

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

It's really, really important that I emphasize what kind of story this is before you even start reading.

"Nora in the Sun" is what's called a 'slow burn' - it's got a definite progression that it needs to follow in order for the protagonist and his mother to 'enjoy each other's company', if you take my meaning. It's not the kind of story where a boy looks at his mom sideways one second and finds himself balls deep in her pussy the next.

It's the kind where they talk first.

It's the kind where the mom has feelings, has reasons for drawing close to him, has very real physical temptations she undergoes and fights on the long, sexy road to actually seducing/being seduced by her son. It's a bit of a romance, if you really want to break it down. It's the kind of story that makes the act of incest all the more hot and forbidden when it actually does happen.

Though that's not to say that there isn't a huge amount of nude teasing, anatomically explicit misunderstandings, sexually aroused skin contact, and maybe the occasional 'physical compromise' along the way to it.

What I hope to make clear is that if you're the kind of person looking for a self-contained story to get you off in 10 minutes, you may want to check something else out - Literotica has an incredible variety that'll do it for you. I personally recommend "A Mother, Her Son, and His Lap" by Mr. Here. Wow. What a dizzyingly hot read.

But if you want a story that will allow you to really get in the head of the MC, to allow you to feel a relationship building with his mother, to enjoy a realistically drawn out, semi-realistic progression from awkward son thinking his mother is beautiful to cumming, balls deep inside her as she begs, orgasming, for him to impregnate her, well, if you're the kind of reader into that kind of stuff then this story is for you. It's got a lot of parts to it, and I'm working as hard as I

can to have it finished by the end of the month. We're only at day 6 and I'm almost halfway there in the word doc, so stay tuned, and please, take your time and enjoy.

Fake Flower

TSA subjects Brett and Mom to an intimate strip search.

Nora in the Sun Pt. 01

Ch 1

Mom's lips had a way of seeming especially soft when she was embarrassed.

They pressed together in a plush frown as she watched Ross, my dad, making a fool of himself again. She kept her head low while he yelled at the girl who panicked at her terminal, trying to get our plane tickets printed. It wasn't that girl's fault - printer malfunctions happened all the time. Our own printer was equally as much of a piece of shit, which is why we were trying to get the vacation tickets printed last minute at the gate, but it didn't look like dad had any patience for the airline either.

"What kind of fucking service is this? Don't you know we've got a flight leaving in," he looked at his phone, "two hours? I can't miss this! Do you know how much I'm

paying for this vacation?" I felt anxiety crawling up me as I noticed the airline employee's hand moving closer and closer to the phone on her desk, undoubtedly to call her manager and to have us thrown out.

"Ross, please," mom begged dad, "just be patient, people are watching-"

"I'm being patient, damnit. Oh, Nora, will you give it a fucking rest?" He took a deep breath with mom's encouragement and then shut his mouth, glaring. The airline employee looked at him warily, her hand now slowly moving away from the phone next to her.

It looked like we weren't going to be thrown out of the airport, yet.

Like mom pointed out, people really were looking at us. Most watched my dad, waiting for him to explode. Concerned families, TSA officers, a couple of employees that stood off to the side all tensely stared. The girl behind the counter looked most often at me, her make up covered face clearly searching out my opinion, as if she were asking if she should be worried. I shrugged and tried to look relaxed. She took it as a sign that the worst was over.

Through all the stares surrounding us I picked up that some guys behind us were looking at my mom. Not that I blamed them. She was a stunning specimen - the kind of woman you'd expect to see on television - practically a Nigella Lawson look-alike, with wide eyes, long, full lashes, impossibly dark brown hair, pale skin from being indoors and working to keep the house clean in a full-time effort. She had soft, wide hips. You would never have guessed that she was in her forties.

I heard a comment behind me. One of the guys used the word 'fine', over and over. Mom and dad may not have noticed their ogling, but I did, catching earfuls of it. Another voice behind me said the word, 'milf'. Then I heard laughing.

It made me angry, but I knew they had plenty of reasons to describe her that way. Her body was built by regular yoga, a bit of chocolate and wine, and a LOT of squatting from doing laundry. She was wearing dark leggings, a tank top, comfort-wear for the long flight ahead. A hoodie tied around her waist covered her ample behind, but despite that, there were a lot of curves along her legs that the spandex seemed to show off, feminine muscles that could move with tired resilience doing chores, or lightning reflexes to keep things from falling off the mantle. I looked mom up and down really quick, and noticed her shoulders were really pale under her tank top. She had incredibly white skin.

I carefully stepped to the side so the guys behind us had less of a view, and also made a point of not looking at her. It was weird. I had only come back for a few months after some time at college and it felt like I was only noticing what my mom looked like for the first time. She was a bit of a hottie.

I shook my head. I wasn't a pervert.

"Here you go - your tickets," the girl at the counter said, holding them out with a fake, strained smile. "Enjoy your trip to Belize!" Dad grabbed them from her and grumbled his thanks. Mom walked on, turning her eyes to me.

"I'm sorry," she mouthed. She looked so embarrassed. She sighed as we walked on, still looking at me, and smiled sadly. "Well, here we go. I hope at least he calms down by the end of the week. It's not like it's our only family vacation in

years. It's not like I made him promise that we'd all have a good time, especially since you're going back to school after this." She watched dad moving quickly ahead of us, out of sight.

"He's not going to calm down," I commented, knowing exactly the kind of person my dad was.

"He'll have to calm down, or else," she muttered, frowning. "I warned him about this. There's consequences for behavior like that." Her eyes went dark. I knew what she was talking about. I remembered that before I left for college, she would go on little 'strikes' at home whenever dad got too out of hand. While she cleaned, and cooked, and made sure all the kids were doing well, there was one arena she sometimes held back in. I'd see the effects after a day or two. Dad would get pent up, tense, angrier and more frustrated.

He would sometimes pull my mom aside, and try to reason with her to end her 'strike'. He'd make awkward jokes, trying to get her to laugh and to ignore the ways he deserved it. Of course, by the end of a few weeks, I'd see my dad stepping up, doing dishes, measuring his words, and then we'd all notice after a night where mom would finally go 'off' strike, he would come down to breakfast with a look of bliss and relief. These strikes worked in helping him to step up as a parent, for a week at a time at least. Mom almost laughed. "How many times am I going to have to put up with this?"

I didn't want to answer that.

"Now, where the hell is your father?" She asked. He was too fast for us, already closing in on the security checkpoint, likely too embarrassed to face her. In a way,

I didn't blame him. When she was disappointed and frustrated it could make your heart fall to pieces, though I guess that didn't really work on him, hence the 'strikes'.

She tried turning the rolling carry-on to go after him, but there was a loud snap, and it tipped over. One of the cheap wheels at the back of the suitcase lay by itself on the ground, snapped off thanks to a lucky mix of bad plastic and the luck that only our family vacations had.

"Shit," mom's face turned into a furious glare. She looked around and at me, exasperated. She searched the distant crowd at the security checkpoint. "Goddamnit, Ross, I told you not to order this cheap shit. I should have bought these things myself." She tried lifting it up. Her little arms pinched together. Her bra shifted upward as she hissed with the effort. I saw a little glimpse of purple fabric emerge near the top of her chest.

I went up to her and grabbed her suitcase. "I got it." I brought it over my shoulder, trying to show off and cheer her up at the same time. She smiled at me as I hefted it, and we walked together toward the security line.

"I'm glad I raised you this way," she said. "To be a gentleman. I don't have to be nearly as patient with you," she laughed, putting one of her arms around my waist in a hug. I felt my chest go warm. It was nice to be close to her again. We walked towards the TSA in silence.

Mom bent slightly to read through the signs as we got closer to the scanner area. I looked down and saw a little flash of purple at the top of her chest, and looked back up. It took a few seconds before I realized she was only pretending to read

the signs. She was thinking instead. She looked concerned. Down. Worried. She pushed her soft, sad lips together.

"I'm not... so confident about this trip," she said, as we walked toward the area where we had to empty our pockets.

"Oh?"

"Your father's excited that all the kids are out of the house now, especially since you're at college." she said. "It's definitely nice to have all this... husband and wife time together again."

She bit her lip. "But I think he's... more excited to have more time to work." She stopped as if there was some kind of logic to it. "Or play, I guess. Not really the kind of husband and wife time I pictured. He's always either staying late at work, or out with his friends, or mowing the lawn for the hundredth time. We have dinner, sure. We'll see a concert or something. But it's not like he's any calmer or that he's spending any more real time with me than before. You'd think with you kids out of the house that he would relax, a little. Maybe try to get some quality time, since things are... less stressful."

She tightened her arms around me. Her chest pushed together a little more. I tried not to look down. "But there's never any time. Never even a thank you after breakfast. He's always got to go and be angry about something, or busy with something else. I guess that's why I begged him for this vacation."

She sighed and looked up. Patted my cheek. "God, you're so handsome now. All

grown up." Her proud smile glowed with motherly radiance. Her dark eyes looked into mine as I pulled my glance from her chest as fast as I could. "Do you miss it?" She eventually asked me.

"What, being home?" I thought for a minute and considered the wild parties I had experienced over the last year. I thought about the girls, the drinking, the endless studying. There were a few girls I almost liked at the school, I guess. But they didn't seem to have anything else to them but brains and boobs. It felt ridiculous to reduce them to that, but every time they opened their mouths, it was a ridiculous stream of complaining and giggling over the most mundane things. The whole college sex experience felt more like a checked box than the mythical college adventure. The movies didn't really prepare me at all for the hollow disappointment of University. All of it made me miss something about home, like mom, who seemed so stoic and gentle and reasonable that I started to resent the fact that I had to go back in the fall.

I realized that I really missed her.

"College must be so different," she sighed. "Those times, for me at least, were... something. I met your father at college, you know." She went quiet as the memories came back.

They started dating after her first year at school. He had a bit more hair and muscle then. He was cool, likeable, she said. They had a lot of fun. But her couple years in college came to an end when she had to drop out thanks to an unexpected pregnancy. A very quick wedding hid the fact that my oldest brother was conceived in a study room at the state college library. Dad was able to quickly graduate and thankfully got a job working at my grandpa's firm. It provided for them as mom had two more boys, one after the other.

Our family situation was nice, if you compared it to a lot of broken families out there. But over the years, dad got more and more focused on everything but the family. I started to suspect in high school that he felt tied down, a bit resentful, maybe even trapped. It seemed like a dream come true for him when I finally went off to college. Maybe he just felt free, finally.

Though I couldn't imagine what mom felt.

I could tell that mom's thoughts were swirling around that time at college. She seemed to be smiling, sadly, as she considered the time when she was young, slender, free to have fun. All the time before being married, raising a group of rowdy boys. About holidays, dinners, difficult nights trying to control her crazy sons, all the times where dad didn't pitch in, times where he stayed late at work, came home buzzed after a night with his friends, ignored her tired pleas for help. Nights where she put up with the difficulties of caring for four males, when really, it should have been a combined effort to take care of three. But it always did seem like dad never really appreciated what he had.

My mother looked distantly. I thought she looked hauntingly sad.

"Mom," I smiled at her, trying to comfort her. "You know, you're really special, right?"

"Aww. You're pretty special yourself." She smiled back and kissed me on the cheek. Her lips stayed there for a long, long moment. I savored the cool and wet feeling of her lips on my face and let myself get carried away in the feeling. I puffed out my chest and winked at her. She laughed and wrapped herself around

my arm, leaning her head on my shoulder as we got in line before the security checkpoint.

"I think we'll make this vacation pretty wonderful, kid." I could hear the smile in her voice.

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Ch 2

"Come on!" I heard dad yell beyond the security gates. He waved at us impatiently and tapped his foot. I shrugged at him, not knowing what he expected. I guess he got through before most of the people arrived.

The line was long, so mom and I were stuck. It was a busy summer day -- and it seemed like everyone in the state was going on vacation. The airport felt warm already from all the activity. Mom untied the hoodie from around her waist. I tried to avoid looking to be polite, but her plump rear was impossible not to notice, even in my peripheral vision. The effort it took to not look increased.

A year can do a lot to reset a mind, I observed darkly. I felt a little guilty, being so curious about what she hid under that hoodie.

She bent over to put the jacket into her luggage, and her leggings drew themselves a little tight around her hips, along her cheeks. I turned my head and hummed a few song lyrics to myself to try and ignore it, unsuccessfully. We moved down the line and I tried to see if dad was still out there. No sight of him. I felt my pocket vibrate and heard mom's ringtone chime.

'getting food,' read the text. 'you're too slow. try and roll your way over here faster you fat clowns.'

I knew what dad said was more of a joke than a dig about weight, but I saw mom frown as she looked at her phone. She shook her head, her face turning a little pink.

"Hey," I said, trying to get her mind off the joke, "what an asshole, yeah?"

She hissed at me. "Brett! Don't talk about your dad that way." She looked down as she took off her shoes and emptied her pockets on the way to the scanner. The disappointment in her face was palpable as she looked down at her legs. They were elegantly curved, with a hint of soft jiggling along her upper thighs. Her legs were heavy with the muscle only a mother could have in her legs. I could make a guess - she might have been thinking about her college days again, when it was easy to be rail thin. She was probably comparing herself to back then.

Of course, anyone with eyes could see she was gorgeous. Her shape was like an expensive, hand-blown hourglass. Curved. Elegant. Unique. One of my friends once tried telling me she was 'a voluptuous milf'. He got a punch in the mouth for that, even though I had to admit now that he was right. My mother was gorgeously fit, with just a hint of thick below the waist. It was no wonder my

friends always asked to come to my house.

As I watched her getting ready for the scanner, I took off my belt, and had a flashback to the last time I took off my belt with a woman in front of me. I imagined the last girl I slept with in college before the break. It came with a feeling of pressure in my groin. And guilt. I took a deep breath. "Alright," I said to myself quietly. "You're making it weird, man."

"Step on the yellow marks, lift your hands above your head," droned a TSA agent by the scanner entrance. "Hurry up."

I stood next in line as she lifted her arms above her head. Her chest pushed up. The machine gave a loud hum. I took the next few seconds to try and NOT appreciate how her back curved behind her in a serpentine bend. I took another deep breath, and tried to say something to undo all the weird things I was noticing about my mom. "You look great, mom!" Wow. Great job making it less weird.

She smiled, almost laughed, but kept looking ahead. She always looked so beautiful and clear when she was smiling.

"Hold on a second," another TSA agent said, loudly. He pointed at a screen and said something to my mom, who looked concerned. She stepped out of the scanner and then followed him a little ways and around the corner. Odd. Must be that vacationer's luck again.

"You're up," said the first guy said to me in his same drone. "Come on."

I put up my hands for the scan and heard the hum. Another agent looking at the screen frowned and looked up at me from behind the scanner walls. "Yeah, alright, this guy too," he said. He stepped off to the exit. "You'll have to come with me, sir."

Great.

I followed him, going the same direction as Mom. "So... am I being detained?" I joked. The guy walking ahead of me said nothing, clearly not in the mood. He gestured for me to step into a little area behind some temporary walls and curtains, where I saw mom standing next to a female TSA agent. I caught on pretty quick - we were getting a pat down.

"We didn't do anything, I swear," mom joked with the same sense of humor that I tried.

There was no humor in the reply. "Just put your hands on the table, lady," said her agent.

"Any reason why we're here?" I asked.

"The system flagged something on you, so we've got to find it. Come on. Hands on the table," said the other agent who took me here. I looked around for another table. "Your hands, right there," pointed the agent, at the same table where mom stood, her hands in front of her, her ample behind pushed back. She glanced at me, embarrassed.

I went across from mom and put my hands on the table. Spread my legs.

I suddenly felt a few roving, nylon gloved hands - the agent assigned to me was pinching and squeezing all over my body, checking to see if I had anything on me. The hands went over my groin and I half coughed, half laughed. I tried not to look up, but I heard my mom squeak. Across from me, the female TSA agent moved her hands all over, grabbing and pulling at her flesh under her clothes. Mom's eyes went wide as the agent's hands went up and down her waist, over her back, behind and between her legs, pushing beneath her breasts. "Woah," she said, loudly.

Mom and I looked toward each other at the same time.

Some hands went down my waist.

A couple hands went over her soft, ample chest and squeezed it.

I felt my heart leap into my chest as I looked into my mom's dark, dark eyes. Something weird was happening. She opened her mouth to say something but then closed it again. She looked to the side, her cheeks flushing.

"Alright," said the guy searching me. "Unfortunately, since we haven't found anything, you're going to be temporarily detained and thoroughly searched. So we're going to have to go the next step."

Mom snapped up straight. "I'm sorry? Detained? The next step?"

"Yeah. Strip search. You'll have to remove all your clothes. Sorry about that, but if you refuse, we'll have to call the marshalls and you'll be arrested." He gave a nod as if he did this kind of stuff every day. "So let's get it over with."

I felt hot blood rising in my face as I thought of... mom... removing her clothes. I shook myself. What the hell was this guy's problem? Wasn't this illegal?

I stepped back from the table and pulled my shoulders back, wanting to bust his head open. Fight instinct rose along with a weird, sick feeling. I had a sudden mental vision of my mother being forced to remove her clothes, piece by piece. The sick feeling multiplied. Her shirt, completely uncovering the purple lace of her bra, would come off. Her neck, the top of her milky white chest would be bare. Her leggings would have to be removed. The fabric would peel from her legs, revealing skin along her upper thighs I realized I had never seen.

An uncontrollable anger, and something else very, very powerful moved into my lower belly... and lower. I had to stop it. My vision was a weird blend of red and pink. I felt my voice rising by itself, I felt my shoulders tensing and my stance widening. "No, I don't think so," my voice nearly turned to a violent shout, "You're not going to do this, you fucking-"

"Brett!" My mom's urgent voice cut through everything.

My vision immediately cleared. She stared at me with the same look that she used to give when I was about to make an idiot of myself. It was a look of an absolute and firm barrier - I would listen, and I would correct my behavior, immediately. There was no other option - I would comply. I tried to swallow my pride and

protective rage and the weird, sick feeling that came with the thought of her being forced to remove her clothes.

"Alright," she said, her face suddenly cool, collected, dignified. "What now?"

The agent next to her rattled off a practiced list. "Shirt, pants, underwear." The next sentence seemed to explode in my skull. "It's all got to come off." The agent turned to glare at me while I swallowed the dirty feelings in my stomach, "You're going to keep next to the table while you undress. Don't make any sudden moves. Hurry up."

My brain immediately envisioned what was to come. It made violent strides without my consent. Her tank top would come off. Her chest in all its paleness would emerge. Her leggings would disappear. Her legs would be pale, white, strong, firm. She'd be wearing something underneath. Thin, little panties in a mysterious color that covered her most private space. But the agents wouldn't let it stop there. They'd ask her to remove them. I would see a place on her that I hadn't been since I was born.

Her voice came through my mental fog again. "We don't get separate changing areas? It's a little awkward for us to... do this right here. In front of each other."

"We don't have the time, lady." The agent working with her gave her answer tersely. "You're related, aren't you? It's fine."

Mom and I locked eyes again. She was like a doe, a pale creature stopped helplessly. She didn't even have words to respond.

"It's fine," I said quietly, trying to make it less difficult and awkward. "It's fine, mom. We're family." It wasn't fine. It wasn't any less awkward. It felt wrong. I felt my jaw aching as I looked at her and felt a tremendous tension from within my chest. I felt sick. I felt like... I wanted to see my mother take off everything. To bare herself in front of me.

"...Alright." She looked away from me. Her hands went down to the bottom of her shirt. She pulled up, lightly. Her hands went up halfway and stopped, her pale midriff exposed in the bright lights of the airport search area. Her belly button was an innie. A cute, little hole that colored her lovely white center like an artfully placed inkwell. "...Brett," she looked at me, noticing my stare. "You've got to do this too. Or we'll never get to Belize." She looked back down, hesitating.

I quickly pulled up my shirt. "Let's get this over with," I said, trying to pull my eyes away.

Eventually, mom looked off to the side and finished pulling up her shirt. Mine was already on the table. I reached down to undo my pants, and tried to focus... but I couldn't help it. My eyes went up, and I saw her. I looked. My mother's chest was bound by a laced purple bra, one of those trendy brands you'd get at the mall. The lace along its edges sparkled, adding a magic quality to her already impossibly white chest. Her breasts looked so... heavy.

Her thumbs hooked into the waistband of her leggings. They pulled to the sides, and slowly went down. I saw a hint of a mellow green fabric along her pelvis. Panties. Mom's panties.

It felt so wrong.

I looked down hurriedly, but felt my gaze pulled upwards. Her thumbs went down. Her legs were the color of milk. The soft flesh gave way, just slightly, pushing outward, free of the form constraints of her spandex. Her hands went farther down, she leaned forward to bring her leggings past her knees. Her full thighs were bare. Hairless. Polished ivory. Between her thighs, the deadly thin green piece of nothing hid something else beneath them. Like a leaf, hiding Eve in the garden. Hiding something even softer, and more secret.

A place I had once been.

I looked up at her face.

She was watching me.

My jaw dropped and I looked down. My cheeks were so hot, burning up. My mind raced furiously.

What the fuck, Brett?

You're a filthy perv, Brett. How could you, Brett? What the hell was going on, Brett?

A cacophony of accusing voices swirled in my head. I cleared my throat and tried

to focus on undoing my pants. The zipper dropped. With a quick movement, my legs were free. The pants fell, and I felt the humid air in the airport cooling my groin, which was undoubtedly now a high enough temperature to be a national security risk. My dick was free of the constraints of pants, but all I could feel was shame... and something hotter and more urgent.

I looked up and saw her looking at me still.

She wasn't looking in my eyes. She was looking me up and down, briefly, until our eyes met again. This time, her eyes darted off to the side. Her face was very red.

"Everything's got to go," said the female agent watching my mom. "Hurry up."

Mom straightened up. Her covered breasts moved upward. Her bra would be the next to go. I felt something moving below my waist. I could feel the blood rushing into my cock. I was hardening.

This was going to be a very difficult vacation.

Mom lifted her hands up along her back. This time, I couldn't pull my gaze away. Nothing could stop it. Her eyes flicked up to mine. For a long, and agonizing moment, she actually stared into me. I wanted to look away. I wanted to pretend this was just an awkward moment. But I felt my hardness increasing, the host of feelings between my legs flaring upward, growing violent as her stare refused to break, an absolute miracle that she didn't see my shaft stiffening .

"It's fine," she said slowly, unblinking, her voice shaking. "We're family."

Her hands went behind her. Her chest pushed out. The purple lace sparkled in the bright airport lights. Her hands stopped, undoubtedly taking hold of the clasps. Her shoulders gave the slightest movement as I heard the faint tick of something undoing. It was a move I had seen soft, feminine arms make in the dorms as girls would unclasp their bras... before the fabric would fall and the fullness of a girl's perky tits would greet me, the way their nipples -- pink, brown, dark, pointed, soft and wide, would seal themselves into my memory.

My mind screamed as I saw the plastic clips drop behind her. I wanted to know. I wanted to see. I wanted to hide before my erection became visible. I could already feel my underwear moving upward. I wanted to crawl under the table.

But more than anything I wanted her bra to fall. I wanted to know her color, her shape.

Some say you can predict the color of a girl's nipples by the color of her lips. Mom's would be the color of coral, a pale pink, almost like chalk, the same color and tone of her full, pale lips in the morning when she would make breakfast.

Her bra edged downward. But my mother's hands held it up. She was still watching me as I stared.

"Come on," the TSA agent next to me prodded my arm.

I had to take off my boxer briefs. I felt them shifting. I hunched over, my thumbs hooking into them the way my mother's had hooked into her leggings. I started to pull them down. Her bra fell another inch. A strap came off the side of her left arm. Then her right. Her shoulders, perfectly pale, were completely bare, the same perfect white of a mountainside freshly covered in snow. She looked at me. I looked at her. Something was different about her eyes. About her face, her gaze. Her lips were barely open as she looked down... below my chest... down... to my midriff...

...down.

My underwear dipped lower, baring the skin just above my crotch. I could tell that she could see below my hips. Her bra fell even more, and now inches and inches of her breasts were visible... Her nipples were almost free. And the bra dropped lower... down... down...

...a soft circle of pink. The color of coral.

We heard some footsteps off to the side. "Hey, big mistake," the droning TSA agent barged into the area. Mom's hands snapped up to her chest, sealing her breasts away beneath the bra and her pale white hands. She had a look of surprise and shock, completely unprepared for anyone else to be walking in. The agent droned a non-apology. "The scanner just had a dust bunny on one of the optics. These guys are good. Have a good flight." He turned around and left without elaborating further.

Mom's arms were over her chest as she crouched down. Her face was flushed. Her breathing was heavy. "You people," she gasped, visibly furious. "I ought to sue all

of you." Her hands darted behind her and expertly hooked her bra back on. She moved like lightning. Her tank went over her chest, closing the doors to the soft mystery of flesh. Her leggings went up, the pale, creamy legs disappeared, shuttered away. She stood up straight, huffing, and walked out.

I was completely stunned. And still in my underwear. The TSA agent assigned to me yawned and handed back my pants.

"Hurry up man," he said, dryly, pointing at my crotch. "I don't want to see that."

Mom naps with wandering hands and touches herself upstairs.

Nora in the Sun Pt. 02

Ch 3

What the hell was wrong with me?

I took a few deep breaths and tried to clear my head as I stumbled out of there. The hum of all the travelers didn't stop. The scanners rushed with noise. Agents

ordered people around in a long, droning wave. I felt dizzy. And guilty.

I was looking at her. I couldn't stop.

I watched my own mother undress.

My incredibly beautiful mother.

I had to find her. I felt disgusting. My gut was flipping, my mind started screaming at me, about the kind of freaky piece of shit I was. I had to find her. I had to explain myself. A horrible thought crept into my mind that I had alienated mom by staring at her, right when she was at her most vulnerable. Vulnerable was the right word. All those layers of protective clothes were coming off. The color of her skin flashed into my mind, wiping it like it was a slate. It was a clear and beautiful alabaster, her soft and hairless skin was so unbearably inviting.

I shook it off just as mom came into view. She had both of our suitcases in front of her.

This time she looked calm. Her face wasn't red anymore. She seemed relaxed. Composed. Very collected and sure. She looked at me, all business, no embarrassment, no nothing. I breathed a sigh of relief. Maybe she didn't realize what was going on. Maybe she didn't notice the erection she caused. Maybe everything was fine, and this would be a hilarious memory to talk about during holidays.

"Your father," she started sternly, "he can't know. Neither of us are going to mention what we just went through." She took a deep, deep breath, her chest swelling as she closed her eyes and clearly dispelled even more of the strangeness of the situation. "He'd go absolutely insane," she said, finally. "It might give him a stroke. So we're going to keep this a secret for now. Alright?"

"Absolutely," I agreed. "You got it."

"Good." She handed me both of the suitcases and smiled. "You get to hold these, mister muscles." She winked, and I laughed awkwardly, embracing the return to normalcy.

Dad came out of the crowd behind her, holding a few bags of fast food. "Chow time," he said, surprisingly cheery. "You guys really took a while."

Once the terminals called for seating, we boarded our airplane and tried to relax in the infinite hospitality of economy class. Mom had a window seat. Dad sat in the middle. I had the aisle. Dad popped a few pills and stretched as much as one could within those tiny seats. "Piece of shit ripoff," he muttered, then continued sarcastically, "it's eight hours to paradise. Don't wake me unless we're falling out of the sky."

"Absolutely, honey," said mom. She seemed relieved that at least he was winding down. She tried to hold his hand, but he kept redirecting himself to his phone, a virtual golf game sucking the entirety of his attention. Eventually mom gave up, rolling her eyes.

A cabin host came up to us as we got comfortable. "Good morning," said some bright red lipstick lips. Dad opened one eye and looked her up and down, noticing the girl's thin legs, which he seemed to appreciate very much. Mom noticed and tried not to react while dad miraculously discovered his ability to pleasantly smile. The air hostess continued, "It looks like we have an opening in economy plus, so if one of you," she said, looking at me, "wants to go up there, we can consider it a free upgrade. And then," she hinted, looking at mom and dad, "a couple of you can get some quality time." She gave a plastic smile - the best that our airline could give in customer service.

Mom tapped dad's shoulder. "Honey, isn't that great? Brett can get some room, and we can have some time togeth-"

"That sounds great! I'd love to head up there," dad said hurriedly as he got up, grinning at the air hostess. He made his way out of his seat without even waiting, punching me in the shoulder as he passed over me. Dad scooted past the airline hostess, making sure to obviously look down at her body. I saw him wink at her. I'm certain mom did too. He quickly disappeared down the rows of seats toward the front of the plane.

Mom, hurt, tried raising her voice after him, "You don't want to spend some time with-" Her words trailed off. He was long, long gone.

The air hostess, stunned, still standing by, gave a quick look of pity to my mom, who returned with a withering scowl. The air hostess gave a final nod with her practiced smile and wished us both a great flight, before walking after my dad who was by now, making an ass of himself elsewhere.

Mom stared at the back of the chair in front of her and tried drilling through it with a look of pure frustration and hurt.

"Hey," I offered, "I'm sure he's just..." I hesitated. I wanted to say something like he was just impatient, or he was just really tired, but the way mom stared ahead told me everything.

She took a deep breath. Her shoulders dropped. Her stare went down. The anger disappeared in her. All that was left was a tired, embarrassed look. Her lips looked so soft and pale.

"Maybe it's not him," she said, finally. "Maybe I'm not enough, or something." She sat up straight and pulled out a magazine. The light from her window came down and across her chest, across her pale skin. It refracted and gave our seats a gorgeous, almost ethereal glow. I tried to say something until I realized that a small tear formed in the corner of her eyes as she tried to read.

"Oh, mom," I lifted the arm rest and moved a little closer, into the seat next to her. "Come on, mom." I put my arms around her. I assessed it as best as a freshman with one psychology class under his belt could. "Dad just doesn't know what he's missing. He can't help it. People get stuck, mentally. That's how it is."

"He doesn't know? That's how it is?" Mom gave a small laugh, wiping one of her eyes. There were no more tears. "This vacation's going to be..." She couldn't finish that sentence. "Well, at least there's you." Mom sighed. "I just wish your dad cared enough about all of this. Maybe if I looked better, he'd be more excited about staying on a fucking beach together. If I were more beautiful," she suppressed a sob, choked it back, "then we wouldn't have these problems."

Damnit, I bought new swimsuits for this!"

"But you are beautiful," I said without thinking.

She turned and looked at me. Her dark eyes seemed deep, like wells. The whites of her eyes were pink from her suppressed crying. Under her eyes, there was a color like dusk. The sun reflected off of her shoulder now, illuminating her from behind, putting a halo around her skin and under her dark brown hair. It was incredible.

I repeated myself, meaning it more than I did before, "You are so, so beautiful."

Mom stared at me more intently. Our eyes were glued to each other. The light from the window behind her shimmered. I felt my heart opening, thudding out of my chest as I waited for her to reply. I even felt myself shaking. It felt like talking to a girl one on one for the first time.

Then I felt like she'd laugh at me, tell me I was ridiculous, maybe push me away, say I was being a little too kind. But the honest truth was, I didn't regret saying it. I told her the truth. Her soft cheeks were a light pink. I could almost feel them. She nodded at last, sitting back.

"I think I believe you."

With that, she seemed to relax. "Alright, go back to your seat," mom pushed at my arm. "Let's enjoy all this room your father gave us."

The plane took off. We got our peanuts and our sodas and made some small talk. I tried going through the magazines they had in the seats but got tired of looking at the same overpriced shit they advertised the last time I flew. I looked over every once in a while. Mom looked at her phone, glued to her social media. She scrolled through other people's pictures - of their homes, their families, their happy, smiling lives. Handsome husbands holding their beautiful wives. She pondered over the pictures where the husbands seemed proud, satisfied, where the wives looked thin and tan and blonde. Her lips pushed out in a frown as she saw them. Her brow furrowed with worry.

The roar of the airplane seemed to cover everything, except for the strange feeling that I was watching somebody in mourning.

A couple hours went by. By now we were getting close to the Gulf of Mexico, vast swathes of browns and blues below melted into the heavy drone of the airplane engines. I felt a little tap on my arm. Mom was looking at me, her eyes a little pink. "I'm exhausted, baby," she whispered. I wasn't surprised.

"Well, yeah. You've been up since, what, four?"

"Yeah. I had to pack everything. Your father..." she started, "well, let's just say the man doesn't give a shit about preparing. For anything." My mother's tone was bitter.

"You had to do everything again, huh?" I tried to laugh and to make it light, but the look on her face told me I should stop trying. I gave up and looked around in vain for a pillow. "I don't have anything for you to sleep on. Maybe I could get out

my suitcase, and see if I can-"

"Oh, just let me put my head on your lap," she yawned and pulled the window shutter closed. The armrests were already out of the way. She unbuckled her seatbelt and leaned over, her soft dark hair draping over the upholstered seats. Her soft cheek pressed against my leg. Her gentle hands went over my thigh, and soon, I could hear her soft breathing, barely audible over the sound of the plane engines. I had my jacket rolled up next to me, so I draped it over her, covering her shoulders. She gave a little moan of thanks, snuggling closer to me. Her hands softly pressed into my leg. I moved a hand over to hers and felt it. Her skin was smooth. It was strange - you'd think with all the cleaning and work at home she's put up with that her hands would be a little tougher. But instead, the skin was smooth, soft. Lotioned.

I took a deep breath through my nose and could almost smell... a perfume. A clean scent, of shampoo, conditioner, of perfectly laundered everything. My mother softly snored on my lap. I drank in the scent of her and moved a hand to her shoulder. Her face was lightly covered by her hair. I took a finger and gently moved it to the side, revealing her face, her white cheeks, her defined cheekbones, a pleasantly curved jawline. Natural, full lips.

Mom was gorgeous. The kind of woman that must have been a bombshell in the 90's. Even now, she had a queen-like beauty. Her face was relaxed as she fell deeper and deeper into sleep.

Long minutes went by. I pulled out my phone and spent some time on forums, read a few comics, sent a few dumb jokes to my friends. Mom's quiet breathing settled into the rhythm of deep, deep sleep.

I felt something move on my leg.

It was mom's hand. It moved upward, then down, sliding along my leg, up my thigh, up the inside of my leg. I did a double take -- but she was definitely asleep. Her breathing was calm and slow. But her gentle fingers continued to move along my thigh. I noticed that her nails were painted. My heart rate spiked.

I looked closer, trying to make sure she really was asleep. That she wasn't faking it, and maybe... touching me on purpose. But her eyes were closed, her lips partially open - she was relaxed, purring in the throes of some hidden dream. I internally kicked myself for believing for a split second that she was moving her hand around like some horny girl in the back seat of a bus. My own mother wouldn't do that. There was no way.

But the hand kept moving. My breath caught as her left hand smoothed along, and kept moving up, tracing my quad, touching the inside of my leg, going lower, creeping closer to my groin.

I felt my cock spring up and press against my pants, far, far faster than it did before. My mouth went dry. This was insane. I tried to come up with a plan to stop hers from reaching my rapidly hardening junk. I could pick up her hand with mine, move it back. I could make a noise and wake her up. I could... My eyes drifted down and I saw something that pushed all those plans far out of reach, destroying any semblance of sense.

Her shoulders were uncovered. The jacket must have slipped downward. Her pale shoulders were exposed, the strap on her tank top was loose from it having jostled during her movements. And I could see perfectly down her chest.

Her purple bra lightly pushed away from her skin.

There was an opening, a space where her breast revealed itself, ever so slightly. The curve of her cream-colored tits went on forever into her shirt and blended into a deep shadow.

I choked.

And her hand didn't stop moving, back and forth. Like she was petting a dog. My erection grew hot in my pants. It strained against the cotton and protruded the fabric outward into a painful tent. Her lips moved. Her fingers bent. Her thumb lightly grazed, just an inch from my cock.

I had an incredible mental picture of her hands wrapping around my penis. Then her lips opened a little more. I saw the wet pink of her tongue.

I tried to take a deep breath and looked around. Panic slammed against my chest. Somebody could see this, right? But there were only a few people around -- just a couple sleeping in the seats off to our right. The air hostesses had long finished with the drink and snack rounds so she was at the front. This was something only I could see.

Surely, I was going crazy. This had to stop. I carefully pulled my hand from my side and tried to carefully aim for hers. If I could pull it up, or just down my leg... then...

But mom's hands kept moving upward, faster than I could, and her palm passed over my cock. Her fingers curled, grazing my head through my pants. Electric shocks went through my pelvis. It was everything I could do to keep from pushing out my hips. Her fingers kept moving. It must have been the heat from my cock, those soft fingers moved along it, pushing against it.

My heart skipped a beat. She was going to wake up. There was no way she couldn't. I carefully put my hand close to hers, hoping her eyes wouldn't open, but then she gave a slight turn, nuzzling her head along my lap... then her chest angled upward, pushing the bra fabric even farther...

I could see even farther down than before. The piercing white of my mother's flesh rolled into her full breast. And below... was suddenly interrupted by a hint of coral pink in the dark. A little nub - the pointy, blissful peak of... mom's nipple, suddenly, barely visible as her bra pushed away from her chest. My throat and jaw ached. But I couldn't look away.

I gasped silently.

Her fingers didn't stop. Her hand moved and pushed against my cock, which twitched in pleasure. I could feel it throbbing, and I ached to push my hips forward. And then her fingers curled closed, wrapping themselves around my length.

I felt like I was going insane.]I thought I heard a gentle sigh. I had to look a few times to make sure she was still asleep, but she was. She had no idea that her hand was basically closed around her son's cock through his pants, that her left breast was nearly entirely visible to him from that angle, that her hand sent

shivers of pleasure through her son's shaft.

This was insane. It had to stop, and it had to stop, now.

There was one chance I had. If I could make a sudden enough motion, free my penis from her soft grasp and get her to sit up, there was no way she would realize what was happening. She'd go back to reading magazines or checking her phone, and then we would land, and then we would have a normal vacation. Things would be fine -- they had to be fine.

The alternative... was that she would wake up. She'd realize where her hand was. That her son was looking right down her shirt. She'd realize I was enabling... no, encouraging it, enjoying it, pleasuring himself with her hand. She could realize that her son was an irredeemable pervert.

Her hand gave a gentle squeeze around my rod. I felt a jolt of pleasure go through me. And then my animal instinct pushed me past whatever sense I had left. My hips rocked forward, pushing her hand even harder against my cock. I shuddered with the sensation.

The plan had to be done, now. I was losing control too quickly.

I gave a loud cough, and forced my self backward in my seat. I covered my mouth and put my other hand on hers and swiped it upwards, violently hacking. People turned in their seats and glared at me as I pretended I was suffering from something transmissible.

Mom stirred and sat up slowly, her hair tousled, her eyes bleary. She looked the way I'd imagine her waking up in bed. Angelic. But I watched her through my fake coughs like a hawk, hoping she had no clue as to what had been happening mere seconds earlier. There was no recognition in her eyes. Nothing seemed off. My heart started to relax.

She made eye contact with me and smiled, mumbling. "You alright? You sick?"

"No," I sputtered. "Wow. Something in my throat." I coughed again for effect as she carefully pulled my jacket up and around her, as she now leaned against the closed window.

It was over.

All of my combined animalistic impulses roared within me. And I couldn't answer them. The lust in me, didn't disappate. My hard-on didn't go away. The perverted thoughts and desires I had just been struggling with were louder than any logic or sense.

I watched her, longing to somehow see my own mother exactly that way again. To see mom's hair, messy as she emerged from sleep. To see her rising gloriously in a bed. To see her ample breasts, uncovered, her pink nipples cutting the air, to smell her clean scent, to feel her hands moving along my length again, to feel them wrapping around my cock again. I felt so wrong. But I couldn't deny what I was experiencing.

More than anything I wanted to feel her, closer next time. To feel and explore her

body more. To feel skin on skin.

She blinked at me wearily and smiled. "Brett, are you sick?"

I felt something very, very wrong in my heart.

"No," I lied.

...

Chapter 4

By the time we landed, it was almost night, and we were exhausted. Dad slept badly in economy plus -- apparently there was a kid behind him that kept kicking the seats just as he was nodding off, so he was in a worse mood than ever.

"God damn," he shouted, as we all walked out of the airport. "Worst fucking flight of my life." Employees and tourists alike turned and stared.

"Ross!" Mom hissed at him. Her hair was slightly tangled, eyes glassy from the flight, but that didn't stop her from looking coldly furious. "You. Are. Embarrassing. Us." She walked ahead of me and whisper-yelled at him all the way

to the bus depot. This time, with me handling all of her luggage, she carried her hoodie instead of tying it around her waist. Her hips moved as she walked, quickly, angrily. The back of her legs peeked in and out of the shadow created by her rear as each cheek moved up and down.

At that point, tired from all the flying, I didn't have the willpower to avoid looking. Sometimes she accentuated a word, like 'rude,' 'self control,' 'decency,' and with that she gave an angry hop. Both cheeks would move, a short bumping motion. The leggings accentuated the soft, plushy curve of her ass below her back.

We boarded the bus in a line and took off. The sunset started, coming through the trees as we left Belize City. Brick buildings, short, accentuated with adobe white and the bright, impossibly vivid pastel colors of the long-abandoned colonies disappeared. Jungles now surrounded the highways and roads. We moved north toward Chetumal, a Mexican city just over the border, but our last stop was going to be just below it. Our destination was a Belizian fishing village called Consejo, where we had a weeklong reservation in a beachside villa.

We pulled along, until the signs for Consejo started appearing through a dense and verdantly green jungle, bathed in the reds of the darkening sunset over the mountains. The whole place smelled of trees, the scent of quiet lagoons spilling through the bus windows. Eventually we pulled in, where the stringed electric lights of the village danced along the sides of the bus. Voices appeared, and some people - villagers hawking wares, booze, food.

The Mexican city of Chetumal was practically a step to the north - a little bridge connected Consejo and Chetumal, giving my parents the daily choice of enjoying the excitement of Chetumal, or the placid beaches and streams and palm forests of Consejo. We were all pretty excited.

"Ooh," mom breathed, by now fully awake. "I could kill for a ceviche." Dad mumbled a comment about how she should probably skip dinner. Mom's jaw set, but she ignored it, refocusing on the village. She kept alert, trying to spy out the villa we'd be staying at. Everyone in the bus was enthusiastic, except of course, for dad. As we got off, a few villagers waved and approached. Dad started snapping his fingers in response, trying to keep literally everyone away from our stuff.

"Ross," mom groaned again. "You're doing it again. Come on."

"Gotta keep our stuff safe, Nora." Dad said, gritting his teeth. He tried to shoo away a guy who clearly had a sign with our last name on it. "Go on. We don't need help. Go! No mas, por favor!"

"He's the guy we're supposed to meet, Ross!" Mom threw up her arms. "How are we supposed to get to our place if he doesn't give us the key? Didn't you even read the pamphlet I told you to read?" His silence gave her an answer as we followed our host, my mom apologizing as we went down the path to the two-story modern home where we were staying.

The villa itself was gorgeous - the bottom story had a wide living room, a kitchen, a bedroom (for me), and a patio that stretched over the sand and onto an incredibly wide beach. The other villas on the beach were far, far off, glinting in the distance with warm, orange lights. "Oh my god," she gasped. "It's... actually on the beach. It's lovely."

"Other bedrooms upstairs," said our guide in perfectly passable English as he gestured around the place, his eyes flicking down to mom's chest every few

seconds. "Lots of water and juice in the fridge. Some tequila in the pantry," he winked at my dad, who nodded awkwardly, but approvingly. "And if I may recommend, you should head north to Chetumal for drinks if you don't feel like going to the bar in Consejo. Prices are best here, but the fun is in Chetumal. You can even walk the beach to get there. Takes maybe a half hour. Just keep your passport with you. Can I give you dinner recommendations for tonight?"

"No," dad said strongly. Mom glanced at him, hurt. I wasn't sure why he said it either. Mom's figure was the best any woman her age could manage. The host certainly thought so. I caught him ogling her ass every time she turned around.

"And... it's safe here?" Mom asked, cautiously. She wrapped her arms around her slim waist, self-conscious. I guess dad's comment were finally getting to her

"Oh, extremely." Our host leaned on the counter. "I don't recommend wandering around by yourself in the dark, but that goes for everywhere. We haven't had anything happen here in a couple years. Very safe."

Mom almost relaxed, warily eyeing dad, who was admiring the tequila bottle without even seeming to notice her. "Wonderful."

That night, right after I exhaustedly showered and got into bed, mom and dad got into a fight. I couldn't quite tell what it was about, but since my bedroom was just below theirs, I could tell that there wasn't much positive feeling going either way. There were some phrases thrown back and forth. Things like, unbelievable. Why were you so rude. How can you say that. Not like you used to look. Then, I heard a shout. Then stomping, going all the way down the stairs, and huffing as my dad wrapped himself up on a blanket on the couch.

I thought about mom being by herself in her room. There wasn't much I could do except think about all the ways even the façade of their relationship crumbled.

I thought being in college meant mom and dad had the house to themselves. But everything about this trip seemed to be an endless trail of clues to the fact that it really only meant that they were more by themselves.

I couldn't imagine what it would be like to be mom. To be alone even when with the person she married.

She probably feels so lonely. Feels like she needs something. Maybe something... in her. Like she needs a man.

The thought surprised me. I tried to push it out, but it festered.

She probably spent a lot of nights in their room, trying to get dad to do something. Trying to be beautiful. She probably tried a lot of ways to get his attention -- flirting, coaxing. Trying every way a woman could think up. Probably tried to keep fit, which she definitely had accomplished, despite his denial. She probably tried to seduce him time and time again. What kind of stuff had she tried? What ways did she try to allure my father? Did she even try anymore?

Does she touch herself instead?

My mind flashed with the sudden image of her skin. Of her breast, revealing itself

to me on the plane. Of her gorgeous, white, milky flesh.

What does she look like when she touches herself?

My brain played that thought, that question, over and over. I thought about her legs, pale, smooth, maybe writhing, maybe her face contorted in pleasure, picturing her with a toy, or using her fingers in something invisible... something... pink. Or maybe, she was writhing on something. Squirming, breathless on a cock. On a man. On me. On mine. Squirming.

My dick sprang up and I felt an unbearable heat rise in me.

I slapped myself, hard. "Get it together," I hissed. I did some pushups. Checked my texts. Did more pushups. Went to bed. I tried opening the internet to pass the time, but I forgot to get the wifi password from the living room, and I definitely didn't want to go out there with dad after mom put him out. I settled into my sheets and listened to the sound of the waves through the windows instead. Maybe if I just fell asleep, I could...

There was a sudden sound. Then another. A series of sounds.

It came from above me. Like a quiet thudding.

