Not One to Rush Things

Chapter 1

Mom sits in the stands, watching her son play football. She doesn't care for the game. Too violent, too many injuries. But she loves how good CJ is at it. He's the star quarterback. And like the cliché, he's charming, tall, strong, and handsome. Unlike the cliché, he's not a jerk. He's kind to everyone, and everyone loves him.

Especially the girls.

After the game, the guys cheer and hoot and chest-bump. Cheerleaders wrap their arms, even some legs, around boyfriends. Guys preen. Girls flirt.

Speaking of flirting, Mom sees two girls flirting with CJ, each one hoping he'll take one of them behind the bleachers.

Possibly both.

But CJ isn't going out with other girls.

Not tonight. Not this week.

Possibly longer.

Not if Mom can help it.

No, her jerk of a husband is off on a week-long business trip.

She's pretty sure he's having an affair with his co-worker.

She's definitely sure she doesn't care.

She's set her sights set on someone else.

Someone a little closer to home.

She's still a little surprised at herself for even thinking this.

But she's certainly not disappointed.

The revelation came to her suddenly last night. CJ was taking a shower. Mom and husband were arguing. Things got heated on the husband's part. CJ heard, and entered the hall wearing nothing but a towel, a mass of muscles, and a concerned but determined look on his face.

CJ's dad stopped talking the moment he saw his son. He simply turned and went back to packing.

Mom stopped talking, too, though for different reasons.

She had seen her son with his shirt off before, of course, though it had been a while. But standing there in the hallway, water clinging to his body, the bathroom light bathing him in a warm glow, casting shadows in the valleys between the peaks of his muscles... Mom couldn't help but suck in air at the sight.

Here was her big, strong son, coming to her rescue.

"You all right, Mom?"

She nodded. And smiled.

And suddenly knew what she was going to be doing for the rest of the week.

Possibly longer.

She approached him, taking almost sultry steps, locking eyes with her handsome boy. She reached up and cupped his face in her hand, lightly rubbing his cheek with her thumb. She smiled and let her eyes drift down to his lips,

for just the briefest of moments,

before looking back up into his dark brown eyes.

She smiled and purred, "I am now."

He nodded, suddenly uncomfortable for reasons he couldn't quite understand. He was glad he could come to his mom's aid. Dad had never been violent towards her--as far as CJ knew, anyway--but even CJ could see that things hadn't been so good lately, and he didn't like the tone in his dad's voice. So obviously he was going to insert himself between them.

But there was something about Mom standing there, looking up at him with her big eyes that suddenly stirred something,

something primal,

deep inside him.

It wasn't that she was caressing his cheek. She had always very touchy feely with him. No, it was the tone of her voice and the warmth of her touch and the look in her eyes that made him see her in ways that he wasn't exactly ready to ruminate on.

He found himself drawn to her lips,

for just the briefest of moments.

He swallowed, suddenly forgetting what he was supposed to say.

"Um..." was all he could get out.

Mom brought her hand away and CJ found his head moving towards it slightly. She took the tiniest step towards him, puckering her lips ever so slightly, and allowed her eyes to fall on his chest. She inhaled slowly, letting the air fill her lungs, lifting her breasts up towards him,

ever so slightly.

Her eyes locked back on his, while his quickly moved up from her chest to meet hers.

"Your father's going away for a business trip."

"Yeah."

She raised an eyebrow,

ever so slightly.

"Yes, ma'am."

She smiled again and exhaled. Then she slowly, very slowly, raised a finger and lightly traced it along CJ's collar bone, causing instant goosebumps.

"That means you'll be the man of the house," she said, eyes suddenly back on his.

"Y-yeah, I mean, yes ma'am."

She smiled and did another long slow, deep inhale before opening her mouth, the parting of her lips making a sultry sound that stirred a little something,

something primal,

deep inside him.

She bit the inside of her lip,

ever so slightly.

"I'll need you to take care of me, OK?"

That hadn't been what CJ had had in mind. Tomorrow was Friday. He had a big game. And afterwards he was hoping to get laid with either Tracy or Morgan.

Possibly both.

Plus it was his senior year. He was eighteen, he was popular. He had gotten into college on a scholarship.

Babysitting his mom when she was perfectly capable of taking care of herself was just about the last thing he wanted to do.

Just about.

But he found himself nodding and saying, "Yes, ma'am," and was surprised at how good it felt when she rewarded him with a glorious, slow smile.

She looked suddenly at his broad shoulders and touched them, almost as if smoothing out the edges. CJ felt his breath catch,

ever so slightly.

She stepped in the tiniest bit closer and looked up at him.

"You're such a good boy."

She turned and started to walk away, letting her hand drag along his the width of his broad chest as she moved. And as she moved, she relished in her curves, the lingering feel of her son's taut, wet skin, the way her sweater clung to her breasts. She hugged herself and drew in another deep breath.

This week was going to be fun.

Now Mom walks slowly, almost dreamily, onto the football field, taking long, deep breaths of the cold night air, relishing the smell of impending snow, and luxuriating in the tingling sensation that's building up inside her.

She's pretty sure tonight won't be the night.

Probably not tomorrow, either.

CJ's a teenager and he's surrounded by other teenage girls.

He doesn't want his mother.

Not in that way.

But he will.

Mom's sure of it.

It may take a day.

Or two.

But that's OK.

She's not one to rush.

Mom catches snippets of conversation between Tracy and Morgan as they take turns congratulating CJ on playing so well. He's loving their attention and Mom can tell he's angling to get one of them,

possibly both,

under the bleachers.

He's always been an over-achiever.

"Sorry to break up the celebrations, y'all," Mom says, her sophisticated Southern drawl wafting over the three of them like a summer breeze, "But CJ and I have plans tonight."

"Huh?" CJ says, suddenly remembering that his mother wanted to bring him home after the game. "But Mom, there's a party tonight."

Mom ignores him, deciding not to raise an eyebrow at his forgetting to say, "Yes, ma'am," and instead focuses on the girls.

"Morgan, I swear you look prettier every time I see you."

The girl blushes, "Thanks, Mrs. Sanders."

"And Tracy," Mom brushes the hair away from Tracy's face, "I absolutely love that shade of lipstick on you. It really sets off those pretty blue eyes of yours."

Tracy also blushes and thanks her.

"I am so sorry to steal CJ away from you two. I promise you next week he'll be all yours," she says, knowing full well that by this time next week, he'll be all hers. "But I need him to do a few things for me. I hope y'all understand."

She lightly caresses Morgan's cheek and then gazes lovingly at Tracy.

