one laughed at her or demanded she do better. They didn't even criticize her! It was only love, happiness, and affection. It was an environment foreign to her former life.

"Can I see the queen do her thing again?" Ariana asked.

Megan shot Ariana a smile before answering her question without bothering to speak. She effortlessly took Steve all the way down, holding herself at the base of his cock for as long as her body allowed. She had a responsibility to be a role model for Ariana. Her BFF would have to step up and be her replacement if heaven forbid something happened to her, so she took it upon herself to show her the ropes.

Megan shook her head back and forth with the entirety of her boyfriend's cock buried deep in her throat. The astonished gasps from both Steve and Ariana caused her to keep him inside her mouth for longer than she'd previously deemed possible, but something abruptly put an end to the fun. Someone had pulled her up by the hair to announce that their evening would be headed in a direction she'd eventually planned on getting to--just not so soon. She didn't plan to complain, though.

Steve jumped off the bed and pulled Megan to the end of the mattress, where he bent her over it in a similar fashion to Wednesday night. Ariana was more than happy to retake her spot on her back as well. She would settle for this view every night if she could!

How hot would it be to watch her friends have sex again? What if Steve acted soft and romantic this time? Or what if he got super kinky and did something out of a BDSM novel? Or perhaps he would behave in the exact manner she expected? Maybe he would pull down Megan's sweatpants, yank

her panties down to her knees, and cause her eyes to roll back in her head from the strong aggression with which he drove into her with?

Yep, the latter was exactly what happened.

Ariana wiggled out of her pajama bottoms and pink panties, and quickly tossed them to the floor below. Her throbbing clit was in immediate need of attention, but more importantly, she had to prepare herself. Would she actually have sex with Steve tonight? That's what Megan had said, right? And if that was indeed the case, then she needed plenty of time to get herself warmed up.

The amazing sound of Steve's pelvis roughly thumping against Megan's perky backside was only outdone by the look of pure bliss on Megan's pretty face. Her bestie was drooling again. Megan always looked so smart and sharp--except when a certain hunk decided to have his way with her.

Would she look the same way with Steve? Would she experience the unparalleled sense of pleasure and submission that had clearly taken Megan to a world of unrivaled joy, or would her time with him be harsh and uncomfortable?

"Cu-cu-cum, I'm-I'm gon-gon-gonna cum," Megan sputtered to no one in particular. A puddle of drool and saliva continued to collect on the sheets as she grew closer to an impending orgasm.

Steve gave her a rough slap on the ass which caused Ariana to flinch. "Who's Daddy's little slut?"

"I'm-I'm-I'm Da-Da-Daddy's li-little slut," answered Megan. "Oh-oh my God, I'm cu-cu-cu-cumming!"

An intense warmth engulfed Megan as she shook and quivered like a rabid animal. Her mind blanked as pleasure overtook her senses. She drifted off into clouds of comfort in a world full of chaos and uncertainty. It was a feeling of home in a place she still hadn't completely familiarized herself with, but her surroundings made perfect sense in her moment of bliss.

Ariana noticed Steve grinning at her after she moved her attention away from a euphoric Megan. He reached out and signaled her closer with a "come hither" motion. He may have enjoyed his girlfriend at the moment, but he undoubtedly wanted her next.

Ariana responded with a shake of her head, visibly nervous and overwhelmed by the situation.

Megan did her best to comfort her worried friend despite her mind being stifled in a post-orgasmic fog. "You'll love it."

Ariana shook her head once more. She'd love it? Love what? Being destroyed by a guy who qualified as the total opposite of her ex-boyfriend? Perhaps the fantasy of being manhandled by a stud was better left as part of her vivid imagination? Under no circumstances could she possibly handle Steve fucking her with the force that he hammered into Megan with. He would kill her!

"Trust me, you'll love it," Megan told her again. She slipped away from Steve--who gave her butt one last squeeze--and crawled up onto the bed. "It feels soooooooo good."

"I-I-I ca-can't," the scared brunette stuttered.

Megan wiggled up next to her friend. "Hey."

Ariana's eyes gazed off at the closet.

"Hey!" Megan shouted.

Reluctantly, Ariana turned back to her bestie. While Megan was everything she wanted to be, it would take years of practice before she could consider herself a peer. At the moment, she was simply an eighteen-year-old girl who'd given a few mediocre blowjobs, and who'd experienced a handful of uninspired sexual encounters with her dud of an ex-boyfriend. She couldn't handle being savagely driven into doggy style! She wasn't ready for a man like Steve whatsoever!

"It'll be amazing," Megan continued to ease her worries. "Do you honestly think that either of us would ever do anything to hurt you? Sweetheart, Steve will be caring and gentle with you. Go ahead and ask him if he plans to get rough."

She looked at the guy who'd been so unbelievably physical with his girlfriend just moments ago. Now, his face possessed an inviting warmth. His smile turned soft and comforting. This was the man who she thought might harm her? She'd seriously been concerned about Megan encouraging him to be too rough? What was she thinking? Of course, her friends wouldn't hurt her! They loved her!

"I would never get rough with my little princess unless she wanted me to," he said.

An excitement burst through Ariana after hearing those words. No part of her was a bad girl. In fact, she was the furthest thing from misbehaved. Being labeled as a "little princess" couldn't have been more accurate, and the confidence that exuded from the hunk at the end of the bed washed away her worries.

Ariana moved to the edge of the mattress and laid on the bed--her legs dangling over the edge--at the encouragement of Megan. Steve's big erection appeared awfully intimidating, but the reaffirmation of trust relieved the majority of her fears. Her concerns about whether or not he would fit inside her had yet to dissipate, however. The logistics didn't quite seem to add up.

A stream of saliva flowed from Megan's mouth and landed on Steve's throbbing member as he stood in front of the bed, where she rubbed it into his thick meat. Natural lubricant would have to make do. Baby oil had become a luxury they unfortunately couldn't afford, and the days of driving down to the store to pick up a few essential items were well in the past. A mixture of Megan's spit and Ariana's wetness would have to get the job done.

"You ready?" Megan asked before guiding the fat head of Steve's cock toward Ariana's seemingly invisible entrance. She wasn't sure how her boyfriend would fit inside Ariana's tiny slit either.

Ariana gulped before nodding nervously.

Passionate moans echoed throughout the bedroom as the tip of his manhood pushed past Ariana's natural resistance. Another inch further resulted in her vagina being stretched in new and unimaginable ways. It was like her body attempted to accept what it truly wanted, while doing its best to simultaneously oppose Steve's vast girth.

"Relax. It'll feel so amazing if you do. I promise," Megan soothed her, running her hand along her familiar ponytail.

Ariana kicked down the last of her mental barriers. She punched through the final remaining wall that prevented her from enjoying true pleasure. She officially gave herself to Steve.

Megan watched the two most special people in her life experience nirvana together. Ariana's little hands squeezed the sheets below, while Steve's deep roars intensified with every inch further probed

into her tight hole. Long, slow, loving strokes caused the petite brunette to gasp. It was like her inaugural time having sex all over again.

For the first time in their relationship, Megan heard Steve whimper. His passionate reaction had more than piqued her curiosity. "How's she feel?"

"Unbelievable," he moaned before pushing deeper into her pristine eighteen-year-old pussy. Half his dick disappeared. "She's so fuckin' tight."

Megan looked on as Ariana's vagina gripped her boyfriend as he withdrew slightly. His journey back inside qualified as anything but effortless, but Ariana's immense wetness allowed him to take another trip into heaven. Megan couldn't believe that it happened so quickly, but Ariana had already started to adjust to his size.

And now it was time to help her out.

Megan's right hand slipped down the soft cotton of Ariana's long sleeve pink pajama top, allowing her index and middle fingers to find her friend's clit. She fully intended to make sure that her bestie never forgot this moment. The least she could do was rub Ariana's little pleasure button of nerve endings while Steve handled the tough part, and judging by the combination of her squirming hips and cute squeals, it appeared fairly obvious that she'd never felt anything so good.

"Oh my God! Oh my God! oh my God!" Ariana panted emphatically.

And then the impossible happened. Ariana made the one announcement that she never would've dreamed of proclaiming with a man inside her. A world of sexuality had been opened to her eyes. While she'd spent all of her sexually active years under the impression that she could only orgasm from her vibrator buzzing on her clit or an intense session of oral sex, she couldn't deny the intensity that bubbled deep in her stomach.

"I'm gonna cum!" she howled.

Her already tight pussy clamped around his cock as her body writhed in ecstasy. Megan's fingers provided the perfect amount of stimulation to aid Steve's unique gift of fullness. It was an inner-explosion that didn't resemble any prior moment of her young life.

Her ex-boyfriend's attempts at oral had been decent, her vibrator was great, but this moment was a connection that she struggled to describe. It was a kinship that made her feel alive. It was a deep warmth that could only be created by people who she respected and admired.

He positioned Megan on her back, directly next to Ariana. The two perfect tens appeared somewhat normal thanks to their pajama tops remaining on, but their majestically toned, shaved, and flawless lower bodies looked anything but ordinary. Although, perhaps it was now normal for him? This was his life from now on, wasn't it? He lived under the same roof as the two sexiest women on the planet, and they just so happened to be madly in love with him.

"Oh my God, that was amazing," Ariana panted, attempting to recover from her intense orgasm. "I've never--whoa!"

He abruptly picked Ariana up and placed her on top of Megan. The back of Ariana's petite frame rested along her best friend's body, and the inviting smile on Megan's pretty face after she turned to look at her caused her to act very out of character. Honestly, it caused her to do something that her friend Claire would be very proud of.

For the first time in her life, Ariana kissed a girl.

His mouth hung open as he watched the inconceivable scene unfold. Megan and Ariana didn't give each other a quick peck. Instead, they made out.

Spit was exchanged, tongues were explored, and a pair of pouty lips had more than familiarized themselves with each other. It was an ideal opportunity to explore their kinky sides. It was a chance to be the perfect fantasy girls for the only man either of them cared about. It was an opportunity to be a little bad.

But then Ariana felt Megan's mouth slither away just as she'd really started to enjoy things. She couldn't necessarily blame her bestie for her decision either. Personally, she would be crying with a mixture of pain and pleasure if they traded spots. She still couldn't comprehend how Megan could handle such an act.

Steve started to hammer his girlfriend again.

Their animalistic energy captivated Ariana from her spot resting on top of Megan. Surprisingly, she could see herself taking a similar pounding one day. A manhandling like this certainly wouldn't come any time soon, though, but she wouldn't exclude it from her future plans either.

And then it returned. Those slow and affectionate strokes filled Ariana with a sense of completeness after Steve left Megan and pushed inside her once again. She felt like royalty--like a princess who received the red-carpet treatment wherever she went. Steve may have loved rough sex, but he showed his soft side to her. It proved how special she was to him.

"Tell Daddy how much you love his cock," Megan whispered into her ear. "Guys love when you tell them how good they are in bed."

Ariana planned to go the extra mile. She had to! Steve was so amazing!

She dropped her voice to a childlike cadence and gazed deeply into his eyes. "Daddy has the best dick in the whole wide world! It's my favorite cock!"

"Why doesn't my little princess be a good girl and give the queen a kiss?" he proposed.

Ariana fulfilled Steve's request as her tongue slipped inside her best friend's mouth again. A big dick inside her pussy, the sexiest girl alive sucking her tongue, and an indescribable level of love in her life: she wouldn't trade places with any other woman on the planet. Sure, some girl out there may have more food or an endless source of clean water, but no one possessed a more ideal system of support.

And then one final surprise finished off the night. A warmth radiated inside Ariana, but it wasn't courtesy of a second orgasm. A fervor that could only be credited to one culprit caused a shocked expression to sweep across her face, and the masculine growls sounding from the end of the bed quickly confirmed her initial instinct.

Steve had cummed inside her.