I froze. The sound of the waves was too loud through the open windows. I couldn't make it out.

It could be her.

"It can't be," I said to myself. "Damn, Brett, get your head out of the gutter, man." But the thudding continued, barely audible. At first I thought dad had gone back up there, and they were making love, that maybe mom had forgiven him and seduced him in the hope of making the vacation better.

I sprinted to my door, and confirmed that dad was sitting on the couch, enjoying some tequila and Mexican television with the volume off. So he wasn't up there. She was by herself. Making noise.

The noise kept going. I held my breath, trying to figure out what exactly it could be... until I heard a low hum. It was unmistakable. It gave a low note, rattling against my eardrums with the clear noise of a vibrator. I knew that sound from porn, from girls I knew. There was no mistaking it.

"It's probably just... a fan," I whispered to myself, mouth dry. But there was no mistaking it. I knew exactly what was going on up there.

Then there was a soft, feminine grunt that came through the ceiling. Then another. And another. Heat in my core surged powerfully downward.

And then there was quiet gasping.

My cock grew, arching through my underwear, pointing directly upward. My mother's gasps and moans passed through the un-insulated walls of the villa. My

cock grew harder, and harder.

I couldn't bear it. My I yanked down my pants and grabbed some tissues and jerked it, gripping myself, furiously moving. Her whimpers kept going. I felt my seed rising, each of her sounds evoking a picture of her pleasure, what I could only imagine as her sexual agony, her soft, white body thrashing in response to something she so, so badly wanted. My mind flashed back to us standing across from each other at the TSA checkpoint. Her soft, white flesh revealing itself for me. The way she looked at me. How far her bra fell to reveal a hint of her areola, how far her eyes went down as I pulled my pants down...

Then I heard a gasp that didn't quite end, a soft cry that rose as I felt cum surging. The last thing I saw in my mind's eye was the image of her mouth open, her whining in pleasure, impaled on me, her breasts heaving up and down as the coral pink of her nipples flashed in sweaty ecstasy, and with that image, everything went white.

I came, my balls exploding into the tissue. My cock pumped semen into it with a force I didn't expect and I grunted, at the same time hearing a last gasp from her upstairs.

Her soft panting came filtering down drifting softly like feathers, and so did reality.

It set in starkly that I just came to the sound of my own mother.

I went to bed and hoped I wouldn't feel guilty in the morning, but the guilt was already there. The afterglow pulled me to sleep as I heard her soft breaths from

upstairs, quieting down as my eyes pulled themselves shut. Thoughts of her gasps swirled with pictures of milky white skin, haunting me with a distorted, guilty, perverted grief.

Nora asks for tanning oil, then has a hot shower mishap.

Nora in the Sun Pt. 03

Chapter 5

I changed the next morning, and made every effort to keep from looking at myself in the mirror. Then I went down to breakfast, every waking moment making me feel dirtier than I ever had in my entire life. I especially couldn't bear to look at my right hand. Or the tissue box. You fucking pervert, I punished myself.

Dad seemed chipper, despite everything. "Did you know they've got four hundred real channels here? Real channels!" He seemed so surprised. "Whatever you want. Cowboy movies, sports shows, crime shows, even American news." Off to the side, a Mexican cooking channel played, and a pleasant rhythm of words poured out of a couple hosts mouths as they dished up tortas. The sound blended with a gentle rhythm of the waves outside.

"I'm halfway certain American news broadcasts everywhere," replied mom, dishing up some eggs. She seemed calmer, too. A new day. Another shot at a family vacation.

She was in a bathrobe, a silky white one that accentuated her hips with a thin tie around her waist. She leaned to the side as she put a couple eggs on my plate, and it took every ounce of remorse and self control I had to keep from looking down her chest again. Her breasts looked so round and perfect under the silk.

I couldn't believe I had seen in her in this as a teen and didn't realize what I had in front of me.

Though I could have guessed. Sleepovers with friends always included jeers from them that my mom was a total MILF, jokes that I always returned with a heavy and defensive punch. I bit the inside of my cheek, trying to hold on to the normalcy.

But mom looked especially gorgeous today. The sun was rising over the ocean, filling our villa with a host of soft reds and yellows. Her skin was positively glowing with an otherworldly beauty. I realized as I admired the curve of her back as it jutted out around her ass that I was salivating. I shook myself out of it and tried to focus on my plate as she passed by with a couple slices of fresh toast and a bowl of fresh salsa. The aroma of the bread and eggs rose with a fresh breath of cilantro.

My stomach roared... as did my mind, desperate for another breath of her.

She's not wearing much under the robe. She probably has a scent to her. Not like clean shampoo. Not like laundry. A musk. A scent. She probably has a scent like a woman. I squinted my eyes to keep my vision to my plate.

The guilt, thankfully, overwhelmed me. I made a new resolution. All this ridiculous thinking about my mom was over. Done. Now.

I was going to relax, have a nice vacation, and get the wifi going so I could find something normal to jack off to instead. Girls my own age. There was unbelievable amounts of porn out there, right? Or I could go into Chetumal, find an expat or a local for a fling, right? Something normal.

"I'm dying for the beach," mom interrupted my train of thought excitedly. Her tone told me that she had forgotten about the argument she had with dad last night. "I haven't gotten a tan in... forever."

"A tan sounds great," I jumped in. "But maybe I'll check out the city." Anything to keep it as family friendly as possible. Though my mind of course, entirely against my will, took off with the thought of mom tanning. Lying in the sun. She wouldn't be wearing much. Her flesh would shine, slick with oil. She'd lay there on the beach, her soft skin beautifully exposed, where anyone passing could see her. My gorgeous, gorgeous mother.

Mom continued, "I read some of the notes our host left for us. The tanning oil here is complimentary. I could tan on the beach, but there's also our patio. I think we could do dinner on it, later, but until then, it's also got those sunning chairs that I could use..."

Dad snickered at mom. "Oh baby, maybe keep it inside? Nobody wants to see baby beluga." The instant his words went out, I could see his eyes widen with the realization that what he said was a huge mistake. "Oh, Nora, I didn't - I mean, not

like a whale, you're just so pale..."

Mom's spatula smashed against the counter with a crack. The plastic was broken. Pieces of egg fell to the floor.

Silence thundered in the kitchen. The only sound left was the sound of Mexican cooking show hosts cackling about how delicious their food was. Mom's hands shook. Her lower lip trembled. Her chin was up, defiant, furious, angry. Dad looked around in shame.

"Not like a whale, huh?" Mom challenged. I felt like sneaking out the front door, but I was practically between them.

"Oh, come on, Nora."

"Wow, look at those colors outside," I looked out there, trying desperately to change the subject and salvage the moment. It wasn't working.

Mom continued, her voice shaking in rage, her soft words breaking in frustration, "I have worked, so, so hard to make this vacation happen, and you can't lay off about how I look for one day," she started to tear up.

Dad jumped up. "Look, hun, I'm not saying you're fat. You're just..."

What was left of the spatula flew past his head.

"GET OUT." Mom grabbed the frying pan next. Dad jumped up, cursing.

"Goddamn, woman," he seethed. "For one fucking day, you can't stop from being so fucking sensitive, huh?" The pan flew into the living room next, smashing against the wooden television stand. The Mexican food hosts rocked back and forth. Dad rushed out. "ALRIGHT!" He moved like a blur toward the front door. "Enjoy your fucking tan, Nora! Sorry you can't take a fucking joke!"

The door slammed. He was gone.

Mom's chest heaved. Her face was red, her eyes darkening with tears. I got up to see if I could comfort her, but her hand went up and she lightly pushed against my chest. "Just..." her voice broke.

"Just go out for a while," she whispered, "alright Brett?" Mom looked up at me. I could see she was trying desperately not to cry.

"...Alright." I got up, collecting my sunglasses and wallet as I reached the front door.

"Go see some sights," mom called out from the living room. I could tell she was crying. "Maybe we'll go to the beach a little later, alright? It'll be a good time. We'll make this a good time." Her voice trailed off.

I felt a horrible sinking feeling, crushing my chest. "...Yeah, mom." I turned back to

say goodbye and saw her on all fours, picking up the mess in the living room.

She looked so beautiful, so tragic, her hair loosely brushing against the floor, her soft hands picking up pieces of the food and décor that lay scattered around the room. The silk robe she wore glimmered in the light of the sunrise, as did her skin, the soft, pale arch of her neck turning in the aura, her teats falling forward, rocking back and forth under her robe as she cleaned. She was ethereal in her beauty. Her legs revealed themselves a little more as her robe hiked up, revealing a firm, creamy curve.

I turned before I could see more.

I could go to town. I could spend some time there. I could get some culture, see sights, walk the beach.

But what I wanted more than anything in that moment was to hold her, and to tell her she was like a goddess.

That she was the most beautiful woman in the world.

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Chapter 6

I came back an hour later, equipped with a powerful discovery thanks to a helpful tip I picked up from some traveling boards. All you need to do is go up to the locals and see if they've got any special places they'd be willing to show you. Flash some money, double or triple digit denominations. They'll show you something world class, every single time.

Thanks to that tip, I stood on a beach just a few minutes to the south, accessible through a carefully hidden footpath through the palm forest. Mom was going to love it.

It really was perfectly hidden -- for some reason, there were no signs that led there, and the footpath was the only clue that hinted that there was anything at all to see. But the winding trail along the palm-covered hillside opened up into a sheltered little beach, barely a few hundred feet wide. There were no footprints. There was no sign that anyone had been there. It was a secluded little patch of paradise, a true secret of the locals, a gorgeous gem, waiting for me and my family. At least, if dad could shape up.

The thought of sharing this private beach with her was a relief. At least I had something I could show her that was really, really beautiful, something she wouldn't have seen if she just let dad take the reins.

The sand was impossibly fine, softer than fleece, whiter than snow, with a dainty palm forest on a hill surrounded it. The local said some other words to me. Secret. Agua. Falling. I grinned to myself, wondering if there really was some kind of waterfall in there. This place was going to be the saving grace of this trip, I decided.

I practically ran back.

I opened the front door and yelled for my parents. I heard the patio door opening. Mom emerged from the patio. Pale. Mystical. A thin cotton shawl, wrapped partially around her waist, only halfway covered her red bikini bottom. Her legs peeked out, the entire length of her right thigh completely bare. I bit my lip and coughed, trying to smile and keep my eyes above her waist. But the red bikini she wore made my stomach do flips. The fabric was so... thin. I could almost see the shape of her areolas lightly pushing through.

"Hey," I said, trying to keep cool. Like she was a girl I met at a party.

"Hey yourself," smiled mom softly, wrapping a beach robe around her, sealing away all the glorious white of her skin. "You caught me right as I was about to get started on my tan. You want to join?"

"I found a great place for that, actually." I said, trying to keep from imagining her laid out on the hidden beach, her pale skin soaking up the sun... and tanning oil. "Where's dad?"

"He's drunk by now," sighed mom, playing with her sun hat between her fingers. "He sent me a few pictures of the bars they have up north. They look like a lot of fun."

"I think you'd rather come with me," I encouraged her. "Come on. I found something pretty amazing. Wait here." I changed as fast as I possibly could in my

room and then ran out. She waited for me just outside, a little smile on her face. She looked a little less sad.

But that was who Nora was. Always making the most of every situation. Strong. Ready to enjoy a new moment when it came. She picked up her hat with both hands, bravely, the one with a wide, wide brim. I took her hand and we walked out of the villa, arm in arm.

"Something pretty amazing, huh?" She smiled and teased me, her bag dangling by her side, the sun hat bringing a smooth shade over her neck and face. "What could it possibly be?"

We went around the corner and toward the stretch of palm forest that hid the foot path. I moved along, pushing aside leaves, letting the cool dark of the forest cover us, until the bright white of the beach ahead peeked into view. As we approached, I heard mom start to gasp. When the light adjusted, and when we finally emerged from the palms, mom started laughing excitedly.

"Oh my god, Brett!" Her smile was pearly, white teeth, her pink tongue moved gently as she gushed.

"I hear there's a little waterfall around here too," I added, hoping to see more of her joy. And I saw it. She looked at me, eyes sparkling. Her smile was so wide, so infectious. For a brief moment, I completely forgot about all the issues our family had. This moment was enough.

I was entranced. She looked around, back and forth. The soft sand moved

between her feet. The waves were gorgeously blue, a deep aqua, the mild green of the palms dotting along. Mom lightly ran on ahead, toward the water, the shawl around her waist waving in the wind. The white of her legs flared in my vision, the immaculate smoothness shining in the light. "Oh, baby!" She shouted, her arms raised.

"This place is so incredible! Oh my god..." She turned and tried to take everything in. "The beach alone -- this is -- there's a waterfall?" She laughed. "We'll just do the beach today -- this place is already so..."

"Alright. We'll do the waterfall tomorrow." Her smile only grew. She ran ahead through the sand, her pale, little feet kicking rushes of it behind her.

She was happy.

That made me happy.

"I love you, mom," I said out loud. But not loud enough for her to hear it.

She turned back, the sun hat also seeming to flow in the breeze, and came up, took my arm. "Come on, muscles," she teased me, "let's get a tan!" She took the shawl off of her waist. It waved in the wind... and I saw the fullness of her ass beneath her bikini. I took a deep breath and started to realize the possibilities of what I could see.

We laid out in the sand, stretching just a few yards from each other. The wind

blew, cool and calm. The surf roared. Mom sat back on her shawl and pulled out the lotion. She poured some into her hands, the liquid dripping down her white wrists, her hands moving quickly as she brought it to her chest and neck. The texture of her skin rippled in the light. I realized with all the sun that all that creamy whiteness would change in her tan. I didn't want it to. I wanted to see her pale, fragile skin, forever.

"I hope you don't burn," I finally said, struggling to get the words out. "You haven't gotten sun in a while."

"Aw. Sweet. But this is some really expensive stuff." Mom smiled at me, her thick sunglasses reflecting the sun at me. "I'll be thorough."

I laid back and tried to enjoy the moment. To feel the wind. To listen to the surf. To breathe. I kept seeing her move in my peripherals. She really was being thorough. The lotion came out, a clear bronze oil that melted along her fingers. She kept moving her hands, around her chest, up the delicate features of her face, along her neck. Reaching down to her legs. Between them. Up her thighs. Up and around her pelvis. The bikini elastic quietly snapped as she slid her fingers under it. I slowly turned my head.

Everything was changing in my mind. All the remorse and regret and shame I felt earlier, I didn't feel like really embracing it. She was so beautiful.

Her fingers moved gently, running beneath the elastic bands, spreading the tanning oil. To get everything, to make sure she didn't burn. To make sure every inch of skin that the sun could kiss was oiled, shining.

I felt my cock spring up. I jumped up faster, and took off toward the water, hoping to drown it in the coolness of the ocean, hoping she didn't notice. It worked, but just barely, and the saltiness and the rush of the sea wiped my mind clean. The water brought some sense back - maybe it was time to get back to that whole regret thing.

Mom was laughing along the beach, watching me. I splashed a few times for effect and lay back to float. The surf brought me up and down. "Don't you burn either, dear!" She called from the shore. Her voice pulled at me. I wanted to be close to her. I came back, walking slowly toward her as if drawn by a rope.

She lifted her head, serious. Her arms, her shoulders, her legs and calves glistened in the heat. "My back, baby," she asked, "Can you get it?" I felt something rising in my chest. It was anticipation.

You can touch her.

I tried to keep myself... calm. Or normal. Or something.

The secret desire moved through me as I knelt and picked up the tanning oil. She turned onto her back, her forearms in front of her, her round behind jiggled slightly as she nestled into position over the sand.

I took a deep breath. The oil felt cold. Surprisingly cold. Like a fresh spring.

I let it pool in my hands. It ran over as I maneuvered closer. The oil fell in

crystalline droplets along her lower back, some landing on her ass, some gathering, pooling at the base of her curved behind. A string of the oil moved up her lower back, in series, dotting all in a row.

Like cum.

I had vivid flash backs to college. To fucking. To the girls at my dorm, their suppressed sex noises. My cock rose as I started blending the image of my mother, the drops along her back, and the memories of pulling out, spraying jizz over gasping girls and their lower backs, of hoping with everything I had that all of the pleasure didn't turn into pregnancy. My erection throbbed uncontrollably under my trunks.

The droplets on mom's back slowly dripped, down, along the indent of her spine. Along her waist. Flowing over her sides.

Like... cum.

I must have been staring at the droplets of tanning oil on mom's back for way too long. Mom cleared her throat, suddenly. I started upright.

She turned slightly, not quite looking at me, but I could see her frowning. "Brett? You alright, baby?" It's lucky she didn't turn any farther, to see what was going on with my pants.

"Fine," I said. "Sorry," I felt a deep surge of confidence. "You're just very..." The

confidence stopped before I could say it. I wanted to say sexy. I wanted to say fuckable. I wanted to compare her to girls I had been with. I wanted her to know she looked incredible. I wanted to tell her something, anything that hinted at what my mind and cock were uncontrollably fiending for.

"You're just very sure about this oil," I tried moving in that direction instead. Like a coward. Or a sane person. It was hard to tell. "I get that it's expensive, but you're sure you won't burn?"

Mom snorted. Her ass gave a slight jiggle with her laugh. "Hurry up," her voice barely reached my ears. "I can't reach back there." My vision narrowed as I looked up her smooth, white back, to the red string that kept her breasts contained. The oil would go there. I'd make it happen. I'd press my fingers all along her.

"Can't reach where?" I croaked.

"Bra line. Come on. Chop chop." She laughed again. At least she was enjoying herself. Not that I wasn't, in a 'desperate internal struggle' sort of way.

I took a last deep breath and moved my hands down. I poured the handful of oil along the center of her back. Brought it up, letting it drip across her upper back, the soft muscles underneath creating little paths for the oil to drip. I opened my hands... and moved them to her.

Her skin was as I expected. Impossibly soft. Impossibly smooth. I pressed, deeply, it sinking in with the firm resistance of feminine love. Mom gave a little breath. "No time for a massage, dear, I'm burning up," her voice came a matter of factly.

But there was something in it. Something concerned. Something wary. But the barrier my mind would have put up before was gone. I needed more.

"Yeah. Okay." I moved a little closer. I wanted her to say something for me. I wanted her to ask me to move my hands under the string of her bra. She needed to ask. I needed her to need me to ask. My mouth went dry as I tried it. My palms went up, along her shoulders, down to the center of her back, above her bra string. My hands lifted, and skipped the bra. I went down to the center of her back, and pressed down. Hard. Her flesh pressed down. This is the sensation my hands would have... if something more happened.

If you gripped her from behind.

I savored the feeling of my fingers pressing into the softness of her lower back.

"Under the bra string, baby" said mom, a mild tension in her voice. My heart pounded. It worked. She asked. But her back tensed. I had to move faster.

"Alright," I barely whispered. My thumbs went upward, pressing along the firm muscles that lined her spine. My fingers splayed out, carefully, toward the red line of her bra. It was like I could see microscopic details - I touched the fabric, the oil on my hand absorbed lightly into it.

I committed -- both of my hands went up at the same time, moving under the thin string that kept everything on her chest sealed away. I felt the string dragging along the back of my hands. I held them there for a second. Mom's breathing grew even more tense. Her head went down, the soft white of her neck suddenly

revealing itself to the sun.

I could touch her there. She wouldn't mind.

I left one hand under her bra string and brought the other out, and pressed it along her neck. It was so... firm. Slender. I gave it a gentle squeeze. It was already oiled, but...

"I already got there too," mom's voice interrupted me, as if to stop me. But she didn't move. She seemed frozen. Her breathing was shallow.

"I've got to make sure," I said hoarsely. "So you don't burn." I watched her, waiting for her to give me a sign of permission. We were there for what felt like aching, slow minutes. One of my hands was under her bra string on her back. The other was firmly around the back of her neck.

Still holding it.

Like you've held other girls. As you used them. The way you'd plow them, doggy style, gripping them, using them like fucktoys. The way they would scream while you gripped the back of their neck, tight, in total control.

Mom's neck felt so good in my hand.

She'd make the same noises you heard last night, you know.

You know what she sounds like.

Maybe you can hear it again.

My heart beat uncontrollably. She was about to tell me to stop. She was about to get up. She was about to laugh at me, to think I was being strange. All of this was about to end. I was going to finish out the day, thinking about this entire incident. It was about to be a shameful vacation memory that would haunt me for the rest of my life.

Unless she gave me a sign. Her silence may have been one. But I wasn't sure.

"So you don't burn," I repeated, hoping, begging silently for some kind of answer.

Mom's lips pursed. The light reflected off the rims of her sunglasses as she paused, not a single word of affirmation or cancellation escaping her.

The limbo was unbearable.

Finally, she spoke, her soft lips moving. The words and their meaning slowly coming through. "Alright." She cleared her throat. The surf rolled behind us. "So I don't burn."

I didn't feel relief. All I felt was a hunger that exploded from my crotch and into

my core. I wanted to explode, to move onto her. But I summoned some semblance of a mirage of an image of an illusion of personal strength, and instead... carefully squeezed my hand along her neck. She gave a little gasp. I felt my cock twitch as the gasp lined up exactly with what I heard coming from her room last night.

My other hand slipped back and forth, slowly, under the back string of her bikini.

The bikini knot was right there, flicking up, then down, as my hands pressed and massaged along her back.

It wouldn't take much to undo it.

My heart thudded hard against my ribcage. You'd just have to lift a finger while you oiled her. Just one finger. To pull it apart.

Her body rocked gently, back and forth while I worked the tanning oil into her skin. Her flesh moved... slightly, gently. I glanced toward her front, the way she propped herself up with her arms crossed beneath her. Her breasts swayed under her, the red of her bikini bra peeking toward me. I looked farther down, past the small of her back and watched her ass, each cheek lightly shifting beneath her bikini bottom as I moved her neck from side to side.

I felt myself screaming internally as I stared, frustrated, aroused, trying to savor the maelstrom of the physical sensations of my mother's skin, with the movement of her ass, the uncontrollable thoughts of the way mom will melt when you squeeze her-

Mom suddenly shifted, snapping her head to look directly at my shorts. I jumped back as if shocked. She flipped over, sat up. Gaspd. "Brett!" she yelled.

My cock strained at the fabric of my trunks. It propped itself up, impossible to hide. I was frozen, too, completely unable to react or respond or to even hide the erection that practically throbbed through my shorts. I tried mouthing something, to say anything, but I couldn't even do that.

Mom was frozen too. Her sunglasses were askew from how fast she moved. I could see her eyes, darting between my cock and my face. Her mouth kept trying to form words, but nothing came out either.

"I'm sorry," I managed to sputter, but mom jumped up, spun around, and started walking down the beach. My erection deflated. All that I had left was a sickening sense of shame and fear.

"Oh my god!" I heard her yelling. "What the fuck was - Oh my god! How could -- what!?"

I jumped up and sprinted after her. "Mom, I can explain!" I tried catching up, but she was walking, fast. Her face wouldn't turn to mine. I tried to persuade her, to claim there was some kind of misunderstanding. "Mom, I was just -- it's normal! Come on, mom, I'm sorry, I didn't mean--"

She spun around and faced me, pointing at me, her eyes wide with wariness, anxiety, her cheeks red with what I could only understand as confusion and fear.

"What the hell was that, Brett?"

"I just..." I swallowed as she looked deep into my eyes. Her eyes searched mine. I tried composing a lie. "This kind of thing happens, mom!" I gestured wildly, shouting, "look, I'm in college! College guys get random boners! Alright? You didn't think I stopped having hormones, did you? This kind of stuff just happens, mom! It's random! Alright? Chill!"

Mom's eyes narrowed, her brow furrowed. She moved herself to one side, then another, keeping her gaze firmly on me. It was her look that she used to see if I was lying. Unmistakable from years of trying to pretend I had already done my chores. Mom opened her mouth, her eyes locked with mine, and slowly, carefully asked, using my own words, "It's random? It just happens?"

This was it. Her unbreakable lie detection technique. The one that always resulted in a fair, just grounding. I was a goner.

My head spun, trying to think of something that worked. All I could do was nod. Keep it short. Relax my shoulders. The way an expert liar would.

"It just happens," I repeated, hoping I looked serious, calm, and convincing. "Completely random." I kept my eyes fixed on hers as well. She stared at me, her dark eyes searching through my soul, her lashes low as her narrowed and suspicious glare tore through me.

I did everything I could to keep from looking at her body, to drift down at her gorgeously decorated breasts, at the way her soft legs drifted up to her apex... the

red of her swimsuit that would have drawn literally any man who could breathe to stare at her.

But I kept my gaze firm. I looked only into her eyes.

If mom was anything like I knew her, she could completely tell I was lying. Bold faced. She never missed it before. How could she miss it again? She could absolutely tell I was trying to hide that I knew exactly what I was doing... and exactly what I wanted. That I touched her -- and wanted to touch her more.

The moment seemed to deafen me with the kind of silence only extreme regret could bring. Not even the waves seemed to make noise. It was over. I was doomed to a lifetime of shame and a hellishly embarrassed week before eternal exile from my family back at home. I was certain. Mom now had every reason to hate me.

But she relaxed her shoulders. She took a deep breath, and took a step back. "Alright," she said, straightening, her glare easing, but not completely departing. "I believe you. It was just something random." She carefully adjusted her hat. She breathed, carefully, calmly, her full chest moving with shallow, measured breaths, her dark, long lashed eyes looking directly into mine, her face hard to read. My mother's cheeks were pink.

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Chapter 7

We split for a while, keeping a solemn distance from each other. As we crossed each other along the beach, swimming or walking, I'd look her way sometimes, and she'd look my way. Or so I guessed. Her sunglasses seemed to hide where her eyes went, but I could swear as I swam through the ocean that her face seemed to follow each direction I went.

Of course, I watched her. She lay on the beach, sitting up occasionally, drinking water, oiling herself a little more, brushing sand from her long, full thighs.

I couldn't believe the way the day was going. I almost lost everything.

This is it, I thought. I'm chilling out. I'm done with the way I felt. I'm going to drop it. Now. For real this time. I'm not a freak, I reassured myself. It was just a fluke. College guys go through this kind of stuff sometimes. Getting horny. It just happens. Randomly.

The beach kept us busy for hours. At some point, mom moved herself up closer to the tree line, allowing the lengthening shadows of the day to cover her. I assumed she took a mellow nap, letting the surrounding heat of the sun and the cool noise of the palm forest lull her into a deep, and peaceful sleep.

If there was a woman out there who deserved a vacation like this, it was her. I promised myself that now, I wouldn't ruin it for her. My anxiety dissipated. The mood changed. She didn't seem tense anymore. Things were normal again.

I occasionally dropped by and grabbed a handful of the oil, quickly slathering it on myself. Mom laughed at me as I tried to reach the limits of my flexibility behind

me. "You'll get a bright red diamond back there," she giggled. "Guess how I know it'll be a diamond?"

She laughed again, throwing her head back, her neck pulling taut as she reminisced. "Your dad had a summer job in college. Life guard. Never listened to me about sunscreen. Sometimes he would show up at my dorm while I did my summer semester and he'd take off his shirt and," she snorted with laughter, "there would be this horrible, bright red burn on his back! A perfect diamond!"

It was nice to see her laugh, but the thought of dad shirtless around her in a college dorm didn't exactly give me butterflies.

The sun was starting to approach the hills to the west. Mom called me from the beach, right as I was practicing a mindful, meditative float in the near-still ocean, trying to make sense of the Oedipus complex that had probably just wandered its way out of my subconscious. I cursed Freud and wondered when I was going to try and kill my father.

"You're dad's on his way back!" Mom's voice carried over the water. "Come on, let's go!" I pretended not to hear, but only for a moment. It was time to go back. Back to reality. I had to get my shit together, for sure.

We walked back, steps apart. Mom didn't take my arm when I offered it. I wasn't sure if she even saw me offer it, but the way she walked slightly ahead of me stung. I did my best to avoid looking at her. The temptation was there. For sure. I could have looked, but I didn't. It was better that way.

We made it back to find dad passed out on the couch, bags of produce surrounding him. He was red from the sun, and snored softly while a Mexican soap opera played on the TV, actors accusing each other in an endless stream of yelling.

"Wow, Ross, groceries?" My mom shook him, smiling brightly. "How thoughtful!"

Dad blearily raised his head and half slurred. "I thought you'd... cook something for us. A family... dinner." He took a deep breath.

Mom sorted through the groceries and laughed quietly while I set the table. "Don't bother," she whispered to me, almost delighted at my dad's ridiculous shape sprawled out on the couch. "He didn't bring anything except peppers." She covered her mouth and tried to keep from laughing.

"I'll get something from the village," I volunteered.

She smiled at me and patted my cheek. Like things were normal. "That'd be great dear. Nothing too spicy. Get some cervesas for your dad too. He'll like that."

I came back a little while later to see mom and dad sitting on the couch together, watching the TV. It was weird to see them sitting, side by side again. I felt a little pang in my heart but didn't really think much of it. Maybe I was glad that they were finally having a half-decent time.

"Dinner," I called, trying to be cheery for the sake of continuing the family peace.

"Thank fuck," said dad loudly, jumping up. Mom's eyes followed him. She was actually smiling. I felt a little relief that she was feeling better around him this time. Maybe he actually apologized. "Sorry about the peppers, everyone," he shrugged, sitting down as I brought food wrapped in foil out of a bag. "Those vendors really know how to pitch a product. Even if they don't speak English."

We ate in relative peace, mom brightly smiling as we enjoyed the fresh food from the village -- doused in lime, in herbs, the cool beers I bought from a man with a cooler freshening all of us with a little dose of alcoholic happiness. We finished up and mom got up to clean, talking about the lovely beach I found, while dad rubbed at his head, undoubtedly trying to stave off the hangover that was already at his gates.

Mom brought him to the couch and sat him down, stroking his forehead and saying quiet things to him.

It was weird to realize all over again a fact I knew since birth. Mommy and daddy were married. Mommy loved dad. Dad loved mom. Those were the immutable, undeniable facts of life. Dad mumbled something to her and mom giggled, nuzzling his neck. They were together again.

I stepped out to the patio as the sun set over the hills behind the villa. The ocean darkened. The scenery didn't really do it for me now.

It was lonely.

I walked for maybe fifteen minutes before realizing I forgot my phone on the counter. I could at least pass the time with it, I thought to myself.

How fucking miserable. Buck up.

Suddenly, I realized I was an adult, enjoying an entirely different country. Two different countries, if I went north to Chetumal in Mexico. There, I could find a night life, temporary friends, dancing, pretty girls, more than enough booze to make me realize that I was actually fine. The thought excited me. I wasn't going to let these little feelings take me down -- I was going to seize life, to enjoy myself, to get rip-roaring drunk and to go find some lovely Latina girl to lose myself in.

But I had to get my phone first.

I jogged lightly, looking into the lit-up living rooms of the villas that lined the beach. One of them was probably my family's. I saw a familiar light ahead, an open sliding glass door, the balcony on the second floor. It was probably the one we stayed at, but as I approached, the sound of my mom and dad yelling at each other confirmed it.

"No, for fuck's sake, Nora! You really want to complain now? You really want to make a big fucking deal over this now?"

"It's our vacation, Ross! The only one we've had in years! Can't you just give your job a rest for one night and spend some time with me?" Mom's voice carried angrily over the sand. I looked around, hoping nobody was close enough to our house to be able to hear what was going on. Thankfully, there was nobody except

me along the beach.

"You don't get to fucking tell me when I can and can't work," shouted dad. "I'm my own man, Nora, and I'll spend my time whatever way I want!"

"You're my husband, Ross! We're supposed to be, MARRIED." The words gave me a sinking feeling. Whatever peace our family had for a whopping two hours was gone already.

Dad snorted, a derisive laugh smacked over the noise of the ocean. He went quiet for a second. Then he added, "You probably don't even realize who paid for this villa, you ungrateful fat bitch."

Something fell to the ground -- I heard a glass shatter on the tile inside. Mom didn't have a reply. Just the tinkling sound of glass.

"God damn, Nora. Clean that shit up," dad hissed. "Whatever. I'm going out."

Mom's reply seemed so small. So sad. "What, back to drinking?"

"Out. Anywhere. Just out." Dad's footsteps faded. Then the front door made a noise as it opened, and made a loud bang as it slammed shut.

Rage, hot and red like coals ground against my insides. I wanted to run around the sides of the villa and up to dad -- to sock him in the fucking jaw. To beat him

down. Force him to apologize.

I was old enough. Big enough. Bigger than him.

I felt my fists clench, tight, my fingernails cutting into my palms as I moved toward the side where dad would come out. But there was a sob.

Mom was crying.

All the rage left me. I jumped forward and up the patio steps, ducked through the sliding glass door. Mom was standing listlessly in the kitchen. A shattered glass and a puddle of water lay at her feet. She looked up and sniffed, raising a couple hands to rub at her eyes.

"Well," she said, softly, "it was nice while it lasted." She looked back down at the shards, glimmering in the orange light of the kitchen. "At this rate, we'll have to replace the whole kitchen."

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Chapter 8

I got a text from dad. 'checking out a concert in mexico. mom had a headache so not coming. feel free to drop by too. she can be a downer so its up to you.'

he ridiculous lie seemed to glow brighter on my screen than everything else. Obviously his goal wasn't to work, otherwise he wouldn't be going to a concert. What kind of fucking asshole had the gall to treat her the way he did? And to accuse her of being the downer? It didn't make a lot of sense, but then again, not much on this vacation did.

After helping mom clean up the broken glass, I went to my room and let the new tangle of emotions sweep me away. Mom was unhappy, on several levels. Dad was a moron, who clearly didn't give a shit about anyone but him, even on a supposed 'family' trip. I obviously had my own weird kink that nearly fucked up my entire life today. One of the three, at least, could be changed.

I was a new man. On a miserable trip.

I put on some headphones, turned on some music and tried to let the lyrics give me advice, but there wasn't much coming from an idiot with face tattoos. I played some games on my phone, insulted my friends on chat, tried to pose as smart on a few forums. Every word, every text, every little light coming from my smartphone didn't do anything but tap at what felt like an incredibly meaningless time.

There was a whole week ahead, too.

I realized how dirty and gross I felt. Physically, I mean. Being in the sun all day, dousing myself with salt water again and again, the tanning oil, the sand, the heat

and sweat, I hadn't cleaned it all off in the excitement of actually having a family dinner that didn't break completely down. It was time for a shower.

Finally. A civilized activity that wouldn't be ruined. Privacy. Cleanliness. A chance to wash away everything. Physically, I mean.

I gathered a couple clothes from my suitcase and put my headphones back on. Maybe my tattooed friend through the earbuds had some kind of encouragement on another one of his albums. I cranked it up. Let it blast. Let it go way, way too loud. Let it block everything out.

I opened the bathroom door slowly and wandered in, mouthing the words, feeling the coolness of the bathroom tile under my feet, enjoying the slight humidity and floral scents that came in a place like this. I kicked aside some cotton pile I probably left there from last night's shower, letting the deafening wall of noise shut out every other sense, and every hint of every thought. All that was left was music.

Fresh clothes on the counter. I tore off my shirt. Pants off. Underwear, gone.

The music stopped being helpful. A deep, dark depression washed over me. Covered my head. Darkened my sight.

The loneliness was back, for all of us. Mom was alone with dad. I was alone with both of them. Dad was alone with his arrogant, idiot mouth. I stared at myself in the mirror. Took a deep breath and tried to appreciate the way I looked after starving myself for a month hoping to get beach ready. Hoped mom at least

appreciated that somebody was putting forward a little effort for the vacation.

Mom.

The sadness, loneliness, the depression, it all swirled around remembering her sad look in the kitchen. Her reaction at my idiocy on the beach. The way she slept, her head on my lap, the peaceful look I couldn't see when she was awake.

The picture of her glorious, pale bright skin in the sun.

The picture of her red bikini, the sun sash, her eyes peeking over dark glasses, the open smile, the way her teeth sparkled.

The way she felt, under my hands. The way her ass lifted, firm, pillowy under the red bikini. The way I held her neck, gripped it... the way she gasped... The way she gasped last night. The way we undressed at the TSA checkpoint. The way she let you touch her. I pressed my eyes closed, trying not to let my rapidly rising erection get too far.

I shook my head and looked down. My cock betrayed me, of course. It was hard as a rock, and I already felt an ache in my core. The drive to move my hips forward at the thought of her white, lovely flesh. Whatever morals I thought I was holding on to were gone. Vaporized by the simple, single desire of my cock.

"Fuck." I grabbed myself unconsciously. Jerked. My cock felt like it was humming with pleasure -- rapidly rising. A weird thump in my earbud pulled my eyes open,

even with my head down. But as I looked up, I noticed something weird.

The mirror was lightly fogging. I realized that the humidity in here was higher. As was the temperature.

That pile of clothes that I assumed was mine from this morning... everything was much too thin. The clothes were unfamiliar. They were...

Feminine.

I felt a sense of horror pulling upward from my gut. My hands went up slowly. Tapped pause. My deafeningly loud music stopped.

The sound of running water. The shower. Soft, wet footsteps.

I turned my head slowly and... saw.

This was the kind of place that had an open shower. The floor drain was in the center of the room -- the shower head came out of the wall and whoever used it could walk around freely, enjoying the space and the room that came with the open shower concept.

And under a stream of water, under the light steam that gently coated the mirror...

Was mom. All of her.

I couldn't even breathe.

Breasts. Heavy. Huge, the sides dripping with water from the shower. The sharp curve of her back. Two cheeks, a slim line marking her bottom, the cute little horizontal curves that betrayed a truly heart-shaped ass... She had her back partially to me, but I could tell her eyes were closed as she savored the water.

I couldn't see all of her -- especially not her front. But I didn't need to, to see what most men could only dream of. Her pale skin was barely tinged by the sun from earlier -- the tanning oil had done its job.

It was like the sweet, delicate, barely pink, creamy flesh of a white peach. Her skin was dotted with droplets. The steam blended the edges of her. Her hair, long, dark, stuck along her back and moved according to the angle of her spine.

I had to leave. I wanted to. I needed to. But I couldn't let this sight go. And how the fuck could I possibly leave without her hearing me?

Her arms went up. Shampooing her hair. Her pale fingers curling through them, her breasts lifting as her shoulders went up. A pale dot of pink appeared, faded in the steam, the sweet point of her right nipple peeking in and out of the mist. The image seared itself, burning into my mind.

She gave a deep sigh. Her breasts fell with the soft noise she made. My cock

throbbled.

I had to get out. I leaned forward to pick up my clothes. If I turned the doorknob slowly, I could get out without her noticing. If I just kept myself quiet, I could get out, wait my turn, and pretend this never happened.

The plan could have worked. It should have. Anyone could step outside, as silently as they accidentally went in, right? My hand was on the door handle. I had everything. I was so close. The knob turned.

It would have worked. If she hadn't turned around.

Mom angled to the side and let the shower pour over her face. She gave a little sigh, and then turned toward me, eyes still closed, both of her breasts angling upward, the coral pink of each nipple like a soft ruby in ivory.

But she opened her eyes. Looked right at me. Looked down, to see my throbbing penis below the clothes clutched in my hand. She looked back up at me, stunned, shocked, frozen. Opened her mouth.

I expected her to scream. To yell. To say something. Anything.

But she didn't. We locked eyes. Her form was still. The brushing sound of the shower rained down on her. The water cascaded from her breasts, down her soft, white tummy, along her belly button. Rivulets of water curved around her hips, inside her waist, between the soft plush of her legs.

And between her legs...

Was the most immaculate triangle of hair. Trimmed. Exact. Short. Barely hiding...

Something delicately pink.

I didn't mean to, but I dropped everything I was carrying. I couldn't help it. Now there was nothing to cover me. I was completely naked. So was she.

Mom's mouth was still open. Her eyes went up and down the length of my body, lingering at my waist. She looked back up at my eyes. Down to my hard length. Back to my face. Down to my cock.

I tried to move. I really did. My hand turned the handle, but I couldn't look away. Mom's unbelievably sexy body shone in the falling water. Mom's mouth closed. She looked at me, asking with her eyes why I was still there. Why I was in the bathroom she was showering in. Why I was still looking at her. Why I wouldn't leave. Her eyes went back down to my cock. And stayed there.

"I'm..." all other words completely escaped me.

But that one word was enough. It broke the spell. Mom wordlessly covered her chest with one arm. Her coral areolas disappeared. Her other hand went down, covering the pinkness, the dark triangle between her legs. She turned herself to the side, trying to keep me from seeing any more of her body, and went toward

the bathroom door, intending to go past me.

I was stuck in place. She got closer, her eye on the door. I quickly opened it as some last, desperate attempt at courtesy.

She tried going past without looking at me at all. But she was on a crash course.

She got closer. And closer. Her side was about to move against mine. I reflexively pushed back to the counter, trying desperately to give her more room, but it was no use.

Mom got too close. Her wet body, her shoulder, her side, her hand, the edge of her breast, they all made contact, her soft form pressing against mine, our skin crackling with electric sensation. Her momentum meant she pressed against me. And I felt the softness of her breast against my core. It gave like I knew it would. And then she was past me, and out the door. My eyes followed her. Each cheek of her round, pale bottom moved up, and down in sequence. Nothing could hide that from me.

Her footsteps made soft, wet taps through the house, and faded as she ascended up the stairs. I couldn't move, but I wanted nothing more than to stand below the stairs, to watch each of her butt cheeks rise, one after the other. To see a hint of the pink between her legs. To see more.

All that was left was the sound of the shower. Still running. And the sound of my heartbeat, crashing against my eardrums.

I stood alone in the bathroom, naked as the day I was born. Images of her skin, her nipples... the subtle hint of her apex held themselves above everything else in my mind. I now realized, with every, possible fiber of my being, that I wanted to return to my mother. To go back.

To be deep within her womb again.

Brett skinny dips with his wary, cautious mother.

Nora in the Sun Pt. 04

Chapter 9

I woke up the next day, my mind hazy, the sun glowing through my bedroom window. My mind spun with the thought of the gorgeous nude treasure my mother had hidden from me for all this time. The thought of her made my cock ache again.

Last night, I managed to get into my room without suffering a heart attack. And the pent up, unbelievable lust drove me to jerk myself off, and I came, seizing, jerking off to the thought of how she felt, how she looked, masturbating so hard that I came again, and again, and again, until I collapsed in bed in a mess of sweat and semen. Wild pictures danced before me - of her wet hair across the pale curve of her back, her open mouth, her dark eyes looking into mine... the soft feel of her

bare skin, the plush push of her breast as she pressed past me, slick.

And then there was what I saw between her legs. The picture of that little, carefully trimmed triangle between her legs made my jaw ache. That hint of pink.

I stared up from my bed at the ceiling, as if I could somehow see through it. Up to her room. I wanted more.

I wanted to feel, much, much more.

The front door made a creaking noise. Dad was back. I heard him groaning.

"Partied all night?" Mom's voice came from the kitchen. I guess she somehow made it down without me hearing her. Dad returned with a half-drunk grunt. Mom didn't respond. I guess she gave up on communicating with him.

I dressed for another sunny day and went out, hoping things wouldn't be too awkward. Maybe with dad in the house, mom could brush this off. Not that I wanted her to. But my stomach sank when I saw her.

She wore a lot more than yesterday, her look more subdued. She didn't wear the slight robe that revealed her delicate legs. Instead, it was shorts that went down, and stopped mid thigh. On top, she had on another tank. A shawl draped over her shoulders. It was a tourist outfit. Conservative. It showed nothing that I wanted to see.

She made eye contact with me and held it. I nodded, trying to keep cool.

"Something interesting happened, last night," said mom out loud to dad, maintaining her eye contact with me. My face went cold as the blood drained from it. Dad groaned from the couch, and I stood stuck, like prey. "Do you want to hear it, Ross?" Her voice was freezing. Tense. Chilled like ice. Her eyes like an eagle. She looked over at dad, who didn't even bother with a response. "I guess not," she muttered. She looked back to me.

A plate of sliced fruit moved in front of me. Mom set some tortillas and eggs down, a salsa dish, never looking away, trying to intimidate me.

Obviously, last night was a blunder. I started to regret everything again, and tried to think of something to say. Something to apologize with.

I tried whispering, "Last night-"

Mom raised a finger and spoke at a normal level, knowing dad was completely incapable of listening, much less participating in the discussion. "Listen," her voice was definitive. Final. Firm. She laid down a series of royal declarations and edicts, each word like a hammer blow. "Last night was a strange, strange experience, weirder than our little adventure with the TSA. I don't know what the hell has gotten into you. You've been acting so, so strangely for the last few days." She glared at me disapprovingly before continuing. "But it's nothing so strange that we can't all just," she took a deep breath, her chest making a subtle movement under her tank top, "we can't all just get over it and move on. Way past it." She nodded, as if that was the end. "Alright?"

I nodded, as if there was anything else I could do. "...Alright."

It looked like all the fantasy and fun was over again.

"We do have several days left," said mom, returning to cooking and dropping the subject. She looked disappointedly over to dad. "I wanted to show your father that beach we looked at yesterday, but clearly, he's done for now. He'll probably be out cold until dinner." She shrugged. "So we'll have to plan out today without him."

"You mentioned a waterfall yesterday," she continued. "You know where this waterfall is, right?"

I realized I hadn't exactly found it. All I had was a hint from the local I paid yesterday. "I have a pretty good idea."

"Alright, kid," she said sternly. "Get your trunks on and lead the way."

We made it onto the beach -- this time, mom was in a black one piece that tied behind her neck. Long, broad strings went down, carrying the generous fabric that sealed her breasts away. The strings came down and broadened into a flat weave that covered her midriff. There was nothing seductive about it, nothing that hinted at her chest. Just thicker cloth, stretching over her breasts, even seeming to hide her form from view. The strings around her neck kept all that prisoner.

A bigger, broader shawl was wrapped completely around her waist, mostly

covering her legs. Each step only revealed the thinnest white line of her leg, just a flash of color -- none of the curve I beheld completely last night.

Only her shoulders were exposed, for a moment, but she pulled on a second shawl, a light cloth that draped over her neck, covering even the strings that held the fabric around her breasts up.

Mom was definitely wary. And cautious. These new clothes were her protection. I felt certain -- she thought her son needed a firm reminder that she was his mother, and like it or not, he was going to look at her in a respectable way.

We got to the beach, and mom didn't waste any time. She sat on an additional towel she brought, pulled out the oil, and applied it to herself without even looking my way. There was no special area of her body that needed attention -- it was already covered by her clothes in advance. My disappointment, combined with sick guilt, ate at me.

I slapped some of the same oil on, anxious to do anything that could distract me, and raced into the surf, practicing a few different strokes through the gentle waves. The sun shone bright overhead as it crept into midday. Gulls made cries overhead. They circled and watched us, glinting brightly in the noon.