They don't understand, but they find themselves saying they do.

As CJ and Mom walk away, the two girls' watch them go, their eyes drift from CJ to his mother, and they remain fixed on her,

for reasons they can't quite understand.

Then they remember that they're bummed they're not getting to fuck CJ.

"Well, shit," Tracy says.

"Mm," Morgan mutters, her eyes still fixed on Mom's curvy, sultry figure as it recedes into the cold night.

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Mom senses CJ's frustration. She gets it. She was young once. She went after the star quarterback, too. And she graduated high school very obviously pregnant with said star quarterback's baby. That's not going to happen to CJ.

Not if Mom can help it.

"I got us your favorite," she says once they're seated in the car. She hands him a bag with three burritos, two of which are for him.

His mood lightens,

ever so slightly.

"Thanks, Mom." He sticks his nose in the bag and inhales the aroma.

Mom inhales the aroma, too. The one filling her car. The aroma of her sweaty, athletic son. It's a little much, if she's honest with herself.

But it's also not.

She squirms in her seat.

Ever so slightly.

Back home, Mom grabs the bag of food out of CJ's hands and leads him to the front door. He's in a rush to eat.

But she's not one to rush things.

She glides towards their house and takes her time unlocking the door. He stands there impatiently, but she carefully, intentionally, slowly inserts the key and turns it. His mouth is watering, but he knows better than to say anything.

She opens the door and he's about to enter, but she places a gentle hand on his stomach.

He stops.

She points at his muddy cleats.

"Sorry," he mutters.

He's about to kick them off but he senses her raising a slight eyebrow at him.

He swallows.

"I mean, yes ma'am."

She winks at him and saunters inside.

CJ watches her.

For reasons he can't quite understand.

They eat. They chat. Mom asks questions about the game, pretending to care, and CJ is happy to answer. He loves showing off his knowledge for Mom.

He thanks her for dinner and she sends him off to shower.

She remembers how sexy he looked after his shower last night and she decides to set things in motion.

She runs a bath.

A bubble bath.

And tonight, she pours in extra soap.

She watches the stream of hot water create an extra thick head of bubbles, and the room fills with steam and the luxurious scent of essential oils and exotic spices.

She scoops up some of the bubbles and glides her soapy hand along her neck, the warmth, the smell, the soapy goodness caressing her and making her sigh.

She stands and dips a tentative toe in the hot, bubbly bath.

It's hot.

It's spicy.

It's bubbly.

It's perfect.

She disrobes and tosses her garment to the side as if throwing caution to the wind.

She steps into the bath, humming gently as her foot slips into the heavenly cloud of silky bubbles. They cling to her skin until the the water washes them off.

Mostly.

She can still feel the essential oils and exotic spices coating her skin,

working their magic.

When her foot is firmly planted in the bottom of the bath, the bubbles rise up and tickle the backside of her knees.

She inserts another foot, and then bends at the waist. She lifts some of the hot, soapy water and drags it up her legs until it's coating her thighs. She relishes the feel of the slippy soap and a hot water,

the way the bubbles tickle,

the feeling of the soap as it slowly, reluctantly trickles down her legs.

God, she loves this. She hasn't had a bubble bath in years.

She pulls more soapy deliciousness up her body and rubs it onto her ass and around her hips and all over her stomach. She even rubs it gently around her pussy, sucking in air

ever so slightly,

biting her lip,

gently,

savoring the feeling of the bubbles

working their magic.

She left the bathroom door open.

She left her bedroom door open.

But she's not worried that CJ will come stumbling in to see his naked mother getting off in the bathtub.

She'll call him in later.

When she's ready.

After all, she's not one to rush things.

She wants to relish in some rare "me" time.

She bends at the waist again and pulls up more bubbles and begins coating and caressing her breasts and she pinches her nipples and gasps slightly and she runs her silky soapy hands all over her body, and she sways and hums and slowly works herself up into a quiet frenzy.

She's ready.

Her cheeks are flushed with excitement.

Sit sits, slowly, very slowly, feeling the soapy bubbles brush up and into her ass and the water, the hot, soapy water kissing her pussy,

working its magic.

She slides her body down, her ass easily slipping over the smooth porcelain.

She stops when her breasts are perfectly hidden under a layer of soapy bubbles that smell of essential oils and exotic spices.

She grabs the sponge and fills it, releases the water onto her neck.

She fills it again and draws the soapy sponge along her arm, savoring its cleansing friction, tilting her head and watching the water drip and plummet back into the bath.

She cleans her other arm.

She's definitely ready now.

"CJ, baby?" she calls. "Can you help me, honey?"

She hears him respond, saying, okay where are you, and she dreamily says the bathroom.

She draws her leg up when she hears him coming. Her left leg, so he can see her inner thigh and catch the briefest glimpse of the forbidden treasures that awaits him.

She lifts her leg out of the water, bending it, bringing her soapy knee almost to her lips.

She can hear him walk through her bedroom, but she only has eyes for her knee. She scrubs it gently with her sponge while simultaneously caressing it with her free hand. She caresses and cleans and gives loving attention her knee deserves, luxuriating in the feel of the soap and the scrubbing friction of the sponge

as well as the prying eyes of her son as he stealthfully watches from the dark of the bedroom.

She dreamily extends her leg over her head, pointing her toes to the heavens. The soapy water lazily trickles, forming a long and winding road down the length of her leg, some of it splashing onto her bare shoulder, but most of it tickling the underside of her thigh.

She lovingly draws the sponge and her hand up the back of her calf, and sighs, lips parted, knowing her son is watching, breathing hard.

She reaches her hands, her arms, up, way up, bringing the sponge to her feet and her toes, shivering slightly,

ever so slightly,

at the tickling, tingling sensation.

Her breasts are still covered,

ever so slightly,

by the soapy bubbles,

but she can feel the them popping and slipping away, threatening to expose her hard and sensitive nipples to her prying son,

who watches stealthfully from the darkness of the bedroom,

breathing hard.

For reasons he completely understands.

He could watch this all day.

Heat rushes to his groin as his mother caresses and loves and sighs and cleans and worships her long, delicious, shapely leg.

New fetish unlocked.

Women taking bubble baths.

His mother taking a bubble bath.

She lazily slides her leg back into the bath and CJ exhales, only now realizing that he's been holding his breath.

Mom lifts her other leg, bringing her knee almost to her lips.

He so wants her to kiss her own knee.

Another fetish unlocked.

She sees him.

His breath catches in his throat. He wants to run, but she smiles dreamily at him.

"Oh, hey, baby. I didn't hear you come in," she lies.