He fired two ropes inside Ariana's snug teen pussy before he pulled out and pushed back into Megan, emptying the rest of his load inside his girlfriend.

He couldn't help himself despite his knowledge of birth control being anything other than completely effective. His primal instinct to mark both of his girls was far too strong for logic. How

screwed would they be if their fun resulted in a pregnancy? Or what if it ended in two pregnancies? They would be in major trouble!

But something beyond words danced in the air tonight. Watching his two girls smile at each other with his seed deep inside of them awakened him to a new sense of responsibility. What if he truly was the last man on earth? What if artificial insemination didn't serve as a realistic option for repopulating the planet?

He'd never been entirely sure if he wanted a family prior to Monday. Fifteen minutes alone with his dream girl quickly made him realize that she would be the mother of his child someday, and he'd started to warm up to the idea of Ariana joining that exclusive club as well.

"This is the hottest thing ever," Ariana said while Steve's cum trickled down her thigh.

The unbreakable bond that Megan referenced earlier had been cemented. Their exchange of fluids permanently connected them in ways some spirit couldn't crack. Not only had Megan's feelings for Ariana escalated, but her emotional attachment to Steve rivaled nothing else in her life.

They were officially a family. Earthquakes, paranormal visits, and ghosts no longer mattered. Nothing would ever come between them again.

Chapter 25 -- Home: Part 1

Steve stared off into the darkness of the mild night with a cold beer in his hand. Placing a lawn chair outside the entrance to their house a few minutes earlier seemed like a good idea at the time, but it paled in comparison to the green cooler he'd filled with beer cans. Did he care that he may have been the world's first time traveler? Going back in time couldn't compete with his night. He had a freakin' threesome with his two dream girls, for God's sake!

Slow and easy with Ariana, rough and aggressive with Megan, and three big smiles after they wrapped up their fun. He was a king, alright. He was the king of his very own castle that he never wanted to leave. Nothing had ever brought him happiness like his new life.

"Looking for a drinking partner?"

He'd been too lost in his memories to hear the door open behind him. Ariana had a lawn chair in hand and placed it on the other side of the cooler before taking a seat. Her eyes shifted from the gun that leaned against the house, to the cooler, to him--all of which she could see with the help of the outside house light.

"Are you of legal drinking age?" he teased.

She laughed before helping herself to a beer. "Something tells me that there won't be any cops stopping by."

A few moments of silence passed while the two of them enjoyed a well-deserved drink. The bright stars filling the black sky above them appeared even more vivid as a result of Monday's event. Vast amounts of artificial light didn't seem to exist in this new world any longer.

Megan's plan had really worked. The darkness that covered the fields should've intimidated them, but neither felt any fear of what potentially hid in the shadows. Tonight's fun had elevated them to a completely unprecedented level of self-confidence.

"Are you feeling okay?" he asked.

"I feel amazing," she answered. Her cute face possessed an unmistakable glow. "It was so unbelievable."

He couldn't have asked for better news as he downed the remainder of his beer, and he had some plans for it to be the first of many tonight. Hey, it was time to celebrate, after all.

Five Minutes Later.

"Are you crazy?" Ariana laughed. "*Alien* isn't the best movie ever!"

He tilted his head back and finished his second beer before grabbing another. "Yes, it is. It's not debatable either."

"There are like fifty movies better than *Alien*. Giant chunks of that movie are soooooooooo boring. They just go on forever, and ever, and ever..."

Their discussion proved that nobody was perfect. While Ariana may have loved *Back to the Future*, he'd been left rather disappointed by her inability to identify the most flawless movie ever made. Although, on the other hand, he had a history of getting rather opinionated after a few beers.

"Okay, so what's your favorite movie of all-time?" he asked.

"I don't think so," she said under her breath, looking out at the dark cornfields.

"Come on, tell me."

"No, you'll make fun of me," she whined.

"I won't make fun of you," he laughed. "Hey, we're all entitled to our own opinions. Megan taught me that."

She smiled at him before rolling her eyes. "Fine... *The Notebook*..."

His jaw dropped. "Oh...my...God..."

"You said that you wouldn't make fun of me!" Ariana exclaimed while reaching for her second beer.

"And it's not like I'm alone on that either. It's pretty much every girl's favorite movie."

He could only shake his head. "*The Notebook*..."

"It's the most romantic movie ever. The ending chokes me up just thinking about it."

Watching the front door open put a big smile on both their faces. The third and final member of their family joined the party with a chair in hand, and just like Steve and Ariana, it didn't take her long to grab a beer for herself.

"How ya feeling, sweetheart?" Megan asked Ariana.

"Good," Ariana answered with a smile. "Well, I was until I found out that your boyfriend doesn't like *The Notebook*."

Megan's eyes bulged as she turned to Steve. "Are you serious!?"

"I've never seen it," he admitted, amazed that he was being mocked for something so stupid. "I can pretty much guarantee that I wouldn't like it, though."

"I don't know if I can date a guy who doesn't like *The Notebook*," Megan commented sarcastically while cracking open her beer.

"What about *Say Anything*?" Ariana proposed to Steve. "Even guys have to like that movie."

Megan spoke excitedly before he had a chance to answer. "*Say Anything* is my favorite movie ever!"

He finished his third beer while he listened to Megan and Ariana discuss their top ten favorite movies like best friends at a sleepover. Could life get any better? Nothing could possibly take away from his joy.

"What the hell is that?"

Ariana turned to Steve, caught off guard by his sudden question. "*500 Days of Summer*? It's a movie about a guy who's a greeting card writer, and he falls in love with a girl named Summer. She--"

Ariana stopped herself as a result of Steve looking elsewhere. Megan's attention no longer remained on her either. They both gazed off in the direction of her old house, their expressions appearing confused and maybe even a little worried. Megan certainly seemed somewhat stunned, and there was little doubt that a similar expression of disbelief covered her own face after Ariana took a look for herself.

Three red circles drifted slowly over her former home--their shapes forming a sizable triangle in the night sky. Nothing visibly connected the oval shapes to one another as the aircraft hovered silently over the house. The dark cornfields suddenly felt significantly less innocent. Steve and Megan couldn't believe what they were looking at, but it was the exact proof that Ariana had been seeking for five years.

"That's a UFO!" shouted Ariana.

Megan didn't want to immediately disagree with Ariana, but she couldn't rule out other possibilities either. "Are you sure it isn't some kind of helicopter?"

"A helicopter?" Ariana asked, flabbergasted. "Are you serious? What kind of helicopter looks like that? And it's completely silent! Megan, there's a UFO directly over my house!"

"The government has silent helicopters, right?" Megan asked. "The black ones. They don't make any noise."

Steve jumped to his feet and reached for the gun. "Inside. Now."

Megan hurried inside, but Ariana was less enthusiastic to follow his order. She stared at the final piece of the puzzle. Years of torment and confusion were solved in an instant. That spaceship contained the same white room where she'd been experimented on repeatedly!

The triangular design of this craft didn't resemble the one that had left a crop circle in her yard five years ago, but she was positive that it belonged to the same beings. That's where those ugly creatures ran horrifying tests on her! It was where they carried out their mutilations!

She needed to get on that ship somehow, but in her current state this time. She was sick of waking up in that room helpless! She wanted to rip the gun out of Steve's hand, board that flying saucer, and start firing shots at the very Greys who'd caused her so much discomfort over the years. There had to be a way to do it.

"Get inside, Ariana!" he demanded. "Now!"

"I have to get on that thing," Ariana said, refusing to look away from the lights in the distance.

"Are you crazy!?" Megan yelled from the mudroom. "Ariana, honey, we need to get inside and lock the door! We don't know what that thing is!"

But Ariana knew exactly what it was. It'd been her home away from home. It'd been her sole source of torment and heartache. It was the reason why the girls at school viewed her as a crazy conspiracy theorist, and it was why her father never took her seriously.

Ariana jumped to her feet and headed for the cornfields.

"Ariana!" Steve shouted.

Megan screamed as she stepped outside next to him. "Ariana, get back here!!!"

Their pleas went for naught. Ariana was on a mission, and her end game involved the red lights floating over the very house she'd spent eighteen years of her life calling home.

"ARIANA!!!" Megan tried once again to no avail. She desperately looked to Steve for help. "We have to stop her!"

He pushed Megan inside and joined her in the mudroom before locking the door behind them.

Her frenzy intensified with each passing second. "We can't leave her out there!"

He was in a race against the clock. Ariana already had a big head start on them from just walking. What if she decided to run? They wouldn't have any chance to catch her then, but he refused to blindly make his way through the cornfields to chase her down.

He hustled upstairs with Megan hot on his trail, continuing to listen to her pleas for them to help Ariana. She finally understood his plan after he collected the remaining shotgun shells from his dresser. She never imagined this outcome after both Ariana and herself emptied their pockets of their shells before they messed around together sexually early, but it's exactly what happened whether she wanted it or not.

"I'm coming with you," she said, firm in her words.

They didn't have time to argue. Every second was far too precious. While he'd prefer for her to not march toward an unknown potential spacecraft in the middle of the night, he understood how important Ariana was to her. It wouldn't be right to leave her all alone in the house either. In a weird way, it made sense for them to all be together, regardless of the danger.

"I know," he nodded. "Grab the bat and two flashlights."

She hurried to collect what they needed while he hustled back downstairs. Moments later, they locked the front door behind them and exchanged one last glance of consent. One shotgun, eleven shells, one baseball bat, and two flashlights acted as a rather pitiful defense against the paranormal, but it was all they had.

Three red lights continued to float over Ariana's house, and just how close their friend was to her destination remained a mystery.

They gave each other one final nod before starting their trek toward the fields.

Chapter 26 -- Home: Part 2

"Why would she ignore us like that? She just ran off, Steve! And in the middle of the night!"

He'd never seen Megan so upset. He also knew that he was currently second on his girlfriend's list of priorities thanks to a trio of red lights hovering in the distance. What in the world was Ariana thinking running off toward that thing? And she didn't even have a weapon with her! What was her game plan if she somehow boarded that ship? To fight those creatures with only her hands? Her reckless decision had put all of their safety at risk!

Megan continued to imagine worst-case scenarios as they hurried across the cornfield. "What if something happens to her? Or what if we can't find her at all? We're supposed to protect her!"

He felt an undeniable responsibility for Ariana as well--especially after their evening together. They didn't have any control over her decision to run off, though. The one thing they could do was rescue this negligent girl from her juvenile behavior. He remembered what it was like to be eighteen. You feel invincible at that age. Nothing appears too risky or daunting in the eyes of a high school senior, but another quick glance at the craft floating motionless over Ariana's former home made him feel anything other than confident. What if it really was a UFO? They were running toward what might be a spaceship from another planet or galaxy with a single-shot shotgun. They had to be crazy!

"There's a hose around here somewhere. Make sure you don't trip over it," he said as they continued to run.

Megan felt like the worst friend ever. She couldn't even get Ariana to stop and listen to her for five seconds. Ariana simply blew off her request to come inside the house with her, but they could move past all of their prior misunderstandings with one simple conversation, and the only way to eventually have that discussion involved finding Ariana safe and sound. They needed to save her!

The two of them hopped over the lengthy black hose as they picked up their pace. Three red lights burned in the night sky like pools of blood, a sense of dread accompanying the ship from a different world. It hovered in the air--silent and completely still.

The cornfield resembled a mine-ridden Omaha Beach. Steve and Megan blindly dashed out of a Higgins Boat, counting the seconds until certain death tapped them on the shoulder. Sand covered in scattered limbs and thick blood hindered their progress. They were on a suicide mission except there wasn't an Atlantic Wall to break through, no MG-42 machine gun fire, or any Czech hedgehogs to use as cover. What remained of the German military in June 1944 couldn't compare to the possibility of what might be in that ship. They willingly approached beings who may have been invading their dreams. They ran full-bore into something that easily outmatched them in every conceivable way. Steve and Megan were headed into a deathtrap.