It didn't take long at all for me to get bored. I launched out of the surf and onto the beach, and figured I could find the waterfall. My intuition told me to look where there were changes in elevation. Sure enough, in the palm forest, the beginnings of the hills emerged. Water had to be there. Springs were fed by mountains, the slow release of water from the stone. If there was running water, enough for a waterfall, it would be there.

"I'll be back," I shouted toward mom, who sat up, watching me carefully, silently from her towel. She gave a low, slight wave in response.

The hill rose, the palm forest grew denser. Vines seemed to emerge from the soil and worked their way upward. Rocky walls rose, jutting from the sandy soil, the ground grew firm, changed its angles. The green grew more vibrant. These were my clues.

I almost passed it, but luck was with me and I noticed a slight gap. Behind a cliff face, where a tree and its vines mostly obscured the rock, was the narrow entrance to what the local told me about. Anyone else would have passed it. It was probably a miracle that the local found it in the first place. The vegetation on the jungle floor leading through the wall seemed undisturbed... like nobody had ever been there.

I passed through, and the temperature shifted. It was cool, darker, misty. A fine spray drifted through the air, a soft light filtered through a thick canopy of vines, of tropical trees, of dark, natural stone walls painted with moss. And through it all, the sound of falling water made itself audible. A small, crisp, white waterfall poured downward, sending ripples and bubbles into a clear, pure pool. I looked down into the impossibly translucent water. It had to be eight feet deep, a dozen feet wide, easily. It was a plunge basin, where a long, long history of erosion and gravity drove the pool floor deeper, and deeper, and deeper, the process taking hundreds of thousands of years.

And now, it was deep enough, broad enough to swim. A little stream drifted off the top of the pool, wandering out through the thick mass of trees and rocks.

This was the kind of discovery that I'm sure the Spaniards would have killed for. Forget gold. This was... a hidden paradise. A fountain of youth, if there ever was one.

It was very possible that a place like this could cheer mom up. It could excite her and help her forget how strange and awkward the last few days had been. At the least, maybe it would help her forget things, just for a moment. I decided that was worth it.

I jogged back to get mom, growing more excited to show her as I sped back.

When I made it back onto the beach, mom was laying on her stomach, her face hidden by the sun hat. Her long, long legs were uncovered in the sun. A lump rose in my throat as I saw the gorgeous, pale creamy flesh that rose up along her thighs, arching into her buttocks. The slight dip between her cheeks evoked the thought of her in the shower, the water rushing down her back, around the sides of her ass and between those lovely cheeks, streaming down the inside of those beautiful legs.

I didn't want to announce myself, but did, reluctantly. She turned to her side, reaching for her shawl, quickly using it to cover herself. She looked at me from behind the sunglasses. It was hard to read her. But there wasn't much time for hesitation, and I didn't want her mood to ruin how special and beautiful that spot was.

"Wanna see something incredible?" I gave a brave smile. Hopefully she'd like it. "I found the waterfall."

She hesitantly stood up. "Alright." She gathered her things, carefully and modestly moving downward with her legs together, careful not to squat. The way a lady would move down, doing everything she could to keep from scandalizing her form.

Once she had everything, she started walking toward my end of the beach, slowly. But I couldn't take it. My heart thudded with excitement -- if there was something here that was going to bring the same joy she had earlier when I showed her the beach, it was going to be the little hidden cove of paradise in the jungle. I had no reason to hesitate. She had to see it now.

"Come on!" I grabbed her hand and started running.

"Brett!" Mom yelped as I dragged her along, clutching her stuff under one arm.

"Brett, slow down!"

"Hurry up!" I pulled her along and we made our way quickly down the beach, into the forest, into the dark of the canopy. The hills rose, the ground grew firmer, rippled and changed as we got closer and closer to the hill. I heard mom gasping behind me as she tried to keep up with me pulling her along. Her voice heaved.

"Is it... really that good?" She gasped as she half ran, carefully trying not to trip on the increasing vines and rocks.

"It's incredible," I reassured her. The familiar rock face was ahead -- the tree that obscured the entry served as a door. I stopped in front of it. Mom put her hands

on her knees next to me, breathing fast. Her sunglasses were askew over her eyes. She took them off, clutching them with a small hand.

"You ready?" I must have been grinning from ear to ear -- she responded with a slight smile, a nervous look, but she seemed hopeful, even a little trusting.

"Sure, baby." She said, breathing deep. "Lead the way."

I pulled into the entry and quickly moved to the side so I could see her face as she entered. She ducked, the curve of her breasts becoming only a little more pronounced, and then she straightened up inside. Looked around. Her jaw dropped.

"Oh my god." She laughed. "Brett, this is..." She spun around, taking everything in. "This is incredible! How did you find this place?" She seemed happily lost, gasping in awe of the waterfall, of the hidden quality of the pool, of the impossibly clear water below.

I gave a running start and crashed into the water. It was cold -- much colder than the sun-warmed ocean. I surfaced, letting the cold shock my system. I gave a quick shake of my head and smiled upward at her, gesturing toward me. "Come on!"

Mom hesitantly stepped toward the pool. Her soft, white feet touched the edge. Little ripples proceeded from her toes as she tested the temperature. She gave a little unsure tone.

"It's easier if you just jump in," I reminded her. "Come on."

The excitement in my voice must have convinced her. She smiled like a young girl, took off her hat, both shawls, revealing the white of her skin which hinted at me once again. She stepped back, then gave a little running hop with a yelp, gracefully falling into the pool. Her arms pulled at the water, and she emerged from below, her long, dark hair sticking to her face, her neck. Like in the shower.

She swam gently back, looking up at the canopy. I watched her as she showed her delight with this place. It was special. Intimate. Perfect. "Most people don't get to see places like this in their lives... ever." She marveled, grinning as she peered up the waterfall. She settled against the rock edge of the plunge pool, rested her arms out of the water, feeling the smooth, mossy surface with those delicate fingers.

"Did you think you'd ever see anything like it?" I asked.

She seemed more comfortable, finally. "Not unless it was on Facebook. Though one time," she fell into thought, "there was this bar I snuck into a few times, back when people didn't really check ID's. A real college town," she explained. "They had a little room with velvet furniture back there that seemed so special, so closed off to me. It was such a mysterious and cozy spot. There were books, mirrors, antique lamps, classy stuff, nothing like you'd expect to see in a college town bar, especially for a college like mine. I get the same feeling about this spot. So hidden. So perfect."

I blinked, trying to imagine mom as a younger woman, somebody my age, in a 'college like that'.

Mom continued, "It wasn't until some friends told me about the bar that I learned that it was just a secret make-out room. You had to bribe the owners to use it. More of a den of vice than a classy den, I guess," she laughed.

"You never used it?" I asked, curious.

She snorted. Her skin along her neck and shoulders speckled with goose bumps. "I might have." She looked away from me, towards the white mist rising from the waterfall. We listened to the rushing sound of the clear, cool water.

It was so nice, being able to talk with her, to see her enjoying herself. To see her smile as she let memories drift by. "I had a secret spot too," I said, wanting to open up to her as well. Mom looked at me again, curious. "There was a storage room I'd hide in when I skipped class." Mom's lips drew into a disapproving frown. "Jeeze, mom. It was just history class." I rolled my eyes. "I passed that without any issues." Her frown grew less noticeable. "But I went there a lot after school. My buddies and I would hang out, play video games..."

"You mean," mom interrupted, "you would drink booze and get high?" She shook her head, wryly smiling as she finished out the part I really wanted to keep secret. "What, you really think I didn't know?" I was shocked. There was no way she could have known. I wanted to come up with a lie to cover it up, but she continued, "your 'buddies' ratted you out to their moms, by the way. Remember when they all suddenly couldn't hang out with you anymore and you told me you thought that maybe they were mad at you? Or that you were just lame now? It wasn't because you were lame," she started laughing. "It's because we all found out, and their parents grounded them worse than they'd ever experienced in their little lives."

I could have sunk under the water and drowned myself from the embarrassment. She knew? The whole time? "But..." I wondered, "why didn't you ground me too?"

Mom shrugged. "What good would it have done? Your friends were already out of commission. That was the end of your extra-curricular fun." She teased, "until college, I'm sure." She leaned her head back, closing her eyes. "And it's not like your mother was perfect in high school either."

"Sure," I said sarcastically, not believing her. "You've been nothing but serious forever."

Mom sighed. "Brett, do you really think your mom didn't cheat on homework in high school? Do you really think I was always so stern and square? That I didn't kiss boys? That I didn't have fun?"

It didn't really occur to me that she used to be so young before. Like... young. My age. Youthful. Full of life, mischief, hormones, bad jokes, worse habits. She hung out with boys. She kissed them. I teased her, "you actually had fun?"

"Uh, yeah," mom leaned her head to the side. The white arch of her neck curved upward. Her wet, dark hair curled around the side of her face, lifted from her shoulders. She was relaxed, loosened up. All the tenseness and caution she had earlier was gone. She was pleasantly absorbed in the memories. "I drank and smoked with everyone else in high school. We all got high. We'd throw things at people's houses at night, things like bricks. Or toilet paper. We were all so... crazy. We even went to the pool at night and skinny dipped." My stomach flipped. She continued, not noticing that she had slipped into a dangerous topic, "We snuck

into abandoned places, pulled pranks. We had cops chase us, almost got caught a few times. Oh god, it was the crazy 80's! Nuclear war was going to happen. We didn't have anything to lose."

She really was a young woman before. She skinny dipped. Kissed boys. Had feelings. Not just emotions, but feelings. She was a real person who used to be my age. It made me feel strange. My mind was opening to the fact that while she was a woman, what she really was on the inside... was a girl.

She's a girl and she used to skinny dip. Her smooth arms stretched out. She was totally relaxed, enjoying the cool water of the pool, taking in the freshness of the scenery, enjoying memories, sharing my company. It was like she really was a girl again... and that I was a boy she could kiss.

I felt brave, suddenly. "Skinny dipping, huh?" The words escaped my mouth. I didn't feel like taking the topic back. I didn't feel like being ashamed. "Would you ever do it again?"

Her eyes snapped open. She lifted her head, droplets falling from her hair. Her dark eyes stared into mine. The look on her face was serious. I took a great step -- I was aware of it. But this was a beautiful moment with a beautiful girl. I wanted to push forward.

My mother kept staring. Watching me to see if this time I would apologize, or break down. She smirked. "No."

My heart fell.

"But," she said, pausing, barely tipping her head to the side, her eyes narrowing, her light pink lips moving in slow motion, "I dare you to." Her words slapped me in the face, hard. Then she held her breath. She didn't look away. Her cheeks started to turn pink. My mother's dark, lovely eyes stared deep into my soul. She was asking me to undress.

I wouldn't ruin this moment for the world. It wasn't anything that hadn't happened before. She had already seen me. Seen my throbbing erection in the bathroom last night. Seen the way my cock strained at my trunks during the day before. But those times were all accidents, misunderstandings, horny mistakes.

She dared me again, very deliberately, her pink, wet lips moving, her voice almost... dusky. "Take them off if you think you're so cool."

And without hesitating, I did. I kept my eyes on hers. My hands went down, plunging through the water. I kicked to keep afloat, stared at her, gritting my jaw tensely closed as I pulled my trunks down. I freed my legs, feeling water rushing around all of me with a sudden chill. I pulled the empty trunks up through the water. And threw them, up and behind me. They lightly splashed on the ground, hidden in the shadows of the surrounding forest.

Her eyes widened. Her pink cheeks... darkened. She kept looking at me, but I realized that with the water being so clear, I could see the pattern on her one piece. I could tell the shape of her legs through the movement and ripples from the waterfalls. I could see the clear details of her legs, below her waist. And she could see through the water too. I saw her throat bob in a swallow.

I kicked, swam to the side. Her eyes followed me. Her lips slightly parted. She was like a graceful creature of the forest, skittish, watching, tensed. Her eyes flicked down. And then up. And then down again.

I felt myself getting harder. And harder. Despite the cold, my cock swelled, the deep cool of the water flowed around my pelvis, around my length, my head feeling the frigid shock of the shadowed water. Mom's eyes tracked lower, and fixated on my cock. And stayed.

She didn't look away. My mother's lips parted a little further. I could see her shoulders moving. She was measuring her breaths. Trying to keep from moving too suddenly. From breathing too heavily.

The cool water around my genitals and the way she stared without stopping strengthened my resolve. She was a girl. I was boy. We were playing together.

Skinny dipping.

"Now," I said, my voice deepening. "Your turn."

Mom looked up. "I'm..." She blinked, her cheeks flushing. "I can't..."

"Fair's fair," I said with finality, staring intensely into her eyes. I looked down at her graceful neck, down below the water where her pale legs gently kicked. I slowly drew my gaze up until I came to her eyes, which carefully observed the way I looked at her body.

She looked hesitant. Tense. Her eyes went back down. She could see my hardness in the water. Her shoulders moved as she took a deep breath. She looked up, her gaze sure beneath those lovely, dewy lashes. I knew she made a decision in that moment.

Her left hand moved from the smooth rock face of the pool. It drifted toward her neck, where her one piece was tied. Her fingers stretched out. Our eyes were locked together, as mom's fingers gently wrapped around the black string of the one piece...

Then my mother pulled the string out of its knot.

She let go, and the tense strings went suddenly slack, her breasts dropping by a couple inches within the black fabric covering her chest. The heavy shape of her teats suddenly revealed itself under the undone one-piece, the weight of her chest suddenly free, no longer constrained. Both strings fell lightly down her chest, resting on top of the black cotton triangle that covered her tits. The strings seemed to rest there forever, but her hand continued to move.

My heart wouldn't stop pounding. Her fingers pinched the fabric at the top of her round, heavy breasts... and she pulled it slowly downward.

Inches, and inches, and inches of white, creamy skin suddenly brightened before me. In the shadowy darkness of the pool, it was like there was a light shining from her, brightening my vision as the fabric went down, down, drawing farther down her left breast than her right. Until the fabric reached the water. She was just barely too low for her nipple to be exposed to the open air -- but the fabric

continued to move.

In the rippling darkness of the impossibly clear water, a coral pink shimmered below the surface. I could see a sharp point through the ripples. My mother's nipple, hardened in the cold, cold water. Her hands moved down, now pulling the fabric from both breasts, a second dot of pink greeting me on her right. The fullness of her tits sparkled, her flesh relaxing, now completely free of the one piece. The swim suit kept moving downward. I could see the dark dot of her belly button, the smooth flesh of her tummy shining below the water. Her grip on the swim suit reached her waist.

There wasn't much left on her.

She kicked forward gently, giving herself just enough space to lean forward, to reach downward, to grab the bottom of her swim suit. She gave a soft laugh, keeping eye contact with me, and in a smooth motion that made my heart palpitate, she pulled it down her long, long legs...

And unveiled the most hidden part of herself to me.

Below her tummy, under her hips, between the ample curve of the sides of her behind lay an impossibly white triangle, marked with a detailed patch of pubic hair. Her most fragile, her most vulnerable, her most private and soft spot. The smallest hint of pink lips sat below it.

The one piece sank all the way down her legs. She hooked it with a pale foot and brought it up.

Then the one piece rose out of the water. She threw it behind her, as I threw mine. Her eyes looked at me; wide, dark, droplets of mist clinging to her lashes. Her pink lips reddened. Her cheeks were bright. Her breaths rapid in the fresh cold of the water.

"What now?" She broke the silence, daring me to speak. Her chest heaved under the water as her breathing quickened tensely. The coral tips of her tits bobbed as she kicked, and shivered.

I had no idea what to do. But I needed more.

I had to have more.

"What did you guys do as you skinny dipped?" I asked through my clenched jaw, hoping for a clue, a signal, anything that would bring me forward and closer to the woman that gave birth to me.

"Just swam," said mom, smiling shyly, mischievously. "That's all." She reached an arm into the water, and pulled herself to her right, along the edge of the pool. Her dark hair trailed gently behind her. I swam to my right as well. We circled each other. I tried to keep calm, but my cock was still surging with strength. The screaming lust in me felt like a frenzy. I don't know if it was the cold or the situation but I felt myself shaking.

While we swam, I stared hungrily at her form. Her hips sometimes crested the water as she pulled with her arms. Her breasts moved the water in waves from

her, and with every stroke she turned, carefully. My mother's nipple cut the water like a knife. Her arms went up. Her white hip crested the water, the pink between her legs gliding in the mirage of the shallows.

I couldn't take it.

I needed more from her.

I needed much, much more.

I stopped swimming and held my spot, while mom kept up her stroke, edging closer. She angled her head, curious, and looked at me, not quite stopping, but slowing.

I had to get closer.

My breath caught in my chest as I pushed against the cold, smooth edges of the pool. Toward her. Toward my mother. Toward... Nora.

A girl.

I drew close. Within five feet. She looked at me, apprehensive, her soft cheeks bright red. Four feet. Her pale skin illumined everything. Her breaths went faster, and faster. Three feet. The water rippled, bounced lightly between us, moving gently, back and forth between her breasts and me. She stared, unblinking, her

eyes widening.

Two feet. Her eyes slowly closed. Opened, wider than before. Her pink, soft lips parted, as if she were trying to say something.

I could see every detail of her pale skin, goose bumps raising along her arms, the tiny pores in her flushed face, her smooth, marble-like shoulders... down her chest, at the hard, now scarlet nipples just inches from the surface. Her chest shivered with nervous breaths. I could feel the breeze coming from her mouth. I wanted to breathe her in.

One foot.

We were so close. I looked down into Nora's eyes. At my mother, who looked up to me. Almost close enough for us to touch again.

All it would have taken was a slight move from either of us. I could reach out at any time. Pull her to me, and our bodies would touch. I could press her flesh to mine.

I could take her.

My erection pushed out too, a tiny space from her slowly treading legs, the pale of her thighs swirling in and out of my peripheral. The jewel of pink between her legs was so achingly close, only inches from the head of my cock.

You could take her.

Her cheeks were now a flushed, desperate red. And her eyes... a soft brown. Flecks of dark, deep color circled her iris. Her pupils were so wide. Dilated. Excited. Deeper than this pool. Clearer than the water.

It's now, or never.

It was time to lean forward, to kiss her.

Now, or never.

It was time. To grab her, to seize her, pull her close, feel her, tear into her, ravage her flesh, to enter her, to take her, to make her mine. More than anything else in the world -- I wanted it, I wanted her. And from the way she trembled, panting, looking up at me, I could tell. She wanted the same.

Now.

I reached.

She suddenly pulled back, her hand went up between us and pushed against me, against my chest. I floated back, stunned. She turned her head.

"Wait, please," I groaned. I could hear the pain in my voice. But she started moving backwards, her eyes down and to the side, looking away.

She made it to the edge of the pool and turned, her back to me. Her arms went up, and she pushed herself out. Water cascaded down her back, gorgeous, silvery streams that arced over her, falling like stars. Her glorious, heart shaped bottom emerged, the dark line between her cheeks rising out. She pushed herself up, and sat on the edge, her breasts exposed to the open air, the goosebumps visible even from where I tread water, incapable of breathing.

Mom got up, water dripping from everywhere on her. She strode slowly, carefully, a hand over her breasts, another covering the private space between her legs. She walked carefully, angled to the side so that even the fingers between her legs were hidden from me.

She found her bathing suit, bent down, the glorious curve of her ass accentuating itself, her breasts hanging low, the tips of her nipples pointing heavily downward as she leaned forward to pick it up. But that glorious, mythical pink jewel between her legs remained hidden, on purpose.

Wordlessly, she put her one piece back on. The black cloth went up her legs, smoothly stretched up, over her belly button, pulling over her breasts, compressing their shape behind the fabric. Her hands reached up and behind her, tying the string. Through it all, my mother never looked at me.

I felt my heart aching.

She stood there for a moment, stuck. Something in her face seemed confused. Hurt. Like she was searching for answers that nobody could give. Her lips were tightly drawn. Her eyes were dark.

"I'm headed back. Your father said he'd take me dancing tonight," she said, her tone even, without a hint of feeling, even for dad. It was as if she only said it to avoid saying something else. She turned and left without another word.

For several stunned minutes I tread water, trying to understand. But of course, it was easy to see.

I had gone too far.

What the hell was I doing? How could I? How could I get that close, be so forward, be so blatantly wanting her? What kind of sick, demented monster would do that? Why had I ruined everything -- why couldn't I just let the moment be perfect, let her have just a few seconds of peace to be herself, to be with somebody she could trust?

I let myself sink in the water and let the air in me go. I wanted to drown. I wanted to die and never, ever wake up.

A beautiful night out. And then mom's first rendezvous.

Nora in the Sun Pt. 05

Chapter 10

I arrived back at the villa after a slow, lonely walk. I felt numb. Empty. Hot and cold, guilty and angry, alternating mercilessly. The sun was getting low, the hills stretched shadows across the roads and sand.

In my head, the same question played over and over. Did you really think you could do that with your mother?

Did you?

I ducked through the front door and went straight to my room. Mom wasn't on the first floor at least. It was a relief. I didn't think I could even look at her. But I wanted to, as an honorable man would. I wanted to look her in the eyes, take it all back, to say I was sorry, to try and make things right. But by the way she pushed me back, the way she left without speaking, told me that maybe I had broken the very precious trust and grace she held toward me.

At least, I figured, I could go back to the states, go back to college. Pretend none of this had ever happened, while nursing the agony of this unspeakable day for the rest of my life. I could get married to a girl my age. I could have kids of my own. I could live an entire life of my own, but I knew through all of it, I would always relive the deep regret of today.

I knocked at the bathroom, making sure it was empty. Showered. The bathroom had a faintly humid feel to it. The mirror was just barely fogged. Mom had gotten here before me. The thought of it made my heart ache.

Trying to keep the thoughts of her wet, gorgeous, porcelain body, the one that would never be mine out of my mind, I freshened up and changed into a loose button up shirt that made allowance for the heat.

Dad was awake, finally. His red eyes looked like concentrated misery. Sleep deprivation and cheap booze over the last few days had completely thrown him off. He was gulping some pills from a travel bag and washed it down with what looked like instant coffee. "Morning, kid," his voice croaked in the late afternoon. He was the picture of hungover suffering, but he had a fake smile on that creased through his unshaved face. "Ready for a party tonight?"

"You can't be serious," I almost laughed at him.

"I am serious," dad mumbled. "Your mom made me promise her before the trip that I'd take her dancing. So. Day two, and we'll get it done, and then we can relax with all of our tasks complete. Good plan, huh?"

I nodded back, ready with an excuse to stay home.

Then mom's footsteps came softly down the stairs. I didn't want to look up.

"Wow..." dad's surprised voice startled me. "Nora. You look..."

I looked up. My jaw let go.

Dad couldn't even finish his own sentence either.

Mom stood halfway down the steps, a light summer dress floating about her. It was patterned, reaching only down to her soft thighs, scattering colors with yellows and reds, blue and green flowers, Aztec rhythmmed vines, all the edges frilled and laced. Vintage Mexican styles clearly influenced whoever designed it, but it held itself low, the tops of her shoulders completely exposed as the straps lay around her arms. Mom's hair cascaded down, around her shoulders and back, drifting along the soft white of the tops of her breasts, leading to her long, pale arms draped over the railing.

Her makeup... in this instant I realized that mom really was an incredible beauty. All this time, she maybe only had a little makeup on, but tonight... she had really put forward an effort. Her eyes were dusky, her lashes longer, darker. Her lips jutted out, a darkened scarlet between two rosy pink cheeks. Her poise was calm, clear, dignified. Noble. Impossibly beautiful. Like a mythical queen, in the body of the perfect woman.

She made eye contact with me for an impossible second. Her face straight and unreadable. I had to look away. Then she looked at dad. "Well?"

"Now we're talking," marveled dad. Mom laughed in response and brushed her hair back, shyly looking his way.

The dress swirled as she descended, the heights of her lovely legs peeking out with each movement. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. She was so, so beautiful.

"Well, I'm ready," dad stood up, actually showing some enthusiasm as he tried to keep from tipping over. "I promised you a dance, and now we're going to make it happen." He reached out a hand, and mom took it. Her dark eyes went back up to mine. I felt the ache in my heart grow. She looked away from me again.

"Come on, kid," dad called. "You're buying everything tonight!"

We went out together, waved down a taxi in the village, and took a quick journey over the northern border into Chetumal, Mexico. The city really was along the border lines. Brick and adobe buildings poked upward past the checkpoint. A few guards lazily glanced at our passports at the taxi window, mostly staring at mom, whose sunglasses kept them from getting a good look at her face. They settled for looking down at her gorgeous body instead, then waved us on.

Chetumal's streets were lined with palms, hung with lights, glowing softly in the increasing darkness. Hundreds of flags and patterned banners hung over us in the streets while electric lights popped up like fireflies. Little crowds formed, young people readying themselves for the night life, spilling out of bars, restaurants, cantina music dancing over us.

By the time we got out of the car, dad seemed like he had recovered, walking quickly towards a cantina that seemed especially decorated with lights, the brickwork rising a few stories into the air. He rattled off his opinions, glancing often at mom, who leaned on his arm as they walked. "Here's this great little spot

I saw last night. I didn't go in, had a little disagreement with the guy at the entry, but I'm sure he wouldn't say no to us if I brought this pretty little thing," he chatted happily, looking often at mom, who smiled, blushing, surprised at the compliment.

The man at the entry waved us in without another look, and then stopped a couple people behind us that were too drunk for how early it was.

It was a multi-storied bar full of wide, brightly colored verandas -- everything about the place seemed half inside, half outside. Toward the back and at the front, several patios unfolded from the interior, where a live band with trumpets and guitars and great black hats played excitedly. The whole place was festive, with an explosion of color and sound. We found an empty table on a patio overlooking the street below, with a great view of the dancing area, where adobe pillars and flowers on vines surrounded the multi-colored tiles.

"I'll get the beers," I offered, wanting to get away. I went to the bar, put up three fingers for three beers, forked over the cash, and gathered the cervezas, as cool to the touch as the hidden pool. Some feminine voices spoke in English at one end of the bar. Pretty girls, about my age, chatted with drinks in their hands, laughing, cheering, sipping margaritas, talking happily in mellow southern accents. I made eye contact with a blonde girl with freckles, who waved at me, guessing I was probably American too.

I gave a little nod, trying to smile. But I left to bring the beers to mom and dad. She shrugged and waved goodbye to me, looking a little disappointed.

Maybe I'd go back a little later. She seemed friendly.

I got back and saw mom hanging on dad's arm. As I dropped off their drinks, mom looked up at me, and then quickly back down. Dad reached for his beer like he was a man dying of thirst. It went down in seconds, and then he jumped up. "Alright, honey," he joked, "let's get this dance over with."

They went off to the dance floor while I nursed my beer. The noises seemed too loud. The sights lost all their color. I didn't want to stay while they enjoyed themselves. They could have done all this without me.

Really, more than anything else in that moment, I wanted to get on a flight home and to forget everything. I took a quick glance to the dancing area and saw them, close to each other, mom's dress swishing as she moved. The dress only went to her thigh - her movements were fluid, and the dress seemed to flow as well, flowing up her leg, back down, revealing the tops of her lovely, creamy thighs and hiding them, over and over.

I downed my beer and grabbed the one mom had barely sipped, draining that one too. One of the waitstaff went by and I flagged them down, asking for three more beers. I felt the alcoholic glow in my cheeks. Some of the color returned. The sound came back. I watched, only a little less sad, as mom gorgeously twirled on the dance floor to the bright sound of horns and guitars and tenor voices.

The song ended.

Dad turned his head back to the table, but mom pulled his arm, and gestured at the place they stood. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but it was clear. Mom wanted to keep dancing with him, but dad, satisfied that he kept at least one of

his promises, wanted to hurry up and get back to drinking. He yanked his arm away, entirely focused on something else. Mom stood, shocked, in the middle of the dance floor. Her head turned slightly. She looked at me, seeming so... alone.

Dad collapsed in the chair next to me. "Ahh. A well-deserved reward." He took the beer and looked around casually. His head stopped when he saw the crowd of American girls at the bar. "Some friends of yours, champ?" He downed another beer in one go and motioned at a waiter. "Tequila. Tres. Si." Turning to me, he asked, "And what will you have, son?" He threw his head back, laughing.

"I'm good," I answered, as mom returned to the table, sitting next to dad. The tequila appeared as quickly as he asked for it. "Ahh," he sighed. "Paradise." He threw them back, one after the other, at a speed that would have put any college partier to shame. His head turned back to the bar where the American girls were.

"I'm..." he hummed, staring fixedly at the blonde girl with the freckles, "going to see what other drinks they've got here." Without any hesitation, he stood up and walked straight up to her group. Mom watched him go, her eyes hollow.

I couldn't imagine what she was feeling, but from the way she looked, I could guess, hint at the kind of frustration she was facing.

What could Nora possibly have missed that meant her husband would treat her like this? She looked amazing -- had done herself up as best as she could. She was beautifully shaped, her face was beautifully painted, and the way the dress laid along the sides of her shoulders, hinting at the sexy plush of her chest, it made literally every man who looked at her linger. All except for dad, who was now making an ass of himself in front of somebody much younger than him. The

blonde at the bar chatted and laughed at his jokes, oblivious to the kind of person he was. The girl smiled at him. Touched his arm.

Mom visibly reacted to that. "I need..." she choked back a sob, "I need to get some air." She got up and went straight for the exit. I grabbed a fistful of cash, threw it down as fast as I could, and reflexively went after her.

She must have hurt so badly. I knew she needed something, some reassurance, just a word to let her know that dad was in the wrong. I figured that despite everything that happened between us, I could at least do that. But she was fast. Faster than I expected. She was completely out of sight by the time I stood up.

I got nervous. It wasn't safe to be alone at night in a town you had never been to before. It quickly turned into a matter of her safety. I had to move fast. It was already dark out.

At the exit, the man at the front practically had to dodge to let me pass. I looked up and down the road, but I couldn't see her. Alleys and walkways split off in every possible direction - she could be anywhere. The man at the front turned to assess me, guessing my intention by the way I was bent in pursuit. He smiled as he recalled me entering with mom and dad. "La senora? You want... senora bonita? Where she go?"

"Yeah," my voice exploded. "Where? Where did she go?"

He pointed, laughing at my panic. "There."

I ran, sprinted, desperate to catch up to her before she was too far gone. "Una belleza hermosa," I heard him calling after me, laughing.

I took the first left and saw the flash of her dress disappearing around a corner. Electric lamps, dim, soft, lined the alleys and left shadows everywhere. I dashed until I could round the corner... and then found her, standing against one of the tan adobe walls. "Mom!" I shouted, shaking.

But she didn't respond. Her hands were wrapped around her body. She was sobbing, clear diamond tears falling from her lovely face, and onto the cobblestones below. Her shoulders heaved, her head bent low. I could only watch as the most beautiful, amazing woman in my life cried, deep, renting sobs that I felt powerless to stop.

What could I do? I couldn't approach her. Not after what happened today.

"Mom..." I said. "Hey." She looked up as she sobbed. Her eyes, her cheeks were red with uncontrollable tears.

"Dad's... he's not..." I thought I could explain it to her in a way that held some semblance of respect for my dad. But each mournful cry she made, every tear that fell, every memory of every disappointed look she made, they shattered even the pretense of respect for him. "I can't believe he did that," I said, finally.

"I try so hard," mom moaned through gritted teeth. "He has no idea how hard I try for him."

"I know, mom. I know."

"It's like he stopped caring, so long ago..." She trailed off, no longer sobbing, but the tears continued to fall. Her voice was hoarse, breaking. "I don't know why. What have I done, Brett?" She turned and looked me in the eye, pleading for an answer. "What have I done, or what have I not done that makes him that way?"

"It's not you that's the problem, mom," I whispered. "He has no idea."

"Of what?" she asked, leaning back. Hopeless.

My heart hurt, it was breaking for her.

I had to make her pain stop. I had to tell her something, anything that would make the pain end. Anything that could bring her back to being that happy, awestruck, contented girl I swam with in that secret paradise. And that's what I realized I wanted. For her to be happy again. I would give anything for that.

The truth rose in my heart. I couldn't contain it. I was going to say every word I meant, everything I had held back, everything I knew to be true about her. "Dad has no idea how incredible... how amazing, patient, and kind... how beautiful of a person... how beautiful of a woman you are."

Each word I spoke put a flicker of light in her eyes. She looked at me, shocked, but I continued. "Nora." I emphasized her name to make her listen. "You are the kind of woman that every man dreams of. You're gorgeous and smart and... noble.

More noble and good than anyone I've ever met." I stood taller, remembering all the sacrifices she made to make sure my brothers and I grew up in a safe, stable home. "You worked so hard to raise us, to keep everything tidy and clean. You stood by when things were hard, you pulled through despite all the ways dad didn't. And you managed to look like a goddess the entire time." Her eyes went wide. But I wouldn't stop. Not this time.

"You're the perfect woman, Nora. The most perfect woman in the world. I mean it. Any man would be so lucky to be with you..." I paused. Then added, my heart aching as I said it, "and to have you."

She looked at me silently for a moment. I didn't look away. She gave a little smile. "Oh, baby..." She came to me, slowly, her arms opened up, and she embraced me, leaning her head on my chest. The softness of her breasts pushed lightly on me as she held me close. I put my arms around her. Despite all the uncontrollable sexual urges I felt earlier, I chose in that moment to put all that aside. To just hold her close, and to let her know she was loved.

She sniffed, and we rocked from side to side as she breathed softly on my chest. She relaxed. "Hey," I added. "It's been more fun when it's just us, right?" A plan formed in my head to at least help this night be something she'd enjoy. My mind flared with what I needed to do. "Let's go find another place, another bar! Another spot to dance." Her eyes lit up in response. I continued, driving the plan home. "You and I can party and dance as much as you like, all the way to morning if you want. You'll have so much fun, that dad will never, ever hear the end of it. And next time, he'll be the one begging you to take him dancing."

Mom laughed, wiping the tears from her face with her small, pale hands. Then she smiled at me, grateful, a hint of joy returning to her lovely face, and everything

was blissfully alright again. "Alright, kid." She sniffed, took a deep breath, bravely straightened herself up. "Lead the way." We walked side by side into the dimly lit streets of Chetumal, my arm around her shoulder, her arms around my waist, her head leaning gently on the edge of my chest.

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Ch 11

Christmas lights seemed to be a popular theme in one of the main drags of Chetumal -- wrapping up and down the palms and bushes like Las Vegas in the winter. The evening breeze flowed through, and we were surrounded by partiers, young, old, families and tourists, all commingled in a joyous sea of laughter and music.

We walked together, excited, into bar after bar, throwing back shots, trying flavors of margaritas, sipping beers, and the warm flush and feeling of all the booze loosened our limbs, made the music soar, faster, louder.

It became a blur of laughing, of mom raising her arms as her dress swished around and around, and sometimes she spun, the edges rising all together, revealing her upper thighs in a blaze of fun. Heads always turned to look, but I hardly even

noticed. Neither did she.

She smiled and laughed through the night like I had never, ever seen her. I had a feeling this was like her best times in college -- times where her and her friends just let go of everything stressful. Those times would be exclusively for bottles and good company. She danced like she was young -- her hair flying back and forth. We were completely lost in the dancing, glorying in an infectiously loud crowd that moved up and down to the rhythms that rocked through our bodies.

At some point in the night, we realized dad hadn't sent us a text to let us know where he was. Since mom left him at the bar earlier, he was a complete mystery. "Where do you think he fucked off to?" I asked, the alcohol letting the question slip.

Mom shrugged, her face immediately flushing with anger. "I don't give a shit where he is. I hope he gets fucking robbed tonight." She took a bottle of tequila and poured herself a shot.

"What a fucking asshole, right?" I clinked my glass against hers.

"That fucking asshole Ross can go fuck himself," mom yelled, finally letting herself say it, and then her glass went up to her rosy lips, and she took the shot like a champ. The music got louder. We let ourselves go.

Hours; drunk, blissful hours went by. The sharp sour of lime and the tang of salt flashed in our glasses, over and over. Mom's forehead was wet with the effort and sweat of the absolute blast we were having. Drops of her perspiration went down

her neck, her back, jumping as she danced. Sometimes she'd look at me and smile, open mouthed, laughing as I kept up, showing off the moves I learned in college.

Girls my age appeared and disappeared through the night. Some tried to talk to me, some tried to lock eyes, to dance closer. But I didn't care. None of them mattered.

Before we knew it, it was two in the morning. The alcohol was fading, we were all sweaty, tired, and the party across Chetumal started to thin.

"Air," gulped mom, waving at her red face. "I gotta get some air."

I followed her out. By this time, the air had cooled even more, and the cold of the sea breeze soothed my burning skin. Mom was along the corner. She had a cigarette, a girl passed her a lighter and she lit it, took a drag before handing it back. Then she was alone on the corner. People were disappearing, locals into doorways, tourists into the surrounding hotels, partiers into cabs. Soon it was just her and the cigarette and the cool breeze.

She looked sexy, one pale hip stuck out, her fingers loosely holding the glowing ember, the smoke drifting from between her full, red lips. She was breathing deeply, her shoulders falling.

"Hey," I greeted her.

She turned and smiled, her eyes tired. "Hey," she said softly. She passed me the

cigarette. I took it from her and noticed a bit of her lipstick on the filter. I took a drag and let it calm everything else in my system.

"There's one more bar," I said. "They're closing soon, but I figured we should hit one last place before we head back." She nodded. I offered my hand. She took it, folded her arm into mine, and we walked together into one last cantina.

It was a small place, where only a duo of musicians sat in the corner, their guitars playing slowly, their voices blending in a slow Spanish duet. It wasn't a place for parties, but it was the perfect last stop for a night like this. Mom and I moved slowly past the bar, and I signaled for wine. Two glasses, rosy, dusky red, appeared in my hands. We sat together, the atmosphere low and blue. We sipped the glasses, looking at each other, looking away, our heart rates calming. The night was finally ending.

"Did you have fun?" I asked.

"Did I? More fun than I've had in a long time, kid," she said softly. Her smile was slight. And sweet. We sipped at the wine while the songs played slowly. A couple danced in the center of the little room, barely enough space, just for them, their bodies close. The song concluded, and they sat down.

The guitar playing singer in the corner stood up. He said some words in Spanish, and then said in English, "One last song. One more. A romantic one to end the night." The chords began. Mom looked down, but I knew that her attempt to ignore the song wasn't how the night should end. There had to be one last dance.

"You want to dance?" I asked through the music. It was a love song. I recognized a few of the words. They spoke of a rare moment that would never come back. Mom looked away from me, embarrassed.

Nobody went up. But I knew she needed this. It was the end of the magic. There was only a little of it left.

I stood up, the wine and the movement of my heart urging me to bring her to this last, beautiful moment that would never come back. The sweet taste of the wine lingered in my mouth. I reached my hand out to her, and she looked up at me from her chair, her red lips barely parted, her eyes looking at me with confusion, concern. "Come on," I whispered. I leaned down, took her hand from the table, and pulled her gently up. She stood obediently, and followed me to the center of the room, our fingers interlocked.

I pulled an arm around her waist. Not too tightly. The way a gentleman would. Her small hand was in my other palm. It was a song in a minor key, lilting along quietly in Spanish. Her soft body was before me, her low cut dress bringing the top of her pale chest close. Her bare shoulders glistened in the darkness. She smelled like sweet wine, like cool water, like a lily in a hidden alcove. She looked up at me, and we stared into each other's eyes for what felt like hours.

It told me I made the right move.

That this moment was a last chance at magic.

I pulled her, gently, but not hard enough to force her to come to me. Only enough

to let her know I wanted her closer. Soft enough to let her know she didn't need to accept, that it was fine if she didn't. But she accepted it. She knew that the moment was magical. She took a step toward me. The edges of her body touched mine -- the soft cotton along her breasts brushed against my chest, and my hand slipped back, beyond her waist, and to the soft curve of her lower back, where I gently rested my fingers. Her head went down and laid on my chest.

The chords changed. The final verses were ending. The last chorus was on its way, and neither of us wanted it to end. My heart ached for the beauty of this moment. I wanted to pull her closer, to embrace her with all my strength.

"You looked... incredible tonight," I whispered. And I pulled with light pressure again, inviting her even closer. She hesitated. I could tell she was thinking. She waited for me to insist or to give up. I did neither. I kept the soft pull going, hoping she would want it as much as I did.

And then she accepted my invitation. She drew even closer. Her breasts pushed against me. Her cheek pressed gently against my neck, as if she laid with me. Her soft form was warm. Her pale, soft legs settled against mine. We rocked together, slowly, in the low light of that room, dancing like lovers.

The song ended, but we stood there together. Tired. Our blood humming with the wine and the warmth of each other's bodies.

Mom pulled away first. "I need some air," she said again, her eyes dark. I let her go ahead while I paid, and then went out, hoping she hadn't gone far.

The streets were empty, but I saw my mother, alone. The lights in the streets seemed so mournful now that we were done for the night.

When I approached, she turned around. Her dress lifted in the quickness of her movement. Her pale, creamy legs hinted at me before the edges of the dress dropped. Her dark, dusky eyes looked into my soul. "Is it wrong?" mom asked.

The ache in my heart came back. I didn't know if I could bear for her to say that it was. "Is... what wrong?"

"It is wrong to... be so happy?" She asked me, seeming to avoid asking what she really wanted to ask. Her eyes went down. The breeze gave only the slightest whisper. All else was silent. I didn't know what to say.

But then mom took a step toward me. Her head was lowered, but she reached out with one hand and felt my arm, her eyes flicking upward at me. Hinting. Asking. I knew, without a shadow of a doubt in my heart what my mother was asking me.

All girls acted this way...

...when they wanted to kiss a boy.

My heart beat once, twice, three times.

I reached for her. Gently pulled her to me, pressed her soft arms in my grip.

I lifted her chin up. She looked at me. Dared me. Asked me with her eyes if I would take that next step.

I would.

I fell into the gorgeous red of her lips...

...and kissed her.

And my gorgeous, impossibly lovely mother kissed back.

Her lips were so soft... I tasted the wine. I felt the heat of her soft, flushed face on mine.

I kissed her, harder. She did the same back, her tongue tasting sweet, and I lost control. I pulled against her more strongly, crushing her body to mine, pressing her soft hips against mine, grabbing the nape of her neck and controlling it while she whimpered in the kiss. Her hands wandered up and felt at me, smoothing along my chest, grabbing at my arms, circling around my neck. Her tongue flicked against my teeth, and I responded in kind, our tongues warring, dancing against each other, the wet flavor of her mouth and the sound of her labored breathing breaking against my heart, my core.

Now you have her.

Lust, powerful, unbearable broke through the gates of my mind. I felt the blood rushing in me, down, down, and I felt a painful ache in my pants, my cock pushed against the inside, pressing harder and harder. My hands went town, seized her waist. Pulled her close. Her hips bucked against mine, against my throbbing cock -- and she whined softly as we devoured each other, licked and kissed, the wetness of our mouths commingling.

I moved a hand down the small of her back. She soft flesh of her ass was under her dress, and I pressed, reached, all the way until one of her lovely, pillowy cheeks was in my hand. I squeezed and she gasped, the flesh giving way under the cotton, and I felt an unconscious growl leaving me. Her hands raised up in response, tangling in my hair, gripping it tightly as she pulled my mouth into hers. The ache in my pants grew -- commanded me -- and I reached the other hand down to her other cheek, and gripped it, lifted and pulled at her dress material, pulling her harder onto me. I felt my cock straining, burning hot, and I directed her softness onto it, while I gloried in the otherworldly plush of her lovely behind.

My hands kept moving down until I had one below the cleft of my mother's cheek, and I pulled her leg up. My hands reached the end of her dress, and then my fingers suddenly found cool flesh, the smoothness under her thigh giving way as her dress lifted, as my hand plunged even farther toward the heat between her legs. Then I felt a thin, thin fabric, the thin panties covering my mother's cunny. My fingers dug under them -- I felt the edge of the burning heat of her secret place, and she whined in my ear, and the urgency in me grew - I thrust forward with my hips, pressing my cock where I was certain mom's soft, pink apex lay, while my fingers grew closer to it from behind, pressing against her hot, slick flesh -- I felt her fingers tighten in my hair -- and I felt her wine-misted breath crying, breathing in my ear as she let go of a husky moan, "oh, god."

Then she stopped.

Mom looked up without pulling away, our lips tingling from the interrupted kiss. Her dark eyes, her flushed cheeks, her now messy hair shone in the half-light of the street. She looked at me soberly, panting, full of recognition as to what was happening. The wine made her imperceptibly sway. She stared up, shaking, vulnerable.

I could tell she was truly afraid of herself. Of what she was doing.

Of what my mother's lovely, sex-starved body needed from her son.

"That's enough," she said hoarsely, hesitantly. I didn't know if she meant it.

The hot, damp feeling under her skirt, the slick sweat of her skin between her legs, the wet heat I felt now at the tips of my fingers called me. I was so, so close to having my fingers inside her.

Inside mom.

But... I bit the inside my lips as hard as I could, trying to draw blood and strength as the animal in me snarled against the last shred of sobriety I held.

My hands left the space under her dress.

She stepped back, looking away. Her pale chest heaved as her gasping slowed, her physical senses calming, her excitement fading, her consciousness filling with relief.

We said nothing for a minute, but then she straightened and cleared her throat. Her poise was businesslike, but I could hear the subtle tremble in my mother's voice. "We can't be doing that, baby." She swallowed. "We're..." She trailed off. Her hand went up to her cheek. She looked at me sadly, and I felt myself falling in the dark of her eyes, wanting to ignore those words and to explore the tremble in her chest, but she finished, finally. "I'm your mother."

The moment was over.

I answered her, "I know."

The last magic of the night was gone.

"We need to get back," I said, numb. "I'll call a taxi." I turned and left the side streets first. Mom's quiet footsteps echoed behind me. It was so late in the night -- nobody else walked the city streets. Our taxi pulled up. We got into the back seat together. Didn't look at each other.

If you insisted, she wouldn't have stopped you.

If you tried to take her, she wouldn't have resisted.

You had her.

Those thoughts cycled in me torturously, over and over as we left behind the soft, warm lights of Chetumal.

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Chapter 12

I woke up late the next morning as if I dreamed everything. A part of me thought I had.

Mom was in the kitchen, alone. She wore a longer dress than last night. Blues and pinks in the color of sunrise. Thin straps over her shoulders. Her hair was tied up in a messy bun. She looked at me and smiled, pretended as if we never kissed, placed food in front of me as if I were sixteen again and getting ready for school. As if she was just my mom again. As if, hours ago, my fingers didn't brush against the soft, wet slit between her legs.

"Your dad hasn't come back yet," she said brightly. "I hope he's alright. He's probably sitting in an alley somewhere wondering where his wallet disappeared to."