He's not actually in yet, but at those words he feels invited to enter.

She draws in another breath and slowly extends her leg over her head.

"I feel like such a burden to you, I'm so sorry."

She tilts her head from side to side and hums slightly as she tenderly washes the back of her knee.

The underside of her thigh.

CJ gulps. "It's all right."

She looks back at him

and smiles her dreamy smile.

"You're so good to me."

She reaches a soapy hand out to him.

He really wants to take it.

He knows he shouldn't want to take it.

But he really wants to.

But then she gives him the come-hither gesture

so he does.

He comes

hither.

He takes her hand.

And he swears, or maybe fantasizes, that she arches her back slightly at his touch. Her breasts threatening to rise up from the thick head of bubbles. She relaxes and exhales. He imagines her breasts floating in the soapy water as he tries not to look.

But he swears, or maybe fantasizes, that she wants him to look.

"Did you..." he almost says "need" but finds himself saying, "want something?"

"Hmm? Oh yes." She releases his hand places it against her forehead, seemingly embarrassed. "I'm such a dummy. I climbed into this here bubble bath and totally forgot to put down a bathmat. And you know how slippy these tiles can be. Especially after a bubble bath."

He doesn't know this but he's happy to take her word for it especially if some of those words include "slippy" and "bubble bath."

"Bathmat?" he says, blinking and trying to look but also not look at his mother's silky-soapy-bubble-covered body.

"Mm," Mom purrs. She lifts a soapy leg and points.

CJ follows the contours of her leg, her long, silky-soapy-bubble-covered leg, and he briefly notices some of the soapy water dripping onto the now-slippy tile floor, and sees her pointing to the shelf where the bathmat is. Right over where her bathrobe lies in a discarded pile on the slippy floor. His poor mother is going to have to walk five or six steps, naked, soapy, and bubbly, across the cold, slippy floor in order to get to her robe.

He can't have that.

He finds himself standing next to the bathmat, unsure how he got there, exactly.

He grabs the bathmat.

He grabs the robe.

And he turns, hoping to catch another, more revealing, glimpse of his mother.

And she's back to washing her leg.

Her leg that is extended over her head.

Toes pointed to the heavens.

Soapy water trickling its long and winding way down.

Her hands now caressing her skin.

CJ wonders where the sponge has gone.

Not that he cares.

But if she asked, he'd happily go searching for it.

He brings her the bathmat.

He brings her the robe.

She looks up at him and smiles another one of her sexy dreamy smiles.

"Be a dear and place it down for me?"

He nods, excited at the thought of bringing himself closer to her.

To her bubble-coated body.

He kneels and places the bathmat.

And once again, Mom has switched legs, bringing her knee almost to her lips.

Please kiss it, he thinks.

"Don't you just love bubble baths?" she asks, not looking at him, just looking at her knee, the same knee CJ is looking at.

Please kiss it.

She traces her fingers on her skin.

"I love them."

She plunges her leg back into the bubbles.

And he exhales.

"Don't you?"

He's never had one. Not since he was little. But he's pretty confident he wouldn't enjoy one as much as his mother is enjoying hers. He certainly wouldn't enjoy taking a bubble bath nearly as much as he loves watching his mother take one.

She raises her other leg. Almost as if she knows what it's doing to him.

Does she know?

He swears, or maybe fantasizes, that she knows.

"I just love how the bubbles feel against my skin."

She gazes lovingly at her leg as she brings her knee almost to her lips.

Please kiss it, CJ thinks, willing it to happen so hard, he's briefly worried that he has uttered his desire out loud.

He suddenly looks embarrassed.

"I'm sorry, baby. I'm sure the last thing you want to see is your Mom taking a bath."

Not even close to the last thing, CJ thinks and nearly says.

Kiss your knee, Mom, CJ thinks again, surprised at how much he wants to see this thing that he had, until now, never even considered was something that someone could even do, let alone something that he would be so desperate to see.

He swallows, realizing he should say something.

"It's fine," he says, feeling like an idiot. "I-I-I'm gonna go to bed."

And he scrambles out of the bathroom

almost like a quarterback scrambling from onrushing linemen.

He's eager to get to bed.

Eager to fantasize about his mom taking a bubble bath

and kissing her knee.

Her naked, bubble-covered knee.

Mom smiles.

She wonders if tonight is the night after all. She didn't think it would be this easy, but then she forgot about the power of bubble baths.

She lifts her leg and brings her knee

almost to her lips

and kisses it.

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Now Mom walks slowly, almost dreamily, down the hallway, taking long, deep breaths of the warm steamy air, soaking in the smell of essential oils and exotic spices, and luxuriating in the tingling sensation that's building up inside her. As she moves, she hugs her body and relishes in her curves and the feeling of her warm bathrobe as it hugs her breasts, caresses her ass, and brushes up along her clean legs, and very kissable knees.

She taps a nail on his door and smiles as she hears the muffled sounds of a confused eighteen-year-old boy giving in to his unlocked fetishes and forbidden desires.

No, tonight isn't the night, she thinks.

It'll be better tomorrow.

Or the next day.

After all, she's not one to rush things.

Tonight, she's going to build on those newfound desires until he craves her with every fiber of his toned and muscular body. That way he won't be distracted by the Tracys and Morgans of the world.

He'll just want her.

His loving Mother.

His loving lover.

"CJ, baby? Can I come in?"

He mumbles something that is definitely not a "no" and so she cautiously opens the door.

She pauses in the doorway and smiles at her big, strong boy. He's lying in bed, his duvet pulled up to his chest. Only his arms, his big, strong, muscular arms, are exposed.

His cheeks are flush with desire and embarrassment.

"Huh?" is all he can say.

She slides up to him and sits on the edge of his bed, making him flush even harder,

from desire and embarrassment.

She crosses her legs, exposing her naked thigh.

He notices.

She leans forward and gently brushes the hair away from his face.

Not that it needed it.

She traces her nails along his scalp, unleashing a shimmering stream of tingles that trickle down his spine,

working their magic,

unlocking a new fetish.

She smiles at him.

"Thank you for taking such good care of me, baby."

She caresses his face with the back of her hand.

He nods curtly.

She folds the duvet down

ever so slightly.

"I don't want you to get too warm," she says with a dreamy smile.

She glides her fingertips up his arms. His big, strong, muscular arms, and his breath starts coming in shallow gasps.

"It makes me feel so safe, knowing that you're here to take care of me. My big strong man of the house."

Her fingers trace along the peaks and valleys of his muscles.

He gulps, not knowing what to say.

Not wanting to ruin what is happening.