They finally emerged from the cornstalks and paused on the stone driveway of Ariana's former home. The underside of the triangular black craft above them finally became visible--although only faintly-- thanks to a little help from the bright red lights occupying the corners. This couldn't have been a secret government aircraft. How could it be? Where was the hum of an engine if it was? This was far beyond the capability of anything on this planet, and it was taken straight from a script to a Hollywood summer blockbuster.

The front door to the house was wide open, and the windows were pitch black despite the red light glowing from the craft above. These creatures played games with them again. They were mice and this was the big piece of cheese left out in the open for them, except they didn't slyly try to take a nibble before the trap slammed shut. Instead, they ran directly into it.

Both their flashlights suddenly went dark. Unsuccessful attempts to reclaim their only source of light should've been expected. They weren't the ones who called the shots here.

"It's them. The thing I saw in my dream is on that ship. It's taunting us again. It's trying to tear us apart," Megan declared.

"If you see anything other than Ariana, and I mean anything, you hit it as hard as you can. Got it?" Steve said.

Her grip on the metal bat in her hand tightened as she glanced at his gun. "And don't hesitate to use that."

Fear surrounded the couple as they turned back to the dark house. Ariana was somewhere inside, but secretly, neither of them wanted to find her. The haunting craft hanging overhead terrified them. Fighting back in dreams and chasing flying saucers wasn't how one evaded attention. One of these times, they would get caught with their hands in the cookie jar.

"You ready?"

Megan knew what they had to do. "Let's go find her."

The two started toward the open front door.

* * * * *

Ariana stared at her house--the front door wide open and every window bright with inviting white light. The ship high above called her name. It'd set a path for her to follow, but the Greys aboard didn't have any idea what a mistake they'd made by pushing her. She wasn't a little girl who would continue to sit there and take it. She was a fighter, and these repulsive things were about to find out that they'd messed with the wrong woman.

Standing under the culprit of her torment gave her a premature sense of closure. The answers were so close. Everything was right here. The solution to ending not only her own terrors, but the nightmares of her friends, were somewhere in her house, and she was determined to find it.

She made the familiar journey up the three steps that led to the porch. She'd done this before. Her current mission reminded her of returning home from long nights spent hanging out with her girlfriends, and the only real difference was how seemingly every light in the house was on. And, oh yeah, there just so happened to be a UFO silently positioned above the very door she was about to enter.

Lamps, wall lights, and even the chandelier in the entranceway: every source of light beamed brightly. It was the polar opposite of the dark, creepy atmosphere she'd always imagined finally confronting her fiercest enemy in. It was time to do this. It was about time to end the hell responsible for destroying the past five years of her life. Ariana strutted into the family room with a purpose.

"Hey, honey."

Her mouth turned into a barren wasteland of dryness. Her heart pounded deep in her chest. A level of unprecedented anxiety crippled her ability to react. The only thing she could do was stand in place--dazed and confused from what she saw. There were so many possibilities of who or what could've been inside her house, but she never would've imagined seeing this.

A strange creature from a science-fiction movie didn't sit on her sofa. It wasn't an apparition or a stranger either. It was six-feet-tall and forty pounds overweight. It was thinning brown hair and a thick mustache. It was a raspy voice with dirty blue jeans and a yellowing white t-shirt. It was holding the sports section from their local newspaper just like any other evening.

Ariana stared at her father.

"What happened to all my beer?" he asked.

"Oh my God, Dad, where did you go!?"

His brow furrowed in response to her question as he set his paper down on the sofa cushion. "Where did I go? I've been here the entire time."

"No, you disappeared! Monday! You disappeared on Monday!"

"What did I tell you about doing drugs?" he asked her in a tone familiar to a father addressing his daughter sternly. "Huh? I've always told you to stay away from marijuana. This is why, pumpkin."

Stay away from drugs? She wasn't on drugs! A couple of beers couldn't cause her to hallucinate and visualize her father either! Dad was back, but he acted like he hadn't been gone for the last five days!

"Take a seat, honey."

She promptly sat down in the recliner across from the sofa that Dad occupied. She had so many questions for him. Where did he go, how did he get back, and had the rest of the male population returned with him? But something came out of his mouth that caused her to lose her train of thought. It was two simple words she wasn't aware were in his vocabulary.

"I'm sorry."

"You're sorry?" she asked. "Sorry for what?"

"For the way I've treated you over the years," he clarified. "It hasn't been right. I've used you as a punching bag to vent my frustrations. I always expect you to make dinner but I never say thanks. I scream and throw things if you don't clean the house and pick up after yourself. I've put so much pressure on you to replace your mother and it isn't right."

Ariana didn't remember her mom, but she didn't exactly blame her for bailing on them just after her first birthday. Dad could be a nightmare to live with at times. The alcohol abuse and constant verbal tirades made her think about running off a time or two as well. Life must've been hell for Mom, and by the time she was just eight-years-old, Dad made it clear that it was her job to replace the lack of a wife in the household.

Dad wasn't as successful as he desired and he possessed anger over the fact that he didn't have the wife he'd deemed himself entitled to. So, he decided the best way to handle his aggravation was to drink his problems away. Unfortunately, her already somewhat cold and distant father turned into a nightmare once the empty beer cans began to pile up. Perhaps that was why she was so quick to embrace calling Steve Daddy? She yearned for a dad who loved and appreciated her. She craved a father figure who would put her safety and well-being above getting hammered seven nights a week. As a person, Steve was everything she wanted her real dad to be.

"I've done some very inappropriate things over the years. Things I'm ashamed and embarrassed about. I know that my words will never be able to erase the damage I've done, but I want you to know how truly sorry I am, honey. You're so special to me."

All of her questions and confusion disappeared. Ariana no longer remembered or even cared why she returned home in the first place. This was the love she'd searched for her entire life. Not only was Dad sorry, but he really did care about her! She was special to him!

"I know what you've been up to."

Her eyes peered as she stared across the room. "What?"

"I know what you've been up to," Dad repeated, the warm tone to his voice dissipating. He turned cold again. "You know, I bust my ass to send you to that private school, and this is how you act?"

"Dad--"

"Knowing that you messed around with your boyfriend last year was bad enough, but now I have to deal with this shit?" he interrupted. "Acting like a slut for two people you barely even know? I raised you better than that."

How could he just change like this? Where did that brief moment of kindness run off to? Ariana saw the gentle side that her father was capable of and would do anything for its return, but her biggest question involved how he knew all about the previous five days of her life.

"Sometimes, I see so much of your mother in you. Trust me, pumpkin, that isn't a good thing."

Ariana's stomach dropped. Her real father had returned

"Just a spoiled, entitled little princess," he spoke his mind. "Is it too much to ask to come home to a warm meal? And you should be cleaning the goddamn house. I work fifty fuckin' hours a week and I still have to deal with your bullshit."

"Dad, stop it."

"What, I'm not good enough for you?" Dad said, his eyes wandering the length of her petite body hidden by her pink pajamas. "You'll do anything for those two fuckheads next door, though, won't you? I guess feeding you and putting a roof over your head for eighteen years isn't good enough. How about all the money I've spent on clothes and makeup for you? I should be getting all of my needs taken care of."

Her stomach churned. She needed the version of her father who loved her. How could she get him back? "Dad, please tell me what happened to you on Monday."

He completely disregarded her question. "I had no idea my daughter was such a slut. Choking on dick and letting some guy screw you without a condom? Some little Catholic princess I have. I tell you what, honey. Daddy has a big fuckin' dick for you to play with right here."

"Dad, please--"

"Things are going to be different from now on," he cut her off. "Dinner better be on the table when I get home or you're getting the belt, the house better be spotless, and you better be on those pretty little knees for me at the end of the night. I'm gonna start treating you like the whore you really are. Just like I did with your cunt mother."

"I-I-I--"

Her hesitation resulted in her being steamrolled by her father once again. "I always wanted a son. I've never told you that, have I? Who the fuck wants a daughter? Certainly no guy I know of. It's just constant problems and bullshit with you fuckin' broads. How many times are you going to tell me what time your cheerleading events are before you realize I'm never coming? And do you really think I want anything to do with your races? I want to watch football or basketball, not some little ditz running around a track."

She did her best to stay strong as her tear ducts began to moisten. Her father's words confirmed every single one of her worries and insecurities. She came running back home to find out that Dad hated her. She was such an idiot! Why did she ever bother to tell him about her schedule? How many times did it take for him to no-show before her stupid brain picked up on the fact that he didn't care about her? Mom left, Dad saw her as a disappointment, and Mrs. Thompson had been gone for a long time. No one in her life cared about her. How dumb was she to think that Steve and Megan loved at all either? She'd only known them for a few days! Dad didn't even care about her and she was his own daughter!

The lights in the room flickered before everything went dark. Suddenly, she was sitting on the sofa. The television powered on, displaying only static as her legs and arms refused to move. A chill ran the length of her back as a sense of déjà vu swarmed her soul. This was too familiar.

Ariana turned her head to her father, except Dad no longer sat in his spot on the couch. Her exact fear had been realized. Maybe Steve was right and The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse never came to visit them? What if the apocalypse had already occurred, and they were actually in purgatory? This was an awfully strange way for her sins to be forgiven and her soul to be cleansed if that was indeed the case, though.

Because Ariana stared into the soulless eyes of a Grey.

The enraging smirk, hideous frail body, and overwhelming sense of power were all back. She'd been lying to herself for over five years. There wouldn't be a magical moment where she rose above this horror. Life wasn't a Hollywood script with a happy ending. She was at the mercy of these evil things until they decided they were done with her.

The nights when Dad's curious fingers reached for her legs were petrifying enough, but knowing that this thing would rest its hand on her always sent her anxiety through the roof. That sickly-looking finger was coming for her thigh. A simple touch would result in her waking in the same white room as always. It was time to accept the reality of her situation. She was helpless.

Everything was a game with the sole intention of further eroding her mind and well-being. The sight of a UFO over her house was done to bring her back home, and the illusion of her father on the sofa was a tactic to lower her guard. She abandoned the only two people in her life in favor of a wild goose chase. She ran away from her real home for the chance to receive an answer, but she wouldn't know the first thing to do even if she learned the truth.

She was just a scared little girl in a mean world. A strong woman would stand up to Dad's behavior. A real woman would stick by the only two people who'd shown her true love in the past five years. She'd returned home to find answers, but she was home to begin with. Steve and Megan were her family now.

The Grey's long, dangly finger touched her thigh, turning everything white.

* * * * *

The lights inside the house were equally as useless as Steve and Megan's flashlights. Nothing worked. Even the lack of red glow from the UFO above them was strange. Shouldn't light have leaked out from the windows? Or how about from the stars? Nothing could explain how or why total darkness engulfed them.

"Why's it so dark?" Megan asked.

Her question came from his rear, but the only definitive way he knew the direction of her words was from the handful of his t-shirt that she clutched onto. The overwhelming blackness created a strong sense of disorientation. He was somewhat familiar with the layout of Ariana's house, but he couldn't remember where anything was. He couldn't even guess where the stairs were.

He spun slowly in an attempt to find the open front door they'd entered, but as expected, everything was too dark. Was it really so inconceivable for them to actually not be in Ariana's house? Perhaps they were someplace else instead? This felt like a test. Like another attempt to destroy their trust in one another, but he refused to allow that to happen again.

"Stay with me," he told Megan with the shotgun pointed ahead of him. "We're not alone."

Her left hand gripped the metal baseball bat tightly while her right hand clenched the bunching of Steve's t-shirt that she held onto. She felt the presence of something cold and unsettling. If Ariana was here, then they needed to find her and get her out. Nothing good would come from hanging out in this place.