"Mom..." I addressed her hesitantly. "Last night we..."

Her bright smile disappeared. She set the cookware down and leaned back against the counter, her true feelings surfacing on her lovely pale face. Regret. Concern. Confusion. Her lips looked so soft.

"Last night..." she cleared her throat but couldn't finish the thought.

We stared at each other guiltily, remembering the sights of skin, and sweat, re-living the sounds of music and desperate breathing as we kissed in the side streets. Of the heat that flared between our legs as we pressed our hips together.

The front door opened and we jumped, startled. Dad stumbled in again. I noticed that the clock in the kitchen said it was just past noon.

"Welcome back. You look great, dear," said mom, her fake brightness back. Dad looked like he had just gone through a threshing machine. His disheveled clothes and bleary, exhausted eyes could have landed him in an arrest lineup without surprising anyone. The stink of booze drifted into the villa with him. He half tripped onto the couch just like he did yesterday. We watched him, waiting to see if he would even justify himself. But he didn't. All he did was snore.

Mom frowned at him, disappointed.

I wondered if she felt any amount of guilt, not for the way she and I touched each other, but for the fact that she just kissed a man that wasn't her husband. But the longer I watched, the more certain I became -- the guilt was there. She looked at him sadly, her lips drawn thin. As if she had betrayed him. But she took a deep breath, remembering why she and I left him at the bar last night in the first place. She pulled her shoulders back in defiance. Shifted her soft hip to the side. Looked at me.

A different set of emotions clouded her face.

"We'll have to figure out another plan for today without him," said mom, echoing yesterday." Her eyes were serious. Focused. Cool.

"Alright."

"I'd love it if you took me to that hidden pool again," my mother said, unblinking.

After I changed, I nervously waited for her at the front door. She asked me to take her to the secret pool. The memory of yesterday flooded back, my stomach flipping while I replayed the images of creamy skin decorated by the falling water, sealed in the gorgeous intimacy of that moment.

It didn't take her too long. I heard the door to her room close upstairs. I heard her footsteps. I stepped out to watch her descend the stairs.

First, her lovely legs appeared. One after the other, proceeding from the heavens. All of her skin was now tinged with the kiss of sun, a gold and pink that made her glow in divine radiance. Her immaculate skin revealed itself as she entered my sight, my eyes drawing upward to the point between her legs, where a silky blue swimsuit cupped her apex. It drew up, the one piece covering her belly as the silk transitioned in color, moving from aqua blue to a sea green, shimmering in the light that passed through the windows throughout the villa. It had to be incredibly expensive.

The ample sides of her bottom were bare, the swim suit shrinking back along her hips. Above them, her heavy breasts were cupped in the metallic sheen of the swimsuit. It pushed them upward and together, her tits overflowing, barely contained in the low cut. The swim suit had no straps. Her upper chest and shoulders were revealed. Tiny white fabric flowers blossomed along the upper edges of the one piece, decorating mother's tits with an impossible dignity.

She came down the stairs, descending like the goddess of some long-forgotten sea, her hair free and loose. Some of her hair was lighter, shining, kissed by our short time in the sun. Like amber lines, like veins of gold. She turned and I realized that her lower back was bare -- the one piece opened up behind her, revealing a circle of her lower back to the sun. I realized that I was staring with my mouth open, leaning forward, tense and hungry.

Mom watched my reaction and grinned as she perched her sun hat on top of her long, dark locks. At the bottom of the steps, she gathered a long, flowing shawl and wrapped it around her waist. She put on her sunglasses and leaned her head to the side. "Let's go, baby."

The way she spoke, the way she was acting, her choice of swimsuit, all of these things confused and excited me to no end -- deep down, I knew what all of this meant. I looked at the door. If we went through it with every intention to go back to that secret paradise, then that meant...

I offered my arm. She stepped close to me and took it, her hands twining around my bicep, her hip brushing against mine, and we stepped into the sun.

Neither of us could bring ourselves to speak on the way to the beach. It felt like hours -- agonizing ones as I felt the overwhelming desire to run there, to arrive in that hidden place as soon as possible. Mom's pink cheeks hinted at the mix of emotions and feelings within her, but I couldn't see her eyes through the dark sunglasses.

We made it onto the beach. Walked along, side by side, arm in arm to the palm forest and the hill. No words. Just building, scared anticipation as we entered the shade of the tropical canopy.

The ground rose beneath us. The vines grew dense. Rocky walls appeared, lining our path. The tree at the entrance appeared. "We're here." We stopped before it together.

There was no returning once we went inside. This entry symbolized a taboo that could not be undone. The memory of seeing each other at our most natural, vulnerable states floated before us, coupled with the urgent panic of knowing we wanted that again - a warning that we were not merely making a mistake, doing something on accident. This would be by our own choices. If my mother and I went through, we would cross a barrier that was undeniably wrong.

I stopped before it and pulled the tree to the side, as if opening a door for her. She stayed in place. Removed her sunglasses. Took off her hat, and held it in her small hands. Looked at me. Mom was trembling, biting her lower lip as she nervously calculated in her mind what she was doing -- what she should do -- if she should stop and run back. I felt much of the same, but her soft, reddening cheeks, her dilated pupils, her parted lips, her trembling told me what else she wanted.

"Do you want this?" She suddenly asked.

I couldn't respond. I just held open the door, watching her, begging internally that she would make this choice. Even if it was wrong. Even if I was her son. We stared into each other's eyes, searching. I gave a slight nod.

A minute passed. Nora took a deep breath.

And my lovely, goddess of a mother moved past me, through the rock face, and into that secret place. An ethereally sweet scent flowed with her. I realized she was wearing perfume, something she deliberately put on before we left. Cloves. Honey. Jasmine flower. As if she were a silk-adorned concubine, in the long-lost empires of the Middle East, preparing herself for her summons to the chambers of a powerful master.

I followed after her, drinking in the scent.

The air cooled, the soft mist brushed through our senses. The sound and sight of the waterfall and the moss-painted walls meant we were in another world.

My mother and I were alone.

She turned to face me by the pool. The lovely white flesh of the tops of her breasts were bright in the low light. Something in her had changed. "Now what?" She asked, staring at me with her dark, knowing eyes.

"We could..." I looked at the pool. Back to her. Followed her lovely curves downward to the silk bathing suit that kept her gorgeous body hidden. It was beautiful but I wanted it to go. I wanted to see her vulnerable again. "We could skinny dip."

Mom took my response with a blink. I thought she would hesitate.

But she didn't. "Alright," she quietly breathed. Her hands went behind her. Hooked into the silk under her arms, where her creamy breasts pushed out. She pulled downward, shifting her shoulders down, one at a time as the silk peeled away from her chest, oceans of my mother's white lovely breasts revealing themselves. Her lovely tits fell, one after the other, the fragile pink of her nipples greeting the misty air, pointing at me as her flesh relaxed, falling softly free. She rolled the swim suit down, farther, past her tummy, to where her waist tightened, and then to where her pillowy hips widened out.

I was achingly hard, my cock straining through my shorts.

She bent low, looking upward at me, her hair veiling her heavy teats swinging gently from side to side as the one piece pushed off of her hips. She straightened,

her breasts pushing out, her fingers letting go of the swim suit completely. It fell to her ankles in a shimmer of silvery blue.

Mom pressed her legs together, her feet crossing as she stood staring up at me, her yielding thighs pushing softly, showing only the black triangle of hair above the connection of her legs. I wanted to bury my face in her.

Her hands came together in front of her, covering the patch of hair, hiding her apex from me. "It's your turn," she said, hoarse, struggling to keep her voice even. "Fair's fair." She looked down at the protrusion in my swimwear. Back up to me. Back down.

I pulled mine off with one move, let them fall, let my manhood free. I felt it throbbing -- watched as my mother's eyes focused on it, following every twitch it made. Her mouth opened as I flexed it, forcing it to arc upward. The anticipation was extreme. For both of us. She closed her mouth and I saw her eyes flaring, staring fixedly at my cock.

Her feet shifted. It wasn't much, but it was enough to see her thighs barely part, to finally reveal the hint of pink under her pubic hair. I felt precum rising from deep within. I felt myself coiling like a predator. I wanted to drive into her. To take her. To give my mother everything, to plunder everything she had.

I took a step forward.

No going back.

We made our choice to be here, to be together.

And to embrace all the consequences of it.

The lust exploded upward in me like an unstoppable tidal wave - I strode up and pushed her back -- we collided with the mossy rock walls. Mom gasped, I pressed against her -- our skin was hot, burning, and our mouths collided -- our wet kisses seared our lips, our skin. I squeezed her neck, feverishly grabbing at her legs, her breasts, circling around behind her, sliding down along her lower back, grabbing her ass and driving my fingers into the softness of her cheeks, wanting to tear her apart and to devour all of her soft, fragile flesh. She gasped heavily, pain or pleasure, I wasn't sure, but her hands clutched at me, one tightly held my hair before pressing at my face, sliding downward along my stomach, her other hand pressing behind her, feeling the cool, slick moss all along her back.

I pressed my cock onto the indent of her hip and she looked down, eyes wide, breathing heavily. "Wait -- son," she gasped, before I sealed my mouth over hers again, our tongues pushing past each other, breathing each other in.

Her hand went down my stomach while we kissed, her fingers lightly tracing down my pubic hair, weaving through it as she pressed her palm along my pelvis. Her hand opened up. Her soft fingers moved into a circle...

...as she wrapped them around my throbbing cock. I felt her body react as she touched my erection, the surprised shivers as I twitched in her grasp. Pleasure rocked through me as she squeezed, as our kiss disconnected and she looked down, open mouthed, marveling as her hand started to move up and down.

A bead of clear precum shot upward, emerging at my tip. "Brett," she whispered. "My baby boy." Her hand started moving faster, jerking me off as I clutched at her soft, pillowy ass, as I kissed along her neck, behind her ear, holding her tightly to feel her excitedly tremble as the handjob increased in speed, as her grip tightened, as her breathing became louder and faster in her excitement.

I reached farther, pulling her ass cheeks apart, leaning to bring my own fingers closer to her from behind. It was impossibly hot between her legs, the heat emanating from a pink, wet place calling my fingers home. My fingers pushed farther, and found... a slickness. A scent that rose, a heady musk from her arousal. I traced along it and mom shook under me, her handjob slowing as she took in the sensation of the cool rock wall and my fingers exploring between her legs.

I pushed at the firm, rich lips of her pussy. It felt immediately slippery -- and as I teased my finger between each lip, I felt mom tense under me. Her mouth opened, her breath caught. She looked up at me. Waiting.

I pushed farther, my index and middle fingers sinking in the feeling of her heat and wetness, of the tight pressure inside her. Her eyes widened. I went a knuckle deep, two knuckles, and then leaned forward, kissing her, plunging my tongue down her throat as she closed her eyes. My fingers pushed in farther, sinking all the way, and mom gave a moan through our connected lips.

I curled my fingers slowly. Felt her squirm with pleasure as I pushed against the top of her insides, where I knew a more sensitive spot lay. "Brett!" She made a high-pitched squeal. She gasped, pulling her lips off of mine, shocked at the noise she made. Stared into me with a look of surprise, her soft pink lips trying to say something, anything to explain the way she reacted to my fingers, still curling inside her, rubbing against that spot. I moved them in a 'come here' motion, and

with each movement of my fingers, her eyes heavily fell closed, then back open as I pushed along at the slick, wet walls inside. Her moaning rose and fell. "Ohh..." she shuddered and leaned her head back, closing her eyes.

Then her hand moved faster on my cock, gripping it tight, moving up and down, faster and faster. My legs buckled from the pleasure that rocked through me as my mother's hand passed into a blur, her soft fingers pressing into my rod as she jerked me off, her breathing fast in worked up effort. I tensed up, and she leaned her head forward, looking down at the way I throbbed and bucked, looking up at my face, watching the way I reacted to her expert hands.

I felt it building. Pressure, at the base of my shaft. My testicles started to constrict, to tighten. I felt it rising. I couldn't breathe, the rising ecstasy stopping my words as I passed beyond the point of no return.

Something was coming up. Now.

"Mom," I groaned. "I'm going to... I'm gonna..."

She locked eyes with me, her cheeks red, her breathing heavy.

Without looking away, my mother whispered, "I know, baby."

And I exploded.

Mom quickly moved her hand from the wall to catch it -- the semen that pumped from my cock in an endless stream, shooting into her hand as she kept jerking me with the other one. It kept going, and I couldn't help but roll my eyes back in pleasure as she loosened her grip slightly and shifted to jerking me off in an underhanded grip, her fingers splaying over my balls as she massaged them, the cum finally slowing, falling to the earth between my feet in drops.

She stepped back, letting go of my cock, my fingers pulling loose from inside of her. I staggered, the last drops of semen still falling from me in long, thin strands to the ground. My mother looked down at her palms, one hand empty, the other cupping the puddle of silvery, cloudy white. She stared at it in curious horror, still breathing heavily. The blush of her cheeks had spread down her neck, over her chest, the pink nipples now red from excitement.

I could see a faint glistening between her legs where my fingers had just been.

"What have we done," she whispered, awestruck, still looking at my cum, which was now trickling between her fingers and dripping into the leaves.

I wasn't sure how to respond. We had crossed a line, for reasons that no one, no one, could possibly accept or understand. But I understood.

And she did too.

She looked at me, curious. And then she remembered. "Your father," her voice dropped, disappointed in the reality that came flooding back, "is going to wake up soon."

What we did was suddenly starkly out of place in our minds, like a piece that didn't go with this puzzle.

How could we possibly treat this as anything but a dangerous situation that had to end? How could we possibly accept what we had just done?

remembered my dad was on the couch, passed out when we left.

I remembered that mom was married to him.

That he was the one funding the vacation.

I remembered that I had to go back to college when we made it back.

I knew that outside of this secret place, there were too many obstacles, too many people that could find out, too many risks to the rest of our lives.

There was no way we could continue, but how could we possibly even look each other in the eye when we had just pleased each other -- when my fingers had been inside my own mother, when my cum still dripped from her lovely white fingers?

The rest of my life flared before me. All the places where mom and I would interact were a dark, unreadable blur.

Denial. Acceptance. Mom's pale chest as a place to cum.

Nora in the Sun Pt. 06

Chapter 13

Mom went over to a patch of leaves and poured the cum from her hands, carefully using them to wipe the rest from her fingers. She kept looking at me, half stunned.

We got dressed slowly. Left even more slowly. Outside of that place, it seemed like she wanted to pretend it hadn't happened at all. She put on her hat and sunglasses and walked the private beach, and started talking about the ingredients in the tanning oil -- what made it so expensive and effective. I didn't listen. I just watched her hips sway for what felt like long, long hours until we departed to the main road and toward the villa.

When we made it back inside, there was a note on the counter. Off to the bars, don't wait up. -R

"I guess we're alone," said mom, hesitantly. She looked at me and then quickly looked away.

"For how long?" I asked.

"I don't know," she murmured. "But he'll be gone for a while." I thought about how he kept coming back in the morning. Judging by mom's pursed lips, she was thinking about it too, wondering why he never got back to the villa before it was light, as if he were sleeping somewhere else.

I thought of dad talking with that blonde from yesterday. Maybe it wasn't a question of sleeping somewhere else, but with someone else. Mom brought a hand up to her temple and rubbed at it, her eyes low.

"Maybe we'd better eat something," I tried to interrupt her train of thought. "I can turn on the cooking channel and we can try to make whatever they're making." Mom nodded and gave a worried smile. It immediately dropped.

"Son..." she folded her arms around herself. "What we did..." I realized that up to this point, neither of us addressed the way we touched each other. The way I came in her hand. She looked guilty and unsure.

I wanted to be honest with her. "I thought you were beautif-"

"Let's talk about this later," she interrupted suddenly, her cheeks changing color. "When we've had some time to think about it." She left to change. I heard a soft,

"oh my god," as she went upstairs. It was hard to tell if it was worry, or shock, or curious arousal.

he came back, minutes later, wearing a pale pink cotton sun dress. It was short, much like the one she wore in Chetumal, barely covering her thighs. As it drifted while she walked downstairs, I saw it flare up. Underneath the sundress, along her hips, I saw a glance of something white and lacy. She made eye contact with me, clearly aware of what the breeze allowed me to see, but she didn't put her hand down to lower the hem.

We cooked in silence -- just a couple light plates of fruit, a salad with herbs. The cooking show on television didn't match what we were making, but it didn't matter. What mattered was the stream of relaxed voices coming from the TV, drowning the awkward tension as we passed close each other, raising dishes over and behind each other.

She looked angelic, her dark hair up in a loose, messy bun, her hips cocking from one side to the other as she shifted while cutting mangos. I wanted to bury myself in those hips, to lift the hem of her dress and feel her plump behind, to explore the details of the white lace that covered it.

I thought about what mom and I had already done.

About how dad was going to be gone, for a long, long time.

I started to get hard.

I wanted her again.

Did she want it? She wore this just for you. What was going on in her head? About the waterfall? About the way she kept looking below my waist? What do you think that means?

I stepped close to my mother. Put a hand on the counter next to hers. Brushed against her side. I heard a soft breath escape from her as she closed her eyes. "Can you get the water?" She turned her head to look behind her as I drew closer. I lightly pushed my pelvis against hers, pressed my rod in the indent between her cheeks. The softness of her ass made me shudder. I wrapped a hand around her hip. Pushed myself farther between the cheeks.

I felt her hand move back. It settled on my upper thigh. She turned around, her breathing heavy.

"I need the water on the table, Brett." She pushed at my hip, lightly, and I stepped back. She put her hand on her chest, looking down, trying to regain her composure. "I'm almost ready." Her eyes snapped up to me. She clarified, "I mean, dinner's almost ready." Her hand went to her rear. I noticed that the way I pushed against her actually tucked the cotton between her asscheeks, revealing the shape of her bottom under the dress. She took hold of it with a couple fingers and pulled it out, clearing her throat at the same time.

"Once you pour the waters, you can sit down," she said tensely. "I'll be there in a second." I dimmed the living room lights on my way out of the kitchen.

When she finally arrived at the table and set everything down, she leaned forward. I saw down her dress, marveled at the low cut, how her breasts were so close to spilling out of it. She watched me as I watched her and whispered, "Go ahead. Eat."

We ate in silence. Fruit. A fresh salad. She brought finely cut pieces of ripe mango to her soft lips, sealed them around the fruit, made a barely audible musical note of pleasure with each bite. The mango was intensely sweet -- riper than any I had at home. It seemed to literally melt in my mouth. The tingle and tang followed down my throat with each swallow.

Mom closed her eyes with each bite. Each note she made with every piece made me ache under the table. A piece of mango juiced within her lips. The nectar slipped down her mouth, forming a thick line of sweet dew on her chin.

Like cum.

She dabbed it with a napkin, looking at me, her face flushing.

She must have seen my jaw clenching, my hands tightly gripping the table as I watched her. "It seems we have a lot to talk about," she said, reluctantly.

I nodded. "You first."

"Well..." Her voice trailed off. "I think... we'll need to be mature about what happened. Honest." My mother took a deep breath. "What we did, son... was..."

she cleared her throat, glancing toward my waist, blushing. "it was wrong." She put her hands under the table and looked down. "I'm your mom, for pete's sake. We shouldn't have... I shouldn't have touched you like that. You're so young, too young to understand-"

"I understand perfectly, mom," I interrupted.

Mom stood up quickly, the table shifting, the utensils clattering in the force of her hips driving against it. "No, Brett, you fucking don't." She was shaking. Her voice was high, as if she were panicking, suddenly realizing the full weight of what happened. "Brett, you came in your own mother's fucking hand. In my hand. Oh my god, Brett, your fingers were inside me! What kind of a mother am I?" I could see the suppressed guilt rising with a vengeance to torture her.

I didn't know what to do. Her guilt was too much. I started to feel sick inside, the grief erasing the heat I was experiencing before. I didn't want her to feel like this. Not anymore. I wanted to take everything back. "Let's go for a walk," I suggested.

"Alright," she whispered, calming down, her fingers lightly covering her soft, full lips.

We went outside, toward the ocean. The stars were in a wide band over us -- orange lamps dotted the sand to the north and south, and far along the water, we could see all the lights of Chetumal, multicolored and flickering. We walked together. The roar of the surf increased. A breeze blew along mom's dress, her pale legs flickering in the dark.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"I am too," she replied, her arms around her waist. Her hair was undone. It rippled in the wind. "But it's not your fault," she finished.

"It's not?"

"I think in a way, I'm responsible for this. I am your mother, after all. I just don't know what came over me," she said, falling deep into thought. "I just... I felt a certain way. Felt like it wasn't... that it wasn't bad, maybe. I just felt so appreciated by you, and I was having so much fun in the city. I was so drunk and I felt so..." she swallowed. "I felt young, Brett. You made me feel very young yesterday. You made me feel very young today." She looked at me, her eyes were intense with... something. "It was exciting."

I nodded, her obvious physical reaction to the memory turning me on. I tried to suppress it. She continued, "And I don't know if it's because you were away at college, but you're so damn good looking now. You've grown, so much... you're an actual man now... with a pretty cock."

That last word surprised even her. She shook her head, continuing. "I guess I forgot that you used to be -- that you are my son." She took a deep, nervous breath. "God, Brett. Whenever you looked at me..."

Her eyes flicked between me and the water ahead of her. "Whenever you looked at me... or touched me," I saw her swallow. "I felt..." Her pause went on forever. "I felt like you saw something in me. That you maybe wanted me. I felt like you

thought I was beautiful."

"But you are."

We drifted to a stop at the edge of the waves, and she turned to face me, the direction of the wind bringing her hair before her face, pulling the skirt high around her gorgeous legs. She stared at me, searching my face. To see if I meant it. And with everything in me, the longer I looked at my mother's pale face, the lightly sun-kissed hair, the lovely smoothness of her chest, the curve and shape of her indented waist sweeping out to her ample thighs, the more I meant that she was beautiful.

I ached, and admitted to myself that I wanted her. To be inside her. To consummate with the most beautiful woman -- to make love to my mother.

She gave a soft laugh, brushing her hair out of her face. As if she were a girl. It made my heart throb.

The surf rose up and brushed against our feet. A cool mist sprayed up from the water.

"And I do want you," I said.

She blinked. One of her hands stayed on her cheek. "You really think I'm beautiful?" Mom asked.

"I think you're incredibly beautiful," I said. I pushed farther. "I think you're sexy."

"You think your mother is sexy," she repeated, murmuring. Her hand went down her neck. "Did you... like it? What happened today?"

"Yeah," I nodded, savoring the memory of her look of surprise when my semen shot into her hand. "I loved it. Even if it was wrong."

"Even if it was a mistake?" She asked. I prepared myself. I was sure we were coming to the point that I had experienced with other girls after 'mistakes', points where they would say it wasn't going to happen again, points where we should move on. End it. I felt a growing wave of misery as I tried to accept the impending end.

"Even if it was a mistake," I said, "And it really was a mistake." I really tried to mean what I said. "It was wrong for us to do it. We can't do it again. We're family. We can't."

"We can't?" She asked. My heart stopped.

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Chapter 14

"I know it's wrong, but..." Her voice trailed off. She looked at me, her dark eyes wide, her form breathing with scared hesitation. "But I want it to happen again, baby." Even in the darkness of the sunset, I could tell her face was lit up, flushed. It was excitement. It was more.

"Even though it's... wrong?" I croaked in disbelief.

"If we... as long as we..." she swallowed, "as long as we don't go any farther." Mom nodded. "What we did is far enough. We can touch each other. A little. Then it's not so bad, right?" I could see her breathing heavily. "But we can't go any farther. We're related, so... any farther would be too much." she emphasized.

"What we did today is as far as we can go. I can... touch you. You can touch me. You can kiss me, you can... put your fingers..." she trailed off. "But," she licked her lips, "we can't do anything else. I can make you come, with my hands, and you can touch me down there, and make me feel good too. But that's it. Alright?" Her reddening face and the way she touched at her neck made my cock spring up in my pants.

I nodded.

She wanted it. She offered it.

Your own mother.

I felt myself coiling in anticipation. I didn't want to wait. I wanted to pick her up, to carry her back. I wanted her again, now.

Her eyes told me she was thinking exactly what I was thinking. She rubbed at her neck, staring at me. "Do you want to go back," she asked, finally. "To the villa?" I felt myself straining against my pants. Longing to be free. Longing to feel her small hands wrapped around my cock again.

"Yes," I said through a clenched jaw.

I offered my arm. She took it, wrapped her arms around it. We turned, our backs to the ocean, and went up the beach back to the rental. I felt her shaking, her fingers trembling. Mom's hips brushed against mine as we walked, quickly, building up speed.

I couldn't even make it inside. We climbed up the steps to the patio, and just as the lights on the desk illuminated her face, I could see her anticipation through flushed, red lips. I grabbed her by the neck, pushed her against the wall, and we kissed, her soft, sweet mouth tasting of forbidden fruit, her slick tongue flicking inside my mouth as she moaned. I reached past her neck, slid my hands down, searching for the soft, pillowy ass below. Her heavy breathing was in my ears.

"Come on," she said, fumbling for the sliding glass door. "I don't want anyone to see."

We stumbled in, turning off the lights, hurrying inside and to the couch, falling into it. Her fingers went down my chest, her hands undoing my buttons as she kissed my neck with light, wet sucking sounds. I pulled up her dress -- her white lace panties came into view. They were smaller panties than usual -- barely covering her pussy, the back shrinking into a thin, white string that only sat between her round, lovely cheeks. A thong.

I pulled up the rest of the dress, and she brought it over her head, unveiling a similarly lacy bra.

She tore my pants downward, her open mouth gasping in anxious tension. A hand pulled down at the waistband of my underwear, and my erection snapped upward. Her other hand went down as she stared, licking her lips. She wrapped her fingers around my cock, and then looked at me as she started to move it up and down.

I shuddered as precum gathered at the tip. She watched it emerge, the thin drop shining in the darkness of the living room. Her lips looked so soft, her surprised, open mouthed stare directly toward my penis stirred a beast within me. I wanted to grab her by the back of her head, force her down, make my mother taste it. I shuddered at the thought, but gripped the couch instead -- mom had laid out the ground rules -- we could only touch with our hands.

I let go of the couch, leaning forward, her hands leaving my rod and moving up to my neck, kissing me as I pulled at the elastic along her hips. Her soft flesh gave as my fingers pressed into it, as I hooked into the string of the thong and pulled it back, my mother's white thighs lifting up, her legs together. I shifted lower on the couch, looked under her and saw the light, juicy pink between the mounds of her bottom.

My mother's wet, soft cunny.

It was practically dripping, shining in the darkness of the living room. Two coral pink lips pressed together, promising tightness, a light, sweet musk rising. Mommy's pussy. I wanted to taste it. I wanted to set my mouth on her and to drink in the juice between her thighs, even if it was insane -- even if it was wrong.

I remembered the rules she set, and lowered my hands underneath her instead. I pushed my index finger along the inside of her thigh, pulling her legs gently open. She tensed, her fingers searching upward along my face, pressing into my hair.

At the top of her pelvis, where the lips of her luscious cunt joined at the top, just under the soft triangle of pubic hair that she had so carefully trimmed for this trip, her clitoris shone like a little gem. I moved my finger along it, over it, feeling her shudder under me as I grazed it, dragged my fingers between her pussy lips, feeling them give with wet, slick juice. I gathered it with my fingers, wiped it along her clit, before rubbing against it with the pads of my fingers. Mom shuddered.

My middle finger and ring finger went down, and pushed. The opening between her pussy lips gave way, and my fingers started to sink into her. Mom gave a high pitched whine as it went in, knuckle by knuckle, her hands clutching at my hair.

Her clit looked like a coral pomegranate seed, like a shining opal. I moved my thumb over it and gave a gentle push. She twitched, and moaned, "oh honey... my baby..."

My fingers started to move in and out, the soft firm texture of her tight pussy constricting over my hand. With each movement, she gave a slight gasp -- I angled my fingers upward, searching for the spot, and when I felt the fleshy ribbing at the ceiling of her pussy, she arched back, breath catching. I pushed into her, faster, fingerfucking her the way I had learned in college, as if she were a lovely stranger I had just met and convinced to come back with me to the dorms.

Mom's hips bucked as I pushed in and out, faster and faster, the slick, sticky sound of my fingers getting louder and louder, as my knuckles pushed hard between her meaty lips, as she opened her mouth, eyes closed, core tensing.

"Fuck, oh fuck, Brett!" Mom started gasping, her hands latched onto my shoulders, her nails scratching me. "Oh fuck... oh fuck!" She pushed her hips forward, grinding herself on my fist, rolling her hips, making my fingers twist inside her as she gave a loud, throaty cry. I felt her shudder, as her insides quivered and I felt a rush of juices squirting over my fingers.

She shuddered, whining, and grabbed my head, pulling it close to her chest, "slow down now, baby," she gasped, burying my face between her soft, milky breasts, the lacey bra smelling of jasmine. I held my fingers inside her, feeling her slick pussy clench on me. She breathed heavily. She looked down at me as if I were just a kid again, as if I were being held on her lap, but her eyes were sultry, dark, aroused.

"It's your turn, baby," she whispered, her hands spreading out, moving down my chest. "Let me hold that pretty, pretty cock of yours."

But I couldn't stop thinking about the little pink nub of her clit. About the juices

that ran down from between her legs. About the sweet scent that made me ache to taste her... to drink her in.

"I want to taste you," I said. I grabbed inside her thigh and moved my fingers over her clit. She shuddered as I shifted down.

She laughed, stroking my hair. "Honey," she said, her tone a mix of warning and surprise, "you're very sweet, but I'm your mommy." Her hands pushed me away gently. "Besides, I think you're going to like what I'm about to do to you." She stared up at me, her dark eyes flirting. "Do you want to cum on mommy's tits? Do you want to cum all over your mother's chest?"

I stood up in a flash, and mom sat up on the couch, leaning forward, finally unhooking her bra. It fell to her waist, her overflowing breasts falling loose, her soft, tasty nipples darkened with the heat and excitement.

She scooted to the edge of the couch. My cock stood at attention close to her face. She stared at it, licking her lips. "Oh honey," she said, her voice throaty and yearning. "You have such a pretty, pretty cock." She took it in her hands and squeezed, breathing in sharply. Her hands started moving, and I shuddered as her handjob continued where she left it. "It's not that I don't want you to taste me," she said, her dirty talk sending spasms through me, "but I just want to see my tall, handsome son cumming for his mommy, that's all."

My precum surged up, and a sticky drop slid down my tip. She let go of my cock with one hand while she continued jerking with the other, and lightly pressed her finger on the opening, then drew it away, a strand of my cum pulling for inches until it disconnected. She looked up at me. "Oh, honey... Is it good? Do you like it

when mommy touches you?"

I gasped, each use of the word 'mommy' hitting me harder than I thought possible. She looked up at me, her sexy eyes blinking at me innocently as I thrashed, my prick like an animal, pushing toward her lovely, sexy face. Her hands gripped my throbbing cock tight, moving it faster and faster.

I gritted my teeth and tried to hold myself back, but I felt it starting. I felt the cum rising. "Oh, mom..." I moaned, "Oh, mom... oh fuck, I'm..." My cock throbbed in her hands, her fingers unbearably hot. I gave a shudder and staggered backwards as I felt my balls constricting -- I would have slipped out of her grip, but mom actually lunged forward, her bottom leaving the couch, and she fell to her knees, now even lower, looking up at me submissively, her lips pouting while her hands darted up and down my shaft.

I looked down and saw the pale, lovely flesh of her tits, right in front of my cock. I was about to come everywhere -- all over the place I used to suckle as a baby -- all over my mother's lovely breasts. I closed my eyes and groaned uncontrollably.

Then my mother spoke, gently, in a loving, pleading tone. "Yes, yes baby," I rocked, feeling it surging upward. "Please baby, cum for me." My vision started to go white. "Cum for mommy. Cum on mommy's tits like a good boy."

With that, my cock exploded -- streams of my white cum came out in ropes, casting over my mother's pale tits, streaming down her pink areolas, splashing up her smooth neck, a pale fleck of semen striking her chin as she gasped. My balls pumped for long, drawn out seconds, until it felt almost painful, until I didn't have any cum left in me, until only tiny drops fell to the light tile of the villa.

Mom's hand slowed, and then she drew it away, pulling lines of sticky whiteness with her. She looked at the cum on her hand, this time smiling. "That was a lot, Brett." She stood, her soft body moving elegantly, and grabbed a napkin, wiping it off her hands. The amount of cum on her chest was like strings and strings of shining necklaces. Thick shots of it slowly dragged down her, curving between and around each teat, glinting, wet, one strand flowing down her tummy past her belly button. She wore her son's cum with such... dignity. She gave a sultry look as I stared at it dripping down her front. "I think your father will be home soon. Get cleaned up, alright honey? I'll take care of the stuff on the floor."

I showered, the time afterward moving in slow motion. I stumbled around in the afterglow, got dressed in my room, tried to get steady until I just collapsed on my bed. I heard the shower turn on for a few minutes. I wanted to get up and to see what mom looked like in the shower again, but after cumming that hard, I didn't really have anything in me.

When I got out, it was even darker. Mom was wearing her thin, white silk robe, the one she wore on the first morning of the trip. "Hey," she called to me from the couch. "Want to watch this thing? I think it's called 'Generations of Passion' or something." She was watching a Mexican soap -- something from the early 2000's. Dark haired men and women in the best of the time's fashion threw their hands at each other on screen, yelling, crying, whispering, their volumes rising and falling dramatically. I didn't know what they were saying to each other exactly, but I could get the sentiment.

I sat down on the couch, and mom reached her hands out to me. "Come here, baby," she sighed. "Let's relax a bit." I pulled in close, laying down across the length of the couch and nestled by face between her breasts, now clean, smelling like floral body wash and silk. It was like I was a little kid again. Somehow, my

erection came back -- even though I came with everything I had earlier, the scent and feeling of her teats got my blood flowing.

I moved my fingers along her leg and she pulled me closer. I felt like flirting. "Hey babe," I said, "you ready for another round?"

Mom snickered and slapped my cheek gently. "Don't talk to me like that. I'm still your mother after all. Now hush, I'm trying to watch this thing."

I kept moving my hand up her leg, pressing it between her soft thighs. "You don't want to multitask?" My fingers reached the soft place between her legs. She wasn't wearing panties -- under her robes, she was completely naked. My finger trailed between her lips, the moist, slick feeling of her juices still readily there for me to explore.

She glared at me, shifting so that my fingers couldn't push deeper. "I'm serious, Brett. I'm trying to watch this show." She set her hand on my wrist. "You'd better not distract me from what's happening next. Or I'll slap you for real." I reluctantly pulled my hand back, sulking, trying to figure out how I could get a little more out of her tonight.

Five minutes later, I got a hard, stinging slap to the face and was sent to bed.

What can mom and Brett do before dad gets back? Or after?

Nora in the Sun Pt. 07

Chapter 15

I woke up with a hard on that would have knocked down a building, which was frustrating, considering I didn't know if I would get to use it today. Was mom still upset? I wasn't sure if she was mad at me from pushing a little too hard during her show last night. The sound of the slap still rang in my ears, even after sleeping.

The sound of something sizzling drifted into my bedroom, so I walked out in my underwear, hoping to apologize and to get something to eat.

Mom was wearing a different silk robe this time. It was just as thin and as short as the other robe, but this time, it was a shiny and stark black, making her skin look stark white in comparison. Her thighs looked incredibly delicious. If the other robe made her look like an angel, this one made her look like a seductress, ripe for the taking. And I felt seduced. My mother gave a slight turn as I stepped in, her hips giving a subtle, curvaceous jiggle. She smirked, watching as I stared at the lovely shape of her behind under the robe. "Good morning, mister insatiable. Did you sleep well after I grounded you?"

"Morning," I responded, all the embarrassment melting away as I kept staring. I felt my cock rising as her hips moved back and forth while she tended to the food on the stove. Her legs pressed together, and she leaned forward to reach for salt,

and I saw the gentle curve of her bottom emerge. Just between her cheeks, right where her legs met, I saw the hint of pink, her yummy pussy peeking out at me. My mouth started to salivate as I remembered her smell and the feeling of her slick juices on my fingers. I regretted not tasting it after having my fingers in her over the last couple days.

Then I wondered if I could have a taste today.

"Your father's on his way back," she said, somewhat regretfully. "And while he's here, I don't want you playing grab hands with me. Can you imagine if your father saw something?" She gave a shudder, her hair shimmering around her face. "God. What a fucking disaster that would be if he ever found out."

"I don't know," I said, contradicting her. "I think it'd be pretty fun to do it around him. It's exciting."

"Yeah. Well. It's enough that I've been letting my son cum on my chest. I don't need your father to divorce me for it." She looked at me up and down, her gaze lingering on my erection. "Ready for another one, huh?" She smiled. "Not enough time, Brett. Sorry. I need to have this ready by the time he gets back."

I felt my cock straining. I asked, hoarsely, "when will he be back, exactly?"

She stopped cooking and turned to face me, a hand on her wide hips. "I hope you're not thinking what I think you're thinking." She rolled her eyes. "If you've really got to know, he sent me a text saying he'd be back in 15 minutes."

When did he send that?" I stepped up to her, pushed her against the counter, pressing my erection against the soft cleft under her robes. She took a sharp breath inward. She looked up at me with those dark, dark eyes.

"Five minutes ago. But that's not enough time for -," she yelped as my hands dove under her, and I lifted her up. Mom dropped the spatula, giggling as I carried her to another spot of the counter, her hands wrapping around my neck. I set her ass on the tile counterspace, then started to pull at the edges of her robe. She gasped loudly as I tugged the little ribbon apart, her breasts spilling from between the thin fabric, "Brett, what are you doing?" I kept pulling the robe apart, drawing it along her sides, her lily-white legs now revealed, the soft pinch of her flesh meeting above her apex.

"We have ten minutes."

I felt so hungry to taste her -- my hands pushed her legs wide open and she leaned back on the counter, trying to keep her balance. "Brett!" She yelled, "what the hell are you doing?"

I knelt down, kissing along her chest, down her soft, tight tummy. "Don't stop me. I need this." I pushed her legs wider, but she started to resist, trying to pull her legs together.

"Brett, this isn't what we agreed to. It's just hands, remember?"

I didn't care. She could slap me again and it wouldn't matter -- that wasn't enough to keep me from devouring my mother's lovely cunny. She tried pulling her legs

together tighter for a second, but I only pushed harder -- exposing the pink slit between her legs. My hands massaged inward, and she relaxed, protesting, "I know you think you're being funny, but we agreed to certain rules." I put my tongue along the inside of her thigh and moved smoothly in toward her pussy. Mom's words halted as she paused, trying to figure out what to say to stop me while my tongue cruised steadily inward, tasting the clean, soft skin, until it grew warmer toward the apex. I reached around and grabbed either side of her ass and pulled her closer to the edge of the counter.

"Brett..." she said, trying to sound stern, "Brett, don't you dare..." My tongue finally reached her hip as I pulled her open. Her pussy looked so delicious, like a sugar glaze -- tight, inviting. Her breath caught in anticipation or embarrassment. Her voice was now high. "Brett, your father is going to be home any--" My tongue reached her, and I immediately pushed forward to cover as much of her pussy with my mouth as I could, sealing over her hot, slick slit.

She moaned, all her breath escaping her. The taste between my mother's soft lips burst into my mouth -- a sweet, tangy flavor like citrus fruits and copper. I gave a long, deep lick, and felt my tongue press in, parting the lips despite their tightness.

She sucked a breath in, gasping, "Brett, you shouldn't... ohhh..." She melted under me. I licked with the fullness of my tongue, pressing in, licking as deep as I could, and pulled my tongue upward and over her pink clit. Every time my tongue went over the little nub, she shuddered with short, halting breaths.

Mom shifted on the counter, her hands pushing against the dishes and décor. A bowl filled with fruit crashed to the ground, scattering limes and oranges into the dining room while her moans echoed through the house. "Brett," she whined while my tongue explored between her juicy, tangy lips, "Oh damn, Brett, I should

slap you again for this." She bit down on her lower lip as I pushed harder.

I gave a muffled grunt while sliding my tongue into her as deep as I could. She shuddered as I tightened my grip on her bottom, pulling her pussy against my mouth, feverishly licking as she gave little gasps. Her legs went up, and I carefully drew my mouth higher, circling my lips around the little jewel at the top of her pussy. I sucked, and she threw her head back, wrapping her legs around my face. "Yesss," she moaned. Mom pulled, her soft calves against the back of my head. She fell back to her elbows on the counter. "Fuck, baby," she whined as I sucked and licked at her clit. "Fuck! Lick me like that, baby... ohhhhhh..." She threw her head back, giving a continuous, suppressed cry.

I drew back, put my fingers in my mouth to cover them with spit, and brought a finger to the entrance of her cunt. She panted, waiting, her eyes wide as she looked down at me from the counter. I pushed my fingers in, and she mouthed, "fuck," closing her eyes, shuddering.

My mouth went back to her clit, and she stared down, anxious, feverishly anticipating. I pulled my fingers upward inside her, gently pushing against the top, where her most sensitive spot was, but stopped. I pulled my mouth back and looked up. One of her hands reached down and wove through my hair. "Come on, baby," she begged. "Don't stop."

"You want it?" I asked, teasing. "You want me to taste you some more?"

"Yes," she hissed, "fucking eat me out Brett, come on!"

"I don't know," I drew out my words as I flicked at the pink nub with my tongue, each flick causing her to twitch and gasp impatiently. I purposefully slowed down as I continued, "I don't know if we have enough time--" Her fingers suddenly tightened into my hair and she yanked my face down, sealing my mouth onto her clit. I started licking again and she moaned, "ohhhh... that's what I want, baby..."

I pushed my fingers farther into her. She shook under me as my digits explored inside of her, while my tongue slipped around, my whole mouth soaked with tangy pussy juice and saliva. I pushed upward, feeling the fleshy ribbed feeling of her G spot, and concentrated my effort there. I rubbed it gently, while timing it with my tongue on her clit, and with every movement, her gasps got louder and louder, her legs clenching as she tightened herself around me, pulling me harder into her pussy. I could tell this was the way -- if there was a way to bring my mother to orgasm before dad got home, it was going to happen this way.

She started to tense. "Brett," she started, barely whispering. I pressed on, moving my tongue faster, rubbing a little more firmly, sucking gently. She said my name again, louder this time, sighing with almost a musical note. "Brett." She leaned her head back, her fingers tightly clenching around my hair. It was going to happen any second now.

I felt her body shift as she slipped off of her elbow and onto her back, now laying flat on the counter while her legs pulled tightly around my head and shoulders. I licked faster, pressed against her sensitive spot more carefully, timing everything with her breaths, until I heard her cry, "Oh fuck, Brett!" She gasped, loudly. Then she stopped breathing. I pushed harder. She started to shake.

Her legs tightened, hard, and I felt a rush of juice spurt from within her cunt -- and a sweet taste hit my tongue as I bore down, feverishly licking as she started to

shudder and twitch uncontrollably. Her mouth opened and she gave a soundless, breathless cry, arching back, her heavy breasts swinging with each tremor, her hips pushing forward, hard, her legs tightening even more than I thought possible, crushing my face between her soft white thighs while she fell apart in orgasm.

She held me in her legs, tight, for long, long seconds, her pussy quivering against my lips while I savored the sweet juice that dripped from her. She finally took an ecstatic breath -- a long, crying, gasping breath.

Then I heard the front door open.

Mom snapped up in a panic, her hair completely messed up, her face scarlet red from the strain of her orgasm. She looked at me with a fascinating mix of panic and stunned, dumbfounded shock - as if we hadn't expected dad to arrive home when he said he would.

Her hands whipped to her sides, and she yanked together the edges of her black silk robe, shutting away her breasts, the reddened nipples disappearing from view, her dark triangle of pubic hair shuttering away, her hands shaking while tying the belt of the robe. "Put on some pants!" She hissed, pointing at my hard on poking through my boxers. I completely forgot -- I was practically naked, and dad's footsteps were already coming down the hall.

There wasn't any time -- not enough for me to dive into my room before dad could see us. Mom hopped down off the counter and repositioned herself at the stove while I just tucked my erection upward so it wouldn't be as noticeable. I looked at mom, panicked.

Her face was still red, her pupils dilated, her lovely white legs still shaking in post-orgasm shivers, her robe only barely holding on around her. A single, lovely tit was half-out on her left side. There was no way we wouldn't arouse suspicion unless we had a miracle.

And we had it.

Dad's eyes were swollen through lack of sleep and the extraordinary effects of way too much booze. He smelled like a distillery, staggering into the dining area, barely even facing our direction while he moved on a downward trajectory toward the only cushioned surface in the area. "Good morning..." he groaned, clearly hung over and drunk at the same time. He collapsed onto the couch where mom let me cum on her tits the night before. His face pressed into the pillows as he suffered in alcoholic misery.

Mom glared at me, still red, only now noticing her left breast being so exposed. She pulled the robe over it and whispered harshly at me, "we'll talk about this later." She pointed at my room and mouthed for me to put some pants on. When she turned to face my dad I noticed the red imprint of the counter on the back of her legs, along with the red marks along her ass where I gripped her cheeks tightly while I licked her out. In any other situation I was sure it would have raised suspicion, but we were incredibly lucky this time. Dad was only half-conscious.

I tiptoed away and returned after I had both pants and a shirt. Mom was salvaging the food on the stove -- it had burned slightly after I distracted her, but she was making it work, setting fresh, if not slightly overdone quesadillas on three brightly colored plates.

Mom set a plate in front of dad, who was starting to snore. The look on her face was intimidating to say the least. Dad's continual choice to drink and stay out until morning probably didn't feel the most flattering to mom, especially after all of their arguing. She had her mouth closed tightly, her cheeks tense with angry thought while she stared down at her husband who had most likely spent the entirety of last night trying to chat up girls half his age.

"So." Her voice was terse. "Where did you stay last night?"

Dad opened his eyes and rubbed at his face. "Does it matter?"

"You've been out until morning several times now," mom replied, icy. "Most women would be suspicious."

"You don't need to worry, Nora," dad groaned. "I'm a faithfully and happily married man." His sarcasm dripped thickly.

"We both know that's a lie."

"We both know I wouldn't do anything that could cause a divorce." Dad sat up on the couch, now alert, his own tone similar to mom's. "That would be a little costly, wouldn't it?"

Mom shifted, uncomfortable with the way the conversation rapidly turned. "I see."

Dad shrugged and laid back. "You want me to give you a play by play about how last night went?" He snickered. "Oh Nora. You've thought I was cheating on you the last few days, haven't you?"