Mom pretends not to notice how worked up he's getting. She tilts her head from side to side, her hair falling against each cheek as she slides her fingers to his chest and smiles.

"You're such a good boy. You know that, right?"

He nods, feeling dumb but also deeply loving the praise

for reasons he can't quite understand.

She runs a hand back up his arms and strokes his face.

CJ finds himself leaning into it.

She smiles the smile of a loving mother.

But also, he swears, or perhaps fantasizes, the smile of a loving lover.

She leans in, ever so slowly, her long hair falling on his chest,

and she plants a delicious, lingering kiss on his forehead.

She rises and smiles and tilts her head so her hair tickles his chest some more.

And she leans in again, this time planting a gentle, kiss on his right cheek. This one lingers

just a little longer.

He parts his lips

ever so slightly

and she gazes at him.

He can hear the delicious sound of her lips parting, unlocking yet another fetish, and she leans down and plants another, loving, gentle kiss, one that lingers just a little more but not quite long enough, on his left cheek.

And he finds himself lifting his head from the pillow,

ever so slightly,

towards his mother,

towards her lips.

But once she's out of reach, he relaxes and exhales.

Only now realizing he's been holding his breath.

Mom caresses his face and plays her thumb along his suddenly sensitive lips.

"I guess you're too old for me to kiss you on the mouth," she whispers.

He's pretty sure he's not.

She teases his lips some more, gently pulling them open,

ever so slightly,

and applying just the right amount of pressure, and rubbing tiny circles that arouse him,

for reasons he can't quite understand,

before she lowers herself to him, hovering her face over his,

her hair,

her long, slightly damp hair,

which smells of essential oils and exotic spices,

tickles his face.

He raises his head,

ever so slightly,

and she plants a gentle, tender, loving kiss, one that lingers just a little longer,

but still not long enough,

on his forehead.

She rises and ruffles his hair.

She wishes him a good night

and the sweetest of dreams,

and she leaves with a wink.

He exhales,

only now realizing that he's been holding his breath.

Once she's gone, he resumes pleasuring himself, rubbing his slippy precum all up and down the length of his shaft.

It takes him less than thirty seconds to cum.

The first time.

Four minutes for the second.

Mom doesn't even make it to her bed.

She pauses outside of CJ's door, dangerously aware that the slightest sound could give her away.

But she can't help it.

She discards the robe,

almost as if throwing caution to the wind,

and rubs a shaking hand against her soaking wet pussy

that smells of essential somethings and exotic whatevers

And she cums

And she cums

And she cums some more

And she's practically crying from the sudden release of all that built-up tension,

and from trying hide the unbridled sounds of her primal, forbidden pleasures.

Once she's done gasping for breath, she slides down the wall and giggles silently.

Maybe tomorrow will be the night.

Or the night after.

After all,

she's not one to rush things.

Chapter 2

Mom wakes with a big smile on her face. She nibbles on the end of her finger in anticipation of the day.

She may not be one to rush things, but she knows she and CJ only have a week before his father comes home. And she wants to extract as much delirious pleasure as she can.

Where things go from there, she's not sure.

But she fantasizes.

And before long, she takes her vibrator, the one that gave her so much pleasure last night after she nearly kissed her son on the lips and crossed the line no mother should cross, and she slides it inside her and gifts herself her fifth or sixth

--who's counting--

orgasm of the past twenty-four hours.

She's hoping to add half a dozen more before the day is through.

Only those will hopefully be gifted by her son.

Orgasm achieved, she stretches and rolls around on her satin sheets. She hums softly and wonders what her son is doing.

Just as she hopes, he's stroking his cock. He only had four orgasms last night, but he's excited to have a nice big one before starting the day.

He dreams of giving Mom a bubble bath.

Of sliding a soapy hand down her extremely flexible leg, from her toes to her upper thighs,

and beyond.

He's had plenty of girls, of course, but they've all come so easily to him

and for him

that he's never experienced desire--true desire--of his own.

But he desires his mother.

Whatever awkwardness he was experiencing yesterday, wondering if it was weird to have these lustful feelings for his own mother are long, long gone.

If anything, the forbidden nature of his desire only makes his lust that much stronger.

That much deeper.

Deeper and deeper he delves into his fantasy, reliving last night as his mother, his sexy mother, planted gentle, luscious kisses on his forehead, his cheeks, and... almost nearly... his mouth.

He bucks his hips as he strokes his cock and imagines how things might have turned out differently.

What if he had been more bold?

What if he had reached up and pulled her in for an actual kiss?

He swears, or maybe fantasizes, that she wanted him to,

but he hadn't.

Because what would he have done if she had recoiled?

He shakes his head. That's not what he wants to think about right now.

Instead, he thinks about the other alternative.

What if he had reached up and pulled her in for an actual kiss on her luscious, luscious lips...

...and she had kissed him back?

Her pillowy, satiny lips succumbing to him

Him daring to slip his tongue into her mouth

Connecting with hers

The two rolling over and under each other

Mom getting more and more excited...

CJ starts stroking in earnest now, though his dick is so sensitive from all the friction of the past night, it's hurting more than pleasing.

He spits in his hand

Once,

Twice,

Thrice.

He coats his dick in his own saliva

Imagining it's his mothers

Her pillowy, satiny lips now wrapped around his cock

Plunging down his shaft

Tongue licking, slurping, vibrating along the way...

He cums so fast and so hard, he doesn't have time to catch it with a tissue.

Jizz splatters on his face

Once,

Twice,

Thrice.

and pools on his stomach.

Normally he'd be turned off by this, cursing, furious at how much he's going to have to clean up.

But not this time.

He's so fucking turned on he keeps stroking.

He scoops some of his cum off his face...

And licks it

Imagining it's his mother

Her mouth swallowing his load

Her tongue licking, slurping, soaking up every last drop off his dick

And craving more

He scoops up the jizz pooling on his stomach

And coats his dick

And strokes until he cums again.

This time trying to catch the jizz in his own mouth.

"CJ, baby? Can you come here?" his mother calls.

He snaps out of his deranged reverie.

"Y-yeah--yes, Mom. Coming."

He laughs at his unintended pun, and pops out of bed.

He grabs his sheets and cleans himself.

He catches his breath and looks at himself in the mirror.

Jesus, dude. Get a grip.

He throws on sweatpants and a t-shirt and heads out the door.

He walks down the hall, past the kitchen. She's not there.

Past the living room. She's not there.

He swallows.

Is she taking another bath?

His dick stirs.

Jesus, dude. Get a grip.

He pushes her bedroom door open.