Where were the walls? How could they still be wandering without running into a barrier? An icy burst suddenly caused both of them to pause before eventually resuming their journey without needing to speak to each other. It was as if neither of them wanted to acknowledge what they'd just felt.

The sensation of something being here with them amplified tenfold.

His hand found the unmistakable feel of a familiar piece of wood. It was the same material his fingers had clutched the first time he stepped foot in this house. The wooden handrail signified the stairs, and he was already making his way to the one room that he knew they had to visit. Everything would make sense after they entered Ariana's bedroom.

The upstairs hallway wall glowed faintly as the pair continued their cautious journey up the steps, but neither were sure of how they should feel about the source of light that grew brighter with every single step up the stairs. What if they were being called up these steps for all the wrong reasons? What if they walked directly into a trap?

The soles of their shoes touched down on the hallway floor. The light shined only from Ariana's bedroom, while the rest of the upstairs was completely black. This one source of vividly bright white light originated in the former bedroom of a girl who'd been tormented by dreams of abduction for years. Or perhaps they weren't dreams? Not only was there a chance that everything Ariana had experienced was indeed real, but that they headed right into the terror themselves.

Megan pulled back on his shirt. She wanted to try something first.

"Ariana!" she called out.

Silence.

"Ariana!" she tried again. "Ariana, are you in there!?"

Steve didn't bother. It was for the same reason he didn't waste his energy yelling out for their friend after they'd stepped foot in the house. Even if she was here, it wouldn't be that easy. The object undoubtedly still hovering over them would make sure of it. It was time to journey into the light of Ariana's room and confront exactly what it was that had led them here.

A single step into the bedroom resulted in everything going dark again.

Ariana's TV turned on, and the loving hand gripping his t-shirt vanished. Steve's mouth was sealed and his body was stuck in place. Physically, his girlfriend wasn't behind him any longer, but he could still feel her somehow. Something caused him not to worry about her whereabouts, however. Something prevented him from looking anywhere other than at the television.

Static turned to the recognizable view of the cornfields. The daytime view was located just to the edge of the final stalks of corn--near the stream. Was he looking at a recorded feed? It wasn't a picture. The stalks swaying in the breeze told him so.

Click.

The sky was so blue. The television displayed a view pointed skyward as a fluffy mess of white clouds slowly rolled into the scene--a faint dewiness soaking through his shirt and wetting his back. A manly hand reached out as the camera panned down, revealing two legs stretched out along the ground. That hand looked familiar. A scar running the length of the index finger caused him to glance down and observe the same blemish on his own skin. It was an injury he'd suffered during a football game in high school, and he checked his right hand one more time to verify the impossible.

He had an identical blemish to the unknown man on TV.

The man in the video coughed, causing Steve to feel a tickle in the back of his throat. A more rough, raspy hack resulted in a scratching sensation deep in his esophagus. But then the reveal of something resulted in what he looked at to make sense. It immediately caused him to realize that he didn't see this through the eyes of someone else.

The back of a bouncing ponytail on a petite girl slipped into the cornstalks, shotgun in hand.

A horrific ache burst through his stomach. It felt like a hot poker stabbed his midsection, burning and driving deeper with every passing second. He experienced all of this through his own body. It was his eyes that soaked in his surroundings, his abdomen finding itself exposed to this awful pain, and it was his friend who'd left him in his most excruciating moment of suffering.

He touched his stomach with his left hand while still in Ariana's room--his right hand remaining on the shotgun--and the midsection of his t-shirt abruptly felt moist. An unspeakable agony ripped through his abdomen as he dropped to a knee. The sight of his fingertips covered in a dark redness caused him to gasp, while his worsening agony caused him to realize what happened. Steve didn't just see everything on TV.

He felt it.

Ariana had shot him in the stomach, and now he experienced what it was like to die.

* * * * *

Megan's open right hand remained outstretched, except there wasn't anything to hold onto. Steve had disappeared from her grasp. She was all alone in her friend's completely dark bedroom, and her level of panic reached unprecedented levels. She didn't want anything to do with this. She was too scared!

But then a light caused her eyes to dart toward the wall. The TV powered on and static quickly transformed into a view of her bedroom back at Uncle Dave's house. It was the very room she shared with Steve, and the exact place where she'd officially made Ariana part of their family less than an hour ago.

The scene panned to the right, focusing on the mattress that was out of position, to reveal a pair of handcuffs locked around one of the steel bars of the box spring. The bright orange nail polish of the trapped hand caused her to look down at her own. The feeling of something tightening around her wrist as she watched the hand on the screen attempt to pull away made her queasy.

That was her hand, and she was the one trapped.

It didn't take long for her to realize why she didn't attempt to break free--at least in the video of herself that she watched. Where could she go with a steel box spring attached to her wrist? What she really needed to find was the key to these handcuffs. This wasn't some kinky night of sex gone wrong. A feeling of panic radiated from the television and seeped into the air all around her. Someone had chained her here against her will.

The view on the TV shot to the door. Those were her eyes. She watched all of this unfold from her spot sitting on the floor, locked to the box spring hellbent on keeping her in place. Her perspective on the television looked at the open bedroom entrance for one and one reason only: the sound of footsteps.

Had they lowered their guard and allowed someone to break into their home? Or maybe they'd made friends with a neighbor, only to discover that she wasn't who they thought she was? Or perhaps this was another man who'd survived Monday's event? What if this stranger had jumped Steve, locked Ariana somewhere else, and was now coming back for her?

The unfamiliar feel of steel grinding into the sides of her wrist as she watched this scene unfold on TV told her that she was attempting to break loose again. Full-blown dismay set in as she realized how helpless she truly was. Was she witnessing the end of her life? Was she about to watch herself be tortured or raped?

Those footsteps joined her in the bedroom as a brief moment of jubilation quickly transformed into her worst nightmare. Nothing about this was right. What she looked at should've caused her relief and a sense of freedom. Instead, it brought her misery.

Fear didn't come in the form of a big and scary man. Nor had an unknown woman broken into their house. Rather, she looked at a girl she was very familiar with. It was someone who'd become an extremely important part of her life. It was a certain someone who she trusted almost as much as her amazing boyfriend.

Megan stared at Ariana.

Dirt and mud covered Ariana's little black shorts and yellow t-shirt. Nothing was cute about her big brown eyes or the light freckles on her nose and cheeks. An unfamiliar grin of deceit covered the young girl's face, a distant memory for what she'd grown accustomed to. But even more puzzling was the shotgun dangling from her right hand.

"I've been a bad girl," Ariana said with a smile.

"Unlock me, Ariana!"

Megan's eyes remained glued on the television. Her lips parted as her character on the screen spoke-- similar to the way she felt the steel on her wrists while the version of herself on the TV had attempted to pull away while handcuffed. What was real and what was fictional? It was all so confusing. While part of her felt like she was the one on TV, the sensible part of her knew that she watched something unfold that didn't involve her. She wasn't really in the bedroom. Being chained to the box spring while Ariana stood in front of her with a gun didn't happen! So, what in the world did she watch?

The petite brunette felt like anything other than a friend at this very moment. Megan was angry with her, not only from her position chained to the bed back at home, but from her current spot in Ariana's bedroom. Something had happened. She was mad at her. Megan hadn't asked for help or an explanation as to why she was in handcuffs, but instead demanded to be unlocked. It was as if Ariana was the reason she was in this position.

Ariana giggled, "I tossed the keys in the stream," before taking a seat on the end of the mattress, out of Megan's reach. "You're not going anywhere. We both know it's the right thing to do. It's for the best."

"No, it's not!" Megan desperately pleaded. "Please, it's not too late to change this! Nothing happened that we can't fix!"

Ariana's snicker returned. "I'm not so sure about that..."

"What did you do!?"

"I told you that I've been a bad girl," Ariana giggled, wickedness swarming her voice. "I had to do what was right."

Megan's face twitched as she watched this play out on TV. The memory of what happened this morning caused her to rethink everything. Steve and Ariana claimed to have been knocked back in time as a result of an earthquake, so what if this wasn't a fictional scenario, but instead a scene from the future? What if the craft hovering above them caused rifts in time? What if she was being shown a moment months or years from now? Or what if it was mere hours or days from this very second?

"Listening to Steve plead for his life was pretty pathetic," Ariana announced, loading a shell into the shotgun. "You know, I always looked at him as a perfect guy. As the man who would protect and provide for us. I mean, he's Daddy, but hearing him attempt to negotiate for your safety really made me lose respect for him. He was willing to die in exchange for your life. Doesn't he realize that he's a special man, and you're just a run-of-the-mill girl? How stupid was he to think that I wouldn't kill him anyway?"

Megan's stomach dropped as she heard herself scream and wail from the television. Tears ran down her face uncontrollably while she continued to watch something that she wasn't even sure was real.

She didn't have any control over her own emotions. Her feelings were directly tied to how she reacted on the screen.

"And then he told me something that caught me by surprise. Like, how didn't I know about this? We're best friends, aren't we?" she chuckled sarcastically. "Congrats, Megan! I had no idea you were expecting!"

Megan struggled to see through the tears flooding her eyes. "You killed him, you fuckin' bitch! You killed him!!!"

"I put one right into that sexy stomach of his," she revealed coldly. "I'll be honest, I'm gonna miss him, but I had to do it. We both know he isn't allowed."

Megan listened to her sobs grow weaker and more defeated as something rested against the right side of her head. Back in reality, she felt for an object with her hand, but the only thing her fingers touched was hair. The view on the television revealed something far different as it moved slightly to the right, however.

Ariana was pressing the shotgun against her head.

"And we can't take any risks with you either. We don't have any idea what's inside you. So, it's better to be safe than sorry," said Ariana.

Megan's sniffles and whimpers were the telltale signs of a defeated woman. There was no getting out of her predicament. The one person she'd always counted on bled out somewhere at the moment. Steve wouldn't save her, and this little bitch who they'd invited into their home was about to end both of their lives.

She was full of anger for Steve inviting this demon to live with them, her heart was filled with sadness and regret for losing the most special man she'd ever met, and she felt like a failure for how everything would end. She had one job in this new world. It was a single duty that shouldn't have been difficult to execute. She was to carry on the lineage of the incredible guy who was special enough to have been excluded from the same fate as the rest of the male population, but like everything else in her life, she'd failed.

And Megan felt every single one of her emotions from her spot in Ariana's bedroom.

Boom!

No pain, no agony, no nothing. Her life ended with a smooth pull of Ariana's finger. The light in the bedroom vanished as her mind shut off for the final time, and the fetus inside her lost its support system. Twenty-five years of life was taken in a split second.

It was over.

* * * * *

Steve awoke in the middle of the completely silent cornfields. He stood still, staring at Ariana's house which now lacked a certain paranormal presence hovering over it. The shotgun still attached to his hand provided some reassurance, and the once again working flashlight in his pocket made him feel much safer, but his inability to locate Megan immediately raised his anxiety. What in the world had just happened? They'd attempted to chase down Ariana who'd ran off after an alleged UFO, ended up in her bedroom, and were separated so he could be shown a video of their teenage

friend walking away from his death. Was that how the past few minutes had actually played out? And what was with the footage on the television? Ariana would never hurt him. And how could he feel pain through a TV screen?

"Megan!" he shouted, no longer caring if anyone other than Megan or Ariana heard him. He just wanted to find his girlfriend. "Megan, where are you!?"

He was directly between Ariana's old house and the place they now called home. What was the right move? Should he go back to Ariana's house? Or maybe he should hurry home and see if either of the girls had made it back before him? And was there a possibility that Ariana had somehow gotten onto that ship?

"Steve?"

A faint feminine voice calling from the direction of their house caused him to immediately turn and search. "I'm here!" he called out. "Talk to me!"

"Steve..." the voice labored to speak up. "I'm...I'm...I'm here."