Mom bristled with frustration and embarrassment, suddenly guilty. She started rubbing her arms, her eyes flicking to me and down my body. I self-consciously wiped at my mouth.

She replied, "any woman would have her concerns. You've come back boozed up every day. During daylight. It's not like you would have slept on the floor of a bar."

"You'd be surprised what a couple of twenties will do in the right spot. I got bedside service, can you believe it? Pillows, blankets, a bench next to the liquor cabinet, the works." Dad yawned. "Waking up in a different bar almost every day is a bit like camping. Plus, you get to drink before 9 AM." He rolled over. "In all seriousness, it's the most fun I've had in a long, long time. Now stop being a nag."

Mom huffed and went back to the kitchen. Her face was furious. I stepped back as she moved past me to the sink, putting her hands to either side of it. She was breathing heavily, enraged.

Dad's voice rose from the couch in a taunt. "Besides. Jealousy doesn't become you, Nora. And even if I was talking to other women, what would you do? Would you even divorce me?" He laughed quietly, trying not to aggravate his hangover. "You're way too sweet for that." He paused. "Don't tell me Brett's not awake yet."

Mom's eyebrows raised as she realized dad had no idea I was in the kitchen. She

turned and looked at me. I could tell she was thinking. Wildly angry thoughts danced across her face. "He's... still in his room," she said slowly, looking directly at me. "Now, what were you saying dear?" Her words came out like metallic slivers. She beckoned for me to come closer. Put a finger over her lips. Put her hand on my shoulder. Pushed me down while making a barely audible shushing noise.

"I mean," dad's words sleepily floated from behind the couch, "you're just not that kind of woman to ruin both of our lives. You're too nice. Too timid."

I sank to my knees, looking up at mom. She looked down at me coldly, setting a hand gently behind my head, while her other hand slipped down to the lower hem of her silk robe. I stared up at her, stunned, as she slowly, gently lifted it up.

Her waist was at my eye level as the black silk parted to unveil her luscious hips again. Her pubic hair appeared, and just below it, the bright red of the nub of her clit shone like a jewel in the midst of the pale, white flesh between her legs.

"Timid?" Mom repeated dad's words. "Nice?" She gently pulled my head toward her apex, making a soft kissing shape with her mouth, hinting that I was supposed to taste her again, even with dad just ten feet away.

Mom didn't look like she did before. This was very, very different from the suppressed lust and caution my mom shared with me when we touched each other earlier. This was dirtier. This was more extreme. This was... her way of getting revenge.

She set her feet apart and leaned back against the counter. Her slick pussy was open for me again. She looked over the counter at dad and back down to me, her

cheeks flush, her look intense. I heard dad reply with another taunt. "Nora, I know you've nagged me plenty on this, but realistically, I'm too close to retirement for you to want to end all that. How would that benefit either of us? If we divorced, you'd have to go it alone and work, and it'd be too embarrassing for you anyway. But I think it's sweet, really. You forgive me for being distant, don't you? It's what I like about you."

My mother glared down in response to those words. Her hand tightened in my hair and she forced my mouth toward her pussy.

I felt my cock spring up against the inside of my pants. Mom's domineering look downward at me was so... extreme, dominating. It simultaneously scared me and aroused me, giving me feelings I wasn't sure I knew how to handle. I opened my mouth obediently and set my tongue on her slit, and licked upward, dragging along her clit, guided by her hand. She shivered in response, her cheeks red. Her legs slightly parted further, and she pushed her hips out, mashing my mouth on her cunny. I licked at her, tasting her juices afresh, knowing that after the orgasm earlier and with her newfound excitement that her flesh was infinitely more sensitive than it was before. Her legs twitched in response to each lick.

"You really think I won't do anything?" Mom's words were heavy, strained. I could see how somebody might interpret them as angry, or upset, but from the look on her face, I could tell that she was enjoying herself.

"Of course not," dad's words were a little quieter, but self assured and relaxed.

I licked at her harder, bringing my hands up and grabbing hold of her ass. I pushed my face in, tasting, taking in the soft scent of her crotch, enjoying the new wave of

wetness that covered my mouth and chin as I devoured her between her legs. Mom gave a little gasp as I looped an arm between her legs and lifted one of them over my shoulder. She wrapped her leg around me, over my back, and rolled her eyes back as I dove as deeply as I could with my tongue, fucking her pussy with my mouth as best as I could.

"Stop crying, Nora," dad mumbled. "God damn."

"Sorry honey," mom whispered, barely audible, shuddering. She looked down and pointed at my erection pushing through my pants. "Take it out," she mouthed.

I obliged, unzipping my pants silently and pulling out my cock, excited beyond anything I had ever experienced, the risk and insanity of eating out my own mother with my dad in the room lighting up every possible neuron in my mind. My heart crashed through my chest, coupled with the feeling that I was my own father's replacement, that I was claiming his wife's sexuality, even with him in the room.

"Touch yourself," she mouthed. I obeyed, wrapping a hand around my junk and jerking myself off, already close simply from the fear and risk, the delightful sights of mom's orgasm coupled with the anticipation of what mom was planning. I had no idea what was going to happen, but I was ready with everything to find out.

She pushed my face into her pussy while I jerked off on my knees. My tongue explored deeper. Her excitement was at a peak too -- as she looked down at my cock jerking and my face deep in her cunt, she tensed up. She gave an imperceptible, gorgeous moan, shuddering, both of her hands moving onto my head, tightening in my hair. Her grip grew even tighter as I focused harder on her

clit, pushing with all of my tongue's strength on the pink nub, until she suddenly shattered.

She gave another gasp, loudly this time, and the one leg she stood on shook until she almost fell, her hands snapping from my head to the counter to prop herself back up. Her other leg around my neck and back constricted around me, and as she started her second orgasm, she gave a low moan that I was sure dad would think was her crying.

"Oh god, Nora, please shut up," he moaned, while my tongue pushed deeper into his wife's cunt.

Mom threw her head back and she gave a sob of delight and pleasure, her legs twitching, her arms shaking, weakened by the waves of orgasm that ripped through her lovely, curved body. Her leg's grip tightened even further, her face went to a deep red, and then she let go, struggling to keep herself quiet while gasping.

I was getting close to cumming too -- the sight of mom shuddering and the extreme dynamic playing between her and my dad was too much. I felt my balls tightening, the tense feeling at the base of my cock growing intensely. Mom let go of my neck with her leg and leaned down, her breasts hanging, pushing from between the folds of her silk robe.

She whispered directly in my ear, barely audible, her lovely hair a mess, her eyes sultry, pupils dilated, her cheeks flush, her lovely lips soft, her eyes impossibly dark. "Brett, baby, be a good boy. Since your father's being this way," she asked, her voice shaking, mischievous, seductive, hoarse from her orgasmic strain, her

words impossibly slow, "I need you to make mommy feel better..." Her lids lowered as she made eye contact with me and finished her command, "by cumming all over mommy's face and all over mommy's mouth."

I couldn't even blink a response.

I got lost in the dark swirls of my mothers lashes as she gave me a soft kiss on the cheek. She looked at me, expectantly, leaning forward, a tit falling loose from her silk, the beautiful ruby of her nipple accentuating her chest.

She looked at me inquisitively, as if asking me again. I nodded, my mouth dry.

Of course I would do what she asked. Yes, I would gladly cum on my own mother's face. My cock throbbed uncontrollably as I held on to the edge of orgasm, the anticipation almost too much, as beads of precum emerged from the tip of my cock.

She put a finger to her lips and gave another shushing noise as she drifted to her knees. I stood up silently, peeking over the counter. I felt mom's finger touch gently at the tip of my cock and then drift down, dragging the slickness of my precum with it. Dad's head was hidden by the armrest of the couch. Unless he got up, there was no way he'd see what was going on.

I looked back down at mom, while she stared upward at me, her eyes innocent, her hands reaching up to the edges of her robe as she pulled them wide, baring her chest, letting her breasts completely fall free as she submitted herself before me and offered her face and mouth for my cum. I throbbed, unbearably close,

feeling the excitement pushing everything upward.

Her fingers wrapped around it and squeezed, and she smiled as I twitched in her hand. She went to work, knowing I was already so, so close to cumming, and she tightened her grip and jerked me off as fast as she could, her fist a blur as I shuddered, my legs buckling over, and over, as I felt it starting.

My own mother, the lovely woman who gave birth to me, who took care of me when I was sick, who cooked me breakfast, threw me birthday parties, scolded me about homework, grounded me when I talked back, that lovely, beautiful, mature, pale, hard working woman who ruled my life for eighteen years now knelt before me submissively, her hands wrapped around my cock as she worked with everything she could to degrade herself with my seed as her husband lay on the couch, just within sight. It was a victory. It was revenge. It was... coming.

I felt it rising, my balls clenching harder than they've ever constricted in my entire life, energy shooting up through my pelvis like hot steam -- I was getting ready to cum more than I ever had -- I didn't know how much was about to come out, but all I could tell was that my balls drew every last possible ounce of cum I had within me, all for the sake of my mother's sweet, pink mouth. I couldn't breathe at all -- my abs were crushing against my ribcage as the pleasure immobilized everything but the mechanical action in my testicles, straining hard against what felt like iron gates within my pelvis until I felt something in them suddenly unlock. Time slowed as my body set itself up before one last gate -- the only one left before I gave everything.

Nora, my lovely mother, my mom - she opened her mouth wide, and slowly rolled out her tongue.

I could see far, far down her wet, pink throat, almost as far as I could see into the dark, loving pools of her eyes. Her small, soft hands tightened even harder on my cock, jerking me harder, faster than I thought was possible, and I ascended to a new height of pleasure.

My mother stared at me, watching me expectantly as my vision darkened and brightened and shifted, far past the precipice. I heard a whisper. I looked down and saw her lovely open mouth moving, "please, baby," she begged, "give mommy your cum."

She stuck out her tongue and gave a soft, barely audible whine.

I came with the force of a cannon.

My semen rocketed out in a pulsating stream, more of it than I had ever cum before, spattering across my mother's surprised and delighted face, a stream shooting into her mouth and coating thickly all over the lovely wet pink of her tongue, a soft, happy giggle emerging from her wet throat as my cock sprayed semen into her beautiful mouth and between her soft lips. It arced up and over her head, landing in streams through her hair, and flicked off to the side, painting her flush cheek with strands of clear and shining glaze. Through every instant of it, mom held eye contact with me, even as the cum ran down her face, trickled down her chin, poured down her mouth.

Mom's breathing quickened, but I felt like I was passing out -- my head was pounding and the earthshattering pleasure of letting everything in me all over my mom's face completely upended my conception of reality. I felt myself drifting back, but then I felt two hands on my thighs. I steadied myself, trying to keep from

letting loose a moan that actually showed the intense ecstasy I felt. But I saw mom's face approaching my cock even as it finished shooting the last few drops of cum against her lovely, pale chin.

My mother kissed out, reaching the tip of my cock and gave a light suck on it as if it were a straw, pulling a strand of semen into her mouth. Then she opened her mouth wide, and drew the rest of my length in. I choked, blinded by the pleasure as she started to suck on my cock for the first time in my life, as my semen coated her face, and as she moved her head back and forth, the intense, wet, slick heat of her mouth swirling around my head combined with all the cum I gave her.

My cock was hypersensitive in the aftermath -- but it was a pleasurable ecstasy that had never been matched by anything before, and I wasn't sure if it could be matched again. With her slippery mouth moving back and forth on my overly sensitive cock, sucking with each movement, I underwent an agonizing pleasure that sent my eyes rolling back deep in my head -- I almost started a suppressed howl that I could only halt by biting as hard on my lips as I possibly could, but I didn't want it to stop, not now, not ever.

My hands shot out and grabbed at her hair, and I yanked her down, my cock still pulsing, my balls still constricting, and I drew her mouth down on my cock, her mouth taking it farther, and farther, and farther, until my mothers lovely face completely swallowed up my cock, until I pushed forward even farther and bumped against the back of her throat.

Mom's hands clapped against my thighs as she looked up at me, her eyes watering as she started choking -- but I wasn't done -- I felt a second orgasm rising from within me.

I thrust forward, harder, uncontrollably twitching as I forced myself deep, and her throat opened up for me. She struggled and depthroated my cock as I felt the second, incredibly powerful orgasmic wave within me surging up. I felt mom's throat constricting around the head of my cock as she struggled to breathe, and she started to push at my legs, but I wasn't there yet -- my hands seized her hair the way she seized mine, and I pulled her onto me, hard. "Not yet," I tried to whisper silently, "hold on mom, please, fuck, I'm almost there again."

She would have to fight me to let go before I came for a second time. I had no intention of letting my cum go anywhere but directly down her throat. I shook my head and whispered, "do this for me, mom, come on, please." She stopped pushing, and instead brought her hands upward, grabbing on to my ass and helping me pull myself into her throat as she went the extra mile for her baby boy.

I heard a little groan come from within her as she swallowed on my cock head again, and I saw a few tears form, not from sadness, but from the strain and the difficulty -- she looked up at me, her whole face pink, with cum streaking through her hair, with semen dripping down her cheek and sliding down her lovely nose, a smear of it along her lips from moving on me, and that was all I needed in order to break through into a second orgasm.

I felt it rise, my balls clenching painfully for a second time, and I shuddered as it felt like a shotgun went off from my pelvis -- a second series of cumshots pumped upward from deep within me and I squirted it completely down my mother's loving, willing throat, and I felt her throat close over my cock with each pump, swallowing, over, and over, my milk spilling straight down into her tummy as she took every last drop, swallowing again and again.

The instant my cock stopped pumping semen and it started to lose its hardness,

mom pulled me out of her mouth, and she gasped for air, sucking in oxygen as deeply as she could. She collapsed back on the tile, looking up at me in awe, her face beautifully decorated with more cum than I knew I could produce. She swallowed, wiped at her mouth, and gave me a cute smile, winking at me.

"You done?" Dad's groan from the couch interrupted her happy smile, and she tensed up, looking around the corner.

Dad stirred. I saw his legs swing off of the couch.

Mom's eyes went wide. "Shit," she mouthed, looking around, panicking, tying her robes again. I yanked my pants up and grabbed a towel from the counter and tossed it to her, and she quickly wiped it over her face, trying to erase any sign of my seed in and around her. It was sticky, shiny on her cheeks and her lips and the towel didn't seem to help that much, removing some but smearing the rest in a sticky sheen.

Dad got up. Staggered over. Mom stood up at attention as if dad were an inspector or a drill sergeant, but instead he just wandered over to the counter and eyed the slightly burned, but now cold breakfast. "Well," he mumbled, "I guess I deserve it." His joke went over deadpan and mom self consciously brushed her hair from her face, looking at me uncomfortably.

I noticed a couple strands of my cum on top of her hair -- it stuck out against the dark locks. I made a quick motion to her about it and she turned, trying to keep her left side of her hair hidden from dad's view. Her eyes were red from crying after I had just forced her to deepthroat me, her cheeks were sticky with my cum -- though I guess anyone could have almost seen it as the sheen of tears.

Dad looked up at us both, startled at my presence. "Oh. Morning Brett." He shrugged and started to eat, entirely oblivious as to the nature of the shining liquid on his wife's face. "Hope you didn't hear too much of that." Mom sniffed and excused herself to the bathroom to wash her face. She gave a breathless, excited smile as she passed me.

"Oh, hear what?" I asked, watching the shake in mom's trembling hips as she swayed, orgasmic, under her silk robes. I looked up to her face as she closed the door, blowing me a kiss. "I just came here."

Mom confesses what she wants from her son. And acts on it.

Nora in the Sun Pt. 08

Chapter 16

Mom showered and changed while dad gave me a long, long talk about why, as provider, he had every right to spend his time the way he wanted to, and why if he felt like going out to day drink on the vacation he paid for, or to sleep in a random bar, he was going to, and nobody was going to stop him. I nodded after every bite of food and checked my pants nervously to make sure extra cum didn't soak through.

Unbearable minutes went by while dad went on, and on, entirely oblivious to the activities that went on right below his nose in the kitchen just minutes before. The thrill of beating my dad at a game he had no idea he was playing was... extraordinary. I felt like I was six inches taller.

I finished breakfast just as mom stepped out of the bathroom, wearing a sundress with a white bikini underneath -- she looked simply angelic, her face highlighted by her clean, dark hair. "Brett and I are going to tan," mom interrupted dad's little speech. "Aren't we, baby? After you shower?" She looked at me with a stern look that told me I wasn't going to waste too much time with my ridiculous father.

"Yeah," I nodded, "We planned on doing this since yesterday," I said, trying to make it sound natural. Mom sidled up close to me, on the opposite side of the counter from dad. Her soft hip pressed against mine. I reached over to grab her ass, and got a harsh slap on the hand instead of a handful.

Dad shrugged, letting his utensils drop as his hangover and his tiredness caught up with him. "You two do whatever. But that's what I'm trying to say here. You do whatever, I do whatever. Everyone's happy with that, right?"

"Right," mom and I said in unison while I rubbed at the newly formed stinging red mark on my wrist. Mom gave me a stern look, and mouthed, "we're going to talk." That wasn't good.

I showered off, but the afterglow and the aftermath of all the excitement almost put me to sleep in the shower. I stumbled out and got dressed, hoping I'd at least make it to the beach so that I could spend the time with mom versus letting myself collapse in the same building as my cuck dad.

It was really, really strange to think of him that way -- even if I had just come all over his wife's face. Though it was stranger to take that train of thought and to run with it -- to realize that if my dad was a cuck, what did that make me? I wasn't quite a motherfucker. All I did was cum on his wife's face and... I guess, down her throat. I felt myself tingling from the pleasure and the dominant position that gave me within the household, but it mixed with the strange new reality that the woman I was messing with was my mother. My sweet, kind mom.

I wondered when the last time was that mom let him do anything like that... if ever.

I got out of the shower, somehow erect again. My body must have awoken to the recent events and prepared itself for yet another session, but I wasn't sure if mom was going to be down for it judging by the way she slapped my hand earlier. I got my answer as I stepped out of the bathroom door.

Mom was waiting for me, leaning against the front door like a cutie in high school waiting for her date. Her sunglasses were low on her face, and she held her sunhat behind her legs with both hands. Her beautiful, pale legs were crossed, her gorgeous, ample thighs calling me to bury my face in them again.

"Good morning, baby," she said sweetly. "You ready for another day in the sun?" She pulled up one edge of her sundress, showing off the pretty white of her bikini bottom. She lowered it back down once I had gotten a thorough look, raising an eyebrow to ask for my reply.

"I guess," I shrugged, as if it wasn't a big deal.

Mom frowned. "You're done spending quality time already, huh?"

I smiled and wrapped my arm around her shoulders, opening the door for her as I whispered, "I'm just joking. Come on. Let's go, sexy."

"Don't call me that. I'm still your mother," she hissed, allowing me to lead her out.

I heard dad give a half groan, half goodbye from inside. "Try to have fun," he mumbled. "Half the trip is over already, so make it all count."

That threw me for a loop. Were we half done already? But it had only been... four days. So we really were half done. Mom and I shared worried glances on the way to the beach, the reality of our quickly passing vacation hitting us square in the face.

"I didn't know we had been here for this long," said mom worriedly. "I could have sworn it was only a couple days." Her hips settled against mine while we walked. She was soft, her hips grabbable. I just wanted to lift the edge of the dress and push her against a palm, and stick myself between those lovely, firm legs and see how fast I could cum for a third time this morning.

Mom could see that I was clearly fantasizing again. "Not again, big guy." She rolled her eyes at me, twining an arm into mine as we walked. "Not after what we did this morning, which, by the way, you had me do something very, very uncomfortable."

I scratched my head, trying not to look her in the eye.

"Do you know how hard it is to breathe with a cock like yours is going down my throat?" Mom scolded me as I dipped into reverie about the image -- of the loads of cum that splashed across my mother's face, or of the sensation of her throat as she swallowed my second load. "And what's more," my reverie vanished with mom's scolding, " -- we went a lot farther this morning than we had ever planned to. Our agreement was hands, only. It wasn't mouths, and it certainly never, ever included your cum on my face or in my mouth."

"You asked for that one," I reminded her.

"I was only going along with the theme of the moment," mom blushed. "You need to take a big step back. Which is why I'm grounding you. So now, you're grounded."

I stopped walking. "...grounded?"

Mom nodded, giving her hips a subtle flick. "You crossed a line. And regardless of how..." she paused, searching for the right word. "Regardless of how... fun that line was to cross, we had it set up for a reason."

"What reason?" I challenged. "It felt good, so what's the issue?"

"Because," mom returned back, "We're related. Very, very related. We shouldn't

have even been touching each other that way -- no matter how good it felt. Keeping everything to hands was for your protection and mine. For our sanity." She eyed me, now genuinely angry. "And don't talk back to me. We're going the rest of the day without touching, and it's going to get worse if I get any more attitude from you."

I closed my mouth and sulked. We made it to the path that would bring us to the secret beach. "So what does grounding mean, exactly?"

"It means you have to wait," mom flicked her dress upward again, allowing me a full glimpse of her upper thigh, of the way the bikini stretched around the creamy skin of her ass, of the fullness of the cheek. "No touching, no kissing, no feeling." Her hand grazed my chest and drifted down, before drawing away as her fingers traced at my groin. "And certainly, no cumming from you." I groaned as I realized that she was going to keep up the teasing for as long as it suited her.

"For how long?"

"Until I say," said mom, grinning. "Until then, you're going to treat me with respect. The respect your mother, who went through all this effort to raise you, deserves. You're my son, remember? You don't just get to treat me like a freshman slut in the dorms." She gave a languid sigh as we crossed out of the palm forest and onto the delicate sand of the hidden beach. "I want you to be a gentleman today. Can you do that?"

It's not like I had much of a choice. Forcing my cock down mom's throat that morning was... risky, to say the least. There were very few girls I personally knew who would have been alright with that -- and I didn't know if any of them would

even admit to it even if they were.

"I deserve a nice day after letting you enjoy your mommy's face and mouth," mom reiterated with a coy smile, "don't I?"

I nodded, giving up. "Yeah. You're right. You deserve it."

"I really do, after a slutty thing like that," mom's hand flicked up my chest, and she tapped my nose with her finger. I haven't gotten a thank you, yet, either."

I rolled my eyes. Mom really was back on the parental rampage. "Thank you," I said reluctantly.

"Oh Brett," mom, laughing, pulled her summer dress over her head, revealing her luscious skin to the sun, "you are so, so welcome." She threw the dress in my face and stepped out to the sand in small, flirty steps. The bikini was especially low cut -- the bottoms were thin and skimpy. It was the kind of bikini a girl would wear as a treat to her man, but all I could do was watch.

Mom laid out her towel and laid down, bringing out the bottle of oil. "Do my back again, baby?" She asked. The thought of rubbing it all over her was so enticing.

"Of course," I replied, but mom shook her finger at me and poured it into her own hands, leaning back.

"Sorry hun, I was just messing with you. You're still grounded." She giggled and stretched out, and started to apply the oil to herself, shyly rubbing it all along her arms, over her chest, her breasts squishing down and around as she rubbed them with her silky fingers. I watched her, helpless, as she slowly pulled down one of the blooms of fabric from her breast, carefully hiding her nipple as she rubbed oil on it with her fingers. "Now go on. Go for a swim or something."

I turned and left, no longer happy with her game. "You're the worst."

"I love you, baby," she called after me, laughing at my tantrum.

We spent an hour on the beach, soaking in the sunlight, taking turns swimming in the salt water. Every time I got close to mom, she made a tisking noise and reiterated that I was grounded, and that I had to keep a solid arms length. "If you even touch me before I give permission," she threatened, clearly enjoying her newfound power, "I'm going to revoke all of this and you won't get any fun for the rest of the trip. And you'll be busy with college after this, won't you?" Her lashes bounced at me under her sunglasses. "So behave."

Sometime later, I wandered into the forest to get to the swimming hole. It didn't take long, and when I passed through the subtle entrance, the coolness of the oasis was a welcome retreat. It gave me the promise of quiet, a spot to refresh my brain, to ruminate on what exactly happened. I slipped into the watering hole and let the cold pull all the heat from my mind.

Mom came in shortly after, following after me.

"Are you mad?" She asked, relaxed, clearly not caring if I was.

"No," I replied honestly, but still feeling pent up below the waist. I supposed it was unfair of me to be even a little cold. I got more out of my mother than most boys ever could, especially in the last four hours. What reason was there to be upset?

"Do you want to talk?" Mom stepped elegantly to the pool and sat down, trailing her lovely, pale legs within it.

"Do you?"

"With my son? On our only family vacation in forever? Of course." Mom smiled at me, "Especially with the clock counting down. What, you don't think I'm only a sexy body, do you?"

"You're much more than that," I replied, and relaxed. Mom wanted to spend time with me -- quality time. Real time, outside of the insanity that was our recent sexual experiment. Outside of the reality that dad seemed to ruin on the daily. Outside of the reality that we were destined to return to.

Mom was herself -- just herself, and it was almost as if I was still in high school on a weekend trying to avoid my mom's conversations for the millionth time. Except this time... she was a delight to be around. She was pretty -- she was sexy, she was reasonable and nice and fun and joke around, and she was the kind of woman that I'm sure I wanted deep down. My own mother.

It was better than any girls I went on dates with. It was better than trying to spend time in a girl's dorm, where I'd have to compete with other dudes as well as a girl's homework schedule. But mom was right here -- she was here for me, now, and she was more fuckable and lovely than any of the other girls I ever knew.

"So?" She slid down and into the water. "Tell me all about college. What's it like? Any professors you prefer? How are the parties? I want to know everything," she said, her questions innumerable, but I realized I was so happy to answer all of them.

Hours passed as we talked. My descriptions were accented by mom's comparisons to her time in university. I told her about all the girls I knew, all the reasons why I didn't really care for them. Her face pinkened when I explained to her that I didn't really like them a whole lot, and I thought she was prettier. She didn't quite respond to my explanation on why she was better company, except by smiling and touching the side of her face as I went on.

We eventually wandered out and back onto the beach, still talking. It was like we were just hanging out, kids in college, spending time on a spring break party and enjoying the sun. Mom laid down in brightness of the day, allowing the brilliant light to soak into her skin that was turning the lightest caramel under the oil. I sat next to her, just outside of the minimum distance required.

"Can I trust you, Brett?" Mom ended the subject and laid back, raising her arms above her head, exposing the lily-white undersides of her arms.

"I think so." I thought she was talking about keeping a secret.

"I need to know if I can trust you." Her head turned to me, serious. "Can I trust you, or not?"

It was weird. "You can trust me," I started. "If this is about dad, I could back you up. I know he's been really bad lately and if you want, I can talk to him and see if maybe he can relax a bit."

"It's not about your father," said mom, growing thoughtful. She let the ocean carry the silence for a few seconds while she collected her thoughts. I wondered if she was considering a divorce. If that was the case, I'd do whatever it took to support her.

"What do you need?" I asked.

My mother stretched and gave a little sigh. "I'm just thinking about putting your pretty, pretty cock inside me." She lowered her sunglasses as she looked at me. "That's all."

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Chapter 17

"We're going to have sex?" I asked, stunned. I had no idea that this was something she was even considering.

"I don't know. But you're still grounded right now," mom said with a grin. "I haven't made up my mind when, if ever, to let you loose, but if you're willing to be a good boy, I'll let you have mommy all to yourself. At some point. Maybe." She slipped a hand between her legs and moved her palm over her pussy. "But you have to be a very, very good boy."

"Of course," I said, my mouth going dry. "You got it."

"Now let's go back before you get any ideas."

It was too late. I was getting those ideas. But mom stood up and walked back, her hips swinging with each step, her pale, thick ass calling me home. I groaned, biting my lips, trying to keep from being too obvious. I followed her, practically panting as I watched her bottom shifting underneath that skimpy bikini. It took everything in me to keep from tackling her over, tearing off her bikini, and savagely fucking her in the sand. The fantasy built up to epic proportions as we walked, but I held back. That would have grounded me forever.

We got back and saw dad still passed out on the couch. Mom gave a sigh of disgust. A sleeping pill bottle sat open by him, while he snoozed contentedly from the cushions where mom allowed me to eat her out the other night.

"He's going to be out all day, and all night," she murmured.

"So?" I asked. "What's the plan?"

"I want to go dancing," mom said without much thought. "You're going to take me."

"Sure!"

"I'm going to shower first," she said, grinning at me.

"Can I join?" I whispered, excited at the idea, wondering if somehow I could convince her to fuck while we were washing. Somehow.

"No." Her hand went up and tapped me lightly on the cheek. "You're grounded. So no touching, no seeing, no nothing. But you can use your imagination." My excitement deflated. She stepped behind the bathroom door and closed it, eyeing me mischievously. I heard the lock engage with a disappointing click.

I went to my room and tried desperately to keep my focus on my phone, or on my music, or on anything but the sound of the water running off my mother in the adjacent bathroom. I could see her arms in my mind's eye, lathering soap, pulling slippery bubbles up and down her milky sides, moving between her legs and massaging the sweet pink slit between her legs.

Agonizing minutes passed until the water turned off and I heard the lock click. I jumped up from my bed, desperate for a peek.

The door opened.

Mom wore nothing but a towel, but it wasn't even on her body.

The soft cotton was wrapped up around her head, hiding away her hair. The look accentuated her coy, innocent face and her dark eyes. Her overflowing breasts were jeweled with pink nipples, but what made her body so achingly beautiful over before were the tan lines that criss-crossed her body, that kept the flesh on her tits an achingly pale white, while creating a light caramel sheen on the rest of her. Between her legs, a white triangle where her bikini kept her covered decorated her wide hips with the sharp contrast of her pubic hair, and just below that, I could see her pussy, glowing pink, the lips of her labia seeming juicy in the light of the house.

"What happened to not being allowed to see?" I croaked. I turned back and forth between dad, passed out on the couch thanks to his pills, and back to my mother's gloriously decorated body, now imprinted and painted by the sun.

"You get to see only when I want you to see," she whispered, her hands tracing upward, pressing into her slick skin. "How does mommy look?"

"Amazing," I groaned.

"You're going to dance with me tonight?" She asked. "You're going to buy me drinks and give your mother a good time?"

"Yes," I gasped.

"Good."

She turned past me and walked up the stairs, watching my eyes track her lovely white plush cheeks. She ascended upward, the soft white of her feet drawing upward between her legs, until she arose out of sight and I mouthed a frustrated, pent up, "sexy bitch," just as she disappeared from view. Deep down, I was a little scared that she would hear or sense that I had said that with some kind of special motherly sixth sense, but she didn't come down to yell at me about it.

We made it to Chetumal by taxi shortly afterward. Mom was wearing a black mini sun dress that hiked all the way up her thighs, occasionally revealing the tight slip of her panties underneath. It barely clung to her shoulders, the tiniest straps holding the front of her dress up. As we sat in the back, she kept needing to pull the dress down over her legs, as it flashed the driver, again and again. The poor guy in the front couldn't quite hide his glances in the rear view mirror, and when we got out, I could see him wiping sweat from his forehead and talking to himself.

"Be good," mom admonished me, after she caught me looking too closely. I wasn't sure what she expected -- anyone with eyes could see what she had.

Mom chose a cantina closer to the docks -- the ocean was visible from the dance floor, but we settled into a table in a hidden alcove. Mom signaled for drinks. She was in her element -- sure and confident now, looking at me with bold glances that I wasn't used to. I'm sure she felt dominant, powerful, and I wasn't about to take it from her, not if it meant I maybe, possibly got to have her sometime later.

But it occurred to me that maybe she was just letting me think a certain way.

There was no way my own mom would want to have sex with me. Right? What we were doing was so insane in and of itself. The fact that she had my cock in her mouth, the fact that I had cum on her face at her request, that she had... tasted my cum. All of this was so insane. My own mom. Tasting her son's cum. My cum.

Our beers came. Mom signaled again for tequila. "I want to let loose tonight," she said, excited. And so we did. I watched her, trying to guess at what was going on inside her head. She had a suppressed look -- one of concern.

We drowned ourselves in tequila, in beer, the haze and heat of alcohol rising as the sun set, darkening the bar. With every drink, mom's concern seemed to vanish. The alcohol simmered in our blood, our muscles and our tongues relaxed. The music began -- we got up to dance, and whirled around each other, mom's legs revealing themselves over and over, the sweat forming on her chest and wicking at her hair as she exerted herself, glorying in the fun and freedom. She pressed against me at one point, whispering, "you don't get to touch, but that doesn't mean I can't do what I want." Her ass pressed against my pelvis, hard, and I felt the softness of her ass cheeks pressing against my rapidly growing hard on. She pushed against it, her face growing redder as my mother toyed with my cock through my pants.

As she danced, the occasional man came up to her, trying to get her to move with them instead, no doubt cluing into the fact that my hands couldn't touch her, but she didn't bother with them, drawing closer to me instead. I got dirty looks by the handful from the disappointed guys who desired her. I felt like I was six inches taller and six inches bigger, easily.

Hours went by in ecstatic dancing, the music deafening us, the taste of the alcohol growing sweeter and sweeter as we downed more of it. My cock almost hurt with the pleasure of pressing between her ass cheeks through the sheer material of her dress. She would occasionally turn to face me, allowing my erection to push against the front of her hips. With each movement she made eye contact, opening her mouth as the head of my cock twitched against her.

I reached out a hand to grab her waist, but she pushed her own hand against it. "Be good," she said, seemingly delighted at telling me what to do. "Otherwise, you get nothing later, remember?" I remembered, frustrated at mom's insistence on rules that she got to flaunt in my face. But what could I do? I wanted her. I wasn't going to mess up her offer to give herself to me for anything.

"Come on," she said to me after a round of shots. "Let's go."

I followed her out, entranced. We stepped into the cool night air. It must have been midnight -- people were pooled through the streets. Mom led the way, half stumbling in our drunk walk. Every once in a while she turned around and smiled at me, her cheeks flushed with the alcohol. People watched us as we went by, and I could tell what they were thinking -- that I was an incredibly lucky man, and that I was with a woman that wanted me deep, deep inside her.

The streets cleared as we wandered out of the commercial quarter. Ships floated in the water ahead, distant rows of pontoon docks and sheltered mooring posts dotted the ocean. Mom kept turning, gesturing for me to follow her, her pink cheeks vivid in the darkening space.

We were alone on the docks. The pontoons below us rose and fell in the mellow

tide. It was dark -- only the light of the moon and a few lone electric lamps made it at all possible to see. We made it to a sheltered spot on the edge, the tin roof above us, aluminum rails lining the space, the wood below bleached by the salt and sun.

"How badly do you want your mother?" Mom asked. She leaned back against a rail, her hair loose and flowing around her chest. She slightly raised a leg and crossed it. I thought I could see a thin glimpse of the edge of her panties. She raised an eyebrow at me while I tried to come up with an answer.

"And what do you think you're going to do while I've still got you grounded?" She asked, snickering.

I gripped the railing. Furious at her teasing. It looked like she wasn't about to let me do much of anything.

"You know," she said, her fingers trailing up her waist, "I can let you do other things..."

I snapped up. "Like what?"

"It depends," she pouted. "Are you going to be a good boy?"

I couldn't help but tell she was mocking me. It made my cock throb in frustration, my chest pulse with anger. I wanted to grab her by the neck. To bend her over the railing, tear her dress upward. Mom could tell I was getting heated. That I was

trying to relax. To hold back. She leaned back and gave a soft laugh.

"How about..." she conceded, "if I won't let you actually fuck me... maybe you can fuck between your mother's thighs?"

My anger disappeared. What remained was a drive that jetted me forward. I pinned her to the rail, pressed against her. My grip was tight behind her. Her heavy breathing brushed against my mouth. She looked up at me, her pupils dilated, a faint smile coming through the excitement and fear in her face.

"Is that a yes?" She gasped.

"Turn around," I snarled.

"Only between my thighs," mom whispered, turning around. "It shouldn't be too hard. I'm so, so wet right now." She turned her head back. "But you're still grounded. And right now, that means no hands on me." She took one of my hands and placed it on the railing, then picked up my other hand, circled it around her, and placed it on the rail on her other side. I had my beautiful mother, who was always more quiet and elegant and composed finally caged in with my arms, pushing against my cock with her hips.

It was like my mom was hungry to take cock. My cock.

"Ready?" She pushed her hips back and rubbed against me. "You can't let go of the rails."

"Alright," I could barely speak.

My mother brought her hands back, looking ahead and away from me, blindly moving her fingers up my pants and to my button. One hand expertly found my zipper and pulled it down in a smooth motion, the other gripped the button on my waistband and gave it a little tug. My pants were loose. Her other hand cruised over my underwear. Her palm felt cool as I felt it through the thin cotton. I pushed my hips forward, grinding my cock against her hand, and she tucked her fingers into the waistband, pulling it down. My cock pulled free from my underwear and into the coolness of the night.

My mom's hands wrapped around my length. She gave a soft hiss as her fingers coiled on the shaft and gave it a light squeeze. "Ohhh... Brett..." Her voice shook with anticipation. "You're going to be a good boy with this thing, aren't you?"

All of her insistence on the rules drove me crazy. I groaned and pushed against her, and she tucked it lower, pushing my head against the cotton of her panties. I felt the humid wetness between her legs, wicked into the soft cloth, and felt the fragile heat of her pussy emanating. She pushed the tip of my cock on it and we made a noise together, relishing the feeling of our hot parts pushing against each other, of the slight give between her pussy lips.

"Hold on," she gasped, letting my cock go. She reached under her dress, and pulled downward. I could see the glimpse of her panties falling as she let them drop to the ground. She stepped out of one leg and then pushed her hips back, presenting her ass to me for the first time.

I felt the nakedness of her ass against my thigh. Between her lovely white cheeks, below the curve of her bottom, I could almost see the pale pink of her slit -- my mother's pussy in view as she thrust her rear back for me to behold. It took everything in me to not let go of the railing, to dip my face down and to lick all over her and to taste her again. She spread her legs. I wanted nothing more in life than to grab her by the waist and thrust in to her before she could react.

Instead, I let her play. Mom's hand went back again and grabbed my cock, guiding it lower. "You're too tall," said mom quietly, the sound of the water below kneading the docks. I saw her feet flex, she rose to her tip toes, and then moved slowly back, guiding the softness between her thighs around my cock, before I was completely between her legs, my cock aligned under her cunt. Then she slowly settled down, and I could suddenly feel the wet heat of her entrance.

She closed her legs, sealing in my cock between her soft, juicy thighs, and I felt my cock closed in, almost as if I were balls deep in someone. But instead, I was between the thighs of my mother -- and I couldn't keep from moving. I pushed farther, feeling her slickness coating the top of my cock.

Mom shuddered. I couldn't help it -- my cock flexed, and it pushed between her pussy lips. It wouldn't have taken much at all for my cock to move inside her -- but I held back, entirely for reasons I didn't want to accept. It was wet between her legs -- her wetness and arousal clear after all the time we spent flirting and dancing and anticipating -- her cunt was ready even if she didn't want to use it. Instead, she let her juices drip all over me, gasping.

She gave a slight move with her hips, sliding the pocket around my cock. She gave a grunt as she angled her hips higher, pushing her clit against the head of my cock. I could almost feel it, but she definitely could. Mom shook as she carefully swiped

herself up and down, letting the head of my rod push against her nub, as she shuddered in pleasure.

It wasn't enough for either of us -- I could tell. Mom's gasping seemed frustrated, urgent, but unsatisfied.

"You want it, don't you?" I asked. I pushed my hips into hers and she opened her mouth, eyes closed.

"Need what?" Her voice was high. Tense.

"Cock," I said. Her reaction was clear. She shook, involuntarily pressing her ass onto me as she rubbed her cunt all over me.

Mom shook her head. "No, baby, not now... not yet..." Her voice was a whine. It was immeasurably slick between her legs now. She moved back in a rhythm, allowing her legs to fuck on my cock, relishing the feeling of her hole rubbing all along my length. But I knew she wanted more. As I did. It was unbearable. I needed her. I needed to be deep, deep inside my mother.

"Do you want me to?" I asked, pushing my lips against her ear.

"N...no baby," mom said, whining. "Well..."

I pushed upward at an angle. My cock slipped against her hole, and I felt

something giving. Mom gave a heavy breath, and flinched forward. "Brett..." her voice was a mixture of warning and wanting. "You're being bad. I'm your mother -- you can't."

"And what are you going to do?" I let go of the rails, and gripped her arms. Mom gasped. But she didn't resist. Instead she looked back at me, her gaze hungry, her mouth open, her eyes wide.

"Nothing," her lips moved in slow motion. She gave a slight smile and drunkenly pushed her hips even farther back, saying in a careful, begging whine, "do you want to fuck me, Brett? Do you want to be inside your mother?"

I pulled back, my cock slipping against her cunt. I angled upward, and carefully moved it towards her pink entrance -- her labia quivered as I moved forward and slowly pushed it against her lips. She was unbelievably slick -- her wetness was hot, scalding, and her lips parted before my head. I pushed into my mom for the first time -- the flesh giving way, bathing my cock in the unstoppable pleasure of liquid heat. My mother's sweet, soft pussy accepted me -- all of me -- as I incestuously sank inside of her.

Mom's back arched as she took me in, inch by inch, her breath stopping as I entered into her, deeper and deeper. I felt myself getting dizzy as I sank up to the hilt, feeling my balls push against her labia as well. My cock twitched involuntarily, over and over.

"Oh, fuck," mom gasped, rolling her eyes back.

I was there. I was inside her.

I was balls deep inside my own mother, and she was quivering on my cock as I twitched within her.

"Fuck, mom..." I groaned as I tightened my grip on her arms. I started to move.

The slippery feeling, volcanically hot inside her soaked my cock in unbelievable pleasure -- I pulled back, feeling the suction of her pussy clinging to me, and then pushed back in, the firm give of her tightness swallowing me up again. Mom's mouth opened wide as she tried to breathe, the pleasure overtaking her.

"Is it good?" I asked, hissing. "Do you like your son inside you?"

"Fuck, baby..." Mom gasped, trying to respond. With each movement in and out, she shivered. "Brett, you feel so much better than your father..."

"Hold on to the rail," I ordered her. "I'm going to fuck you better than dad ever could."

My mother shuddered and sucked in a breath, trying to steady herself, her hips trembling in anticipation for me.

I pulled back, and then slammed forward, a wet slap echoing over the water, my head pushing against something soft deep, deep inside her. Mom gave an

uncontrollable gasp. I pulled back, and then slammed into her again. Mom whined, "oh, yes... please, fuck me, please!" Her words unlocked something in me, the booze hazed over my thoughts, and I let go.

I drove forward and into her, starting to fuck, slapping my hips against her plush ass, the loud, sticky smacking sound of fucking overcoming everything else. Mom shuddered in my grip, trying to speak, but her words were disappearing in the moans that escaped her as I drove my cock in and out of her cunt, feeling the mind-numbing pleasure of my cock plunging deep in and out of her at the edge of the docks.

I felt her tensing. Her cheeks were red in the half light, her panting was practically breathless. "Fuck, baby..." she moaned. "Ohhh... that makes your mother feel so good. Just keep fucking mommy like that, ohhhh..." I used her arms as grips, pulling her back, using my mother's body like a fuck toy, feeling the clench of her pussy around my cock as I fucked inside of her. I changed my angle and slammed into her, pushing deeper and deeper against the walls of her cunt.

I went faster, the slapping sound increasing in volume and frequency, mom's gasps getting louder, a mix of pain and pleasure as I tore into her, savaging her pussy with my cock until she started to give an uninterrupted whine. "Babyyyy..." Mom's lips parted and she leaned her head back. I let go of one of her arms and wrapped my bicep around her neck. I could feel her breathing, simultaneously tensing and melting under me.

I tightened my arm, lightly choking her, and plunged into her faster. "Fuck!" mom gave a strained cry as her lower back tightened, and as she started to shake in my arms as my cock stroked inside her. I pushed faster, and I felt both of her hands go up and clutch at my forearm, her nails digging in as she started to cum.

"Cum for me," I whispered, in full control, my mom's throes causing her to let go of her sanity.

"Yes, yes, baby, mommy's going to cum," mom whined, her nails digging in deeper, "Mommy's going to cum all over her baby's cock," and then she did, her mouth opening in a soundless, ecstatic scream of pleasure, her cunt gushing hot fluid over me, her entire body shaking and shuddering, her knees growing weak as she fell over the railing, only my arm around her upper body keeping her from falling into the sea.

I didn't stop, feeling a strength and heat building in my core -- mom was cumming for me -- and soon, it was my turn. Mom rolled in my arms as she moaned, the waves of her orgasm causing her to lose conscious awareness, the juices flooding her pussy bathing over my cock and soaking against my pants, her ecstasy unstoppable as her baby boy gave her pussy what it needed, deep inside her.

My balls felt heavy, tingling as they slapped against her ass as I kept fucking, her groans and gasps driving them to contract, to build in anticipatory strength. I started to grunt as I felt it rising, as my cock throbbed inside her while I drove into her, her mind breaking with pleasure as a second orgasm suddenly rocked her, causing her to exclaim loudly, "oh fuck, yes, don't stop fucking mommy's cunny, yes!"

I felt it building -- I felt the cum rising in me -- and so did mom.

"Pull out," she suddenly gasped as she realized what was happening.

I tightened my arm around her neck in response, feeling my balls start to constrict and to push my semen upward.

"Brett," her voice rose in panic and pleasure, "please, Brett, don't cum inside me." I wasn't going to listen - I felt out of control, my cock thrusting inside her on its own, my physical instincts overtaking even the thought that I was about to cum inside the woman who gave birth to me. "Please, use my mouth," she begged. "Please, Brett. Don't cum inside me -- not yet."

My mother was powerless in my arms, still writhing with pleasure. I could have cum inside her cunny -- I could have busted deep, deep within my mother's womb and there was nothing she could have done to stop me if I wanted it. I could have pumped all of my pent up seed, deep inside her, forcing her body to take it, and she wouldn't have fought me -- she would have even liked it, judging by the way she still creamed over my cock, pushing herself hard on to it. But the way she pleaded with me and the way she looked at me stopped the animalistic instinct. Her dark eyes stared deep into me, pleading. "I'll be a good girl and swallow, I promise," she whispered.

The animal in me thought that was good too.

I pulled out, her pussy making an audible, slick pop as my cock departed her tightness, and mom, true to her promise, turned around and fell to her knees, opening her mouth just for me. Her hand went up and she started to jerk me off - her tongue emerged and she looked up, grateful, as I moved past the point of no return.

Semen burst from my tip in ropes -- it showered over her lips as she closed her mouth over me, tasting her juices, the hot, wetness of her tongue moving under my cock as I came, and she pushed her head onto me, letting the cum go straight down her throat. I reached for either side of her face and forced myself into her, deeper, just like that morning, and I heard her soft whimpers as she swallowed my cum, as my balls pumped ounces and ounces of her son's semen as deep into her as it could.