Mom lies on her bed, wearing a skin-tight, dark-blue, button-down nightshirt.

Possibly nothing else.

Her pink satin sheets are a mess.

Her hair, too.

She squirts moisturizer into her hands,

And rubs them together.

The squishy, creamy slurpy sound reminding him of other squishy, creamy, slurpy sounds.

She doesn't seem to notice that he's standing in her doorway.

But he swears, or maybe fantasizes, that she knows he's there.

She raises a long leg,

the nightshirt falling away from her thigh,

and proceeds to rub the cream into her skin,

starting with her thigh,

and working her way up, bringing her leg closer to her face as she does.

Fetish unlocked.

He watches her grab some more cream and bring her leg even closer to her face as her hands caress and rub and glide and make love to her knee, her calf, her ankle, and her foot.

Mom's foot is over her head and she reaches up,

way up,

her back arching, her breasts rising,

and she rubs and caresses and makes love to every last square millimeter, working each toe, rubbing her heel, savoring her arch, caressing her instep.

CJ's eyes drift down her leg to her thigh.

He swears, or maybe fantasizes, that she's not wearing anything beside that skin-tight, dark-blue, button-down nightshirt that is the perfect color against her tan skin.

His cock stirs some more.

Jesus dude. Get a grip.

He clears his throat.

Mom doesn't startle.

She slowly turns her head and smiles her dreamy, sexy, sleepy smile.

"Hi, baby," she purrs. Her voice like a wave of warm, silky, soapy, bubbly water flowing over him.

She continues making love to her leg, her calf, her ankle, her foot as she talks.

"Sleep OK?"

He gulps and nods.

She raises and eyebrow,

ever so slightly.

"Yes, ma'am. Did you?"

She shrugs and turns to her long, sexy, shapely, now-perfectly-moisturized leg and slides her hands down her foot, down her ankle down her calf, down and around and around and still farther down her luscious, dreamy thigh.

"Mmm..." she purrs. He's so lost in desire he's not entirely sure he knows what she's responding to.

He's pretty sure he doesn't care.

She sighs and stretches, arching her back and raising her hands high, so high, above her head, her skin-tight, dark-blue, button-down nightshirt rises higher and higher, the hem threatening to reveal everything. CJ tilts his head slightly,

ever so slightly,

to see.

Mom finishes her stretch and smiles.

She pats the bed next to her.

"Unless you're too embarrassed to watch your mother moisturize."

She grabs the bottle and squirts another dollop of creamy goodness.

CJ can think of nothing he would like more than to sit next to his mother and watch this sensuous acts of self-care.

He feels like an idiot as he tries to approach her bed while still trying to retain whatever ounce of cool he thinks he still has.

He sits on the bed, just far enough down so he can see, but not so far down that it looks like he's trying to see what's underneath that nightshirt. He watches her rub the cream over her hands. The sound driving him wild with desire.

Then she lifts her left leg,

the one that's closes to him,

her nightshirt falling away from her thigh,

revealing silky, dark-red, lacy panties.

Although he was hoping she wouldn't have anything on under that nightshirt,

this is so much better. The lace clinging to her ass for dear life.

Mom works her thigh and continues talking to him, though she doesn't take her eyes off her leg, rolling her head from side to side, focusing diligently on the task at hand, making sure every square millimeter is well cared for.

Her hands find a circular rhythm,

A rhythm that makes CJ think of other rhythmic physical activities.

She continues talking to him, chatting about this and that and asking him about his plans for the day.

Plans? What are plans? he thinks but doesn't say.

He shrugs noncommittally as he watches Mom get another dollop of cream...

She brings her leg closer and closer to her face as she rubs and caresses and makes love to every last millimeter of her knee, her calf,

her ankle, her foot; working each toe, rubbing her heel, savoring her arch, caressing her instep.

The sound of the her creamy hands making CJ think of other creamy activities she could be doing with her hands.

"How are you so flexible?" he asks and nearly smacks himself for daring to ask such an indecent question and worried that he has revealed his deep dark secret fantasy about her.

She looks at him with what he swears, or perhaps fantasizes, is a sultry, naughty look.

"What, this?" she asks.

And she pulls her leg all the way up, up, up until it's nestled against her body. She hugs it and caresses it, and draws a finger down the back of her leg and smiles that naughty smile again.

Then she pulls her eyes away from his and pulls her leg away from her body and runs her hands up and down to make sure she didn't miss a spot.

"I used to be a dancer," she says dreamily, specifically not specifying what kind.

She lowers her leg and raises the other one up and over her head and pulls that one in for a hug, too. We wouldn't want it to feel unloved, would we?

New fetish unlocked.

"It's good to stay flexible," Mom purrs. "And moisturized."

She runs her hands down her leg and lowers it.

"Can you..."

He stops, almost smacking himself for asking the thing he was about to ask her.

Jesus, dude. Get a grip.

"Hmmm?"

She grabs the bottle of moisturizer again and squirts another dollop.

She's about to start rubbing her arms when she pauses.

"Did you have a question, baby?

He shakes his head.

She decides not to scold him for not saying "No, ma'am." Poor guy is really going through it.

She starts rubbing her arms.

She doesn't look at him when she speaks, she's too busy diligently focusing on the task at hand,

"You can ask me anything."

Now she looks at him and smiles. "You're my big, strong man of the house."

He shakes his head, but decides what the hell.

"Sorry, it's just..."

Mom pauses. Oh, this is going to be good. It might even lead to what she's trying to lead him to.

Even though she's not one to rush things,

Exceptions can be made.

"Go ahead, baby. Ask."

He hesitates. "It's stupid. Sorry."

She rolls onto her side and props her head on her hand. CJ is acutely aware of her curvy body only a few inches away from his. Her right leg slides over her left, revealing just the teensy-tiniest bit of her haunch and her red lace panties.

"CJ Sanders. We don't talk like that, now do we? There are no stupid questions."

"No, ma'am."

"Go head, now. Ask."

"It's just that you're so flexible, I was wondering if you could--if you were able to..."

"Come on, baby,"

She places a hand on his knee.

And squeezes.

"... kiss your knee."

He looks away in embarrassment. He's about to apologize, but he knows she'd scold him.

Oh, Mom thinks with a smile. So that's how it's going to start.

She inhales slowly, deeply.

She purrs, "Would you like to see me kiss my knee?"

He brings his eyes up to hers.

She smiles her naughty smile and rolls back onto her bed.

She stretches, twisting her lithe figure this way and that, her skin-tight, dark-blue, button-down nightshirt revealing every last curve. She plays with her hair and moans slightly before settling back down.