He dashed toward the beautiful sound of Megan's voice calling his name. He couldn't mistake her loving tone for anything else. He needed her. He had to find her and make sure she was alright. He didn't know where she'd gone, what had happened to her, or how she'd ended up in the middle of a cornfield just like him, but he would look past all of his questions to discover that she was safe and sound.

He almost stumbled over Megan--who was sprawled along the soil on her back--visibly dazed and confused by her surroundings. He picked her up off the ground and wrapped his arms around her. His world instantly gained a semblance of sanity, while the sensation of his lips touching hers caused him to forget all about the fear and confusion of what he'd witnessed in Ariana's bedroom. He felt at peace.

Megan didn't have any idea how she ended up in cornfields with the metal baseball bat by her side. She also couldn't recall ever leaving Ariana's bedroom. The last thing she remembered was her friend pressing a gun to her head and pulling the trigger--after admitting to shooting Steve in the stomach.

"Are you okay?"

She nodded.

"Do you know where Ariana is?" he asked.

She finally started to find her bearings, and that also meant she wasn't exactly in any hurry to locate Ariana. Something didn't sit right with her about their post-sex experience. Why would Ariana run off and put all of them in danger? It was a selfish decision that went against the exact purpose of their agreement to act as a united group, but the most unsettling moment of the night didn't even directly involve the young girl. What she saw on the TV seemed real. And it felt real. What if they'd been wrong about Ariana this entire time? What if she was the cause of their problems?

"Megan, do you know where she is?"

She shook her head, escaping his hold to kneel down and collect her bat and flashlight. Her trust in Ariana had been shaken. Their friendship was being tested. She wasn't entirely sure where they

stood at the moment, to be honest. A best friend should be someone you can count on, but running off and jeopardizing everyone's safety didn't exemplify anything about trust. But she still couldn't get over what she'd seen on Ariana's television.

Steve took Megan by the hand and led her back to their house. His gut instinct told him to go home. He couldn't explain why, but it did. They would find Ariana, she would be fine, and things would eventually return to normal in the morning. They'd formed an unbreakable bond, remember? A weird set of lights and a bizarre experience inside Ariana's long-time bedroom couldn't destroy what they had.

"What happened?" Megan asked as she continued to allow him to lead her back home. "How did we end up out here?"

"I have no idea. Where did you go after we stepped inside Ariana's bedroom?"

"Where did I go?" she questioned. "Where did you go? You just disappeared!"

They hopped over the hose as the outline of their house grew clearer in the darkness. He attempted to figure out what had taken place over the past twenty minutes himself, but as of this very moment, his first priority had been accomplished as a result of reuniting with Megan. Priority number two involved finding Ariana, and he had a feeling that he wouldn't have to wait much longer to do exactly that.

Steve emerged first from the cornfields to one of the greatest visuals he'd ever seen. He knew it! Sitting in the same lawn chair from earlier, absolutely still, was Ariana.

He ran over to the brunette with Megan right behind him. "Ariana!"

No response.

He lightly shook the motionless girl's shoulder. "Ariana!"

"Is she sleeping?" Megan asked, confused.

He found a pulse after checking for one. She was alive but not sleeping. At least it didn't seem like she slept to him. He was fairly certain that Ariana had passed out. Who knows what she'd gone through after entering her house? Or what if she'd never even made it inside, but ended up on that ship instead?

Steve scooped her out of the chair and turned to his girlfriend. "The house keys are in my right pocket."

Megan reached into his pocket and collected the keys, opening the front door and quickly locking it behind them. She stopped to get a glass of water for Ariana, but mostly to collect herself as she watched Steve carry her friend upstairs. Why was she so hesitant to accept Ariana again? Was she a bad person for being upset with her? Someone could've died as a result of her recklessness! And if what she saw on the television was based on any sort of reality, then someone could still die at her deceitful hands.

Megan walked upstairs and down the hallway to her bedroom, where she witnessed Steve tucking Ariana in under the covers. "Why is she in our bed?"

"We should all be together," he said, waving Megan over with his hand as he took a seat on the bed. "She'll be scared when she wakes up. I don't want her to be alone."

Megan couldn't sugarcoat her worries any longer. She still felt rattled. "I don't want her in here."

"What?"

"I don't want her in here," Megan repeated, her tone sounding of brutal honesty. "I don't trust her."

"You don't trust her? What are you talking about?"

Megan eyed an unconscious Ariana skeptically from a distance, a glass of water still in hand. "What if she isn't being honest with us?"

He couldn't believe they were having this conversation. "What in the world are you talking about? Not being honest with us? About what?"

"I saw something in Ariana's bedroom," she admitted. "Something that felt way too real to pass off as some kind of trick or illusion."

He took a quick peek down at Ariana to make sure she wasn't awake. "What did you see?"

"The TV turned on right after you vanished from the room. I didn't know what I was looking at at first, but it didn't take long for everything to make sense. The girl on the TV was handcuffed to the box spring, and when she tried to pull her hand away, I felt the steel on my wrist from my spot in Ariana's bedroom. I watched everything unfold through my own eyes. Steve, I was in our bedroom where this was playing out! It was me on that television screen!"

His jaw dropped.

"And I had so much anger and disgust for Ariana when she came into the room on the TV," she continued. "It was like I knew she was the reason I was chained to the bed. She admitted to shooting you! And she was giddy about it!"

His mouth couldn't possibly be more void of moisture.

"And she shot me too! After telling me that I was pregnant with your child!"

Steve was at a loss for words. Her story perfectly reflected his bizarre vision of watching Ariana walk away from him while he bled out on the ground. This was another attempt to divide them. He was positive.

"What you saw wasn't real," he told her. "Megan, you know this. Remember what you said this morning? About something trying to separate us? This is what's happening."

She wasn't so sure about that anymore. "What happened to you after we went into Ariana's room?"

Steve looked off to the side.

"Tell me!" she demanded. "And be honest!"

Every part of him screamed to lie. It would be one of those good lies where it protected the people he loved. Nothing good would come from the truth, but he'd made a promise to be completely honest. He couldn't look his girlfriend in the eye and go back on his word. Yes, it would cause problems, but he didn't have any other choice.

He let out a deep exhale and said, "The TV turned on and you were gone. It was the same thing in my case. The scene played out through the eyes of someone lying on their back outside, but I felt

the things you described too. When the guy on the screen coughed, I felt it in my throat. When he raised his hand, he had the same scar on his finger as I have."

A few drops of water slipped over the edge of the glass and fell to the floor below as a result of Megan's shaky hand. "Oh my God, you saw yourself too!"

He nodded, still unsure if it was smart to reveal any of this.

"And then what?" she encouraged him to continue.

"I uh...I um...saw...saw," he hesitated, collecting himself before finally admitting to what he'd seen. "I saw...Ariana."

The wobbly glass froze in her hand. "You saw Ariana?"

"She was walking away from me...with a...um..."

Megan hung on his every word.

He closed his eyes and told himself to say it. The sooner, the better. "With the shotgun in her hand."

Megan gasped.

"And then this horrific pain spread through my abdomen," he said, glancing down at the innocent angel who couldn't appear more peaceful under the blankets. "I touched my shirt and there was blood on it. In Ariana's room! I had blood on my fingers!"

"She shot you."

His eyes dashed over to Megan. "Yeah, in this insane vision, or dream, or whatever the hell it was."

"She shot you and then shot me," Megan growled, the glass in her hand beginning to shake once again. "She killed us."

"Megan, we--"

Megan began to experience the same rage from when she'd watched the terror unfold on Ariana's television. "I don't want her in here. We can't trust her."

Her drastic attitude change shocked him. "Hold on a minute, okay? Just slow down. Megan, Ariana is our friend."

"We barely know her," Megan said, her eyes glued on the little brunette sleeping in her bed. "This might be a trap. She could be one of those things."

"One of what things?"

She boldly announced, "A Grey."

Steve would best describe his mood as dumbfounded. What was going on with his girlfriend? She held these weird visions against Ariana for some reason. Ariana hadn't shown anything over the past five days to even hint at her being disingenuous, while the possibility of her not being human was laughable.

"This is going against everything you said today," he reminded her. "You told us that we need to rise above these strange occurrences, remember? You were the one who brought Ariana into our bedroom again. I don't understand how you can say these things now."

"I wish I hadn't."

"What?"

"I wish I'd never brought her into our bedroom," said a disgusted Megan. "It was a mistake."

"No, we--"

"And I wish you'd never brought her over here," she said, glaring at Ariana. "Everything was fine until she showed up."

He thought this version of Megan was long gone. The jealous and insecure side of her was something that he wouldn't complain about never seeing again. Not only was Ariana their friend, but so was so much more than that now, but his girlfriend treated her like a criminal. Ariana would need their full support shortly. No one is strong enough to handle all of this insanity single-handedly--especially not a young woman still growing into her own--so they needed to step up and do their part. It didn't appear that Megan was on board with that, however.

"Ariana isn't the problem. We both know that. It's something else."

"No, we don't know that," she argued. "She might be the problem, but let's say she isn't. We know that she's been having these dreams or whatever they are for over five years. These problems are following her around, and she brought them into our house! And now what if they're attached to us?"

He took another glance down at the girl next to him who was completely unaware of the discussion at hand. Nothing about this was fair. Even if what Megan said was true--and he didn't believe it was--it wasn't anything that the eighteen-year-old girl could control. She was just as vulnerable as everyone else to whatever was happening.

Megan went on, "Haven't you ever seen any of those movies where a family unknowingly moves into a haunted house? What always happens? Not only are they tormented by ghosts, but the spirits latch onto them wherever they go. Their lives are permanently destroyed."

"That isn't what's happening."

"We don't know that!" she protested passionately. "It might be exactly what's happening!"

Their roles had completely flipped. The person he looked to for good judgment and reason now talked about how a high school girl had brought something paranormal into their house. He refused to be swayed on the topic, though. He'd experienced a change of heart quite a few times this week, but the idea of Ariana being an enemy was absolutely ludicrous. She was part of their family now whether Megan accepted it or not.

He locked eyes with his girlfriend--who'd yet to come any closer than the room's entrance. "Ariana isn't the problem. You have to get that out of your head. She needs you to be here for her once she wakes up."

Megan didn't plan to do anything of the sort. "I don't think so."

"What's going on with you?"

She stared down at the hardwood floor, silent.

"Megan!" he raised his voice. "Look at me!"

The blonde refused to raise her eyes. She trusted her instincts on this one, and something told her that Ariana wasn't what she claimed to be. Everything seemed to work out a tad too perfectly over the past few days. How probable was it that some teenage girl had actually been close friends with her aunt? And she just so happened to be all alone next door when Steve went over to check out the house? And what were the odds of her being the cutest girl alive?

Now that Megan really thought about it, Ariana was almost too perfect. They shared too much in common with each other, she'd accepted her as a friend almost immediately--which was something she almost never did with strangers--and she'd opened up right away to her. Gossip and girl talk with an eighteen-year-old high schooler who she barely knew? That wasn't like her. What if something else caused her to act this way? Or someone?

Megan looked at him and said, "Keep her in here."

He tried his best to understand what was happening. Two minutes ago, Megan protested Ariana's presence in their bedroom, but now she requested for her to stay right where she was. The surprises never ended.

"You want her to stay in here now?"

Megan approached the bed and placed the glass of water on the nightstand. This certainly wasn't a definitive way to receive an answer to her question, but it might help to ease her worries? Who was she kidding? Nothing could calm her at the moment.

He watched her start toward the door without answering him. "What we saw wasn't real!"

She ignored him again and shut the door behind her. While her boyfriend might be right, he also could be wrong, and it was time to take matters into her own hands. She trekked down the hallway, replaying the experience of Ariana pressing the shotgun against her head over and over in her mind. That girl not only killed both of them, but she took the life of her unborn child. She was just supposed to chalk that up to some illusion?