She gave a last moan as she suctioned on my cock, pulling back, and popping off of my head, strings of my cum trailing from her lips. She wiped at her mouth with the back of her hand, breathless.

I stumbled back, zipping up my pants. It was the second time I used my mother's mouth, and all within the same day. I shuddered with pleasure and testosterone as I felt the sheer dominance of my privilege. "This means I'm not grounded anymore," I said, trying to keep from falling over, "right?"

Mom smiled at me, sitting back on the pier, her hands moving up her long, long legs. She stared at me for what felt like minutes as the reality of what we had just done settled around us. Her fingers went over her pussy, feeling at where I had just pounded her, where her son had made her orgasm using his cock.

"No honey, you're not grounded anymore." She shivered in pleasure, hands on her pelvis, watching my fading bulge. "What did you think of being inside your mother?"

"I think I liked it about as much as you did," I replied. Mom sighed and leaned against the rails, blissful.

"That was so, so bad of us. To think, I almost let my son cum inside me. While he was supposed to be grounded, no less. We should probably get back," said mom, closing her eyes, sleepy. "It means a lot to me, by the way," she said, through loose lips. "It must have taken a lot to keep from cumming inside mommy, huh?"

I felt my cock twitch again. It didn't have any juice left, but it knew something sexy when it heard it.

"Well, I just want you to know, it was a very gallant thing you did, pulling out and letting mommy take it in her mouth again." Mom looked up at me with a sultry look. "And just know I'm not saying you can't cum inside me, someday," she sighed again. "But I just want to wait a bit. I'll save it for you."

I stepped over to her and picked her up. She leaned on me, legs weak, as we walked back out to the streets. I ordered a taxi on my phone and we made it to the end of the docks where the streets began, and minutes later, a taxi arrived to bring us back.

Mom drifted in and out of sleep as we rode in the back. Our driver this time was a lot more respectful, keeping his eyes on the road, only glancing once at my mom and then at me, putting the puzzle pieces together on the kind of relationship we had just discovered with each other. The streets disappeared as we made it onto the main road that brought us back toward the villas, until the sandy path that led up to the two story bungalow came into view. Mom woke up and we stumbled out, as if we were just two kids coming home after an illicit party. The feeling of the breeze and the sound of the surf in the distance brought us back to reality.

It felt like going back to a disappointing second life.

"That was fucking fun. I wish we could have done that forever," I said out loud. Mom clung to me, finally standing a little straighter.

"I know, hun," she said sadly. Then she patted at her waist. "Oh, fuck. I left my panties on the dock." We laughed quietly as we went up the steps to the front door.

We made it to the front, let ourselves in. Dad's shoes were still in the front. It was pretty clear he was still in the house, so we let go of each other and carefully moved through the house. "Dad's probably still on the couch," mumbled mom. "Help me up the stairs, will you?" I escorted her up, as much of a college gentleman as I could muster. We made it to her door.

Mom gently swayed, elegant even in her drunk, post-orgasmic state. I took her hand. She looked at me curiously.

"I had fun tonight," I said, as if this were the end of a date.

Mom smiled as if she were a young woman again. "You're sweet," she said. "I had fun too." She put her ear close to mine. "Lots."

I pulled her closer to me. Brought her lips to mine.

Her soft mouth lightly pressed against me. Her eyes closed, her body softened against me.

The door opened and dad stood there, red eyed and stinking of booze again.

Mom pulled away from me like a snapping rubber band. Just in time.

"Have a good date?" Dad mumbled, his eyes hardly focused. "You guys have been going out a lot." He yawned and stumbled back, looking mom up and down. "Hey, hot stuff," he said. Mom's eyes rolled at his crass comment.

"I'm sleeping on the couch," she said, already headed down the stairs. "Get a blanket for me, will you Brett?"

I shrugged at dad, who grumbled as he closed the door.

Mom was downstairs, sighing as she settled into the couch. I tossed her a blanket from one of the downstairs closets and she caught it, wrapping it tightly around herself.

"Not enough room to snuggle, dear," she said, humming as I passed by, melting into the cushions. "You'll have to... go to your room..." She yawned.

"But that means I'm in the same doghouse as dad," I teased.

One of mom's eyes opened. She looked me up and down, gave a last smile and said, "you sure are. Putting that big, yummy cock where it doesn't belong. You fucked your mother, didn't you baby?" She started a soft snore almost immediately after finishing.

Stunned, and unsure if I was grounded again, I stumbled off to bed, feeling the exhaustion taking hold. I fell into my sheets and passed out immediately.

69 with mom all day.

Nora in the Sun Pt. 09

Chapter 18

I woke up, thinking that somehow I was back in the states and that I was still living in my parent's house. The smell of bacon and eggs floated into my room, and I felt myself drawn out, my hangover barely manageable, the bright light coming from the sea my only clue as to where I was. I collapsed into a chair, my head throbbing, as I made out my mom in a fresh, heavy bathrobe, her hair still wet from the shower, her lovely hips encapsulated in the thick cotton of her robe.

"Morning, sunshine," she said, pushing a full plate my way. I chowed down with an insatiable vigor, relishing my mother's cooking as if it had been the first time in years I had appreciated it.

Dad came down shortly after I got started, partially dressed, almost as hung over as we were. "Wow! Breakfast is ready, my wife is fresh and sexy, and my son's out of bed with the sunrise? Where was all this five years ago?" His joke completely fell flat. Mom rolled her eyes and pushed a plate his way.

Dad started on a tangent about how his work was calling him again, and how the firm was practically begging him to come back. "I'm strongly considering it," he said between mouthfuls.

Mom looked at me as dad went on about how badly they wanted him to leave the vacation. Her eyes explained to me that if dad was gone, we'd have the house to ourselves.

"Of course," dad said, mouth full, "there's only a few days left in the vacation. It's not like I would make that much of a difference by getting up there early."

Mom's look faded into disappointment as dad settled into that train of thought. "What's your plan then?" I noted her use of the phrase, 'your plan' versus a phrase that included the rest of the family. "You can't day drink every day. Unless you can."

"I think I will," said dad wistfully, licking his lips. "I'm going to make today about food and booze. Again."

"Wonderful," said mom.

Dad stood up, cruising by her. His hands went up and around her shoulders. Mom's eyebrows went up as she subtly extricated herself from them, while dad went on, entirely unaware. "And we'll have to have some quality time when I get back, just you and me." he said. "I've been getting jealous of all the time you and Brett have been spending."

Mom's eyes met mine and she gave a subtle grin.

I returned it as dad stepped out. The front door closed with a bang and mom's smile dropped as she started thinking.

"Your father is going to have ideas now," mom's lips pressed together, soft. "I don't know if I'm looking forward to it."

"Just tell him no," I suggested. "It's not like you guys have fucked a single time since we all got here."

"No, I guess I kept that reserved for my son." Mom gave a small laugh. "But regardless, it's going to be annoying trying to fend him off. I'll have to figure something out. At some point. But until then," her eyes looked to mine and her lids dropped. Mom smiled as she sauntered over toward the front door. She looked through a window as dad stepped into a taxi and disappeared toward Chetumal. "That's going to put him out of here for ages. And do you know what that means, Brett?"

My cock stood at attention in my pants. "Of course."

"Take off your pants, baby," mom said with a mischievous smile. "I want to taste my baby's cock for hours."

I tore off my shirt and my pants and moved over to mom, who had already made it to the couch. I grabbed at her robe and she fought me gently, giggling as I pulled at the edges and freed her breasts. The robe unfurled, and her ample flesh was mine to see, her heavy breasts and her wide hips on full display. She fell across the couch and pulled me close, our lips connecting, and we started to kiss together as we realized fully that we had the house to ourselves completely for the day, and there was no way dad would even want to come back before getting as drunk as possible.

It occurred to me again that my own mother was naked for me, all of her on full display. Her teats pressed against my chest, the same teats I sucked on when I was born. Her lips that smooched me when I cried were nibbling on my mouth, her tongue that scolded me was now licking into my mouth and tasting it -- and the taste of my own mother was in my mouth. If any of my friends knew it would be a disaster of disgust -- and jealousy.

Mom spread her legs and took my hair in her hands. This was the first time I had really seen her spread herself in any amount of light -- her pussy already glistened a light, cherry shade of pink. She looked delicious and wet already, and I leaned down, licking down her tummy, settling my shoulder between her thighs, dipping my tongue between her lips to get a taste of her nectar, and as I took in the sour penny taste between her lips she moaned and pulled my head closer into her.

I guided myself onto the couch the opposite way as her, moving my cock toward her mouth while I wrapped my arms around her legs and grabbed her ass as

leverage. We were sixty-nineing, and her hot, lovely lips wrapped around my cock. She started to suck, her tongue swirling around my head as she bobbed her neck back and forth, tasting me, moaning as my lips and tongue massaged her clit and between her labia, the action of her voice vibrating on my cock and sending mellow waves of pleasure through it.

I heard the television turn on -- a soap opera was starting and mom wanted to watch while she sucked on me, and I decided if there was a way to spend the day, I couldn't go wrong with pleasuring and being pleased by my own sexy, gorgeous mother while an engrossing drama played out in a language I didn't even understand.

The pleasure was incredible, unending, and mom and I sucked and licked at each other as the episode progressed. As a family split and screamed at each other, I tongued deep within her lips, circling her clit with my fingers. As a mother tearfully explained something to a stern jury of stylish, buxom sluts, my mother jerked me off, lapping at the head of my cock.

The episode ended and another began, and we didn't show any signs of slowing. Every once in a while mom got up, her lovely ass swinging with each movement, and she would drink a full glass of water and take a few pieces of fruit from the fridge. She'd sometimes feed me a few pieces, drop a glass of water before me, and then go back to sucking on me and moving into position for me to taste her -- her cold, slick, freshly watered mouth would be a cool relief on my cock, her saliva returning as we took each other into our mouths, the heat returning as we moaned in pleasure for hours, the show progressing.

By the time we got to what seemed to be a season finale of some kind, I was impatient. My balls were starting to ache from the release being put off over and

over, but every time I started to gain any traction, mom pulled me out of her mouth and licked gently at me while I thrust aimlessly. "Oh baby," I heard mom say between my legs. "You have no idea how much fun I'm having with you."

My mouth was buried deep in her muff, but I was sure she could feel my sentiment as I licked at her deeper. My jaw was sore, my tongue felt like it would fall off, but I wanted to keep going -- her mouth was like heaven on my cock, and I wanted to cum in her throat again.

But it didn't seem like she really wanted to do that. Instead, she teased me some more, poking at my cock, occasionally wrapping a hand around it and jerking it until I grew harder, twitching, and then she would pull back.

It was driving me insane.

Eventually, I got up, pulling my cock from between her soft lips, and mom sat up on the couch to watch as I furiously stood, trying to reconcile my desire to cum and her innocent fun.

"Aw, baby," mom said, putting her legs together and covering her ample breasts with an arm. "Somebody looks frustrated."

"I want to cum."

"Baby, you don't get to cum." She watched my reaction as I twitched with fury and sexual aggression. Her eyes lowered to my throbbing manhood as she licked her

lips. "Not unless you can take me."

I fell onto her, seizing her arms and pinning them to the couch. Mom fought me, actually resisting, an open mouthed smile mixing with laughs and panicked grunts as we fought. I pulled her arms up and she moved her legs together, pushing me off the couch. I moved forward again, tackling her legs, tearing them apart, pushing my hips between hers, my cock pressing forward while she quivered under me. "Are you going to fuck mommy again?" She asked, breathless. "Are you going to take mommy and make her beg you to stop fucking her?"

I couldn't control my words and bellowed, "shut the fuck up, bitch," and gave her a slap on the face, the sound echoing through the room as she looked up in shock and delight, a red mark brightening on her. Her legs weakened and I pressed forward, putting a hand around her throat, forcing myself between her legs. There was no time to think about what I had just said. My cock was hungry for her -- I was going to fuck her, to make her take all of me, and I was going to make her scream with it. "I'm going to make you take my cock, you fucking slut, and you're going to fucking love it."

My mother laughed until my hand closed around her throat and she rolled her eyes back in anticipation, saying between gasps, "oh fuck, baby, tell your mother she's a dirty slut, oh, please baby..."

My cock pressed at her soft entrance -- she was unbearably slick, the slit burning hot as I forced my way in. Her legs writhed around me as I sank in in a single thrust, and she gave a suppressed scream as I started to pound her, the sound of her hips slapping echoing through the villa. "Fucking take it, slut!"

"F-f-fuck!" She threw her head back, shuddering, unable to control the noises she started to make. She gave a sustained cry, her voice rising and falling with each fast thrust slamming her hips against the couch. She bit my shoulder, hard, moaning as my balls slapped against her butt while my cock thrust in and out of her, her cunt spasming in pleasure as I battered her insides. I felt her hips rising as she pushed herself upward on the couch -- I felt her starting to shake. She tensed up first, her mouth opening, a groan rising as she shivered uncontrollably, and then broke.

"Oh fuck, Brett, you're making mommy cum!" She screamed, actually started a scream, a musical note as her voice carried higher and higher. I pushed down lightly with my hand over her neck and she struggled against it while I dominated her.

"Cum all over your son's cock, whore!" Her cunt quivered over my cock and creamed, hot and wet juices suddenly overflowing from inside her, the newfound slipperiness allowing me to pound her faster, and faster, while her screaming kept rising. She was loud now, and I had no doubt that the sound carried through the sliding glass doors and onto the beach.

And I felt myself starting to throb -- the ache in my balls turning into a wiry tension.

"I'm gonna cum, mom!" I hissed at her, still pushing her down, still thrusting as she rolled her eyes back, half-listless with pleasure.

"Baby," she said, trying to put her sentence together as the pleasure completely overtook her. "Don't cum inside me, not yet." This was the second time she asked

me -- and my cock was so pent up that I was honestly glad to release it anywhere, but the juicy feeling of mom's pussy as it clenched around my cock was pure bliss -- I didn't want to pull out. But she looked at me, her eyes sober, her face red as I held her, pinned to the couch.

"Baby," she emphasized. "I'm not ready for it yet." She put a hand on the hand I used to pin her down. She moved it, and pulled me close, brought my ear up to her lovely, soft mouth. "I want you make you cum with my thighs." I realized that it would make today almost like a reverse of last night, this time ending between her thighs.

"Alright," I said.

"You're such a good son," she whispered, lovingly touching my face as I pulled out from the slick pressure of her cunny. She got up, her naked body slick with sweat, still trembling from her orgasm. She turned away from me, put both hands on the couch, and bent over, presenting her ass to me as she stuck out her hips, similar to last night. The shape of her body was like a polished vase, a slick, hairless porcelain. Her cheeks were so lovely and white, the tan lines only accentuating how pale she was in her most private parts.

"Do you need any oil, baby?" she asked. "There's some on the counter. It's grapeseed oil," she hummed, "the best kind."

I got a large, heavy bottle from the counter and popped the cap. Mom was waving her ass back and forth while she waited for me, straightening up like an obedient kitten. "Hurry up, baby, I want to feel your cock rubbing on my pussy again."

I poured the oil into my hand, slicked it over my cock. My dick was pulsing, the head maroon, it wanted nothing more than to be buried inside her cunt that waved before me, the slick, light pink lips shifting as her hips swung up and down.

My oily hands went between her legs and lubed up her thighs. My mother sighed as my fingers slipped along her pussy lips, grazing her clit and pushing upward.

"Now do it, baby," she begged. "Use your mother's thighs to make your big, pretty cock cum." Obediently, I set myself up behind her. She stretched onto her tip toes, pulling her legs together. Her beautiful ass was so soft, so silky. I wrapped my hands around her hips and gripped her waist as I pulled myself forward. Her legs were pulled tightly together, but the oil made it slick -- I pushed myself in, feeling the soft, wet heat of my mother's skin as I pushed between her legs, the tightness of her inner thighs as good as the inside of her pussy. Mom straightened up a little more, bringing her arms up and behind her as she lovingly took hold of the back of my neck, her perky breasts pushing upward.

"Fuck my thighs, baby," she moaned. "Fuck mommy's thighs, use me to cum, baby..."

I was already so close -- I pushed in and out, the sensation less of a clench, more of a soft, slippery plush, like fucking clouds. I could feel my cock pushing out past her legs and into the cool of the living room air, and the sensation of alternating cool and slick, hot heat made me shudder. Mom moaned as my cock pushed upward, fucking between her pussy lips, the slickness of her juices blending with the grapeseed oil as my cock head rubbed against her clit. She gasped as I angled myself slightly higher, emphasizing the movement on her clit.

"Fuck, your legs feel so good, mom," I moaned as I pushed in and out, fucking along her pussy.

"I want you to cum, baby," mom whined. I felt it coming -- the surge in my balls shooting upward through my pelvis, the tension ratcheting upward. "Cum between mommy's legs, cum all over mommy's couch, okay?" I felt myself groaning as I felt it, gripping upward in my taint, my aching balls starting to clench, the cum surging up.

"Cum all over mommy's thighs," mom whined. With that, my balls let go, and I started to cum, seizing as my spunk shot out, slipping between mom's thighs as I fucked in and out, some shooting outward and onto the couch of the villa, painting it with slick white. It ran down mom's legs as I kept fucking, as mom gasped while I moaned, pumping jizz all along her hamstrings, the stickiness adding to the lubed feeling while I let go of everything inside me.

I collapsed back, sticky white still dripping from my cock onto the floor. Mom propped herself on the couch with her hands, looking back, panting. White trails of cum ran down the inside of her legs. She looked down, marveling at them. "I don't know how you make so much of this stuff, Brett," she traced her hands over it and gathered some at her fingertips. She brought it up to her mouth, watching it glisten. "Maybe it's because you're young," she opened her mouth and dabbed it on her tongue, tasting it with a look of pleasant surprise. "Much, much better than your father's."

"You like the way it tastes, slut?" I asked, confident, a big, big man.

"By the way, Brett," she said, suddenly stern. "All of this talk about sluts is very,

very disrespectful. You will never, ever speak like that to your mother." Her look was serious. Extremely serious.

I felt like a kid again. Like I was about to be grounded.

"I'll let it pass this time since it was so damn fun, but rest assured," she nodded with finality, "If you call your mom a slut one more time, I'm going to ground you from this for the rest of your life."

I swallowed. I could tell she meant it.

"Okay, mom."

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Chapter 19

Mom and I slaved over the couch for about an hour, trying to get my cum stains out. Once we managed to get them nearly invisible, we went out to the beach and tanned for a bit, napping in the sun and under a thick layer of oil, occasionally

dipping into the ocean for a swim. I brought out a few beers from the fridge as the sun dipped lower. Mom and I shared them while we talked about school, about girls, about what made for a good date. She gave me a list of advice about taking girls out that I couldn't help but file away as things I wanted to do for her -- to get gifts, to take her to exciting locations, to have meaningful anniversaries set up.

It was weird, talking about it with my mother since she seemed to be focused on giving me the advice for me to use on other women. But she was so lovely on the beach, her swimsuit fit her waist so perfectly, her excited, eager smile was so intoxicating and attractive. I wanted to ask her on dates, to take her dancing again, to give her little wrapped boxes and hear her squeal with delight as she would open them.

My mother was almost business-like in her talk, clearly more mature and learned than I was. As her lectures continued I slipped into a sad train of thought that maybe I really would have to use this advice to help endear me to other girls. I should have been relieved. It was normal to take out girls one's own age -- it wasn't normal to want to date my own mother, to take her dancing, to ravish her for hours afterward.

I heard mom's text chime. She looked at it hesitantly. "Oh. Your father," she explained. "He's on his way back."

"Any word on dinner?"

"He's far, far too drunk to bring home dinner." Mom rolled her eyes. "You'll have to get something from the village. I'll get the table set. Thanks, honey."

By the time I got back to the villa, dad's taxi pulled up. He practically fell out of it, slurring his words. "Good afternoon, my boy. Hope you're having a good, good, quality time with your mother." In his hand, he had a half-empty fifth of some label-less drink. I could practically smell it on him, even over the fragrant food in the bag I brought from the village.

"Mom's setting up for dinner," I said, trying to avoid him. He pulled a wad of cash from his wallet and threw it at the driver, who sullenly cursed at him under his breath.

"Your mother," said dad, trying to keep straight, "is going to put out tonight."

I laughed and stepped back as he sauntered over to the villa. "Nora!" He crashed through the front door. Mom was standing by the table, setting down some glasses. She was wearing a sun dress again, a simple white one that was longer than her others, falling just to her knees. It was simple, yet elegant. She looked like the wife of a millionaire.

"Fucking hell, Ross," mom groaned and put her hand on her head as she noticed dad making his way into the villa, bumping against the walls.

"Your husband is here," he mumbled, collapsing into a chair and bringing his bottle with him. His other hand reached out and pawed at her ass. Mom almost chuckled, lifting his hand off of her.

We ate dinner while dad tried to regale us with a story about how he almost got into a fight. Through his rapidly switching perspectives, we gathered that he was

actually kicked out of another bar after getting too drunk and insulting the other patrons until the bartender could bribe him to leave, presumably with the half-empty bottle. The story took up the entire dinner -- by the time he was done, mom's eyes were practically glazed over.

"Alright, dear," she said, exhausted. "I think it's time for you to head to bed." We all stood up to clear the dishes.

Dad gave his best impression of a slick grin. "I think so too, babe." He sauntered over to mom and put his arm around her, whispering in her ear. Mom made sad eye contact with me, but it really was almost funny, seeing dad try to play cool with mom after all of his ridiculous behavior.

"I mean it," he said, his whisper practically a shout. "I'm going to give you a wild, wild night tonight."

"I think," mom said, pulling herself free, "I'd rather just watch television tonight. I have a headache."

"Me too," dad moaned, lifting his hands to his forehead. He stumbled back to his drink and popped the top, going back to drinking. "What are we watching?"

Mom stared at him, beleaguered. "Whatever's on." The television flicked on and a music show appeared on the screen. Costumes full of glitter, judges in tight suits and sparkling dresses dazzled an excited audience, fast Spanish blitzing from the speakers.

"God, I love this show," he said, practically falling into the living room. He collapsed on the couch that mom and I had just cleaned. It occurred to me that in a way, he was now laying on my spunk. It wasn't a sexy thought, but it was funny. He patted the cushions, staring hungrily at mom. "Come on, Nora. Come to papa."

I settled into the armchair and watched mom try to come up with something, anything that would keep herself out of his grasp. She seemed revolted by him. "I think I'll just sit on Brett's lap," she said reluctantly.

"Have it your way," dad mumbled, closing his eyes. "He's just a little boy." His words dissolved into a slur as the drink pulled his eyes downward.

Mom came over and settled onto me, her soft bottom pressing onto my thighs. Her legs were cool on mine, and her hair cascaded down as her back settled onto my chest. I could see the tan lines along her neck and back, gliding down to the top of the sun dress. Her arm that was out of sight from dad smoothed down along my side and settled on the inside of my leg. She gave it a squeeze and sighed.

I watched as dad listlessly took in the sights and sounds of the show. He wasn't asleep -- that was for sure. He was awake, mindless, just letting the stimulus of the television pass the time for him.

In the meantime, mom's hand moved up and down my leg. I felt myself getting hard again.

"This show is a little boring for me, baby," she whispered in my ear. She brought

her hidden hand upward between my legs, and smoothed her palm over my cock through my pants.

"You want some entertainment?" I whispered back. I had a hand that was hidden too. It moved up and felt at the thin cotton of her dress along her lower back, and drifted down her waist to her soft, cushioned hip. She was cool to the touch. "I can give you something."

"Would you?" She asked, whispering.

"Keep it down," dad suddenly said from the couch. Mom froze and I jumped. We watched him like hawks, suddenly aware that if we were going to try anything, we had to be extremely cautious.

"Alright, honey," mom's voice was high artificially, trying to placate him.

"Thank you," he mumbled.

Mom turned her face to mine and gave me a soft, silent kiss on the cheek. It was a lovely feeling, the wetness of her lips leaving a cold spot on me. My cock raged upward, pushing against her ass through her dress. She gave an extremely subtle wiggle, sending a jolt of pleasure through me.

Her hand pressed into my thigh, insistent.

My own hand wound down her leg and gently pulled at the edge, lifting it up and along her hidden leg. I saw her eyes glancing toward dad on the couch, but he was riveted to the screen. His only movement was to uncork his bottle and to take another pull, and after that he was refocused on a new musical number.

On the screen, a girl wearing a dress that seemed almost entirely out of sequins started a hip-yrating number, the music intense and loud, her dark, full lips mouthing a sultry promise as her curves twisted and cocked back and forth, promising the viewers that any man who had her for the night would receive pleasures unfathomable from her strong, rapidly twisting hips. Dad wouldn't look away. I wouldn't have either, except that I had my own woman sitting on my lap, her own plush hips giving imperceptible movements that shot lovely, pressured feelings on my junk.

Sensing that dad was fully distracted, her hand went up and along her leg, reaching for something under her dress. I saw something small, lacey, black pulling down her leg.

My eyes must have gone wider than the television screen as I realized mom was taking off her panties.

She looked at me, lids heavy, her lips parted. "Your mother's being bad," she whispered at me. "What are you going to do?" Her closed hand moved upward to mine, and her fingers opened. Her panties dropped into my fingers, and I held them, stunned. They were slightly damp, undoubtedly from the place between her legs, which were shining in the light of the television, crossed over mine.

"You're going to touch me," I said. Mom's eyebrows went up in response. "And

you're going to spread your legs and let me fuck you while we're on this couch." Her eyebrows went a little higher. But she didn't seem that surprised. It was as if it was what my mother wanted, expected.

"What if we get caught?" She asked, amused. Her eyes traced over dad's distracted form on the couch.

She had a point. I knew dad was stuck on the television, but it wouldn't take much for him to just turn his head and to see what was going on. The heightened risk and excitement cranked up my erection. It was dangerous. It was fun. My own mother seemed to agree.

"We won't," I said carefully, thinking. "Not if you keep quiet." I drew a hand up and traced it along her jaw, and she leaned back, settling against me. I traced a finger against her lips and she opened her mouth, taking my fingers into her mouth. She started to suck on them gently, silently, her eyes on my dad who was still engrossed in the television. My fingers trailed in her mouth and hooked her lower lip while I used my other hand to pull down my pants.

We moved agonizingly slowly, watching dad the entire time. The song on the screen was coming to an end. My pants were low on my hips. I could feel the cotton of her dress against my skin. I saw a hand of hers pulling upward on one side of her dress, baring her thigh, her hip, the tan lines barely visible in the blue light of the screen.

From dad's point of view, it must have looked normal. Maybe if he had turned to look at us, the only clue would have been our uncomfortable shifting, maybe an awkward stare back. But what we were doing was invisible -- mom's dress was

mostly down and around her legs. My own legs and pants were hidden by mom sitting on top of me.

Mom kept pulling the side of her dress up. My fingers pulled out of her lips with a barely audible pop and then slipped down, went along her hip, moved up her smooth waist, pushed up her chest and felt that underneath her sun dress she wasn't wearing a bra. My mother's perky nipple was under my fingers while my other hand inched the waistline of my pants downward.

Her own hands brought the edge of her dress all the way up. From where dad was sitting, he might have been able to see a bit of her tummy as the dress pulled upward, but another song started, another lovely girl on screen shook her hips while his eyes dropped lower and lower, his fingers barely clinging to his bottle.

Mom shifted, her hands moving to the armrests. She pushed herself up, slowly, the wood structure making a small creak. She froze, watched dad's non reaction. She looked at me, trembling. She kept rising. Her glorious, plush ass rose up and over my waist -- my cock was out, I was throbbing in my hand as I guided it down, aiming for the soft spot between her legs.

She looked back and locked eyes with me. My mother stared at me as we took in the seriousness of the situation -- I was her son, she was my mother, and I was about to be deep, deep inside her, while her husband, my father, was sitting just feet away, drunk. The excitement was extreme. I could see her flush in the light of the TV. I could also see the faint glimmer of her wetness between her legs as she slowly inched down, her cunny approaching me, inch by inch. I could sense the heat between her legs -- then the humidity in the invisible space, then I could feel the soft, wet flesh of her pussy lips as she smoothly went down.

I was at her entrance. She held her breath, glancing toward my dad.

I heard my dad groan. The song was over. Mom froze completely -- all he had to do to see her propped up just above my cock was turn by about thirty degrees. It would have taken nothing -- he would see us, and a nightmare would begin... but he didn't turn. Instead, he started to snore, his eyes falling shut. The new song started. It was a slow ballad. There was no way he would wake up.

I felt mom's pussy trembling as it touched lightly at the head of my cock. It was hot, slick, the heat and anticipation kept growing, only heightened at dad's interruption.

"Lower," I mouthed to mom, who obediently settled down, taking me in. As her cunny lips slipped around my length, I rolled my head back, soaking in the pleasure that was my mom's cunt, the hot wetness massaging all along my cock as she took me in, inch by inch. I heard her give a slow, slow gasp as I went inside her, until I was all the way in, and she mouthed the words, 'so full,' as she pushed her hips down onto me, her eyelids closing in bliss.

"Move on me," I whispered. Mom wordlessly rocked her hips, and I felt my cock sliding along inside of her as she gave a silent moan. We kept looking over at dad, whose snoring was now constant. It wouldn't have mattered if he had woken up -- even if he looked at us, forcing us to stop, all he would have seen was his wife sitting quietly on his son's lap while his son almost seemed asleep. But while he wasn't looking, mom moved herself back and forth on me, her mouth open as she savored the feeling of her young son twitching inside her.

"This is so bad, baby..." she whispered. The sound was electric.

Mom kept moving on me, but it wasn't fast enough. I brought up both of my hands and grabbed onto her hips, and she bit her lip, waiting for me to take control. I pushed her back and forth on me. A soft, slick sound came from between her legs as I moved her back and forth, making her pussy fuck on my cock, forward and backward. I felt the head of my cock massaging something deep, deep within her, way back, and she felt it too. She bit her lip harder, suppressing a moan.

I moved her on me faster, and I could see her smiling in ecstasy in the darkness. "Oh baby," I heard her words between the wet sounds coming from her cunny as she moved on me. "Use me, baby. Like mommy's your little slut."

I suppressed my own groan as her dirty talk whispered into my ear.

"You like it when you're deep inside your own mother? When you make her feel so, so full with her baby's cock?" I heard her gasp as I pushed deeper. "Oh, honey, you know you're bigger than your father, right? You're touching me in there, so deep, baby... my baby boy with his big, pretty cock..."

Her hips started to gyrate on their own. I felt the pleasure sucking upward through my cock as the music of her pussy juices made their slick sounds, faster and faster. My mother's ass ground on me, the warm musk of her cunt rising around me.

She stiffened as she went faster and faster, barely suppressing a whine. My hand went up and clapped over her mouth, smothering her noises, pulling her backward. The back of her head was pressed against my cheek, the intimacy of our position more than anything I had ever dreamed or wanted out of sex -- and it

was with the perfect woman, my mother, while her husband lay passed out just feet away.

Mom started to shudder, the strength of my hand over her mouth seeming to do it for her. She brought her own hand up and pulled my palm off of her mouth, and she brought it down, wrapping my fingers around her neck.

If dad were to wake up and see, it would now be obvious. And mom was making noise, her gasps barely hidden, the slick sound of her pussy fucking on my cock now totally apparent. But I didn't want to hide it. Mom didn't either. She bucked, faster, her core stiffening tighter as she started to rise to orgasm, excited by my hand on her throat, by the risk of her husband laying there, by the fact that her own son was under her, barely keeping his own noises contained. I groaned, biting her neck, hard, until she made an audible gasp. I could feel the cum in me rising. I could feel it starting.

"Mom," I hissed in her ear, while she rolled her head back, her breathing now heavy, each movement of her chest now a tremendous, sexy risk. "Mom. I have to cum."

Mom's hand reached back and grabbed into my hair. She turned her head and kissed me, her tongue pushing into my mouth, her gasping brushing along me, lost in the pleasure.

"Mom!" I tried to make it more clear. It was rising in me. My taint clenched -- I felt something rising from deep within me, my balls were starting to constrict as I felt the pleasure surging forward. "Mom, listen, I'm going to cum."

"Wait, baby," she whispered urgently in my ear. "I'm almost there," her pleasure filled gasps were above the sound level of the television. The light illuminated us, the movement would be apparent -- any man laying there would wake up by now, and see us, writhing in unstoppable pleasure, my cock pushing up against her deepest spot while she ratcheted closer and closer, breaching the tipping point of orgasm.

Mom's neck tensed, then her back, then her hips as she pushed onto me. I could see the strain and effort as she rode on my cock, more urgent than I had ever seen her, as the orgasm climbed up from her pelvis. "Oh, fuck!" Mom's words were harsh in my ears. "Fuck, baby, mommy's cumming!" It was loud, deafening in my ear, I'm sure it was barely a whisper in reality but my eyes shot to my dad, who was stirring on the couch.

I felt my mom's pussy constricting around my cock, and the orgasm suddenly ripped through her. Her mouth opened wide and I felt one of her hands clenching at my hair, so tight I thought she could tear off my scalp, while her other hand went down and gripped on my thigh, her nails digging in, harder than I had ever felt her grip anything. Dad was still moving -- I felt panic, pleasure, as he rolled over, while mom writhed on my cock. I felt the heat go molten around her cunt -- her pussy flooded with her juice and she ground against me, harder, the orgasm taking her completely.

I couldn't hold it in -- I was about to cum too. I could barely see dad's shape, but hoped that somehow he couldn't see anything, that he wasn't awake.

"Mom, please," I begged her, "I'm going to come inside if you don't get up."

I felt it building upward, my cock was throbbing, my balls were clenching -- the cum was surging upward. I felt it, unstoppable, shooting up --

Mom made a reluctant whine as she shifted off of me -- a slick sucking noise shot through the living room as her pussy let go of my cock.

And I came.

My cum shot upward, splashing, casting up her bare lower back, while mom made an infinitely small gasp with each hot, sticky shot of my load that went all up and down her backside, dripping down, rolling onto her ass. I felt myself still convulsing, the power and liquid still rocketing up my shaft. Mom was moving too -- still orgasming.

And dad was still moving.

I clenched my hand around my mother's neck and forced her downward, trying to get her to hold still, but she was still shaking, half-lost in the throes that my cock gave her before she pulled off of me. I pressed my cock against her bottom, and felt my cock melting against her, my cum slipping around on her backside as she grinded against me.

I saw dad open his eyes. He started to roll towards us.

My hand ducked down and pulled the edge of her dress downward, gripping her hip tightly and forcing her on to me harder. It should have been painful, but I was

trying desperately to give my mom the message that she had to freeze, absolutely, to avoid any hint of movement.

Dad's eyes flicked upward.

He made eye contact with me.

I must have been panicking because he looked at me with a funny smile growing on his face. It was possible that he was too drunk to see what was going on, to see that his son's cock was pressed against his wife's ass -- cum slick along her back and butt.

Mom and I were hidden by the length of the dress, barely long enough to keep our privates covered, long enough to ensure that in dad's drunken observation that he wouldn't see anything. Or would he? Dad's eyes narrowed. I heard a breath sucking in from the couch.

"You two," I heard him slur slowly, the suspicious tone growing.

Mom was frozen on me. Her eyes were wide, wide open as she tried to keep still, my hot seed dripping down her, smearing against my waist, streaks of it pulling downward along our bodies.

Dad blinked a few times, trying to register what he saw. It was clear -- mom was embarrassed, scared. I was trying to keep myself still but my hands were clearly on my mom's hips. We were flushed and sweaty from what we were just doing,

and if dad was at all conscious as mom made her noise before I came on her, then he would have an inkling of what was going on.

"You two," he continued, attempting to sit up. "You're acting so weird. All day, every day, you both are acting so fucking weird." He stood up, half rolling off the couch. Mom held her breath and started to shake on me. I was shaking too. Dad was about to come over and take a closer look. "Brett, you're close with your mother, aren't you? Too close."

He stumbled toward the kitchen, turning on a light, dragging his bottle with him. The light would make it obvious. His new angle would make it even more so -- from where he stood, mom's bare back was visible -- her soft flesh was pressed on my hips, my pants were clearly down. The light would reflect the fluid I had spent, the cum that dripped up her lower back and all along our waists.

But dad didn't seem to notice. He opened the cabinets and grabbed a bag of chips, turned off the television as if we weren't there, and then wandered toward the stairs. I heard him mumbling to himself. "Fucking momma's boy. I'm not jealous, you are. You're jealous." His footsteps plodded up the stairs.

Mom and I sat together in the fluorescent light of the kitchen, our fluids mingling. Mom stared at me, shocked, relieved. She started to shift upward, my cock smearing against her, between the cheeks of her butt. Her legs were shaking. She could barely stand. Her hand went behind her back and she gaped, feeling how much of myself I poured directly against her.

We looked at each other forever, trying to figure out what the hell it all meant. Mom took a deep breath. "I think it's time for you to go to bed. We'll have to talk

about it in the morning. Maybe."

She got up, careful. I saw my seed all along her lower back -- and I thought back to our first time on the secret beach, the way the tanning oil looked just like jizz after a pullout. And here was my mother -- my cum all along her back, dripping, gorgeous in the light of the kitchen. She got some napkins and wiped it up, looking at me.

I thought ahead, almost for the first time in my life. About going to bed, by myself. About mom going to sleep on the couch, or worse, going to sleep in the same bed as dad. It was looking like a lonely night unless I could change something.

"Do... you want to sleep with me?" I asked, hesitantly.

Mom gave a light smile. Relief filled her face. She smiled at me with motherly care, as if she were flattered by someone small and adorable, almost as if I were a small child who just told her she was beautiful.

"I'd love to, baby," she said. "But I don't know if it'd be wise with your father around. He'd find some way to make it an issue, I'm sure."

I nodded, understanding where she was coming from. She gathered some blankets from the hall closet, already preparing a spot for herself on the couch.

"Alright," I said, still dizzy from the afterglow. I retreated toward my room.

"Goodnight, mom."

"Good night, son," she said from the living room. "I love you."

Those words created a little flame of bliss in me.

"I love you too, mom," I said, meaning it more than I ever meant anything in my entire life. I closed my door, collapsed into my bed, and sank into a perfect and dreamless sleep.

Road trip and road head with mom (Mrs. Robinson to you).

Nora in the Sun Pt. 10

Chapter 20

I felt myself being shaken awake. Somebody's hand was on my shoulder. There was a whispering noise as my eyes opened -- the room was still dark, and above me, I could barely make out my mother's shape as she pushed at my shoulder.

"Don't make any noise," she said, her finger on my lips. "I've already packed your

stuff. Are you ready?"

"What?" I sat up and tried to understand. Mom sat on my bed, already dressed and ready to go. She wore a loose, flowing dress, a wide brimmed sun hat from the other day. She looked absolutely radiant, even in the darkness of my room. I looked to the window and realized it was still dark.

"What's going on?" I asked, trying to read what she was getting at.

"I've rented a car," she said, half breathless. Mom was clearly excited, smiling grandly. It reminded me of one special birthday where she woke me up, told me she called school to tell them I was sick, and we spent the day together instead, eating ice cream and playing some of my favorite video games. But today, in Belize, she had much, much bigger plans.

"A car?"

"We're going to Cancun," she said, her voice tense with suppressed joy. "Just you and me. Your father has no idea. I've got the car outside and we're going to make the drive, right now. It'll be a mother and son road trip!"

"I thought Cancun was..." my knowledge base of geography in any foreign country was nonexistent.

"It's only five hours north. Just get your pants on and load up the luggage. Hurry, before your father wakes up." Mom left, her dress swishing behind her. She

looked back, winking at me while I rolled out of my bed in a daze.

By the time I got to the car, the cool morning mist of the ocean chilled me. I carried our suitcases and threw them into the back of a nifty little red sedan.

"Ready, mister muscles?" Mom climbed into the driver's seat.

"Did you even sleep last night?" I asked, trying to gauge whether mom was high. I got into the passenger seat anyway, ready to go even if mom was on something. "How did you get this thing so early in the morning?"

"With a cell phone, anything's possible." Mom waved her phone, showing off a new rental app and then started the car.

We took off, the heat running, right as the sun started to crest over the edge of the ocean. The villa disappeared as the roads bent into the main thoroughfare of the village, and then we left even that and onto a stretch of tarmac that went on into the endless jungle. We passed through towns as small as a single shack while occasionally passing through tourist spots lined with thatched huts over lagoons and lakes. Mom set up a mix of old hits from her time in high school and college -- the best of 80's pop blaring as she rolled down the windows to let the color of the morning in.

At some point, we heard a ringtone from mom's phone. She purposefully ignored it until it went quiet, and then I heard a last chime from her voicemail.

"Did we even leave a note?" I asked.

"I don't have to explain a thing to your father," mom said. "He's been such a fucking pain in the ass this entire trip. The only time we've had any fun at all has been when it's just you and me, so why would I even let him know where we're going?"

I shrugged, trying to make sense of it. "But isn't he going to get worried?"

Mom laughed and I felt the stupidity of the question manifest in my cheeks. "I don't think dad will care once he gets a few drinks in him."

The highway stretched on into jungle. We filled up on gas at a little convenience store setup and mom passed me a hot breakfast torta while she sipped on a chocolatey coffee. As we started the car mom's phone went off again. She rolled her eyes and shoved it into the glove compartment.

The drive went on, and on. We started to talk about the future. About the jobs I wanted, about my dreams, about the kind of house I wanted someday. Mom kept asking me to go on, to expand on my hopes for the future, but the more I thought about the kind of house I wanted, the more I envisioned just living at home and seeing mom every day.

I wanted to tell her about it. I wanted to even tell her that I wanted to take her out on dates. But she seemed so set on hearing me talk about my own dreams, the things I wanted, to keep talking about different places, different cars, different people, goals. I wanted to somehow connect them to her but the more I went on,

the more I kept halting and keeping myself from bringing those dreams into contact with my own mother's life.

A weird feeling rose in my stomach. It was a mysterious ache. I thought of the vacation ending in a couple days, of the flight back, of returning to college. Mom would be stuck again with dad. I'd be stuck in a party college. Then a career. An existence as a man on my own. Life would go on.

"Don't let anything keep you back, baby. Take the life you want, study hard, meet good girls. Don't get them pregnant too early," mom said, her voice firm as she sipped at her coffee. It made her seem like a cutthroat businesswoman -- the coffee, the dress, the way she leaned back in the chair, dispensing common sense. I felt small again, lectured. She was so pretty in the rising light of the sun filtering through the jungle around us. "You're a man now, aren't you Brett?" She asked me so firmly while we drove.

My mother, my mentor. I nodded, trying to keep from getting sad while my mother gave me a talk about life that I didn't quite get from my dad.

"You'll call on the weekends, won't you?" Her last question came completely out of left field, entirely different from the life advice theme she chose for the first leg of the drive. Her lips were pressed together. Soft. Concerned.

"Of course," I replied, eager.

"And you'll visit for all the holidays?"

"Absolutely." I nodded, trying to make sure she could tell I wanted nothing more than to be with her every possible chance I had.

"And you'll marry a good girl, and you'll be really good to her, and you'll make her happy, right?" There was something strained in mom's voice.

I stared at her, while she kept her gaze on the road, hidden behind the dark layers of her sunglasses. I couldn't answer. What could I possibly tell her? That I wanted to marry a girl that was much, much younger than her?

Except, if I did say that, it would have made sense. But it didn't.

Mom drove silently on while I stewed in the feeling that it would be wrong of me to go find any other girl to be with.

"I guess," I said, unsure.

Mom glanced my way, analyzing my tone. Her hand went out and patted my thigh. "I shouldn't be putting all this life pressure on you, baby. I'm sorry." She sighed. "You're still so young, after all. Hardly a baby."

I reached over and pinched her thigh. Mom gave a slight yelp and smiled.

"I'm a man now, in case you forgot about last night," I said, trying to deepen my voice as naturally as I could."

Mom licked her lips. "Mmm. That's right. My son, a big, sexy man." Her breath dragged in. "Fuck, honey, I don't know where you learned to touch a girl like that with your pretty cock, but it really filled me up." She started to hum with the thought.

"I'll do it again if you want," I offered, trying my best to flirt.

"Please do, honey. You made mommy's pussy feel so, so good." Mom was fully smiling now. We were back to excited bliss -- to the open road, to the kind of adventure that didn't have complicated questions. "You're driving once we hit the next stop, by the way."

"Whatever you want, mom." I meant it. If I could stretch time, if I could afford a forever vacation, if I had the power to always make her smile, I'd use it, no reservations.

Mom was now singing the melody to the music mix under her breath. Her face was relaxed under her sunglasses.

In the light of the sun of that Mexican highway, I wanted nothing more than to capture that instant, and to live it, forever and ever.

We stopped at a roadside restaurant and grabbed some more food. This time I held a coffee, feeling big. Mom threw me the keys as we walked back to the car, and I turned it on, feeling the rumble, the control over the car. It really was sporty -- the dials looked very different, much more satisfying now that I sat directly in

front of them. There was a mysterious set of buttons on the dash that I only now noticed.

"What kind of car is this?" I asked.

"No idea," mom said as she slid into the passenger seat. "An expensive one." We pulled out and back onto the highway, the scent of food filling the cabin.

I stared at the buttons for a minute as a little icon showed a car without a top. I looked up at the car ceiling, noting clips along the joints, hardly believing I actually missed this through the first hours of the drive. "Mom," I said, trying to keep cool. "This is a convertible." The highway started to blend past us as I picked up speed. I grabbed my sunglasses, anticipating the kind of wind this thing would pick up.

"Oh." Mom's surprised acknowledgement seemed very small. She started to laugh, now appreciating what we were sitting in. "I had no idea."

"I'm opening it." I flicked the clips along the sides of the car, reaching past her. The mechanisms gave a satisfying click. The button on the dashboard lit up. It was ready. I made brief eye contact with mom through her dark sunglasses. She gave a wide, wide smile.

I pushed the button.

The canopy suddenly flexed back -- a consistent motor sound and the sudden roar of wind flying through the car -- mom's hair flickered all around her as she gave a

squeal, as if she were a teen riding in a fast car for the first time. The hood of the car settled behind us, and the full speed and wind of the highway blasting against my face, chilling my hair, while the light of the sun rose steadily over us and I felt its heat directly on my skin.

Mom's arms went up. I cranked the volume on her music. She was laughing.

We passed through a little town called Tulum, slowing down as we drifted past tourist cafes and then sped up again as it turned back into jungle. It was the last leg -- we'd have endless miles of beach on our right as we would drift north up to Cancun on the seaside. The sun was now shining directly downward, and the heat was getting through the wind and scorching at our skin.