CJ's cock is rock hard. He just hopes she can't see.

She can.

But she chooses not to let him know.

She purses her luscious lips. And when they part they make take delicious sound that CJ discovered he loves so much.

"I guess I can do that." Her eyes dart to his. "For you. If you'll do something for me."

He nods before he even knows he's doing it.

Anything, he thinks, but says, "OK," as coolly as he can.

She smiles.

"Which knee would you like me to kiss?"

He gulps. Both, he thinks, but says, "Either." He so wants to add, "I'm just curious if you can do it, it's not a secret fetish or anything, Mom, I swear."

But he refrains.

"Well, I guess I'll kiss..."

She draws up her right leg and bends it, bringing her knee an inch from her face. She runs her hands along her leg and tilts her head from side to side as if admiring her earlier work.

She traces a finger on her knee before sending that leg back down.

"...this one."

She brings her left leg up.

The one that's closest to him.

She bends it, brings her knee to her face...

and, just as she's about to plant a big, juicy kiss on her well-moisturized knee...

the doorbell rings.

CJ exhales, only now realizing that he's been holding his breath.

Mom's eyes float over to CJ's and then, realizing the magical moment has been interrupted, lazily reaches over to her phone.

She sees Tracy and Morgan, CJ's wanna-be-fuck-buddies, standing on her porch. She turns the phone so CJ can see it.

"Expecting company?" she purrs.

CJ looks confused, but then he lightly smacks his forehead.

"We have that high-school charity thing today. I totally forgot about it. And I'm late."

"Pity."

Mom purses her lips and stretches, raising her hands way over her head, arching her back,

raising her knees and tits to the heavens,

sliding her skin-tight, dark-blue, button-down nightshirt up her body, exposing her smooth and inviting haunches, and the perfect amount of her red, lacy panties.

"We were just getting started."

"I can skip it," CJ finds himself saying. "I'll just tell them I'm under the weather."

She smiles. She's so close to victory. So close to ecstasy.

But the moment is gone.

The spell broken.

"No, baby. You made a commitment. Be a good boy and keep it."

She rises. Her hair cascading onto her shoulders.

"Go get ready. I'll take care of your friends."

Mom opens the door, feeling the cold air rush in and envelope her. Her nipples harden and poke out against her tight, tight nightshirt. She doesn't care. She's so wired right now, she wouldn't care if the cold air blew that nightshirt straight off her.

Tracy and Morgan notice. They notice everything about the sexy, curvaceous woman standing in front of them as she slides a hand up the door and poses in front of them, positively oozing sex.

They both gulp as she purrs good morning and invites them in with a graceful wave of her hand.

She smells of coconut and lemongrass, though neither of the two girls can put their finger on that second scent.

They just know they like it.

She offers them coffee, which she starts to make.

They demur. They don't drink coffee, but they're also too mesmerized by the woman's sultry movements and luscious voice as she chit-chats, asking banal questions about the charity they are whisking her son off to.

Mom takes in the girls' cheerleading outfits, how the skirts reveal a tantalizing amount of thigh. She was a cheerleader once, too, and she had crushes on her teammates, though she never quite admitted that to herself. Mom finds herself blushing at the thought of seducing these two young women, and ensnaring them into having a three-way, the way they are so desperate to do with her son.

She can tell by their rapt attention that she could do it, too. The thought sends blood rushing down to her groin.

CJ enters just in time. He still looks a bit flustered, but he smiles at the girls, apologizes for being late, and the three of them scurry out of the house.

Mom tells him not to do anything she wouldn't do, and she closes the door behind them.

"Well, shit," she says.

Not only are her plans ruined, but she's a little worried that her son is so keyed up that he's about to take his horniness out on those two very willing girls.

She can't blame him.

She'd to the same thing.

She saunters back to her bedroom and picks up the vibrator that was carelessly hidden under one of her pillows. She lays down and tries to fantasize about seducing those cheerleaders, but she quits.

She can't stop thinking about her son.

She tries to fantasize about him, how things could have turned out differently had those two sexy cock-blocking cheerleaders not ruined the moment.

She kisses her knee, noting CJ's rapt attention.

He licks his lips.

Then she reveals what she wants him to do for her.

She unbuttons that skin-tight button-down nightshirt that he so clearly loves,

--turning her body away from him so as not to reveal anything just yet

--and laying down on the bed, her naked skin beckoning to him.

She asks him to moisturize her back.

She slides the vibrator back inside,

and has her sixth or seventh--

--who's counting?--

--orgasm of the past twenty-four hours.

As CJ and the girls walk to Tracy's car, Morgan blurts out, "Damn, dude, but your mom is fucking hot."

CJ blushes as Tracy agrees. "She gave me a lady boner."

"OK, yeah, cool," he says as he sits in the front passenger seat. The thought of these two hot teens getting it on with his mother thrills him, and he can feel blood rushing to his groin--something his sweatpants will not be good at covering up. "Let's talk about literally anything else."

The high school charity event comes and goes. Money is raised. Kids have fun. Flirters flirt. Kids sneak off.

Speaking of sneaking off, when the event is done, Tracy and Morgan lead CJ over to the bleachers, where they had been trying to get him last night.

As Mom had suspected, CJ is so hot from his encounter with Mom that he can't get the girls' clothes off fast enough.

They kiss him and pull his shirt off. He fondles their breasts and takes turns kissing each one.

"You two should kiss," he says.

The girls smile. They've never kissed each other before. In fact, they've never kissed any girls before, and they were hoping this moment would give them an excuse to do so.

Morgan brushes hair away from Tracy's face and Tracy immediately flashes back to last night when Mrs. Sanders did that to her. She hungrily grabs at Morgan's face and pulls her in, practically smashing her mouth in Morgan's. They kiss and kiss, seemingly unable to get enough of each other's mouths or tongues. They grope each other, and fondle teach other's breasts, getting hotter and hotter every second.

CJ is about to explode watching one of his lesbian fantasies unfold before him. He joins in, kissing their breasts, and soon the three of them are a writhing, entangled mass of sexual tension and exploration.

He's about to have two girls at once. Something he's dreamed about ever since he discovered a desire for the opposite sex.

And then Tracy leans her head back and exposes her neck in a way that reminds CJ of Mom.

And the spell is broken.

He shakes his head and dives back in, but it's not the same.

It's not what he wants.

"What's wrong?" Tracy asks, noticing his passion suddenly evaporate.

"Come on, baby," Morgan says. She pulls him in so he can kiss her breast.

But "baby" was the wrong word to use.

CJ blinks.

Fuck.