There was a little detail she'd left out while arguing her point earlier. It was something she still struggled to come to terms with, and it was the one reason why she was so determined to not blow off what they'd seen.

Megan had felt a kick inside her stomach.

She felt it while chained up to the box spring, and she felt it from her spot in Ariana's bedroom. It was too real for a dream. It was too clear and vivid to be a trick. The one thing she'd always wanted was shown to her, and Ariana took it away without remorse. Her desire to be a mother had never been stronger than over the past seventy-two hours. Why exactly? Well, that was easy to understand.

One, she'd found her perfect guy. What she saw over the past hour further confirmed how strongly she felt about the man down the hall. Steve headed straight into the unknown to protect his family. Ariana was special to him, and he'd put his life on the line to help her. There wasn't any question in her mind that he would do the same for her. It was the exact quality that she wanted in the father of her child.

Two, that whole baby fever thing is real--very real. She also understood their situation. Food, water, prenatal care, and a safe place to deliver: nothing was guaranteed. And while Megan couldn't recall

the last time she'd held or even seen a baby, something clicked for her on Monday morning. There was an urge to reproduce unlike anything she'd ever felt. It was her reason for existing now, and she wasn't exactly disappointed to watch her supply of birth control pills dwindle.

Three, up until she ran off toward that strange ship and changed everything, Ariana had a few roles in her life. Sometimes she felt like a best friend, other times she seemed like a girlfriend for Steve, and occasionally, she even resembled a daughter. Watching Steve and Ariana gather at the table to eat a meal she'd prepared was a simple pleasure she had grown to love. The game nights, the goofy movie discussions, and the love they shared for one another resembled that of a real family. It was a joy she wanted more of. The longing for a biological family strengthened by the day, but the past hour caused her to question everything. It made her stop and think if she even knew the girl who she sometimes saw as her own kin.

And Megan understood that she couldn't possibly bring a child into this world if she didn't trust the girl she lived with.

The conversation with whatever was in the family room earlier in the day was still fresh in her mind. Today was all about Ariana. The threats to steal Steve and the decision to jeopardize their family's safety worried her, but the decision to kill her and the man she loved caused her to officially reach her limit. And while the still unconscious brunette never actually said anything to concern her, she still possessed an unshakable sense of dread that meant something to her.

Megan opened Ariana's bedroom door and stepped inside. Every single inch of this place would be inspected. All of her belongings would be sorted through. If she hid something from them, then Megan planned to find it.

Forty Minutes Later.

"Steve?"

Steve's head snapped to his right at the sound of a groggy voice faintly calling his name.

"Steve, where are we?" Ariana labored to ask.

He quickly retrieved the water from the nightstand and brought it to her lips. "You're safe. You're in our bedroom. Drink."

Her small sip quickly turned to half the glass of fluids disappearing down her throat before she pulled back and sent him one of her trademark smiles that always warmed his heart. "What happened?"

"Do you remember anything? Anything at all?"

She leaned forward for more water. Her throat was so parched, but this wasn't the start to one of her paranormal experiences. The lit room and Steve's presence in bed with her was real. The only thing she wasn't able to understand was why she couldn't recall her recent activities.

"Where's Megan?" she asked.

He attempted to hide the deep gulp he'd just taken. The last thing Ariana needed to hear right now was that Megan was unfairly upset with her. Upset? That was a gentle way of putting things. His girlfriend was furious with the teen who couldn't appear more innocent under the covers. A girl so

adorable couldn't be dishonest, right? Or was he blinded by his feelings for her? But he knew that Megan was wrong about this. He was sure of it.

"She's downstairs," he lied, not positive but fairly certain of Megan's whereabouts. The occasional rumble from down the hallway hinted at her pillaging through Ariana's belongings. He planned to keep that from Ariana, though. "You really don't remember anything?"

Ariana's blank expression slowly changed to a smirk. It was no secret what memory she recalled. "I remember being with you and Megan. And then we were all outside together, weren't we?"

He nodded, continuing to search her face for any sign of a crack. "Do you remember what happened after that?"

Her curious look returned. If she lied, then she had him fooled. She was honest, adorable, and owned a big piece of his heart. Unfortunately, he couldn't get Megan to see things the same way.

"We were drinking outside," she said, doing her best to discover how she'd ended up in Steve and Megan's bed. And why did she feel so fatigued? "I...I...I don't know what happened. We were all talking and then...why can't I remember?"

"We saw lights."

Her curious expression grew.

"Over your house," he told her.

"There were lights over my house? Really?"

Should he drop it all on her? Should he reveal exactly how crazy their night had gotten after their time in bed together? Or maybe it would be best to avoid telling her anything until later? Perhaps he should save all of this for when she was fully recovered? But then that decision was suddenly made for him.

"Wait...were they red lights?"

He watched a light bulb go off in Ariana's head after she asked her question. Her fuzzy eyes turned sharp and alert. He witnessed the exact moment when this girl remembered precisely what she'd gone through, and he couldn't wait to hear her side of the story.

"There were three red lights over your house," he confirmed. "And you ran off toward them."

Ariana started to shake.

He scooted over and allowed her to wiggle next to him. Her little body trembled against his frame, their skin separated by the blankets covering Ariana as he ran his hand the length of her ponytail. Prying the truth out of her would be painful, but he had to do it. He needed Megan to know how authentic this unbelievable girl really was.

"You don't have anything to worry about. Remember what I told you the other day? About how I won't let anything bad happen to you?"

She nodded, still quivering.

"I'll never break that promise," he reaffirmed his commitment.

It all came back to her now: the three red lights, running through the cornfields by herself, and who she met after returning home. She ran off on her own for some reason. She abandoned the two most special people in her life. Steve couldn't protect her if she deserted him, and that's exactly what she'd done.

"I saw my dad."

His hand came to a stop, resting on her ponytail. "You saw your dad?"

"He sat on the couch" Ariana admitted, the wounds still fresh in her soul. "He read the newspaper like always, but it wasn't him."

His fingers resumed their soothing journey through her soft hair. "Who was it?"

It may as well have been Dad. The things he said to her were words that would never come out of her father's mouth, but there was little doubt that they were in his head. Why did she ever go back home? This was her house now. Steve and Megan were the parents she never had and the best friends she couldn't get enough of. They were the ones who took her to unparalleled levels of sexual ecstasy. Dad represented the life she needed to leave behind. The answers weren't in her past; they were in her future. They were in each and every brand new day she had with these two incredible people.

"It was nothing," she said as her shaking came to a halt. "There was nothing there because it wasn't real. It was...part of my imagination."

A kiss on the top of her head turned everything safe and warm.

"We all saw some pretty crazy things," he said to her. "But we know there's nothing to worry about, right? Because that stuff isn't real."

She turned her head and looked up at him. "You saw stuff too? Where?"

"In your house."

"You followed me?" she asked, surprised. "Into my house?"

His current puzzlement matched her earlier bewilderment. "Of course, we followed you."

She continued to gaze up into his blue eyes. "Toward those lights?"

"Ariana, you're part of our family. We would never leave you."

She soaked in the touch of his hand in her hair while the side of her head found his chest. This man had every ounce of her loyalty from this moment forward--not like he didn't before--but she would do anything for him now. He'd followed her into the unknown and at her lowest point, all because he cared about her that much. How couldn't she love him? And how amazing was Megan to join him? She would never put Steve or Megan into a vulnerable position again. It was her promise to them.

Steve faced a rather difficult predicament. While he appeared to have calmed Ariana's fears and worries, part of that was due to her thinking that Megan had her back. The truth was that he didn't know where Megan's head was at. The last thing he could afford was to have Megan aggressively storm into the room. He needed his family back. He had to get his girls on the same page again.

"I'm gonna grab you another glass of water."

"No, I'm fine," she told him immediately, burrowing closer against his body.

He gently moved her off of him so he had room to hop out of bed. Her scared look caused him to quickly speak up. "I'll be right back, okay? Just give me two minutes."

"Two minutes and you're back in bed with me, right?" asked Ariana, her brown eyes reflecting her state of mind. "Please?"

"I'll be right back in bed with you."

She nodded reluctantly before reaching her hand out. The two agreed to his guarantee in the most legally binding way possible. With a pinky promise.

"Can you tell Megan that I'm up too?"

He'd almost made it out of the room without having to address Megan making an appearance. Of course, Ariana wanted to see her best friend, but she was oblivious to the fact that Megan was currently rifling through her belongings, searching for any proof that she wasn't who she said she was.

"Sure, I'll let her know," he said with a smile before slipping out of the room and heading down the hallway. His smile soon disappeared after opening Ariana's door to find his girlfriend tearing Ariana's room apart. "Ariana's awake."

Megan dropped the pile of clothes in her hands. "So?"

"So?"

She shot him a glare. "Really? What does she remember? Like, does she recall killing either one of us? Or maybe murdering our unborn child?"

He ran his hand through his hair, frustrated. "Please stop with this."

"Does she, though?"

"You're trashing her room," he commented, taking a look around. "Let me guess. You didn't find anything, did you?"

"I'm not done looking yet."

He would give it one last shot. He was running out of ways to explain his feelings. "You're so much better than this, Megan. You're smart--way smarter than me. You know this isn't right. Listen, we both saw something while we were in Ariana's room, and I know how strongly you feel about your vision, but you can't hold this against her. It isn't fair."

She glanced around at the mess she'd made.

"Put yourself in her shoes for a minute," he said. "She doesn't have anyone other than us. She's all alone, she's scared, and she's been experiencing these horrifying dreams, or nightmares, or abductions, or whatever the hell they are, for years! Maybe what happened tonight was real. Maybe that thing was a UFO. Maybe aliens really are messing with our minds. Megan, it could all be real, but I know that deep down inside, you don't believe Ariana is against us."

She still wouldn't look at him.

"She saw her dad sitting on the sofa when she went home. We were in that house, and there wasn't anyone sitting on the couch. It was pitch black. We're all seeing different things. We're being shown our own personal fears and insecurities. You brought us together tonight in our bedroom. You connected us in ways I never imagined possible, and now your friend needs you to be there for her, just like she would be there for you."

Megan opened her mouth but something captured both of their attention before she could speak.

"AHHHHH! OH MY GOD, STEVE! STEVE!!!!!!!"

Steve dashed out into the hallway and hurried to his bedroom where he was greeted by a rather out of place sight. A pile of blankets were bunched together at the end of the bed, Ariana's pink pajama pants were down around her knees, and a terrified expression covered her cute face. The last thing he'd expected to see tonight was a half-naked eighteen-year-old girl. Her screams had caused him to brace himself for the most outlandish possibility. This, however, wasn't outlandish. It was simply strange.

Megan made her way into the room, but wasn't welcomed by a warm greeting. Ariana appeared to be too busy feeling the middle of her left thigh for some reason--or at least she attempted to with her trembling hands. This is why she'd screamed bloody murder? Because she was touching her leg on the bed? What was going on with this girl?

Ariana's effort to compose herself long enough to speak coherently was short-lived. "Ther-ther-ther-there's..."

Her friends stood at the side of the bed, waiting to find out what was wrong.

"Ther-there's some-something...my...oh my God!"

Steve used his calmest voice. "What's wrong?"

Her jittery fingers jumped all over her thigh. "My leg!"

He looked back down at her thigh as his puzzlement grew. Her leg? Her leg looked just as flawless as it always did. It was strong, toned, and equally as inviting as it'd been mere hours ago.

This time, it was Megan who tried. "What's wrong with your leg?"

Ariana reached out and grabbed Megan by the wrist, positioning her fingers on the part of her thigh that she'd obsessively touched over the past few moments. "Can you feel it?"

Megan locked eyes with the worried teen. "Can I feel what?"

It was happening again. Something messed with her. Why couldn't Megan feel what she did? And why was Steve looking at her like she was crazy? They would never see things the same way!