I hit the button and the canopy closed up. Mom was leaning back, looking out at the ocean and taking it all in. Signs clued us in that we were getting closer to Cancun.

"You having fun?" I asked.

"More than ever," my mother replied, her right hand under her chin. Her left went out and pressed along my thigh. Immediately, I felt my cock rise and push against the inside of my pants. Mom looked, pulling her sunglasses down. "Oh, honey, really? In front of your mother?"

"I'm riding in a convertible with a beautiful girl," I excused myself. "Not sure what you want me to do here."

Mom smiled as she tried to think of something clever to say. Her voice changed. It dripped with seductive lust. "I could take care of that for you, you know." Her hand pressed up my hip and her fingers pushed against the head of my cock. "So you don't embarrass yourself later."

"I've seen this porn before," I joked.

"You haven't lived it, baby." Mom took off her sunglasses and raised her hands behind her head, using a tie to bring her hair back. Then she unbuckled her seatbelt. I glanced at the dial and realized we were going over sixty miles an hour, and my mother, who was always, always a stickler about safety, let the seatbelt fly up and off of her ample chest.

She leaned toward me, her lips brushing against my shoulder. "Do you have any idea what road head is?"

"No," I lied.

"Let mommy show you," she said, leaning further, tracing both hands over my junk, her pale white fingers collecting my zipper, undoing my pants button. "Mommy's got to take care of her baby boy so he won't get embarrassed." My cock slipped free, coming out through the hole in the front of my underwear. Mom's fingers wrapped around it, and I felt the soft heat in her palm as she massaged my dick, up and down. "I'd be a bad, bad mother if I didn't take care of this problem for him, right now."

The humor of the situation disappeared as fast as my hard on increased. My

mother's lips that would have yelled at me about a seat belt a few years ago were now opening. I felt a soft breath on my cock, saw Mom's sun-kissed hair decorating my peripheral vision as I tried to keep focused on the highway. I felt a sudden, wet sensation flicking across the head of my dick. Mom was licking at me, wetting the tip of my cock with her warm, soft tongue.

"Keep driving, baby," she said. Her hair shimmered as some of the light haloed through the windows.

Then I felt something wet, hot, soaking over the head of my cock. Mom had taken the first inch of me into her mouth -- and I heard her humming, savoring the taste of my flesh. She moved down, the slick saliva inside her pretty mouth swirling over my shaft. As she took in my length between her lips, I groaned and felt my focus drifting. I tried to refocus, to keep all of my attention on the road, but mom started to move her head up and down. I saw her shining hair bobbing above my waist, felt the slipperiness of her tongue. Felt her moaning on my cock as she licked and sucked at me like I was a tasty piece of meat.

She slowed down, tasting me. It wasn't fast enough for me though -- my speed on the highway increased, and my cock wanted to thrust in and out of something hot and wet. I took one hand off the steering wheel and reached for the knot of hair that she had tied up. I grabbed it and mom made a sighing noise as I forced her head down, the wetness of her mouth taking in all of my length.

"Mmm," she made a moaning noise as I pushed her head down, pulled her back up by her hair, guiding her along my cock while she suckled on it. I felt one of her hands smoothing along the inside of my thigh, lightly touching my balls through the cotton of my underwear.

"Oh, fuck, mom..." I moaned as she sucked, pushing her head down, her tongue sliding along my length. I felt the back of her throat bumping against the head. She pushed a little harder, making a noise while I shivered, trying to refocus again on the highway. There were three lanes at this point. I saw a car pulling up in my peripheral vision while I pushed mom's mouth over my cock. It pulled up along our right side, moving past at a steady pace. The pace of cruise control.

I was half certain the people in that car could see what was going on, if they wanted to. I pushed mom's head down until I felt the action of her throat. Glimpsed off to my side, where the people in the car drove on, entirely unaware. They passed by us while mom's mouth sucked on me.

Another car pulled up to the left. Mom's head bobbed as I tried to keep control. It felt so hot -- the danger of road head, my mom making noises of tasty enjoyment as her spit coated all of me, as I reveled in the wetness of her mouth, as I felt the heat building in my core. Mom moved faster and faster as the other car pulled up on our left side. I started twitching my hips up, trying to time it for a deeper sensation.

A younger couple was sitting in the front seats of an SUV. The woman in the passenger seat was almost at my immediate left -- she must have been twenty or so. She turned lazily to see what we looked like and I saw her mouth drop as she saw my mother's head shifting up and down, faster, while I thrust my hips up, trying to fuck at her mouth.

The lady and I made eye contact. She glared at me and started saying something to the guy next to her -- but I could tell he started laughing. I gunned the accelerator and sped ahead, feeling the rise in my core as mom's mouth started to bring something up -- a hot pressure that built at the base of my cock.

I was getting closer, but it wasn't enough. I needed more. I reached over my mother and gathered some of her dress in my hand, and pulled it towards me. Mom's form suddenly revealed itself as I pulled up her dress, and underneath the flowing white, she was wearing a cute little white thong that slipped between the mounds of her ass and disappeared. It was a high waisted thong -- the kind that perfectly complimented a dress like hers, and her beautiful, pale body, barely tinged with pink and gold from the sun, was on display for me while I broke the speed laws in a different country.

The sight of her body was helping -- I felt the power and heat surging up my rod as mom sucked at it harder, letting my hips and the direction of my hand in her hair work the action of fucking her mouth.

We were coming up on a few cars ahead of us. I slipped into the empty lane and we blazed past a truck on my mom's side. Without a doubt, they would have seen her, her soft, white flesh on full display in her window as she bent over my seat with cock in her mouth. Her ass swept from side to side as she put her effort into it -- and I could almost see in the rear view mirror the gaping stares of the people in the truck we passed.

I felt it building and pushed her face onto me harder. Mom was moaning -- at that instant I realized that she was only propped up on one elbow over my thigh, her other hand was between her legs as she touched herself, her fingers squirting inside of her while she tasted the precum that must have been flowing upward and over her tongue. She was starting to shudder while she sucked on me, her moans adding a new dimension of feeling to me as I got closer, and closer.

I was at the edge.

"Fuck, mom!" The speed dial was at ninety. We were passing another set of cars -- mom's lovely hips swung back and forth as I felt something surging deep in my pelvis, as I felt the cum rising, pumping. We passed another car. Some lucky son of a bitch could easily see my mom's fingers deep inside her in the blur as I felt the orgasm breaking upward. Then I heard mom's ringtone again, blaring from the glove box. Dad was calling.

She bore down, making a soft moaning sound as I saw her arm push under her, her head pushing so low that it forced my cock into her throat -- and I came, hard, bucking against her face, feeling the shotgun action of my balls shooting my semen up and into her throat. I felt my dad's wife -- my mother swallowing, moaning with pleasure as my cum poured into her mouth, some of it slipping downward and around her lips, down the smoothness of her tongue as she sucked it upward. Her hair was still in my hands and I pushed her down, feeling the head pressing against the back of her throat while it vibrated with her noise as I emptied everything I had into my mother's pretty, soft mouth.

Then she pulled her head up, gasping, my cum dripping from her lips in streaks, and she slid back into her chair, pulling her dress down, trying to catch the fluid as it poured from her. She looked off to the side and could see in her mirror the stunned stares of the guys we had just rocketed past, before we blazed far out of view, going a speed that could definitely get us arrested.

I kept my foot on the accelerator while my cock still throbbed in pleasure, the last drops rising out of me while mom caught her breath, red faced, wiping her mouth with the napkins we had from breakfast.

"You're a little more daring than I thought," mom teased, her voice shaking.

"Maybe you are more of a boy than I expected."

"Maybe," I admitted, trying to calm myself. I kept at the speed we were at for a few minutes until I was sure that nobody would be able to catch up to us and notice us, and then let go of the accelerator so that we wouldn't run into any cops as we approached Cancun.

Mom was breathing, hard, excited. "I've never done anything like that," she admitted.

I zipped up my pants one handed. "You've never ridden in a convertible either, have you?"

"It's not like you have until your mother went out and rented one," she reminded me, poking my shoulder. "Also, you had to drive my minivan for years in high school. I'll never let you forget it." She drank some water and pulled a toothbrush and toothpaste from her purse, trying to get the taste of my cum out of her mouth. "You really did a number on my taste buds, kid," she said, toothpaste foaming along her lips.

"By the way," she added after she finished brushing, "what we're doing here, this is the absolute limit."

"What?"

"You've come in your mother's mouth, Brett," she said, as a matter of fact. "You

won't be cumming anywhere else inside me. Do you understand?"

"Oh." I felt a little wave of disappointment putting a damper on everything. It was like the slowing of the car matched my mood.

"Listen," mom put her hand on my leg. "This is a lot of fun. More fun than I've had in a long, long time. If ever, honestly. And it's not like we're stopping." Mom pursed her lips, trying to word this as clearly for me as possible. "But you need to understand that I am your mother, and what we're doing, it's so, so crazy. We had sex -- you had to pull out, this is a giant, illegal mess, Brett. You're my son, I shouldn't have even jerked you off a few days ago."

We went quiet as the car settled into the speed limit.

"I'll be... a bit of a whore for you," Mom said, her mouth unused to saying the word, 'whore.' "But I've got a very, very serious line here. It's more than moral, do you understand? Can you imagine if... if you got me pregnant?"

I couldn't imagine it. It really was insane. I could see her point but the idea was so stunning that I didn't really know how to respond.

"Understand, Brett?" Mom was back to her motherly self, really confirming that I knew where she was coming from.

It was really weird, but my disappointment was immeasurable. "Yeah."

Mom glared at me.

"Yes, mom," I said reluctantly. "I understand."

I didn't want to.

I really, really, really wanted to cum inside my mother.

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Chapter 21

I smiled sheepishly, trying to look cool while Cancun started to appear in flashes along the sides of the road. Tourist attractions, a zoo, hotels and motels from thatched water huts to blocky, adobe complexes. The names of the businesses we passed flitted in and out of English, names like Paradise Spa blended with Casa de Vino Anejo, and the speed limit brought us down, down, into a halting movement that timed with the stop lights.

We pulled into downtown, where the pearly exteriors of businesses stood alongside tall hotels while people filtered through the base, tourists with darkened skin, more six packs of beer than cell phones.

"Where are we staying?" I asked. Mom pulled herself out of some reverie and pointed along the right toward a highway sign that said "Isla Mujeres."

"Just follow those signs, Brett. It's a surprise."

I shrugged as I turned off according to her instructions. "Alright."

The streets suddenly lost all of their hotels. Strips of green ran up and down the sides of the road -- a broad park spread out to our left, dotted with palms and pools as we headed east, until we hit a straight wall of apartment buildings in a deep orange cream color. The apartments then disappeared, as fast as they arrived. To our left, broad, expansive complexes, endless mowed grass, and waving palms started to spread out, and beyond, we could see the ocean again as we cruised south along what I realized was a long, thin peninsula that carried more luxury hotel resort per square foot than anything I had ever seen.

"Woah," I marveled at the slick, minimalist modern buildings that stood atop expansive grass grounds that melted into the ocean, multicolored canopies dotting the sand line, flashes of dozens of pools interspersed between the resort buildings.

"It's this one," mom said, grinning, as we pulled up to an entrance lined with cool

white monolithic stones.

"This one..." I stared at a bronze gilded and backlit sign and at the immaculately trimmed grass that sprinkled with fresh water and the warm smell of chlorine. "This one looks expensive. How'd you reserve a place like this?"

"Credit cards, Brett," mom laughed at me. "Someday, you'll be a big enough boy to use them too."

We pulled into the parking lot and got out, our legs tight from the journey and from our speed-themed sexual game. While mom checked in, I carried all of our luggage, acting as porter for the both of us. People looked us up and down -- not only the staff that wondered at the beautiful woman in the sunglasses, but also the much, much younger guy that carried everything for her.

It occurred to me that out here, without my dad as a barometer, people would make an assumption about us that wasn't entirely true, but at the same time they would also assume that we weren't related to begin with.

It was exciting.

Mom led the way once she finished checking in, chuckling to herself. "You know," she said, the smile apparent in her voice, "they asked me if they should spread rose petals, if we had any special days coming up. Like an anniversary. Or a honeymoon."

"For us?"

Mom's hips swayed seductively as she moved ahead of me. She looked back, laughing at me. "They said, 'we hope you make some unforgettable memories here.' All this, as if we were lovers, or something. Imagine that."

"Wow. Yeah."

We popped into an elevator. Mom watched my chest and shoulders as I hefted our things. She bit her lip, deep in thought. "You know," she said, "I wouldn't mind if we pretended something like that."

"Oh?"

"You may be my son, but it's not like anyone knows." Her small white hand tucked along her neck. "Oh Brett. Are we crazy?"

I had no idea what to say. I had just cum into my own mother's mouth half an hour ago -- and we were ignoring all of the calls from my dad -- her husband. It was as if we really had run away like lovers despite being more related than most lovers could be.

"We could be crazy," mom added, her smile a teasing, mischievous grin. It was clear she was cooking something else up in her mind -- something to add to our vacation. She leaned forward, kissed me on the lower lip, and let her tongue move along the corner of my mouth as she closed her eyes. I kissed her back.

The elevator doors opened, and mom pulled away in full view of some staff and guests that were waiting on our floor. I saw their gaze pulling away from us as a series of mental calculations went on in their faces as they compared my mother's age to mine.

Mom's hand boldly smoothed over my pelvis as she stepped out. "Come on, kid," she said, her eyes sexy and dark. "If this sugar momma arrangement is going to work I need you to hurry it up. I won't wait for my massage."

Some of the guests suppressed smiles at mom's implication while my face lit up, hot, as I stepped out and tried to duck out of sight. Once we rounded the corner I had the presence of mind to get what my mom was doing. She looked like she was having fun, occasionally turning to watch my red, embarrassed face.

When we got inside our room, mom sat on the bed. The only bed in the room. It glowed in the light filtering through the curtains. "I have a request," she said, slowly. She crossed her legs, letting her lightly tanned thigh shine over the white bed. "You're willing to do something for your mother, aren't you?"

"Sure," I said, ready for whatever she needed.

"What I said in the elevator... about you being a sugar baby," she leaned back, pushing her breasts up, drawing her knee upward. "I'd like to play that game." I understood where she was coming from, but mom explained, her voice seductive and slow. "I'll be your sugar momma. You'll do what I say in public. I'll pretend I'm lavishing all of this on my new, shiny toy. Are you willing to be mommy's pretty new toy?"

The idea was hilarious to me. But at the same time, I figured it would be a lot of fun to pretend that my mother wasn't my mother at all -- that she was a milf, a cougar who picked me up and whisked me to Mexico to have her all to herself. "Alright," I said, looking at mom differently. She really was her own woman, even though it was strange to think of her as anything but my mom. This woman had done my laundry for me for almost two decades -- she selflessly provided a clean, safe home, and picked up jobs on the side to make sure I could get things like braces or the best possible Christmas presents.

And now she was asking me to be her toy -- her luxury. "Sure. You deserve it, Mom," I added.

"That's Nora, to you," she said, her knee drifting to the side, the smooth, pale insides of her legs artfully revealing themselves under the cotton of her dress. I felt myself getting hard again, even though I had released myself in her mouth just an hour ago. She looked at me, toying with me. "Actually, I want you to call me something else." Her lips pressed softly together while she came up with something. "Mrs. Robinson."

That was definitely not our last name. But mom was trying something new. As if we weren't related. As if she were somebody I maybe knew in a professional or academic way. As if she were my professor, or my boss, or the wife of one of those. Mom traced a finger along the inside of her thigh. I looked at her hungrily.

"Just Mrs. Robinson?"

"Only Mrs. Robinson," mom decided with finality. "And don't you forget it. Or I'll

have to ground you again."

"Alright."

"How about, yes, ma'am?" Mom started to laugh as her fingers pressed into the smoothness between her legs. Her thighs moved back together, and mom turned, angling the curves of her ass for me to observe.

I nodded obediently, transfixed. "Yes, ma'am."

"Do you know what I want you to do for me, little boy?" She whispered, pushing her fingers between her legs. "Come here."

I stepped forward, approaching the bed, ready. I was prepared to eat her out, to service her with my cock, to give her what she needed between her legs. "What do you want me to do, Mrs. Robinson?" I carefully moved my cock to the side and prepared to unzip my pants.

Mom leaned back, pulling me close. I felt my cock pressing against her leg, while she shifted, pushing her cunny against the hardness. Her lips went up to my cheek, giving it a soft kiss, and then moved up to my ear. She whispered while I eagerly listened.

"Go get me some more towels and some massage oil. You're going to give me a massage, and in return, I'll take you to dinner." Her lashes batted at me. Mom was clearly set on getting as much of a treat out of me as she could.

Disappointed, my cock throbbing, I pulled myself up.

"If you need money," she said, drawing out her words as if she were the richest woman in the world, "I have cash in my purse. Thank you, doll." She stretched out on the bed, smiling at me, watching as I sullenly left with a fistful of pesos.

The staff at the front desk didn't take long at all in getting me towels. I had to buy massage oil from a store inside that also sold bathing suits and sunglasses. I figured mom would probably want to drop by here at some point -- it had an elegant variety of the latest styles -- each one something I could imagine her wearing, from bold reds to sea greens to dotted whites and sheer blacks. I wanted to surprise mom with one, but she only gave me enough for the oil. And maybe it was better for my dignity that I didn't buy them, but that didn't stop me from wanting to pick something sexy for her.

There was one particular swimsuit that caught my eye -- it was extremely thin, extremely skimpy, barely a sliver of black cloth to cover nipples, more string than actual bathing suit. It would create a crisscrossed network of lines for anyone tanning in it. It was nearly pornographic in how little cloth was actually a part of it.

While checking out, I imagined mom wearing it for longer than I could really control myself. My own mother would go far, far beyond sheer beauty -- she would be a creature of pure sex, decorated by only ounces of string over her nakedness. I saw the lady at the check stand shake her head disapprovingly as I left. I couldn't imagine how that lady would look if she knew I was thinking about my own mom. I finished salivating over the thought and wiped my mouth and left, trying to figure out when I could bring her down here and convince her to buy it.

I was half certain that the poor passengers in the elevator might have gotten a glimpse of what I was tenting. I got back to the room, trying to keep my erection under control.

There was a new addition to the center of the suite. One of the staff must have brought up a massage table. Mom sat on the edge, wearing only a bathrobe. Her arms were crossed around her body, her gaze only for me. The window sashes were open, allowing light and a breeze to swirl through the room. The sound of the surf was quiet outside.

"They're fast here, aren't they?" Mom noted, her fingers trailing on the massage table. "What do you think?"

"I think you're right, Mrs. Robinson," I said, trying to stay in the role.

"I was looking forward to this service a little more, though," she whispered. Her hands went to the edges of the bathrobe. Her soft, pale fingers wrapped around the edges. I could see that the tie wasn't in a knot around her. It wasn't going to take much for all of her to be revealed. "I want you to... ease some of my tensions. Can you do that for me?" She lightly pulled on one edge of the bathrobe, exposing a sliver of her chest. The rosy nipple of her right breast appeared for me, a warm color in the lightness of my mother's skin. She stared at me as if she really were a different woman -- as if she weren't the one who gave birth to me, as if she were a seductress who had picked me up and flown me halfway around the world as her plaything.

"Absolutely," I said, my mouth dry.

"I don't even know what to call you," Mom said. She cocked her head to the side. "It's hard enough knowing you're my little boy. What am I supposed to call you if we're playing this game? Help me out, Brett."

I was at a loss for words.

"Do I call you, cutie? Young man? 'Hey you'?" She smiled, pulling at her robe, baring a full, heavy breast. "I give up. Did you bring the massage oil?"

"I did," my voice barely came out.

Mom straightened, running her hand through her hair, bringing it around her front. It draped across her chest, hiding some of the skin as she turned and bent over, allowing me to observe the lovely shape of her bottom underneath the bathrobe. She drew her arms apart, pulling at the edges of her robe... and it fell to the floor.

Her soft skin, tinged with the sun, touched with bikini lines that revealed an impossibly fragile paleness was so glorious, so delicious. Her hips smoothed around, the curve of her bottom plump and dreamily fuckable.

My mother turned her head and watched my reaction as she stretched out, pulling herself over the massage table, settling onto it, a flash of moist pink at the intersection of her legs, the curve of her bottom even more accentuated now that she lay face down. Her breasts were tucked under her chest, her hair drifted over her eyes. She looked at me through her locks, waiting for me.

"You look so hungry, but we have an arrangement, boy toy," she said, hiding her smile behind her soft shoulders. "Massage first. Then we'll get dinner."

I poured the lotion into my hands, reliving the moment where I first applied tanning oil to my lovely mother's skin. This time, mom waited for it, watching me, eager to feel my hands. I rubbed it through my fingers, allowing the excess to drip all over my mother's back.

Like cum.

I had already cum on my mother's face over the last few days, but I realized I wanted very, very badly to take her from behind again, and to pull out and spray my cum all over her back, just like on the couch last night. The sight of the oil alone was enough to send me into a deep, heavily urgent horny space.

My cock stood at attention under my shorts. Mom looked at it from behind her arms and I heard a soft laugh. "Not so fast. I hope you realize just how far I want you to go for now."

"What?"

"Massage my back, kid," mom made a humming sound, the cool scent of her perfume rising around me. "Put those muscles to use."

I poured some extra oil over her back. Mom gasped as she felt the cool slickness

go up her spine, splashing over her ass. I then pushed my hands into her skin, and mom gave a soft moan as I pressed at the tension I felt under her sexy, soft skin. The more I pushed, the more I slid my hands up and down her body, the less tense she grew in her back, but the more tense her noise seemed to get.

Mom's breathing grew heavy. I slid my hands up to the back of her neck and gripped it tightly, feeling her neck muscles relax while her eyes flicked open to watch my cock straining against my pants.

"Oh, you look so yummy sometimes," she almost whispered, her eyes on my dick as I moved back and forth to massage her more deeply. "I almost want to suckle you, baby..." Mom's gasps were intense -- almost as strong as when she and I fucked on the armchair last night.

"Almost?" My fingers were slick -- so was her lovely neck, so was all of her smooth, curved back.

Mom let out a moan as I pushed my fingers, slipping along her lower back, holding her as if I were mounting her from behind. I pushed my cock against the firmness of her bottom and felt the shock of pleasure in me as I pushed against her side. Mom opened her mouth and let herself go, making sounds of pleasurable relaxation as I worked at the muscles in her back, plying her gently, witnessing with my fingers the sensation of her body as it smoothed out.

It occurred to me that I had only been paying attention to half of her. My fingers didn't need to be limited to her back.

I could feel much, much more if I pressed. Outside... and in... and down.

Her lower half looked so delightful. My hands slipped down, pressed along the base of her spine, spread out, smoothing as I widened my hands to grab her plush, lovely round bottom. Mom's gorgeous ass made smooth, firm indentations as my fingers sank in. She shifted, humming, feeling my fingers along her nakedness. I wanted to look closer. I wanted to go deeper. Between her legs, was a soft, secret, wet place. My mother's eye peeked from over her shoulder at me, waiting as I licked my lips, seeking the spot she kept hidden.

"I don't know, Brett..." She commented. "You shouldn't be looking there. I'm your mother, aren't I?"

I hooked my thumbs under each cheek. Pulled outward. Her ass was so firm, so soft, an impossible dichotomy of feminine perfection that meant I could push deep, that meant she was truly a woman. My thumbs pushed in, pulled farther out, revealing her warm, wet pussy lips, a perfect pink slit. I heard mom's breath pulling in as I explored her, as her most private place opened, only for me. I went further, and her labia drew apart, and my mother's cunt gaped for me, already wet, already inviting, looking so, so moist and sweet.

Like home.

I felt my cock throbbing against the table, took in the scent of my mother's heady musk, was completely aware of mom's gaze on me, watching me, waiting to see what I would do. "Remember, Brett," my mom said quietly, playfully. "This is an arrangement. It's not for you to do whatever you want."

"I know," I said, trying to mean it.

Then a ringtone came from mom's purse. We stopped, both looked toward it. It rang, and rang, and rang, the ringtone mom chose specifically for dad's contact singing over and over. The more it played, the darker the mood in the room became. Mom suddenly felt tense under me.

Her arms shifted underneath her. She pushed herself up, and my fingers slipped out from the soft place under her bottom. She turned around, lifting one knee, eyeing me. Her taut breasts lightly pulled to the sides, her pink nipples looking like candies. She looked concerned again.

"Brett..." mom said, sounding worried, "what are we doing?"

I didn't have an answer.

"I know I just gave you a big talk about boundaries... but I've also been thinking. We're drawing boundaries on something we've gone so, so far on already. Too far. To be honest with you," she began, "I've been having so, so much fun over the last few days that I haven't been honest with myself. About the fact that I've been sexually playing with my own son."

"Is this about dad?" I asked, sensing where this was going.

Mom mulled it over. The light played across her chest, the smell of the ocean breezing through. "I just don't know... What are we doing? What have we done? I

know we've gone too far, but I don't want to admit it to myself. I want it to go away sometimes. Be honest with me, Brett." She looked at me with a pleading gaze. "Have we gone too far?"

I knew we did.

Mom stared at me softly while I felt my erection leave. Her soft lips, the ones that had held my cock between them while she sucked on me earlier that day, turned slightly downward as she fell deeper and deeper into thinking about everything we had done -- all the forbidden barriers we crossed.

"Brett..." she tried to sound it out clearly, but her voice was breaking. "We had sex, Brett. You're my son. I'm your mother -- I gave birth to you! What we did was so, so wrong, and we're not even... we're just acting like it's a sexy game. What are we playing at? Are we pretending that any of this is right? That it's even a little okay?"

A difficult question rose within me. "Do you want to stop?"

Mom touched at her lips, standing, leaning over to pick up her robe, the loveliness of her full breasts pulling downward. She wrapped it around herself. Hid everything away. "I don't know," she said, quietly. Mom came up to me and put a hand on my arm. She looked at me with those dark, dark eyes. Struggling.

"I... like it, Brett."

"I like it too. I love it," I said, trying to reassure her.

"You... love it?" Mom bit her lip. My mother looked up at me as if she were a young, shy girl in high school. This woman, who was in the fullness of her sexual prime, more experienced than I in every possible way, looked into my eyes with deep uncertainty, looking to me for answers, hoping for some semblance of certainty. "Is it weird that I love the feeling of my own son's cock? That I actually... like the way it tastes?"

We both knew it was very, very weird, and very, very wrong.

"Do you like being inside your mother? Making her feel good?" Mom asked me, trying to keep her composure, drunk on the taboo, unsettled, turned on against her every sense of what was right. I saw her hand setting between her legs, her fingers pushing upward, subtle, as if she were trying to do it in a way I wouldn't notice.

"It's the hottest fucking thing in the world," I answered.

My mother took a deep breath and repeated what I said. "Hottest... in the world..." Her gaze grew a little sharper. Her chin lifted. I could tell she was making decisions -- the look was the exact same as all the times where she had to come up with a creative way to ground me in response for some dumb thing I did. It was a look of determination, of a plan -- meant specifically for her son.

"I want to go dancing," she said, her voice firm. Her eyes were decided. "And then," she took a deep breath, "you're going to fuck me like I'm the only woman

left on Earth, whether I'm your mother or not."

Mom gives dad a call while son takes her, and gives.

Nora in the Sun Pt. 11

Chapter 22

Mom was changing in the bathroom, with the door locked. I waited anxiously for her, sitting on the bed, wearing the best I had. A pair of chinos. A button up shirt. Leather shoes. I even had product in my hair thanks to the mirror next to the bed. I did everything I could to look decent for my mom -- even if it meant it looked like I was a sex obsessed college kid trying to go a big boy dance club for the first time.

I heard the bathroom door clicking. Her hair dryer had been quiet for a few minutes, so I could only guess that she was ready, in as much as any girl could be ready when it was still light out.

But hot damn, mom was more ready than any girl I ever thought I'd see.

The first thing I noted were lips -- dark, red, a highlight against the soft curve of

her chin. Flush, tastefully rouged cheeks. Dark eyes with lashes that were darker. Long, long hair that curved down in careful curls. Mom's lovely neck, the elegant lined collar bones of a queen, soft, light shoulders that held hints of tan lines.

And she wore a dress that could put any girl to shame, forever. Following the contours of her body, it curved up and around her in a way that made her ass look incredible -- firm, wondrously curvy, while tightening around her waist in a way that highlighted just how much she had tried over the years to keep fit. The dress itself was black, but it was woven through with gold colored threading that drew upward from her hips and along her sides, emphasizing the curve of her breasts. Low cut. High thigh. It made her legs look even longer than usual. Dark nylons stretched from her little shoes, and all the way up.

It looked like she came off the cover of Cosmopolitan -- dripping with sexual appeal. Like sexual royalty.

Mom looked at me expectantly. "Well?"

"Gorgeous," I admitted.

Mom gave a soft smile that broke the illusion, and once again, she was my mother. My sweet, lovely, beautiful mom. Except she was intensely sexy, and we were completely alone in a place that not even my dad knew about. Feelings swirled in me -- I wanted to hold her hand, to bend her over, to kiss her on the cheek, to fuck her senseless, to tell her I loved her, to make her scream in orgasmic delight, to tell her she was a great mom. All these things spun around me in a vortex. I couldn't decide what I wanted more.

It was time to take her dancing.

"Ready?" I asked, holding out my arm.

"Ready," she said, grinning.

We rode the elevator down, standing next to each other, her bare arm pressing lightly on my side, entwined in my own arm. Everyone we passed did a double take -- I wasn't sure if it was because mom was obviously much older than me, or if it was because she was so ethereally beautiful.

A short taxi ride took us into downtown Cancun, where we went to dinner, sipping wine, eating light food, eying each other through the entirety. There was a nightclub close by. Our thoughts were on it, and we kept our conversation minimal -- only a comment about the vinaigrette, the flavor of the oils, the delicate taste of spice and wine. Mom's eyes were so dark, so lovely. Between bites, her hand would move up to her cheek and her fingers would lightly touch at her ear, as she turned, looking at me, pondering.

My mother kept glancing at my arms. My neck. My chest. Time moved in slow motion as she drank one glass of wine. Then another. Her cheeks went pink as she finished it.

We finished, and she paid. The waiter glanced between us several times as he took mom's card, processing our age difference and the way we looked at each other.

We stepped out and walked down the street -- a nightclub was only a couple blocks away. Mom linked her arm in mine as we walked up to the bouncer, who did a single up and down look at mom's lovely curves under her dress, and then nodded, letting us in.

"I guess there's perks to having a mother like me," said mom in my ear as the club swallowed us up, the music deafening, the lights flashing, a crowd of gorgeous girls and well dressed men, blending together in a haze of drinks and dance.

The next hour was a blur -- Mom and I alternated shots with mixed drinks, periodically moving to the dance floor, where the gold thread shimmered on her -- her hair swinging back and forth, the elegant quality of her dress and makeup making her look leagues above the rest of the girls on the dance floor. Occasionally somebody would come up to my mom, offer her a drink. Guys with slicked hair. Open shirts. Watches. Mom put her hand up to each one and drew close to me each time. Elegant. Purposeful.

It felt so, so good to see them so disappointed.

After a round of tequila shots, mom and I got close on the dance floor and moved with slow purpose. It didn't matter that the pace of the music was high -- that mixed forms were grinding on each other, the scent of sweat and booze and the spice of bodies permeated the air. We moved close to each other, melting together -- I felt myself getting harder as she pressed the indent of her hip on me, pulling her arms around my neck, looking at me with dark, dark eyes.

"Do you want to get out of here?" A line I used at parties. Now boldly used on my mom -- my mother. If it were just two years ago, I would have asked her if she

would just get out of my room, but now I was asking her to leave this club, with me, to go... somewhere else. Somewhere more private. A room.

Mom smiled at me. I could tell she felt like a girl in college again -- drunk, free, without a care. Her pink cheeks and her dark red lips mouthed the words, "let's go." We grabbed one more round of shots and stumbled out, drunk, the color and sound of the nightclub fading and the jealous looks of dozens of men in a line we completely skipped passing us by.

The taxi ride was a quick one back. Mom watched me from her seat, leaned back against the window, a finger gently hooked in the corner of her mouth. Our ears rang from the volume of the club, but when we exited the taxi by the entrance to the resort, the soft sound of the surf emerged, and we walked, warm, dizzy from the alcohol, urgently into the hotel.

I opened the door to our room as mom leaned against the wall, trying to keep her head upright. She looked at me, knowing what was coming. What we were about to do. Knowing that despite the fact that I was her son, we were about to touch.

To do more.

My mother's face didn't seem to have the guilt that it did before. It was flush with alcohol, with expectation. She had a look of acceptance -- drunk, loving acceptance.

We stumbled in as the door opened -- her body pushing against mine accidentally. I caught her side as she fell against the wall, trying to keep upright. The door

closed, and we were entwined, were pressed together. I could feel her breath on my neck, my knee between her soft, lovely legs. Mom's breasts were pushed against my chest -- she looked up, her eyes half glazed. Her lips open. A forbidden look on her face.

"Hey, Brett," her words whispered through her dark red lips. "What are we doing here?"

"We're back at the resort," I replied, surprised that she'd even ask.

"That's not what I meant," she said. Mom smiled. "We're in this room, alone, and my son is awfully close to his mother, isn't he?"

I looked down. The straps along her shoulders were so thin. I drew a hand up and pulled one down, over her arm. She moved a hand upward and pulled down the other one. "What are we doing, Brett?" She asked again. Her hands went up and smoothed upward along my core, up my chest. Her breath smelled like tequila and warm sugar and cinnamon.

Her fingers left me, went to the top of her chest. Lightly touched at the top of her dress. Hooked under it. "What do you want me to do, Brett?"

"Take it off," I breathed.

Mom pulled the edges down by an inch. Her soft skin looked so white and pale. She looked up at me mischievously. "How much?"

I reached up and took the edges from her. Pulled it down at my own pace. She took in a deep breath as my fingers dragged down her breasts, peeling away the fabric, the mounds of her breasts pushing upward through the dress, her fragile, pale skin only barely colored. Soft, coral colors emerged. Her areolas were there now. A trembling pink.

Mom moved closer to me, pulling me against her hip. She bit her lip, feeling my knee pressing against her apex. "Baby, what are we going to do?"

I reached down, grabbed under her legs, lifted her up. She wrapped her legs around me and pressed her cheek against mine. I carried her to the bed. Threw her down. She made a soft squeal as she fell onto the sheets, her arms stretching out, light fingers gripping the fabric. She looked up at me, her legs crossed. Her eyes shining.

My mother lay on the bed before me. Her dress was hiked up along her legs. I could see the nylons reaching up, her hips barely covered by her skirt. Her fingers traced along the bottom of her dress, and she lifted it by a mere inch, watching my reaction.

"Take it off," I ordered.

"That's no way to talk to your mother," she sighed, lifting it another inch. The lacy black of her panties were now visible under the nylons, the smoothness of her hip just above their edge now bare. The glimmer of mom's sensitive white skin was blinding in the dark. "You first," she added. Her eyes tracing over my cock as it made a visible imprint against my pants.

I unbuttoned my shirt while mom watched. Her breathing grew more obvious as the shirt fell. I unbuttoned my pants, let them fall, and mom's eyes snapped to my cock as it sprang up. "Ohh..." she sucked in a breath. "I must have given you those genes, because that cock is so, so pretty."

"Take off your dress," I ordered her again. My cock ached, even though it was free -- it wanted to satisfy her, to go into the mouth that had just complimented it.

"Whatever you want, baby," she sat up on the bed, pulling the dress up and over her face. It climbed past her waist, the pale skin of her tight tummy now visible, and then went up and over her chest. Her heavy breasts dropped, the nipples bright pink. The dress drifted back, her face again visible. It fell behind the bed. Mom now sat, leaning on one arm in the bed, topless, only the sexy nylons and panties left.

I felt my cock reacting, throbbing. My heart pounded in my chest -- I couldn't help myself anymore. I couldn't control it -- I needed her. I need the rest of her naked, now, I needed to be inside her. Now.

I rushed forward, jumping on the bed, leaping over mom, grabbing her arms and forcing them to either side of her head. She looked at me, wide eyed. "Brett..." her breath brushed against my neck as I moved my face close to hers. "What are you going to do?"

I want it, mom," I said, unable to stop myself. "I need it. I need it now."

She looked at me with earnest, heated eyes. "Take it," she whispered.

I let go of her arms, reached down, pulling on the nylons with an urgency and strength I forgot I had. They strung off of her, her panties going with them, and her legs, long, firm, lovely, pale, opened for me. I could see her pussy in its prettiness, the perfect lips, the pink slit, a jewel of a nub. She was already wet -- soaked, the lips red with arousal.

I pulled forward, my cock brushing against the inside of her leg. I brought myself up to her, forcing her legs wider, moving closer to her. She was already whining, even her breath begged me to enter her. Mom stared at me, as I felt the slick warmth between her legs make contact.

I pushed the head of my cock against my mother's pussy and watched as her eyes widened. Her mouth opened. I slipped in, the wetness guiding me, the heat inside her swallowing up my cock, and I sank in, pushing hard and she rolled her eyes back, the pleasure of my entry overtaking her. "Fuck, Brett!"

"Mom," I groaned as I started to fuck, making slick noises in and out of her. Her cunt felt impossibly tight, clenching on me. I didn't hesitate. I drove in and out of her, making the fullest use of my length, her gasps timing with the movement of my cock as each push inward made her writhe. I pushed in and held it, and mom sighed, shaking, tense.

Then my mother's phone rang. Dad's ringtone.

Mom's eyes shot open. We stopped, looking at each other, completely

interrupted, entirely stuck as the ringtone went on, and on, and on. I felt my cock stirring inside mom -- she was still reacting to the sensation, still tense, impaled, but the phone was interrupting everything. She seemed frozen.

It stopped. But the voicemail chime didn't go off.

"Maybe he's given up?" I asked. In response to my ridiculous hope, the phone went off again from mom's purse. She looked at me, hesitant, mildly horrified.

"I have to answer it," she said reluctantly.

"No you don't."

"He very rarely calls twice," she replied. "Your father only gets insistent like this when there's an emergency." She started to shift. My cock pulled out of her as she pulled back, trying to get up.

I felt my blood boiling. "Or when he's really angry," I tried to reason with her. "Fuck him. He's been such a fucking prick the whole trip -- let him deal with it." The phone went on urgently.

"He might be in trouble, and if that's the case, I'm his wife, you're his son, and we'll need to do something about it," mom said, firm, as if everything we were doing over the last day never happened -- as if I were just a brat that didn't give a shit about his dad. She went over to her purse, pulled out the phone, and answered it. I got off the bed and stood by it, waiting, impatient, frustrated that

mom was bowing to dad again like this.

"Ross?" She hit an icon on the screen and put her husband on speakerphone.

"Nora, for fuck's sake," dad's voice carried harshly and loudly, making both of us wince. Mom eyed me as we detected more annoyance in dad than emergency-related urgency. "Do you have any fucking idea how rude it is to ghost me like that?"

"Somewhat," said mom, rolling her eyes. She looked so incredibly sexy, hip cocked, a hand around her waist, completely nude, talking on the phone with her husband while his voice went on in an agitated rage.

"Where the hell have you been? And where the fuck is Brett?"

Mom pursed her lips as she hesitated. I couldn't imagine her not having some kind of plan, some kind of lie prepared. She was too smart, too forward thinking to let something like this slip.

"Hello?" Dad's voice sounded like nails.

"Chetumal isn't that big, Ross," mom said, her voice even. "I thought you would have run into us by now, what with all your drinking." She looked at me, her mind clearly running gears. She looked down at my cock and made a quick blink. An idea was forming.

Dad went quiet. "You're still in Chetumal?" He finally asked.

"Where do you think we went?" Mom's voice drew out sarcastically, her stare fixated on my cock. "It's not like we would have flown back." She stepped over to me. Looked up at me. Back down to my cock. Her hand left her waist, her fingers trailing up the length of my cock.

"I have no fucking clue, Nora -- I wake up, there's no note, no explanation, and you're gone all fucking day without answering your phone."

Mom's fingers curled around me. I felt myself getting harder in response, little sparks of pleasure going up my shaft as she smoothly moved her hand up my cock, then down.

Dad's voice continued while mom jerked me slowly. "I don't know what the hell is wrong with you. For a few minutes today I figured you guys were kidnapped by the fucking cartel or something."

"I didn't know you cared, Ross," Mom murmured. I felt my cock twitching in pleasure as she started to jerk me faster. She looked up at me, watching me as I listened in.

"I don't feel like paying a ransom, Nora. Or for insurance, every time I go on vacation," dad's lecture went on as a mischievous glint appeared in mom's eye. The way she looked at me was strange. It was almost like the way she looked at me when we were in the kitchen, and dad was giving mom a hard time from the couch. It was exactly the look mom gave me before...

In real time, while my dad's voice hammered through the phone, my mother dropped to her knees, her lovely nakedness now below me, her face approaching my waist while she jerked at me. She looked at my cock more closely, hardly even listening to dad, entranced by the way I was reacting to her touch. She was breathing, focused, thinking, watching the way the head twitched and flexed as she jerked me off faster, watching as my hips involuntarily moved as I felt the pleasure my own mother gave me while dad was on the phone.

"Oh Ross," my mom interrupted dad's rant, which stopped abruptly. "It can't be that bad." Her tone was calculated. Precise. Barely a hint of bitch.

"Can't be that bad?" Dad's voice rose and mom smiled, getting the exact reaction she wanted out of him. And then she locked eyes with me, looking up... and then she moved forward and in a fluid motion took my entire cock into her hot, wet mouth. She must have gotten the exact reaction she wanted out of me too because she started smiling even as dad's voice got louder from the phone.

I couldn't even hear what he was saying, but he was definitely talking, now angry. But the volume was covered up as mom's mouth sucked on me, her hand on the base of my cock, still jerking me lightly as her mouth slicked over me. I couldn't help it -- I started moaning as mom's saliva coated my length, as I felt surges of pleasure and power while mom's tongue moved up and down the underside of my shaft.

Dad went on for what felt like minutes, the seconds stretching as mom grew artful with the way she was blowing me. Dad's voice carried through the hotel room while the gentle sound of wetness came from mom's movements, while I shook with pleasure at the way her tongue curled around my cock, the way her hands

went lower and gently cupped my balls. Her tongue went over my head, swirling in a circle, a lapping noise obvious as dad's voice slowed. I realized if I could hear the sound, so could dad. He was on speakerphone.

I looked down at mom and mouthed, "we need to be quieter," as if we were just two kids hiding from parents. But mom looked up at me, defiant, sucking harder, jerking faster, trying to elicit a reaction out of me while the juicy sounds of her mouth on my cock grew louder. She got her reaction. I felt the power of a train running through my taint, running up my cock as the pleasure increased tenfold, mom's enthusiasm and the excitement of my dad actually hearing the noises multiplying everything I was feeling by leaps. I shuddered, trying to keep my vocals suppressed, but a groan escaped me as I got lost in the wet, hot sensation of my mother's lovely mouth.

"Nora?" Dad's voice was different. "Nora, I'm hearing something on your end."

Mom sucked on me, hard, and then pulled her head back. My cock popped out of her mouth with an audible sound, the exact kind you could hear from porn -- the unmistakable sound, the one that could not be confused with anything else. Dad went quiet.

Mom paused for a second, a thin trail of her saliva connecting my cock to her lower lip. She looked up at me and held the phone closer to her. "What is it, Ross? Are you inside or something? Because I can hear you loud and clear."

"No," dad said, suspicious. "You said you were with Brett, right?"

Mom's mouth went back up to my cock. She licked at my head, and moved a hand up my legs, feeling my hamstrings and then going up and holding me by my backside as she guided my hard, throbbing cock between her lips again. As it filled her slick mouth, she made a sound of affirmation. "Mhm." The hum buzzed over me, everything about the situation making my cock flex involuntarily.

She pulled back, purposefully letting as much spit cling to my shaft as possible. Multiple trails of it now followed along her lips, the wet, sticky noise painfully obvious.

"You're not... somewhere else?" Dad sounded nervous. "What are you doing, Nora? Where are you?"

Mom took her sweet time, licking my cock, the slick sounds of her lips slipping up and down making their way to the phone, which was right next to my cock. Then she pulled her mouth back, the suction on my cock head making another wet pop. The kind of sound that was unmistakable to any man who had ever seen a porno. Dad heard. Dad would know exactly what that sound was. He was quiet for unending minutes while I knew he would think about that sound, about his wife's evasiveness. Mom smiled as she made a sigh. "Ross, I'm with Brett. He's right here."

Dad's voice was high. More concerned than I had ever heard. "Put him on, Nora. Is he actually there? You didn't answer my question, Nora, where are you?"

"A restaurant," mom sighed innocently. "Where do you think?"

"Nora, it's one in the morning!" Dad sounded panicked. "What the fuck am I hearing on the phone, Nora? God damn it, answer me!"

"I'm enjoying something..." mom's voice was sultry, slow. Intentional. "...very tasty. Really, Ross, I'm in the middle of something here."

"Nora?!" Dad was practically shouting. "Nora, where the fuck is Brett? Put him on. Put him on, right fucking now, if he's really even with you."

Mom said nothing as she slipped her mouth over my cock again, a slight moan escaping her as she narrowed her eyes, savoring the precum that leaked from my tip. She made sure to make a slight slurping noise as she made sure her movement was as wet with spit as she could possibly make it. I shuddered, glorying in the sensation.

"Nora? Nora?!" Dad really was yelling now. Actually panicked. Afraid of what his wife was doing with something in her mouth.

Mom looked up to me and passed me the phone. "For fuck's sake, Ross. I can't enjoy a meal? Brett. It's your dad," she explained, acting annoyed.

I opened my mouth to greet him but mom immediately took my cock into her mouth, sucking with her hot, wet mouth, pouring her saliva over my shaft, moving her head back and forth more quickly than before, grabbing my hips as leverage as she fucked her face over my length, making my knees buckle. "Hey dad," I tried to keep my voice steady, but it was practically impossible. "What's up?"

"Oh." His voice dropped immediately. "Brett. It's you. Huh." He sounded confused. But relieved. "I thought... Well, it almost sounded like... Never mind. Where exactly are you guys?"

"Uhh..." I tried to think of something but mom's mouth moved over me faster and faster. I tried to break through the haze of sensation that mom plunged me into, and wildly came up with a dumb lie. "Some restaurant. I have no idea." Smart.

"Oh," Dad's voice came through, unsure. "You alright, Brett? You sound... different."