He can't believe he's about to say this, but he says it and he knows it's the truth.

"I gotta go."

"What?" the girls say simultaneously.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Tracy says.

"Yeah, bro," Morgan adds. "Whatever you think you need to do can wait."

They reach out to him again, hoping to draw him back in, but he shrugs them off.

"I'm really sorry." He stands up and pulls his shirt back on. "Really."

The girls are speechless. Until they're not.

They pepper him with questions and he gives non answers, only saying he needs to get back home, and he's suddenly gone.

The two girls blink at each other.

"What the fuck just happened?" Tracy asks.

Morgan still looks off in the direction of CJ's departure.

"You think he's fucking his mom?"

Tracy's eyebrows practically shoot off her face.

"You serious?"

Morgan smiles and looks back at her friend. She shrugs.

"I would if I were him."

Tracy laughs, but then she bites her lip.

"God yes."

They sit there for a long luxurious moment, thinking about how fucking hot Mrs. Sanders is.

Then they look at each other.

Morgan pulls Tracy in for a kiss.

And they're off to the races.

CJ practically runs home.

He reaches his front step and catches his breath.

Jesus, dude. Get a grip.

He swallows. He still can't believe he left a sure three-way to go chasing after his mom. He's not even sure he has a shot. Looking at it objectively, it seems clear that his mother is trying to seduce him. But it's his mom. She's always been touchy feely with him. And what if he's wrong?

What if he makes a pass and she rejects him? How could he go on living at home with her knowing that he lusts after her?

But fuck it, he thinks. He not only lusts after his mother, he wants her

and only her.

Tracy and Morgan are hot. But they're high-school hot.

Mom is eternal. She's the most sexual being he's ever encountered. She's got curves. She's got a sultry voice. She's ethereally, imperiously hot. CJ doesn't know the word he's looking for, but it's gravitas.

Mom has gravitas.

She's a woman who knows what she wants and knows how to get it, and CJ finds that irresistible.

He's not sure she desires him the way he desires her, but he's desperate to find out. Even if she doesn't want him, her teasing is

enough to drive him wild and to discover things about himself he never knew.

Even if he never gets to lay a finger on him, he's happy to be along for the ride. Fantasizing about being with his mother makes him so fucking hot he's willing to give up a three-way with two of the hottest cheerleaders in school just to do it.

He can feel his blood pressure rise and he swallows to try to calm down.

Get a grip, dude. Play it cool. Let's see where this goes.

He opens the door and announces that he's home.

He hears Mom call to him.

He's hoping she's taking another bath.

Or lying on the bed, caressing creamy moisturizer into her beautiful skin.

But she's not.

She's in the kitchen, still wearing that skin-tight, dark-blue, button-down nightshirt that adds so much gasoline to his burning desire for his mother.

She's putting away the dishes.

"Hey, baby," she purrs.

She turns to face him, her hair covering one of her breasts. She dries a glass.

"Back so soon?"

He doesn't answer. He watches her turn away and reach up,

way up,

to put the glass away on the top shelf.

He should go over there and help. Maybe use that as an excuse to brush up against her, press his body into hers, and see what happens from there.

But he's too caught up in the beautiful sight of her sexy, luscious form. His eyes drift, down, down, down her curvaceous figure, at the nightshirt clinging to her body for dear life,

at her legs, her beautiful, shapely, toned and tanned legs, straining up,

way way way way up,

as she stands on her tiptoes.

And he watches the nightshirt ride up, up, up, threatening to reveal her everything.

Is she still wearing those silky sexy red-lace panties?

He catches the slightest hint of her shapely ass.

And he swears, or perhaps fantasizes, that she's not.

She places the glass on the shelf.

She had been hoping CJ would come to her rescue, that he would press his body into hers, pinning her against the countertop, his cock making its presence known against her ass.

But he doesn't.

She sighs, guessing that maybe he got laid after all, and those two sexy cheerleaders zapped him of his desire for her.

Still, she can try to rouse him up again.

It'll just take time.

She turns and puts a hand on her hip. She pouts slightly,

ever so slightly,

"Did you have a good--"

She doesn't get to finish that sentence.

Overcome with desire, CJ throws caution to the wind, like Mom discarding a bathrobe before dipping her body into a warm bubbly bath,

and he rushes forward.

He can't fucking stand it any longer.

He needs her.

He needs to be inside her.

He presses his whole body against her, pinning her to the kitchen counter.

He slides his hand up to her face, her beautiful face,

and pulls her in for a kiss,

pressing his mouth into her luscious, satiny lips that's he's been obsessing over.

He presses and moves his mouth, desperate to experience as much of her as he can before she slaps him or yells at him or does something to utterly destroy him.

He's so swept up in desire he's not even sure if she's kissing him back.

He's throwing a Hail Mary,

the most important one of his life,

and he's giving it every things he's got.

But finally,

finally, he comes up for air,

and he swallows and looks at her.

She doesn't slap him

Or yell

Or destroy him.

She smiles her sultry, naughty smile that has been consuming his thoughts.

"My big, strong man of the house."

She wraps her arms around him and pushes her hips into his, relishing the raging hardon that is trying to burst of his pants.

She kisses him.

Soft at first, but then she plunges her tongue inside and it unleashes a monster.

He bucks his hips into her and wraps his arms around her and tries to grab every square millimeter of her body

of her hair

of her HER.

She slides her hands under his shirt and feels the rippling muscles on his back, the ones that had been lit so tantalizingly the other night when he came out of the bathroom to protect her.

She rubs and gropes and pulls, pulls, pulls him into her.

She needs this fucking shirt off.

She grabs it and pulls upward and he breaks off from kissing her neck to raise his hands up, way up.

She tosses the shirt away and slides her hands down his chest.

She kisses and licks the peaks and valleys of his muscles.

He slides his hands down her back and pulls up on the skin-tight, dark-blue, fucking-whatever the fuck this thing is,

and he pulls it up,

way up,

until the fabric stretches and stretches and stretches around her ass,

stretching, stretching, until the hem passes over the crest...

and the whole thing cascades up the curve of her behind.

He pauses for a second before plunging his hands down and grabbing the goods he so desperately desires.

Turns out, she's not wearing those silky, lacy, sexy, red panties after all. Not anymore.

Although he was kind of hoping she would still have them on,

this is so much better.

He grabs and pulls and caresses and shoves and rubs and squeezes, her soft skin and toned ass driving him wilder and wilder with desire.

The more ravenous he gets, the hotter he makes Mom. She brings her long, shapely leg up and wraps it around CJ's, thrusting her groin into his.