Steve's hand replaced Megan's as he attempted to uncover the mystery that Ariana referred to. "Um...what am I supposed to be feeling?"

Megan wanted more important answers. "What did you see at your house?"

"It was just here!" a frantic Ariana announced, her eyes shifting between her two friends. "My leg! It was here! Right here!"

Steve allowed Ariana to move his hand along her thigh. Her perfect skin was void of any blemishes whatsoever. He clearly couldn't identify whatever she wanted him to see.

"Ariana, what did you see at your house?" Megan asked in a stronger tone. "Steve mentioned that you saw your father."

"But my leg--"

"Your leg is fine!" Megan cut her off firmly. "I need you to think back to what happened at your house. Do you remember anything involving Steve or myself?"

She took a deep look at Megan's pretty face. Something didn't seem right about her friend. Megan's inviting personality was somewhere else at the moment, because she witnessed a fire in her blue eyes.

"No, I didn't see either of you," said Ariana. "It was just my dad, but it wasn't. It was a trick to--"

"What the fuck?"

The tip of Steve's thumb and index finger pinched Ariana's soft skin on the middle of her thigh, but there was more than just flesh in his grasp. This had to be part of their dream. They'd never snapped out of that crazy fog, had they? Waking up in the middle of the cornfields had to be a continuation of their illusion, because what he felt was by no means possible.

Ariana screamed, "THAT'S IT! OH MY GOD, THAT'S IT!"

Megan leaned in for a closer look. "What in the world is that?"

He would estimate its length at less than half of a standard one-inch coiled steel wire clip. Twelve millimeters, maybe? The width was barely a fraction of that. There was a small but noticeable unknown item somewhere it didn't belong. It was also the cause of Ariana's growing hysteria.

"THAT'S WHERE THAT THING TOUCHED ME! STEVE, IT FUCKIN' TOUCHED ME THERE!!!"

"Try to relax," he said, moving his hand to her squirming shoulder in an effort to calm her. "What touched you there?"

Ariana took a deep breath--or at least she tried to take a deep breath while on the verge of a panic attack. "My dad was on the sofa, but it wasn't actually my dad. It was a Grey, and it touched my thigh right before everything went white. That's the last thing I remember."

His free hand felt her thigh again to make sure he wasn't going crazy. He didn't notice anything at first, but a little prodding with his fingers quickly revealed that strange bump just below her skin. And a quick pinch caused whatever was under her flesh to visibly stand out.

"You've never noticed anything like this before, right?"

Ariana's heart pounded as she turned her attention back to him. "OF COURSE, I HAVEN'T!"

He moved his mystified eyes back to her leg. "I'm just checking. I'm not sure what it is."

"Steve!"

He didn't respond to Ariana's call for him. He was busy observing the bizarre ridge in her thigh while he pinched the edges of the unknown item with his fingers.

"Steve!" Ariana shouted louder.

He snapped to attention.

"That Grey put something inside me," Ariana told him before letting out a long exhale. She was doing her best to not pass out. "You need to get it out."

He looked to his girlfriend for support, but Megan wasn't having it. It also didn't take him long to put the pieces together. This was the absolute worst-case scenario.

Ariana's admission of something physically happening to her was all the confirmation Megan needed for what they'd experienced being real. Something couldn't be inserted into Ariana's leg during a dream or a hallucination, but if it was indeed real, then so was what both she and Steve saw on the TV in Ariana's bedroom. Ariana took both of their lives. She put a gun to her head and aborted her unborn child. The scene she watched unfold on the television was a sign. No, it was a warning, and she refused to look past it any longer.

Suddenly, Megan felt a petite hand on her wrist.

She shifted her focus to Ariana's big brown eyes which were full of fear and anxiety. Her cute face trembled just like the rest of her body--hands included. Every part of her wanted to believe that this girl was genuine. Megan desperately wanted her best friend back, but just as she considered the possibility of everything being a trick, a faint flutter from inside her stomach caused all of her horrific memories to come flooding back.

It was the same kick from earlier. The same kick that took her back to the moment of Ariana pulling the trigger. The same kick that reminded her of Steve's death. The same kick that snatched the life of her baby.

It was the very same kick that had caused her to lose all her trust in Ariana.

Megan pulled her hand away from her and instead shot her a glare. She couldn't give her the benefit of the doubt. Her instincts were far too strong.

A look of determination washed over Ariana's face as she turned to Steve. "You have to get whatever this is out of me."

Steve was about to be in way over his head. He was a history teacher; not a doctor. He didn't even know what he was dealing with. There was obviously something under the skin on Ariana's thigh, but he'd yet to fully process just how bizarre his young friend's claim was. A Grey had put something in her leg? And Megan couldn't appear more disgusted by what took place. Everything about this was a nightmare.

He told her with an undeserved amount of confidence, "We're going to get this thing out of you. Just give me a few minutes to grab some things."

Ariana's hand locked around his wrist.

"I'll be right back," he promised her. "Two minutes, okay? I need to borrow Megan too."

Ariana nodded hesitantly, releasing her hold on Steve as she realized that she was about to be all alone once again. But the most worrying part of the night involved her best friend's increasingly hostile attitude toward her. Why did Megan treat her like a villain? She'd come to the conclusion that her choice to run home qualified as the worst decision of her life. Yes, it was incredibly selfish; and yes, she'd put the entire family's safety at risk, but it was so unlike Megan to be cold with her. It was almost as if she disregarded all of the time they'd spent bonding since her arrival.

He pulled Megan into the hallway after calming Ariana's worries one last time. "We'll be right back," he promised before shutting the door and addressing his girlfriend. "I need you with me."

Megan stared at him, telling him exactly how she felt without needing to say a word.

"Megan, I'm not a doctor. I need you for this," he pleaded. "We have to cut into her leg and pull out whatever's inside of her. And not only do I need you, but Ariana needs you."

What exactly did Ariana need her for? To eventually betray her and kill her unborn child? Whether they were real, fake, or some kind of phantom sensations, those kicks lingered. She felt a connection to them.

He gave it his all to change her mind. "I promise that we'll sit down and discuss whatever's on your mind after we help her out. Ariana needs your help, and that means I need your help. I'm asking you to do this for me."

"Okay, but we need to have a serious talk after. I mean, like really serious. I'm not comfortable living under the same roof as her anymore, and I don't care if you think I'm overreacting or being dramatic. I'm just being honest with you."

"And that's perfectly fine," he told her, beyond thrilled to have a cooperative girlfriend once again. "We'll discuss anything you want after we get this taken care of."

"So, what do you need from me?"

"Do we have tweezers?"

"Yeah, in the first aid kit," answered Megan.

"Okay, good. We need those, and any type of gauze and bandages as well."

Megan was well aware of that. Actually, she was a step ahead of him. Ariana would need a little more than just some gauze and a bandage after being cut into with a kitchen knife. The incision would require real medical attention, and she would do her best to play doctor.

Sewing was one of the few abilities she had her mother to thank for. Mom was a cheapskate, and rule number one when growing up with a cheapskate for a mother was that everything could be fixed. This included all of her clothes and shoes. If something tore, then Mom would sew it, and she eventually picked up on the useful skill as the years went by. It was a talent that Megan was very happy to possess in her current situation.

But the tear she'd fixed in Ariana's shorts earlier wouldn't compare to this challenge. Homemade stitches weren't exactly something she'd foreseen a week ago. She was just a secretary. Her role in the grand scheme of things was fairly menial prior to Monday. This, on the contrary, would be anything but menial. This would be the toughest test of her life.

They headed downstairs to the kitchen together, where Megan collected a few necessities and placed them on the kitchen table before slipping into the basement. Meanwhile, Steve was busy wondering if there was a saner way to go about things. That strange object was fully under Ariana's skin. It would require some digging to get to, and the sharp kitchen knives he stared at looked awfully tempting. How else could he break her skin? The idea of cutting Ariana's thigh with a blade they used for dinner seemed ridiculous, though.

Megan reemerged from the basement with the final item on her checklist.

Steve watched her place a half-full 1.75 liter bottle of Jim Beam Bourbon Whiskey next to the first aid kit. "Where did that come from?"

"I found it under the sink," she revealed with a slight smirk. "I figured it'd be best to save for when we really need it."

It looks like they were finally on the same page. She definitely didn't exaggerate about this being a time where Ariana would need a little extra help, and chances were that this would be the strongest liquid courage of her young life. The knife he removed from the drawer quickly reaffirmed that thought.

A black handle soon gave way to a razor sharp stainless steel blade. It was eight inches that he didn't want coming anywhere near his exposed skin, and now he was about to use it to cut Ariana open. He collected a bottle of peroxide from the refrigerator and took one last look at Megan. If she was still angry and upset, then she did a good job hiding it.

He sanitized the knife and tweezers with hydrogen peroxide, and retrieved a clean towel from the drawer. It only took Megan a minute to sterilize her sewing needle and red polyester thread. They were officially all ready to go. A big bottle of whiskey, an underequipped first aid kit, homemade stitches, and a knife that was made for cutting into a juicy steak: this was as close to an emergency room as they were going to get.

"You ready?" he asked.

"Ready," she answered with a confident nod.

For the third time tonight, he led Megan toward Ariana, but they didn't chase her next door across the cornfields. No, this time, he knew exactly where he was taking his girlfriend. He made his way upstairs with an unmistakable nervousness surrounding him. His confident, cool, carefree persona wasn't anywhere to be found at the moment. He was seriously about to perform a minor surgery with an eating utensil? But what other choice did he have?

They made their way upstairs and into the bedroom where a slight hint of relief appeared on a mostly distressed Ariana's face. It was obvious that she didn't want to be alone, even if the two people entering the room didn't exactly represent an end to her misery. She was mere moments away from having her thigh cut into. The glimpse of the knife that she caught in Steve's hand didn't help to settle her jitters. This was about to get very real, very fast.

"You're positive you want to do this?" he asked Ariana from the end of the bed. "We don't have to rush this."

Ariana ran her fingers over her thigh and felt that unfortunately familiar bump under her skin again. Yes, they needed to rush this. This thing had already been inside her for far too long. Who knows what it was doing to her body? She didn't even know what it was! But for all the questions she had, there was one thing that she was certain of, and that involved who did this to her.

Ariana was a cheetah stalking its prey. While the rest of the world saw her as an innocent little girl, she was anything but. Stunningly fast, deceptively strong, and surprisingly tenuous: she would have her moment. Those Greys would eventually let their guards down by mistake, and when they did, she would attack. And she didn't have any plans to take it easy on those monsters either.

The idea of methodically dismembering one of those hideous creatures had been a fantasy for the young brunette over the years. But it wouldn't be an autopsy in the name of science. Rather, this dissection would be purely driven by revenge. She wanted to make one of those things feel all the pain she'd dealt with for the past sixty months. It would experience every ounce of agony and discomfort she'd been put through. She may have had a somewhat unhealthy obsession with getting her payback one day, and she couldn't even comprehend how sweet it would be when that moment eventually came.

"I'm positive I want to do this," Ariana confirmed, positioning herself flat on her back with the pillow propped behind her head. She looked at Megan and asked, "Is that for me?"

Megan popped off the cap and handed her the bottle. "You're gonna need it."

"I hate whiskey," Ariana told her, waving her hand to decline the offer. "I tried it once and it burned so bad. I can't drink it."

Megan could only laugh. This wasn't *Mad Men*. She didn't offer her a drink so she could kick back by the fireplace and relax. This was a beverage of necessity. "Trust me, you're gonna need it."

Ariana's unexplainable confidence returned. It was one of the perks of being wet behind the ears. It was the same reason she went after a UFO with the intention of somehow boarding it. It was why she desperately wanted to hurt one of those Greys despite knowing that retaliation would lead to further torment. Sometimes, she didn't think with her head. Sometimes, all one hundred pounds of her thought that she could take on the world all by herself.