"I'm really fucking hammered," I said, trying to keep my speech under control as mom drew me in deeper, pulling the entirety of my cock into her mouth, the head bumping against her throat, which was already working and tightening around me. "Fuck, mom, I mean dad," I blinked, trying to correct myself. "I'm just... they have this tequila here, it's really wet, I mean, it's really hot... I mean, I'm just fucked up right now." Mom made eye contact with me, a smile almost visible on her face as she strained to take every last bit of me as far into her as possible. She pulled back as I finished my ridiculous excuse, her mouth popping off of my cock again, streams of her saliva falling from her mouth in lines. She was gasping.

"You both sound... fucking ridiculous," complained dad. "Put your mother back on the phone." I passed the phone to mom, who stood back up. In a fluid motion, she turned around, leaned forward, putting her elbows on the bed, pushing her ass out to me. Her head turned slightly to look behind her.

"Hi Ross, go ahead," she said, still catching her breath.

"You're both drunk off your asses, aren't you," dad said, back to ranting, once again unaware that anything was going on.

In the meantime, mom's ass shifted from side to side, her calves flexing as she lifted one side, and then the other, as she teased me and tried to get me to put myself inside her. Her eyes were dark, her cheeks flushed from the depthroating, from the tension and excitement of having dad on the line. "We may have had a few cocktails," mom said, emphasizing the word cock by pushing her ass back, her eyes begging me to come closer.

I stepped behind her. In the light of the bedroom, I could see much, much more of her body, her behind than when we were on the docks. Her pale, ample cheeks were wide, sure, but they were so firm, so tight and fit for her age, her legs deliciously sweeping downward with flawless skin.

And her cunny presented itself there, slick, a darkened pink. Her legs spread out and mom opened herself for me, each cheek still moving up and down as she did everything she could to allure me to herself -- to bring my cock to her, to fill her in a wild and seductive dance that most men could only dream of witnessing.

I obeyed her desire and pushed the head of my cock against her entrance. My mother looked back, her eyes a mystery, but the forbidden and insane nature of our incestual consummation filling her gaze with a wild lust that couldn't be hidden. Or controlled. Mom pushed back, making a soft whine.

"A few cocktails?"

Mom opened her mouth, begging me, the look on her face, in her eyes, completely shattering my inhibitions. I had to be inside her. I needed it -- I needed to drive deep in my mother's cunt. She turned to face forward again, just as I pushed forward, mounting her, her voice barely starting an answer as I drove into her cunt with a single thrust, the slickness allowing her pussy lips to give way -- and as I fucked into her, her breath caught and she made a noise, like an animal in heat. I saw her back tensing, her head throwing back, her hair whipping up and along her back as she arched in uncontrollable pleasure, unable to control herself as I put all of me deep inside my own mom.

I didn't hesitate. I started fucking -- and I slammed against her over and over, the pleasure driving me insane, mom making noises that she could only suppress by clapping a hand over her mouth.

"Hello? Nora?" Dad's voice came from the phone which was now laying on the bed, just out of reach from mom's hands, one tight over her mouth, the other gripping the sheets as I made her squirm with pleasure on my cock.

"Ross?" Mom's voice carried, shaking from the sheets. "What - did - you - say?" Each word was emphasized by a hard slapping noise that our bodies made as I slammed into her, over and over. Mom's shaking hand went up, reaching for the phone, shaking as I fucked her harder and harder, her suppressed cries slipping from between her fingers. She tapped frantically, trying to hit the speakerphone button to turn it off. I couldn't control myself and animalistically fucked her harder, groaning, grunting, the pleasure of her tight cunt wrapped around my cock, slick, her feeling and excitement causing her to drive her hips back, grinding herself onto me, sending me farther and farther. In her last attempt to simultaneously take me deeper into her and to somehow hit the speakerphone button, her hand knocked the phone just out of reach.

"Nora?" Dad didn't quite sound suspicious, but he did sound confused.

That sent me farther than before -- I felt tightness, deep in my core, rising up from my balls, a tight clench in my taint, while mom tensed up along with me.

"I'm..." Mom was trying to hide her gasping, her body tensing and releasing and tensing, grinding desperately on my cock, her breath shuddering in and out, over and over while the orgasm started to build, deep, tightening around her womb. "Hey, Ross? We've got... ugh... we've got to go. It's coming. I -- I mean, the bill is coming. We'll talk tomo-" I adjusted my angle upward to hit her G spot and mom's voice stopped immediately -- her mouth opened wide as she felt my head grinding against that secret, special spot, and she started to shake, her hips trembling, her arms shaking, letting her downward as they tensed, weakened, tensed again.

"Nora?" Dad's voice came from the phone, more lost and confused than suspicious. "Hello? Nora?"

But mom was gone -- I pushed even deeper, my cock nearing her cervix, and her orgasm snapped through, and she made a whining scream that she forced into the white covers. I felt her cunt shaking, tightening, her whole body collapsing in tremors as I mercilessly fucked her, every pounding motion driving the orgasm higher. Her hands shot out to the blankets and her nails dug into them, and she pulled them to her, pulling the sheets clear off the corners of the mattress while her back arched, her body sinking into the bed, the orgasm taking every shred of consciousness she had and instead throwing her into explosive ecstasy.

I was almost there too -- I felt like my cock was about to explode -- I was a runaway train, the woman I had just conquered was shaking, orgasming

underneath me, the slickness of her cunt was unbearably lovely in its feeling, and the animal in me was driving forward, ready to impregnate the woman I had just taken in front of her mate. I thought about mom's talk -- looked at her as she stared at me, both of us knowing exactly what was coming. As I fucked, harder, I wanted in some space of my mind for her to ask me to stop, but she only looked back, receptive, begging, asking with her dark eyes, lost in ecstasy.

I felt myself tensing -- my balls tightening, a bellow rising in me as I prepared to release all of my cum into my mother's womb. "I'm gonna..." I moaned through gritted teeth. "Mom..." I could barely make the sound. She looked at me, desperate, only timing herself more closely with each thrust.

Mom's ass pushed up and back, pushing deeper onto me, her reddening face turning to me more clearly, her lips silently begging, a half conscious plea in what I could only see as a blinding pleasure. We were out of control.

I was going to cum inside her.

Inside mom.

"Nora?" Dad's voice was small on the phone.

"Brett," mom sobbed in unimaginable pleasure. "Do it. Please, Brett."

"Nora?" Dad asked again, as if he couldn't hear what she was saying.

"Oh, please, Brett..." Mom's words seemed to echo as she strained back, the orgasm multiplying, her mouth opening wider. My gorgeous mother, who gave birth to me, who tucked me into bed until I was ten, who got me Christmas presents every year, who was orgasming harder than I had ever seen or imagined a woman could orgasm, was begging me with everything she had. She wanted it. She wanted my seed. Her eyes looked upward into mine, her body shuddering uncontrollably, her only desire was to have me enter her womb again.

It rose. Power, strength, contraction, every ounce of energy in my balls, shooting upward. Mom made a soft, open mouthed scream as she arched back.

And then it happened.

Power, unlike anything I had ever felt before, rocketed through my pelvis and I came with explosive force, the head of my cock shooting endlessly, deep inside my own mother -- and she made a half cry, unable to let any air out while she took everything, deep, deep into her. The heat and sensation was more intense than anything I had ever felt, ice shards shooting up my spine, into my head, my vision almost went white -- it was like a bomb exploded, and far inside my mother, within the womb from which I entered the world, my cock spurted jizz deep, deep inside, while she creamed all over me, shaking uncontrollably from the pleasure.

I heard mom make a single noise, a noise of acceptance, a noise of wordless pleasure, a begging sound as she took in her son's cum with unbearable delight. Mom opened her mouth, soundlessly screaming in beautiful, intense, sexual agony, feeling as my seed pumped upward into the deepest parts of her womb, the hot stickiness coating her insides, while she convulsed all over my cock, the head pushing against a secret spot far, far in the back.

Dad's voice came through the phone again. I could barely hear it.

I was so dizzy with the feeling of mom's spasming cunt and my own orgasm that shocked everything into stillness, the warmth of my jizz melting everything around my cock. Mom was shaking in front of me, still reveling in the strength of her own orgasm. I couldn't even make out dad's words -- I was so far gone. All I could tell was that the tone of his voice was confused, annoyed, completely unaware of what had just happened.

The phone then beeped three times, letting us know he had hung up.

I realized my vision was blurry, but it started to focus back up as I felt some sense of reason returning to me. The lust, the drive was retreating as I felt the heat of my mother's cunny around my cock as it gave a few last pulses, dripping the last, delicate ounces of my semen into her womb.

I realized I was gasping for air. As was mom. We were covered in sweat, breathing extraordinarily hard. Trying to get our oxygen back. I pulled myself out of her, slowly, her whole body going through a whole new set of shivers as my length drew itself out, making a sticky pop as it pulled free of her cunny. Long, long strands of my semen trailed between my cock and her pussy.

I almost fell to the ground, propping myself up against the hotel wall, beholding my handiwork.

Mom lay on the bed, still trembling. Her soft, lovely form shook, her cheeks were a bright red, while my semen was pouring from inside her in pale, white rivulets.

Bits of makeup were pressed into the sheets around her face. She seemed listless; still lost in the edges of the earthshattering orgasm I gave her. Unaware. Gone. Beyond pleasure and orgasm. Breathing deeper, heavier than I had ever seen her.

After a few moments, she lifted her head, turned weakly, looking at me with awe. My cum still dripped from inside her cunny, pooling along her leg, onto the sheets.

We didn't say anything to each other. Mom dragged herself up and leaned against the headboard of the hotel bed, trembling. Her breasts were so beautiful, but there were red indents where the intensity had pressed her lovely, pale skin into the folds of the sheets she created when she pulled at the corners. I had never seen my mom so disheveled before. Semen still dripped from within her. She seemed aware, shocked, almost horrified, but she was too weak to do anything about it. Her consciousness returned to her in slow waves. As did mine.

I realized with its fullness that I had just come inside my own mother.

We looked at each other forever. My cum continued to drip from inside her, while I leaned against the wall, stunned at the obvious facts.

Mom looked down between her legs. Back up at me. Then back to between her legs. "Oh, god, Brett." Her voice was a whisper. Not of regret. Not of shame. Just... awe.

"Mom," I said, now processing everything. This was far beyond anything I had ever experienced, even with the girls in college. I had always used a condom or pulled out, and while those had their own separate risks, I had never cum deep inside a

woman before. But my own mother lay before me, my seed spilling from inside of her. "I just... I just came, mom." I swallowed my throat now dry, the risks of our consent now becoming very real. "I did it inside you."

"I know," she said, now lucid. Staring at the silvery liquid between her legs.

"Mom..." I struggled to form the words. "Is there... any chance of..."

"I don't know," she said, unsure. "It's been a long time since I've... had anyone... do that inside me." Her fingers drifted down and she touched at it, at the slickness that still flowed. It really was more cum than I had ever brought forth in my entire life.

I simultaneously realized that mom had been having protected sex with dad since I was born. There was a reason they stopped at three kids total -- and there were methods to ensure that the number of children stayed there, but what we did flaunted all of that. Mom's fingers shone with the silvery slickness of my seed.

"Do we need to do anything?" I asked, starting to panic.

Mom shook her head, thinking, but still unsure. "I don't think so. I can get a pill. But I don't know if we need it. I'm not exactly young anymore." She looked at me. "Listen, Brett. The way those pills work, I can take it up to seventy-two hours after... after the fact. So calm down."

I nodded and tried to control myself.

Mom made a half smile as she watched me. "We're crazy, aren't we?"

I nodded again.

She shakily slid off the bed, standing. I wanted to go over to her and help her, but I was too weak. The way I came, the subsiding panic, all this made my knees shake, and I felt like if I left the wall, I would pass out.

"I'm going to clean up, and you're going to get this place tidy," mom said, immediately collected, delegating tasks again. "You're going to fix the bed. And then we need to get to sleep."

"Alright," I said without any resistance.

Mom went past me, her hand stretched out, tracing along my hip, up the length of my cock which was soaked with her juices and my semen. She felt the fluids and gasped softly, still moving, until she moved beyond me and stumbled toward the tissues. My cum streaked down in trails along the inside of her leg. I fixed the bed, barely enough strength to move from corner to corner. When mom finished wiping her cunny, my semen still seeming to pour in a slow drip from her, I had already been collapsed in the center of the bed. I felt exhausted. I didn't even have the strength to turn to her.

Mom turned off the lights and slid into bed. Her naked skin pressed against me, soft, her sweat drying and cooling in the dark.

I turned over and held her. Held my mother in my arms for long, long moments. Her breathing was slow. My seed was inside this woman. My mom. The thought of it was driving me insane. But at the same time, I felt an incredible bliss that I had never had before.

"Brett," she said in a whisper. "Are we crazy? I mean, really."

"We have to be," I said.

"I like it," she said. "I like being your mother. I also like having you inside me." I wondered how she felt about the liquid between her legs. What it could do.

I couldn't believe that we really had gone that far. I knew that there was a chance, even if mom was older, even if there was a pill. The thought of the future and all of its strangeness was so... extreme. But it blended with the soft afterglow, the feelings I had in my heart. If she became pregnant... then...

I took a deep breath as I thought the insane thought that maybe I did want there to be a child of mine inside her. I shook my head. Crazy. Just crazy.

Mom sighed. The mature, elegant, collected woman I always knew gave a warm shiver. It was the kind that girls made, only when they felt safe. It was so strange to hear it coming from her as she lay in my arms. "Good night, Brett." Those words were so... bright. It made my core light up, made the moment magic. Like I was a kid again, but mixed with the conquering fulfillment of having made my mother mine, of having put a part of myself inside her. It was a strange moment. A

moment I knew so few men in their lives would ever experience.

Feelings welled up in me. I didn't bother to stop them.

"I love you, mom."

My mother was quiet for a second. She snuggled closer. I felt her warm fingers, pressing against my cheek, just like when I was little.

"I love you, Brett."

Her voice was pure.

We fell asleep.

It's time for mom and son to go back home. The End (For Now)

Nora in the Sun Pt. 12

Chapter 23

We awoke to the sound of mom's phone, the ringtone she had saved for dad. Through the tangle of sheets, I saw mom's pale arm reaching for the light on the nightstand. It was like out of a dream -- seeing her awakening in the same bed I was in. Never, in my entire life, did I imagine I'd see this.

"Ross?" She answered the phone blearily. I could hear dad's voice in the silence of the morning, even though the phone wasn't on speaker.

"Still no clue where you both are," said dad, still annoyed. "But I guess I deserve it after doing the same to you, huh?"

Mom pursed her lips together, agreeing reluctantly.

"Anyway," dad continued, "I think I've had all the fun I can out here. My head is killing me, and I think if I so much as even think of tequila I'm going to end up puking. So I'm headed out a day early to get back to work -- the firm's reimbursing it, thankfully."

"You're headed back without us?" Mom sat up, the covers slipping down her chest, the soft pinkness of her nipples greeting the morning.

"Yeah. So I'll see you back at home," dad said without a drop of emotion or care, entirely without any hint that we were family, almost as if mom were just a roommate, though I guess in a lot of ways, she kind of was.

"Alright. See you Ross," mom rubbed at her forehead. "Be safe."

"Uh huh." Dad hung up.

Mom fell back. She looked at me as if I were a stranger in the bed. I was sure she was thinking about what we did last night.

What I did inside of her.

"Uh," I tried to open a conversation. Smoothly. "Breakfast?" Great job, Brett.

"This is the last full day, you know." Mom seemed thoughtful. Far off. "And I don't think your father would have packed everything at the villa. We'll need to go back today if we're going to make our flight tomorrow."

"We're leaving already?" I got up, incredulous. "We just got here! We're in Cancun!"

"The plane tickets say tomorrow, Brett." She swung her lovely, curvy, long legs off the side of the bed and got up. "We'll have to make the drive back today."

I was aghast. I didn't want any of this to be over.

I didn't want to go home.

"What about the beach? What about exploring the area?"

But mom got dressed, wore relaxed clothes -- just a comfortable white sundress, nothing too tight. It was a soft look, a motherly one. Sandals. Sunglasses for the hangover. She pointed at my suitcase, lowering her eyebrows in a silent order, and I dropped the subject. She wasn't going to argue with me, even a little. We packed and went downstairs to get lunch since it was closer to noon, then checked out.

Once the clerk finished processing us, I remembered the swimsuit that they had in the store where I bought the massage oil. "Hey. There's something I'd really like you to get," I took her arm and brought mom up to the display. She looked through the glass of the storefront, assessing the sexy piece that barely functioned as a swimsuit at all -- all string, all skin, two whole inches of cloth, combined. Her eyes went wide as she measured just how skimpy it was.

"Brett, that's just vulgar."

"It's sexy." I pointed at the price tag. "It's not even that much. In the US, it'd be three times that."

"You have no clue what swimwear costs in the US, do you?" Mom smiled at me. "But maybe just for you, I'll get it."

"Please."

A minute later, mom exchanged cash for the tiniest shopping bag I had ever seen -- not even hand sized. That's all it took to package it. Mom asked the lady at the checkout if they had any Plan B, and the lady behind the counter uncomfortably pulled some from under the counter. Mom paid for it, looking at it nervously as the lady put it in her hands. As mom turned away, I saw the lady, the same one from yesterday, glaring at me.

We pulled out of the parking lot and left the Isla Mujeres at the edge of Cancun. The ocean was still there, but I internally said goodbye to the long line of resorts and endless sand. I noted the fact that we didn't even step outside on the beach while we were at the resort. We missed one of the best parts of Cancun. That's how short our time was.

I wanted to ask mom if we could go back, but the fact was, we had plane tickets, and if mom was an immovable stickler about anything, it was timing transportation and getting to the airport as early as humanely possible. She wanted to make the drive back today so that all we needed was the two hour bus to Belize City the next day. Even that would make her nervous.

The drive began with mom biting her lip and looking concerned. She gripped the steering wheel with alternating hands. Nervously. I could tell she was thinking about the Plan B. I noticed it, peeking out of her purse. She hadn't taken it yet.

"You alright mom?"

"Oh. Brett." She said, in a slight daze. "It's nothing. Don't worry about it."

I didn't want to ask her to take it. We had 72 hours, and it hadn't even reached 12. It was a weird moment -- I felt nervous. Excited at an unnamed possibility. Scared. Reluctant. A part of me didn't want her to take it at all. I felt like maybe she didn't want to take it either.

Our five hour drive back to Consejo went by in near silence. We only spoke when passing off the driving, when filling up with gas, when we got lunch. I couldn't quite tell if it was a sad silence or a nervous one, but either way, it was tough to handle, made worse by the fact that I had nothing to say to make the silence go away.

Hours went by. At one point, while I drove, mom took out the box of Plan B and stared at it. She drank some water, reading the label. It went back into her purse, unopened. I heard a deep breath. Like a nervous sigh.

I turned the music mix back on at some point, in the endless highway jungle heading south. It blended into itself, the time fading it into mere noise. Every town, every tourist trap, every gas station was another reminder that we were leaving the region and that at some point tomorrow we'd be back on home soil.

And then what?

The sun had already fallen out of the high point in the sky. It was early evening by the time we pulled up to the villa. Mom woke up, stretching, the white dress flowing gently with her movement, and stepped delicately out of the car.

"I'll get the luggage," I offered. She went on as if she didn't hear me.

There was no sign of dad at the entry. His shoes were gone, and all that was left of his luggage was another broken luggage wheel and a small scratch in the flooring from where the broken piece likely dragged.

When I got inside, I saw mom standing by the sliding glass door at the back, the one that overlooked the patio of the villa. It had a sea view, and it was suddenly strange to me that I never really bothered to take it in from that spot. The ocean was spread out in front of it -- twilight colors starting to touch at the edges of the sea.

Mom's arms were folded in front of her, tightly.

"Hey." I tried a small wave to get her attention. "You alright?"

"No." Mom seemed to shrink.

"What's going on?"

Without answering, she opened the sliding glass door and went outside to the patio. Golds and oranges made streaks across the sand. The sound of the surf roared ahead of us, the occasional dot of a person along the stretch of public beach our villa sat on.

It was weird that I never really bothered to go there either. It was always that secret place instead, though maybe our time here was better for it.

Mom looked out to that beach and seemed to be very, very lost.

I didn't know what to do. What could I do?

"I'm going to clean some stuff," I offered. "So the landlords don't charge us extra."

Mom muttered some barely audible thanks, and I left her there. Her stare was fixed on the water, the waves, the way the light skipped off the ocean.

I only started to clean, but felt unsettled. It didn't take long for me to give up and to go back outside, where mom stood at the ocean's edge, farther than before, looking out. The water lapped at her feet, where she stood in perfect stillness, like a statue of marble. The sun was now low on the mountains behind us. Shadows streaked up into the water. The gold faded into dark aqua, and the sound and scent of the sea clouded us completely.

"Hey," I went up to her from the side, trying not to startle her. As I got close, feeling as the tides rose up to cover my feet, I finally got a closer look at her face.

She was crying. Her eyes were red, her face was blotchy. My mom wiped her face, but the tears kept coming. She put her head low, trying to keep me from seeing.

"Hey. Mom." I went up and wrapped my arms around her, and she embraced me around my waist, tightly. She pulled me as close as she could, squeezing as hard as she could, as if we could become one.

She was shaking in her crying, silent, except for the soft brushing of her face on my shirt. But she started to lose control. As the water surged up over our feet again, she let go.

I held her for moments while she sobbed in my arms. The sun was completely gone over the horizon. The sky was a deep, darkening blue. The time moved far, far too quickly.

"I don't want to go," she finally cried, her voice hoarse. "I want to stay here forever."

"I'm sorry," I whispered. I held her close to me. I wanted it to go on forever too. I didn't want to leave this beach, to leave behind the villa, the lights of Chetumal. To let that secret pool be discovered by any other, to let life go back to anything like the way it was.

Mom's hair smelled so sweet. Stars shone over the edge of the water, climbing, little gems in the sky.

She eventually took a deep breath, the sound like the softening noise of the surf. Her crying stopped. I could tell she was thinking, processing. It was her way -- to take difficulty in stride, to let the emotion out, only once. Just once. And then to breathe deeply, to think, then to continue, with some new, self-sacrificial mindset

at play. It was what made her so incredible. It's what broke my heart.

"Let's go inside," she said, her voice once again firm.

"Alright."

We stepped through the sand, walking with impossible slowness, the breeze picking up, wicking at her dress. The sound of the ocean calmed as we left it, and above us, above the soft light of the villa, above the darkness of the jungle and the dots of streetlights in the village, the stars grew bright and spread, infinitely out.

Mom reached out and took my hand. We walked, hand in hand, as lovers.

"Wait here," she said as we got onto the patio. She went inside, came out with some light food from the fridge. Fruit. Cheese. What was left of the tequila. Two glasses. We left the lights off, the residual light from inside enough to illuminate our food.

We sat together on the patio, watching the stars come out while we sipped the last of what was there.

"I'm proud of you, you know," mom said. She sipped her tequila and looked away from me, toward the darkness of the ocean.

"Yeah?"

"You've grown, so much." Mom nodded to herself and stared out, as if trying to see something in the stars that dusted the horizon. She started to talk about life, what it meant, while keeping her eyes from looking at me. In the dark, it was hard to tell what kind of face she made as she dispensed all of her wisdom, all of her knowledge, condensed. What kind of things to expect. What kind of people I would meet, the sorts of struggles I was practically destined to face.

"I think it's getting closer to that time, you know? Where you're supposed to go out on your own. Completely." I could tell she was biting her lower lip. "Back to real life."

"I know." We went silent for a moment.

"I know you're headed back to college right after we arrive home." She sighed. "Are you excited for it?"

I wasn't. I knew mom was hurting, and I knew she was mourning the end of all this as much as I was. Going back was hollow. It was empty. It didn't have her. What the hell was I supposed to do?

"Don't answer that," mom said, interrupting my train of thought. Her whole demeanor changed -- she was once again the strong woman with the cutthroat business attitude that lectured me on the road trip. She was the strong mom that could have been, the one that was now.

"Listen to me. Life goes on like this. Nothing is perfect, and all things end, but if

you let that erase everything good you have then you've wasted what you did have. Brett..." She took the rest of the glass and downed it. Poured another splash for each of us, emptying what was left in the bottle, and downed that. "I need you to make the most of this." She looked at me with her dark, solemn eyes. Her fingers went delicately over her chest. "Make the most of it," she repeated, trying to communicate some meaning.

"Do you understand what I'm trying to tell you?" It was a more important question than she had ever asked me. The seductive look in her told me that tonight was the night I would have to prove that I could let go, that I could enjoy what little time we had left, to make it glorious.

My mother stared at me intensely, waiting for me to answer. "Tell me. Tell me you understand."

"I understand."

"Good." Mom leaned back. "Drink up."

I took the glass and downed the last drops of the tequila. Mom edged the empty tequila bottle to the side. There was now nothing separating us on the table.

"Alright," she said with finality. "Listen to me, now." Her eyes were clear. Her voice was strong, and straight. Her tone was relaxed, but intentional. She was in full control.

"Listen to me, very, very carefully."

I listened, with total obedience. My heart pounded, I felt a deep, crushing sadness. I didn't know why.

"We both know what we've done. We both know that it's almost over. That it's almost time to go home. I love you, Brett. But you have so, so much of your life ahead of you. What are we supposed to do, to carry this on forever? It can't go on." Her words slapped me, hard. I couldn't even think. I couldn't receive.

"So tonight, for our final night here, I am going to give you all of myself."

My heart stopped. "What?"

"Everything, Brett. Do you understand? Every bit of me. I am going to let you do whatever you want to me. Whatever you want. And whatever you want me to do, I will do it for you, I'll use every bit of me for your pleasure, this one last time." Her breathing was steady, her eye contact unyielding. "My body is completely yours tonight -- you may use me, abuse me, do anything you wish to me. Anything you want to try, it's on the table."

"I want you to know that I love you, son, with everything I have. And tonight, there will be no protests from me, there will be nothing from me that will stop you from fulfilling everything you could ever dream of with me. In return, all I ask is that you remember tonight forever, while accepting that afterward, it's time to move on. Know that I will move on as well, and that I will be fully expecting you to make a life of your own so that you never, ever feel like I have held you back in

any way."

I stared at her with awe. Her words were so firm. There were no tears, no trailing sentences. Mom was strong, she was ready, her word was final. "You are my son, my beautiful boy, and I love you, and I want you to know that I have your back with everything. If this is our last night, then I need you to make it count."

Mom stood up. "Come with me."

She held out her hand.

If I took it, it meant that I was accepting the same. That after tonight, after I could give and take anything and everything I wanted, that it would be over.

Mom wasn't just asking me to move on. She wasn't just asking for a night we could never forget, and then to forget it. To make love, to forget love. She was asking me to grow up.

Her hand was trembling.

I could tell, in her dark eyes, in the serious, calmness of her face, that this is what she wanted.

I took her soft, white hand, and in that instant, I became a man.

She led the way into the house, moving like in a dream, her hand like a blooming flower in mine, through the sliding glass door, past the couch, and the armchair, passing the kitchen, her hair glimmering in the half lights of the villa. We made it into the entryway where the stairs were, and she moved ahead of me, her dress swishing, the shape of her bottom conforming to the movements of the skirt, her perfume filling my senses as she moved ahead, glimpses of her milky legs as she went upward. We were on the second floor, outside of her room, outside of the door where I attempted to kiss her goodnight only a few nights ago.

The door was closed. Mom held my hand next to it. She didn't look at me, instead staring at the door, where inside, the bed that was reserved for her and dad lay waiting. She looked at me. I could hear my heart pounding in my ears. Hear her breath, heavy, as her nervousness finally revealed itself.

My mother put her hand on the knob, turned it, opened it. It opened smoothly, silently, into a white carpeted space. She didn't make a move to go in, and instead, watched my face, while I watched hers. It was a face of acceptance, of fear, of stoic dignity, of the soft blush of sexual reception. I thought of the moments where I waited for her to enter the hidden place with the pool, where I held the vegetation back. Of the way she looked. Of the way I must have been looking at her in this moment, as the door was held open for me.

The room was twice as large as mine. A king bed with all the sheets tossed to the floor stood in the center of the room. A couple mirrors lined the sliding closet doors. To the east side of the room, a double door opened up onto a balcony. But it was just me. Just me and mom. The lights were low.

I was already erect, already panting with excitement, already prepared to ravage her. The sad thoughts of leaving her behind were fading, they were disappearing --

mom wanted this, mom wanted me to grow up and leave, and even though it hurt, it was what I knew she wanted for me, more than anything.

She walked to the bed. All that was left on it was the top sheet -- a perfect surface. The only sign that dad had been there were the blankets that formed a pile on the floor.

My mother reached down, lifting the edges of her white dress. She stopped when the edges reached her waist, revealing a little pair of lace panties. White. Dainty. Only marginally whiter than her flesh. She watched my reaction to it, watched as my cock tented against my pants.

Her dress continued upward. Her soft, tight tummy, pale, only lightly tinted with the sun, was still marked by that inkwell of her belly button, by the smooth and gentle curve of her flesh as it led up to the underside of her breasts. I didn't realize she wasn't wearing a bra, but there were the pretty jewels, the ruby nipples, the color of pale coral.

The dress went up, over her head. It floated gently to the floor as she let go -- it collapsed by the sheets, by the blankets. Mom lifted a hand to the bun of her hair, and pulled it free. Her hair let go -- it cascaded, it drifted, it settled around her breasts, down her arms, behind her shoulders.

She was like a Nordic Eve. All that was left was her panties. She turned slowly to the side, hooking a finger into the waist band, pulling it gently down, the edges pressing into the softness of her flesh, of her fertile, wide hips, her legs, the ample flesh betraying just how soft she truly was, until the edge of black hair emerged, the carefully trimmed triangle, softened over the time spent here, all the more

beautiful and natural for it. She kept lowering the panties, down, down, opening her mouth and watching as I stood, entirely hypnotized by the dot of pink, by the lips of her pussy as they uncovered for me, a shining color like her tongue.

The pair fell from her thighs, settled to the floor, around her feet. She stepped out of it, watching me, the way I worshipped her from afar.

I took off my clothes. Let my cock spring free as I pulled off what was left. We stood, entirely naked, in the semi-light of the room, witnessing each other fully. Waiting.

"I meant it," she whispered, "when I said anything you wanted."

I moved forward, compelled. Pushed her gently back onto the bed, where she fell, her hair rising in a halo around her head, her breasts heavy, moving back and forth with the momentum. Her mouth was barely open, and she watched me, patiently, waiting for me to take her.

In any way I wanted.

I could have done anything.

Anything.

I could have taken her from behind, fucked her mouth. I could have choked her,

spat on her, used her other hole, called her every name in the book, I could have unleashed every ounce of animalistic aggression on her. She accepted it. Willingly. Anything, for her baby boy. She would have let me do it and she would have begged for me not to stop until I was satisfied, no matter what it was.

But I didn't want that.

She was so, so beautiful, so otherworldly. A goddess. The one who gave birth to me.

The one I loved.

Even if it was wrong, even if it could never be.

I climbed onto the bed. Moved a hand behind her neck, pulled her face to mine. I kissed her. I kissed my mother, her tongue moving into my mouth, mine into hers, the taste of her so sweet, like citrus, like the breath of jasmine.

Her legs spread for me, her hands moving down my stomach, my waist, tracing down the length of my cock. I could see that she was already glistening down there, the lips of her pussy already shining with wetness. She was open for me, she was ready for me, she wanted me inside her again, waited to take me within her.

I moved my cock close to her cunny. Her hips were already moving, already guiding themselves for me to enter her. She put both of her arms around my neck,

held my shoulders, pulled herself closer to me, while her dark, dark eyes stared into me. She was panting, the faint red of her tongue visible in the dark.

The head of my cock pressed against her pussy lips -- she was soaked, dripping, the clear and sweet fluid wicking along my head. I pushed in, slowly. With every inch her eyes grew wider, and then lowered as I sank in completely, the heat splashing up without resistance, the softness, the slickness, the heat of her cunny gripping me.

We were one.

I kissed her neck, her cheeks, her beautiful, shadowy eyes, the dark hair that veiled her.

How could I let this go?

"Brett," she whispered through her kisses, taking in the sensation as I moved in her, each breath smooth, heavy, shuddering. "Anything you want. Anything."

"Mom," I said, trying to keep myself from bursting out. "I love you."

She stared at me, her cheeks red, each movement already sensitive inside of her. She looked at me, confused, in heat, her hips moving on their own. "Don't you want to use me? Whatever you want honey, I can let you--"

The words slipped out again. "I can't. I love you, mom."

I fell into her eyes and she seemed to fall into mine.

It was as if we looked at each other through a tunnel -- her face was the only thing left in existence, her flushed lips, the heat of her breath, the wide, distracted eyes that closed with each movement inside of her.

I could hear the faint rush of the waves outside. It synced with our breaths, with the way she held me, impaled, the heat and the wet pulsing around my cock, moving as if we were tides.

"Do you?" She asked.

"I do."

She bit her lip, her eyes shifting like the ocean. Watched me. Watched my eyes, my lips, moved her head gently from side to side, to see if I was lying. "You love me?" Her voice was faint. A brush.

"I love you."

She moved her hands to me, pulled me deeper, her eyes still open, still watching. I felt the softness at the deepest part of her, the wall of her cervix, where I gently moved against it and stayed. Her breath caught, a soft whine, while her eyes

gently flicked between my lips, my eyes, while she tried to understand.

"Mom, I love you," I said again, moving inside of her, pushing upward, pulling back, dragging the head of my cock against her G spot, her hands clenching as the movement went smoothly back. I pushed forward again, only focusing on her pleasure, the way she would feel in the deepest, most sensitive spots. In between movements, in between each of her soft sighs, between each careful stroke within her, she gave a slow blink, the realization of what I wanted to be for her forming.

Her mouth closed as the realization became final. I saw the bravery summoning in her face. In the way she pushed her soft, soft lips together.

"Brett?"

"Yeah."

"I want you to do it... inside me again."

She closed her mouth. She was afraid. Afraid of what I would say. Afraid that I would be shocked. Scared. That I would think she was crazy. That I would see her as something different, that I would shrink back from the love I said I had.

But I wasn't scared.

"Alright."

I pushed in, back and forth, our locked eyes unlocking some form of pleasure in her I had never seen in a woman. It was a look of absolute trust, absolute love. Absolute acceptance. Mom's cheeks turned red, her eyes were clear pools, her gasps grew sharp with each movement.

I pulled back.

And then unleashed myself onto my beautiful mother.

My mouth collided with hers again, and I drove my tongue into her with urgency. She moaned, accepting my mouth, my lips, closing her eyes and moving her hips, desperate for me to be deeper in her, to move faster. My own hips moved, and I slammed into her, not adhering to any pace, not adhering to any rhythm, it was only the movement of desperation, plunging in and out of her, using the full length of my cock to fill her and fuck her, her moans quickly turning into an audible cry that breathed a loud, high pitched sob of pleasure with each thrust.

I moved my head down and bit at her neck, and she gasped, my thrusts still pulling noise from her. "Oh, fuck, baby, Brett! Fuck!" I felt her tits swinging, back and forth onto my chest, the soft give of her legs as she wrapped them around me while I used all of my strength to pour my lust into her, to let go, to make every ounce of myself directed for the sole purpose of emptying myself into her. Her sensitivity was greater than I had ever seen it, each centimeter of movement within her was multiplied into an ecstasy that a girl could only experience in the most special state.

Her voice grew higher, her cries louder with each movement, my hips making a

full slap against her, the speed increasing, the tension building in my core. "Oh... fuck, Brett!" Her voice was nearing a scream. She was shaking under me, her hair moving up and around her face, her hands trying desperately to hold onto some part of me. There was nothing to hold her back from making noise, nobody could hear us, nobody could see us -- it was only our bodies, only our pleasure, only the heat and the sweat and the incestuous ecstasy. She let go, her voice turning into a full scream as I fucked her, harder, faster, the pressure building in my own hips as I felt the buildup. I was groaning, I couldn't hold back either, I became an animal that had its mate pinned and the heat wouldn't stop.

"Oh, Brett, please, yes!" Mom's scream echoed through the room, her own orgasm building in a pent up grip in her core, one I could feel clenching on my cock, the tightness surreal, her voice the final piece of what I needed. "Cum in mommy, please Brett, yes!"

I fucked faster, the buildup pouring over -- the heat flashing higher, the snap of orgasm rocketing upward -- and I came, a thunderclap, spasming pulses of semen shooting upward and into my mother, my mom, my Nora, who suddenly arched back, my cock at a new angle now, her legs wider, receiving me deeper, pushing against the farthest edge of her womb as I poured every ounce of myself as deep as I could into her, my own orgasm unlocking hers. As mom could feel my seed flooding her she gave a last cry, a deep sob, acceptance, her pussy clenching on me, hard, as her whole body shook, as she took my semen as deep into her as she could, her hips pushing upward, the semen moving down, down, flooding into her womb. Both of us pulsed, both of us could only see white, both of us felt the orgasm striking upward, shattering, our fluids mingling, the sensation of hot cum squirting deep into her.

We were still, stuck, frozen in the moment as I felt my cock weakening only as the heat faded in me. We were breathing, heaving. Mom's fingers were in my hair.

Mine were around her face, traced on her neck.

She looked at me, her gasps timed with mine, her eyes glassy, her lips full, and red, a light pink across the half smile in her cheeks. "I love you," she said, silently.

"I love you too, mom."

I meant it with everything.

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Chapter 24

We woke up at the very edge of the dark of the morning thanks to mom's alarm on her phone. Only the faintest ray of light came through the balcony windows -- it streaked onto the bed, where mom and I looked at each other. Last night was only evident by the way she looked at me. With absolute trust.

We only had a couple hours before the bus would arrive. I pulled on my underwear as mom, still naked, laid out a few outfits on the bed, her finger

hooked on the edge of her lips as she tried to figure out which one would work for her. Her form was so beautiful -- the soft curve of her heavy breast was like art, like the crest of a wave. Her heart shaped bottom was painted with the faint tan along her pantyline.

The light grew outside. Mom was still stuck, trying to choose between leggings and a tee or a longer dress. I opened the balcony windows and looked out. The sun was a line of bright gold over the horizon.

"Hey," I called. "You've got to see this."

"I'm not wearing anything," mom said as a matter of fact.

"Wear my tee, it's next to the bed," I said. Mom came over after a few more seconds. My shirt was only barely large enough to cover her hips, but it wasn't enough to completely hide her ass. It peeked out from under the shirt, firm, pale, decorated by the tanlines. It was cute.

"Wow." Mom's eyes widened at the sunrise. The light grew brighter, now reflecting in a broad and shimmering arrow toward the villa. The golds gave way to deep oranges, to the aura of citrus and copper.

I moved behind mom and put my arms around her. Her soft body under my shirt still felt inviting, still felt like I belonged in it. She pressed against me and put a hand on my hip.

"How funny," she said quietly. "This is the first time we've gotten up early enough to see the sunrise, isn't it?"

It was. I wanted to answer, but I was distracted by the feeling of her bottom against my length, which was already hardening.

She felt it. Looked back without turning her body. "We have only a little bit of time," she said. "There's still some cleaning to do."

I lifted the edge of the shirt, revealing more of her form to me. My cock grew, pressing against her bottom through the cotton of my underwear. I reached down. Pushed my elastic band down, let my cock free. It settled on her flesh, her warmth more than enough for it to come to its full length. Mom reacted, pressing herself harder against me. She reached her other hand back, over her shoulder, touching along my neck.

"You have two minutes," she said, her voice a low whisper. "Then we need to finish getting this place ready."

"Two minutes?" I asked, immediately going to work. I reached down and spread her legs, grabbed her hands and placed them on the edge of the balcony. She leaned over the railing, presenting herself, standing on her tip toes to allow better access. Her cunny was beautiful -- two perfectly symmetrical lips, two perfectly soft edges, a coral pink shade. The soft glisten of wetness already shone between them.

I took my cock and placed it there, against her wet softness, and to my surprise, I

slid in -- she was already prepared -- and as I entered her, she gave a low, happy moan. "Hurry up, baby."

The heat, the slickness, the sunrise, my mother in my hiked up tee shirt, all these things combined helped me even in the slow mental fog of the morning. I looked across the beach to make sure nobody could see us. The sand was empty of people, only the light of the sun and the movement of the surf accompanied me as I thrust in and out of her as fast as I could.

The building tension grew quickly, her gasps and the wet sound as I smacked against her ass were more than enough, the feeling of her tightness constricting on me with heat and slick joy -- the sight of the rising light was more than enough.

I felt it, the strength building in my taint, my core, the volume of mom's breaths rising, growing musical with her voice as she enjoyed the fast movement of the quickie. I was groaning too, with effort, with pleasure. Her pussy was so tight and lovely.

"Baby..." She said, urgency apparent. "We need... to hurry..."

"I'm hurrying," I grunted.

"No... I mean... don't cum inside me... it takes too long to clean up..." Her breaths were getting faster, and so were mine.

Her voice grew higher while mine deepened. The fire and drive in my loins was

getting stronger. She was moaning, the volume matching my movement, the strength and tension increasing. I was getting so close -- my balls were tightening, the juices inside her getting more slick. I was stretched, tight, my jaw clenching as I started to crest.

I bit my lips, trying to keep from bellowing, but mom's arms wrapped around the rails as she opened her mouth and let go of a gorgeous sound -- I peaked, I crossed the threshold, and I felt the shock snap in my core as I started to cum, unable to hold either my voice or my jizz. "Pull out, baby," mom whined, "hurry."

I pulled out as I felt it shoot up, and my cum cast in a long, powerful rope over her ass, the pump in my balls causing it to shoot upward, up her back, over her cheeks, and as it poured onto her, mom made a delighted humming sound, her lips pressed together in the soft heat, her legs moving in a gorgeous wink as I shot spurts of semen all over her lower back and ass, some of it spitting onto her labia as her ass cutely wagged in front of me.

Mom stayed leaning over the rails, trying to catch her breath. The light was brighter now, the sun was no longer a golden tone, but a pure white that lit us up, that was already warm and tingled against our skin. Her lower back was covered with my semen, and it collected in a slow stream at the base of her back, where her dimples and structure created a thin pool for it to gather in. In her movements, as she savored the feeling of what I had done, a rivulet spilled over her side, another down one of her cheeks. It was shining in the sun.

Like the tanning oil on the beach.

"Fuck, baby..." mom's sighs were much more breathy than I was used to. "I'm

almost thinking about sleeping in now."

I felt dizzy and stumbled back. As I leaned against the balcony door, mom's beautiful, curved, semen-decorated form straightened. She turned back, thick drops sinking down the artful roundness of her bottom. "I'll have to use your shirt to clean this up, you know," she said, winking, her face warm and pink.

"I don't mind," I said, trying to keep from laughing.

We got dressed after mom wiped herself, I did the shorts and shirt route while mom put on some leggings and a thin, white blouse that seemed just low enough to allow me to see the occasional glimpse of her bra, and we finished cleaning the villa, throwing linens in the washing machine, throwing out garbage, making sure anything broken was collected on the counter. "They're going to fine us for all this," mom mused. "I hope these things were cheap. Though I guess what landlord wouldn't buy cheap? I wonder if maybe landlords are better in other places."

Other places.

The phrase jogged something in me, a question that gently formed. I resolved to answer it once I had access to wifi or data again. In the meantime, the scheduled time for the bus to arrive was fast approaching.

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Once we arrived in Belize City, the airport let us in without any issues -- I guess the printers work better in Belize, of all places. The security was also much less stringent -- no pat downs this time.

I took advantage of the wifi. Looked up some student resources, got confirmation on the question I had. It was something that opened up a lot of opportunities for me -- all I had to do was figure out a way to phrase it for mom.

We boarded our plane, mom in the window seat, me in the aisle, and we waited, the movement of the flight attendants familiar and predictable, the chatter of the pilot and the sound of the gets a welcome sound. Dad's seat was empty, and we waited for it to get filled by some new ticket buyer, except by the end of the boarding call, nobody came to sit between us.

I almost wanted to get off the plane at a few points during the boarding call, try to convince my mom that we could be Belizean farmers. While I wondered just how feasible that would be, and whether I could even manage to keep a houseplant alive, or if she'd even have an inkling of wanting to do it, mom just smiled at me and watched me from her seat. "I had a really, really good vacation, Brett." Mom reached a hand out to me and lightly touched my arm. "The best I've ever had."

I smiled back. "Well, good. It was looking pretty rocky there for a bit."

"No kidding." Mom rolled her eyes, glancing at dad's seat. "It's so funny, I honestly

want to stay here forever. Since it's with you." She gave a renewed smile.
"Though, I guess that little conversation we had yesterday takes precedence, doesn't it?" She seemed only a little sad. Only a little concerned. But accepting. The plane moved on, taxiing into place for takeoff.

"Hey," I said, piecing together the stuff I learned while we were waiting to board.
"I did some research."

"Oh?" Mom turned her head away and looked out of the window. The engines were getting louder.

"The university... in our town? Where you and dad live? It takes transfer credits."

Mom's head snapped back to me.

"So I was thinking... to save money," I continued, feeling a smile growing, the volume of the engines rising as I felt the plane start its run, speed picking up with each word, "I could get my credits transferred over... and maybe move back in with you?"

Mom's mouth opened up in shock. Then delight. Her smile was wide, the noise of the engine drowning out whatever shocked gasp she might have been making.

"Of course!" Mom said excitedly, barely audible over the airplane. "Of course, Brett, anything you want!"

The plane tipped back as it rose from the runway. We started to chatter about the college-related possibilities, while the thought of living together again grew from a little hopeful seed into an ecstatic joy. We were in the air now, both of us smiling with abandon, both of us feeling our hearts beating with unstoppable happiness.

After a while, the excitement faded, but we were still happy, exhausted now from the week, from the emotion, from waking up so early. We were far above the clouds and passing over the Gulf of Mexico. Home awaited.

The seatbelt lights turned off, and we were free to move around. Mom turned to me, her seatbelt now off, a light smile, tired eyes. "Baby," she said quietly. "I'm pretty tired. Do you think I could nap on your lap again?"

"Of course," I said. Mom laid down, her dark hair draping over my leg, her hands settling on my thigh. I remembered the flight toward Belize. How somehow, while sleeping, she touched my crotch, practically massaging it through my pants, how I had to wake her up in a careful way to avoid the embarrassment and strangeness of that situation. Mom was going to get a kick out of that.

"You know," I said, carefully breaching the subject, "I've got a really funny story about the last nap you took on a plane."

Mom shifted, adjusting her head, laying on her back on the seats. Her face was pointed directly at me, her whole body relaxed. Her arm drifted up, her fingers tracing along my leg, moving up toward my cock, until her fingers settled on the tip, stroking me under my pants.

"So do I," mom said.

She winked.

The End.