Finally, she can't stand it anymore either.

She yanks his sweatpants down, his cock springing into action.

She leaps up and wraps her legs around his waist.

Panting, eyes ravenous, body craving, she presses her lips against his, bucking her stomach, her groin, her thighs into him,

Fuck me,

fuck me,

fuck me,

fuck me,

she says without saying.

She may not be one to rush things,

normally,

But fuck that shit.

There's a time and place and this is neither.

Fuck me,

fuck me,

fuck me,

fuck me,

she says without saying, and CJ,

ever the keen observer of the subtle science of body language,

reads the message loud and clear.

He reaches around Mom's luscious, heavenly thigh and grabs his cock, lifting it up,

way up,

until it touches the promised land.

It's wet,

it's warm,

it's inviting,

it's home.

Mom's not waxing poetic, however.

There's a time and a place and this is neither.

She presses her sex down onto his, and as he begins to enter her, she throws her head back, mouth open, neck lifting up to the heavens.

CJ's mouth drops open, watching her reaction to his entering her, and he can't fucking believe he's doing what he's doing and he slides

in, in, in,

meeting only the slightest resistance along the way.

The friction is perfect, too perfect, and he's about to cum even before he can reach the endzone.

Oh fuck, no, no, no, not now, not yet.

In his fantasies he always ravages her until she's had one, two, six, ten--

--who's counting?--

--millions of orgasms until she's a heaving, spasming, convulsing heap of ecstatic pleasure on the

floor/bed/bathtub/counter/table/car hood/etc. etc. etc. She always cums first, second, third, millionth before he does.

But now that he's actually doing it,

Finally, fucking finally, fucking his mother,

it's so goddamn fucking perfect he can't stop himself from exploding.

He can't even say he's about to do what he's about to do because he can't believe he's about to do what he's about to do.

But Mom knows what he's about to do. She can see it on his disbelieving face and hear it in his staggered breathing, and feel it in his jerking body. She brings her head up and looks into his unbelieving eyes,

and she smiles her glorious, victorious smile of conquest and happiness and lust and love.

Her boy, her big, strong man of the house, is about to cum inside her,

and she tightens her muscles,

letting them work their magic,

and he erupts sooo much earlier than he wants to

but he cums and cums and cums and his seed fills her, easing the way for future spelunking expeditions,

it coats his shaft and slides down as he finishes.

He looks shattered. Mom squeezes him, inside and out.

She plants a delicious kiss on him, kissing away his embarrassment like it's an emotional boo-boo.

She kisses and kisses and kisses and she slips her tongue inside and licks his lips. She doesn't want to give him even a moment to apologize for not holding out like some dick-slinging hero in a porn video.

Her son was so filled with desire and passion that he came

the moment he entered her.

She loves that journey for him.

And for her.

His seed is inside her

That's fucking crazy.

Her son's seed in inside her and also slowly dripping out.

He filled her with his jizz.

That thought makes her start grinding into him again,

kissing and kissing and kissing,

her stomach muscles bucking into his and away and back and she's getting hotter and hotter as she kisses, kisses, kisses her son.

And now he's kissing her back.

He's safe.

He has nothing to worry about or be embarrassed about.

This is a safe space. In fact,

his dick is in the safest space in the entire world.

And it's going deeper and deeper, safer and safer,

filling that safe space in three dimensions,

and her rhythm and her stomach, and her legs, her beautiful, shapely, soft and well-moisturized legs are wrapped around him, her nails clawing at his back, his hands on her soft luscious, dreamy, fucking perfect ass are all working together,

working their magic,

to drive him further and further into another sexual frenzy.

Mom and son soon find their rhythm and he's deeper, deeper, going where no son should go again,

and she's gasping and rocking and bucking and every square millimeter that he spelunks farther drives her further and further into rhapsodic ecstasy.

He's past the goal line and taking a victory lap as her body takes over and she convulses, breaking her rhythm, and she finally, finally,

FINALLY

fucking explodes and grunts and groans and screams and bucks and hangs on for dear life as her legs shake and shake and shake, threatening to make her lose her grip.

But she's in a safe space. In fact,

She's in the safest space in the entire world,

wrapped up in the arms of her big, strong man of the house.

And he's filling her again, shooting his seed where no son should ever be shooting their seed and that's driving her fucking fucking

FUCKING WILD

and she keeps cumming, being turned practically inside out with this forbidden taboo pleasure.

Fill me

Fill me

Fill me

Fill me

She says without saying as she squeezes her muscles,

letting them work their magic,

milking him of every last drop of that warm, creamy, moisturizing liquid of the gods.

And when they finally calm down, he inches forward to rest her ass on the counter.

They catch their breath and relax and enjoy each other's joy.

He nestled his face into her neck, letting her hair cascades around him.

He squeezes her tight, and she moans with pleasure.

When he lifts his head to look at his beautiful mom, she brushes her hair from his face.

She reaches up and plants a deliciously wet, desiring kiss on his forehead,

then on his right cheek,

then on his left,

each one lingering longer but not long enough, until she kisses him on the lips and their mouths press in and pull away and in and away and in

and his tongue licks her lips.

He's still inside, ready for round three, but Mom breaks off their kiss.

She parts her lips,

the sound drives him wild with desire,

and she purrs, "Take me to bed, baby."

He kicks free from his sweatpants.

He pulls out of her, she sucks in air through her teeth, the void inside her sudden and awful and so, so empty.

But he scoops her up into his arms, her legs,

her beautiful, shapely, toned and tanned and well-moisturized legs, draped over his right arm, her right arm wrapped around his neck,

and he carries her down the hall, while staring into her big, beautiful, ravenous eyes, and he crosses the threshold of her bedroom like a QB crossing the endzone for a game-winning TD.

She kicks her legs and squeals with delight, feeling like a newlywed about to have the honeymoon of her dreams.

He places her on the bed and lifts that skin-tight, dark-blue, button-down nightshirt over her head, and gasps at the sight.

At the way she bites her lip.

He kneels before her, and kisses every square millimeter of her luscious creamy dreamy well-moisturized body: her breasts, her stomach, her thighs, her calves, her ankles, her feet, and all the way back up,

before entering her again, his dick sliding in deeper, deeper, deeper, to the place where no son's dick should ever slide again, and that crazy, forbidden taboo thought drives them wilder, ever wilder with desire.

Mom smiles after cumming for the millionth, two millionth--

--who's counting?--

--time,

her son, resting his head on her breast, her arms wrapped around her big, strong man of the house before drifting off to sleep, and thinks,

This is going to be a hell of a week.