Ariana declined the offer again and prepared herself. This would all be over a few minutes from now. Everything would be back to normal, and she wouldn't have to worry about some foreign object being inside her anymore. And while she was at it, it was time to start thinking about going on the offensive. Everything always involved sitting back and waiting for these monsters to make a move. She was sick of playing by their rules. Things would change in a hurry starting tomorrow.

Megan shook her head and placed the bottle on the nightstand. She had a feeling that Ariana would be begging for the strongest drink possible in about sixty seconds. Honestly, watching Steve sterilize his intended section of insertion on Ariana's thigh with peroxide gave her chills. And while she still had her doubts whether or not Ariana was truly the girl she portrayed herself as, she decided to be strong for her at this very moment. Ariana needed her.

Megan placed her wrist in Ariana's open hand. "Squeeze as hard as you want, okay?"

The young brunette nodded before giving Steve one last confirming glance. She just wanted this over with. Every passing second increased the possibility of being further infected or harmed by whatever was under her skin. It was time to end this.

Steve took a deep breath and moved the knife to her thigh. Ariana placed her life in his hands. A slight flinch could result in a cut too deep for them to seal. A brief moment of hesitation could end with this unbelievable girl bleeding out in his bed. There wasn't any room to concede to the building pressure of the moment. He had to be perfect.

"Stay as still as you can. We'll do it on three."

"Got it," Ariana answered him before closing her eyes. "And don't count. Just do it." The next time she opened her eyes, everything would be done.

Or not.

The tip of the knife piercing her skin resembled sitting in an oven. It was a blistering hot pain unlike anything she'd ever experienced, and when the blade slithered diagonally along her thigh, Ariana immediately second-guessed her decision to pass on Megan's offer for a drink. There was pain, and then there was this.

She cried, "AHHHHHHH!" while squeezing Megan's wrist as hard as she could. "OH MY GOD!"

Steve tried his hardest to stay focused. His left hand pressed down on Ariana's leg in an attempt to keep her as still as possible, while his right hand continued the horrible task of making her scream bloody murder. He didn't want to cut too deep, but he knew that he had to give them some room to work with. A barely visible sliver wouldn't provide ample space to fish around with a pair of tweezers.

"Squeeze harder," Megan encouraged her in an unsuccessful effort to relieve her pain.

No amount of screaming or clutching Megan's wrist would take away Ariana's torment. The agony in her dreams wasn't anything like this. What those Greys did to her in that white room didn't compare to her skin being sliced. She would have a permanent scar on her thigh to remind her of her suffering, but the real question was if she could even handle step two? An incision was one thing, but retrieving the object under her skin was an entirely different story. What if it hurt twice as bad? What if she couldn't manage the pain? What if this thing would be stuck inside her forever because she was a wimp?

"All done," said Steve. "I'm going to put a little peroxide on this cut as soon as you tell me you're ready."

She felt a slight burn moments after announcing that she was prepared for the peroxide, but it paled in comparison to the feeling of the knife opening her skin. Where did she get the gull to fancy herself a badass? Her pain tolerance was nil!

But now the hard part was about to happen. She popped her head up just in time to see Steve grab a pair of tweezers. She may have been brave when it came to taking risks, but knowing what was about to happen had her stomach in knots. It also caused her ever tightening grip on Megan's wrist to turn to a stranglehold. She already braced herself before anyone said a word to her.

Steve was done sugarcoating the situation. "This is going to hurt a lot. If you want to scream, then scream. Yell, shout, and squeeze Megan's wrist as hard as you can. I'll try to do it as fast as I can, but I need you to try to stay still, okay?"

"I'll try," Ariana promised.

And then the fire was back, except this time it was tenfold. Ariana begged to be back in a dream. The tweezers probing under her skin felt like a cattle prod shooting electrodes throughout her body. There wasn't any repressing the pool of tears pouring down her flushed cheeks. Screaming didn't help. Clutching Megan's wrist didn't either. She was helpless to the misery she endured.

Steve did his best to hurry. The petite girl writhing under his hold was a result of him digging deeper into her leg. The tears, the screams, the agony: it was all because of him. Only he could put an end to her suffering, but there was one problem with doing just that.

There was no sign of what he searched for.

He felt the object that he currently unsuccessfully probed for only moments ago. He clearly saw it with his own two eyes as well. Ariana and Megan both knew something was there too, so where had it gone? He hadn't expected to be searching this deep without finding the culprit of Ariana's misery, but then a horrific idea crept into his mind. A nightmare that he'd never considered came to fruition.

What if this was a trick?

How much of what they'd experienced over this past week was actually real? They'd been arguing and fighting with each other over what was an illusion and what was genuine as recently as this morning. And Megan still wasn't sure about what she thought of Ariana. What if this was just another ruse in a seemingly never-ending line of hoaxes?

The steady flow of blood gushing from the cut and running down Ariana's leg started to pick up. The sight of the white kitchen towel placed under her leg turning red elevated Megan's concerns. Ariana was still her friend until she could prove otherwise, and any friend of hers deserved her unbridled support.

"Hurry up, Steve," Megan encouraged him to pick up the pace at the sound of Ariana's whimpering.

He carefully explored further, causing a new wave of red fluids to flow along Ariana's creamy thigh and to the towel below. How could he possibly explain this? How could he tell her that he'd just cut into her thigh for nothing? How could something just disappear?

But then he suddenly felt something. A hard object emerged in a world of soft tissue. Something clanged against the stainless steel tweezers that clearly didn't belong in its current place of residency, and he absolutely wouldn't allow it to slip away.

"That hurts! That hurts! That hurts!" Ariana emphatically exclaimed as the increasingly-fast flow of blood continued to gush from her wound. "Steve!"

It was right there. The mysterious object was just out of his reach, and all he had to do was snatch it to put an end to Ariana's suffering. Her sobs and pleas for it to be over grew dim as he focused in with laser-like precision on the task at hand. Even Megan's voice faded to background noise. It was just him, a pair of tweezers, and whatever this thing was that he still couldn't quite grab.

Ariana turned to her best friend for support. "Megan, it hurts! It hurts so much!"

Megan was helpless to do anything other than encourage her to squeeze her wrist harder. What was she thinking by doubting her friend? She actually considered the possibility of Ariana being an impostor? There was nothing disingenuous about her tears. The wailing and begging for the pain to be over couldn't be more sincere either. Megan had allowed herself to fall victim to the game again. The faint kicks in her stomach were as real as the illusion of a vindictive Ariana in the family room earlier, and it was time to practice what she preached. They were a family. Ariana would need her tonight, tomorrow, and a month from now. She was the only female example to the eighteen-year-old girl still finding her way in the world, and it was her responsibility to be a role model.

The pair of tweezers clinched onto something hard as Steve announced, "I got it!"

The journey north was full of excruciating speed bumps and delays. The simple task of pulling the object out seemed to linger for hours. Blood poured from the widening cut as the tweezers continued to ascend from the depth of Ariana's thigh, refusing to reveal what it held in its grasp.

And then it emerged.

Small, black, and smeared in blood--the half inch object resembled that of a tiny tube without any visible openings. There was a surprising heaviness to the little device clenched between the tip of the steel tweezers. What this thing was made of also remained a mystery. The stunned silence currently occupying the bedroom wasn't so much from what this object looked like, as much as there being an object at all.

Megan had plenty of questions, but she would get around to asking them later. There were other priorities to take care of first. Primarily, the still leaking wound on her friend's thigh that wouldn't seal itself.

She applied pressure to the cut with a clean towel, but an agonizing cry from Ariana wasn't anywhere to be heard. Ariana didn't feel pain or even discomfort at the moment. Her eyes were transfixed on something far too captivating to concern herself with physical misery.

"That's an implant," Ariana announced, her voice dripping with certainty. "They put an implant in me."

Just like Ariana, Steve's eyes were locked on the same little black object. "How do you know it's an implant?"

"I've seen pictures online," Ariana said, her shaky voice certain. "Not exactly the same as this, but close enough. Steve, that's an alien implant."

Logic wouldn't help him understand the situation any better. Ariana's previously unblemished leg never showed a hint of being entered prior to his trip past her skin with a kitchen knife, yet he'd somehow pulled a small tube out of it. That meant one of two things. One, someone or something put an object in Ariana prior to today without her noticing. Two, and he couldn't believe that he leaned toward this being the most likely scenario, was that a Grey inserted this device into her thigh less than an hour ago. That also meant that what took place tonight was indeed real. Ariana had been physically violated by the creature she saw on the sofa, he'd been separated from Megan despite being in the same room with her, and the footage they'd both watched on Ariana's TV wasn't a dream. There was a chance that what they both saw on the television was a preview of things to come.

The pain started to set in as Ariana's focus left the black implant and turned to her leg. Tonight was just another awful event in her life thanks to her extraterrestrial tormentors. The past few hours should've been incredible. She had a threesome with her two hot friends! And they connected on a level she never would've imagined reaching after years together, let alone just a few days! But like always, those Greys came along and ruined everything.

A scolding hot fire burned deep in her thigh, sending a piercingly sharp discomfort throughout her entire body. This would be the pain she remembered when she finally got her chance for revenge. This would be the moment on her mind while she dismembered one of those disgusting creatures. The agony made her tougher. The mental suffering caused her to grow vindictive. All she desired was to kill one of those things in the most horrific way possible.

Megan removed her pressure on Ariana's leg and dosed the cut with a generous amount of peroxide. The lack of bubbles was a relieving sign. They'd completed a big first step in making sure her incision wouldn't get infected, and now that the cut had stopped bleeding, the tough part began. It was time to play doctor.

The sight of Megan retrieving a sharp needle had Ariana questioning her toughness, and the increasing aching in her thigh didn't help matters either. She looked at Steve before pointing at the nightstand. "I'll take that drink now."

Moments later, the burning was in Ariana's throat. Was there anything more disgusting than whiskey? And taking a big swig of it straight from the bottle? But times like these called for extreme measures, and watching Megan lower the needle to her thigh resulted in her taking another long sip. Maybe her best bet involved being a little loopy for this experience?

The teen popped the cap back on the bottle and took something else in her hand instead: Steve's middle and index fingers. She already squeezed them in anticipation of what awaited her, but she knew better than to think that some whiskey would make things tolerable. Her mind was slightly fuzzy and her body somewhat numb, but nothing could exclude her pain sensors from feeling every part of the razor-sharp needle.

"I'll make this as fast as I can," Megan promised. "Are you ready?"

Steve took a seat on the bed next to Ariana and sent a warm smile her way. "Squeeze as hard as you want."

Ariana caught another glimpse of the needle and said, "I don't think that's going to help."

"Steve will give you a pedicure if you get through this," Megan said with a warm smile. "Actually, he'll give both of us pedicures."

His eyebrows perked up.

"And he'll give us full body massages," Megan continued. "I think he said something about wanting to cook us anything we want for dinner tomorrow too."

"I want a fish fry," Ariana giggled.

"And I want king crab legs," Megan joined in on the laughter. "Pedicures, massages, and seafood for dinner if you can get through this, sweetheart. I think that's a fair trade."

Ariana looked at her friends with a smile. Seafood for dinner and Steve pampering her feet and body were obviously jokes, but she wouldn't put it past these two to do something special for her if she made it through this. The absurd fantasy of a dream evening was almost enough to distract her from the task at hand. A needle was about to go through her skin, and there was no getting out of this. It had to be done.

Ariana wasn't sure how she survived the next sixty seconds. She just wanted to die. The Greys had won. They'd sucked the last of her will to live from her soul and left her as an empty corpse on a bed that didn't even belong to her. The pain was simply too much. She was strong, but she wasn't this strong, and being sewn shut by a sewing needle and some thread proved too much for her to handle.

Ariana passed out.

To Be Continued.