

Not What the Doctor Ordered

This is an epic tale of Love and Romance that chronicles the courtship of Derek and his mother Trina. Although it depicts the lust and passion such an illicit relationship possesses, it is not a story of spontaneous combustion but the narrative of a flame that builds up to an inferno.

"Tell me why you belong not in Purgatory," the Archangel Chamuel intoned. The two lovers looked at each other with uncertainty. Although in Limbo -- where there is no down or up, nor a right or left -- the lovers found themselves seated on a pink hued white marble bench that had a slight curving arc to the seat. The bench had a warmth, whereas nothing in Limbo was hot or cold, warm nor tepid. (Limbo is an intermediate, transitional state and those in Limbo do not suffer damnation but they do not enjoy the presence of God.)

The lovers were seated close to each other and holding hands. The male wrapped his arm around the female's shoulders to provide comfort and security. The female responded in kind by wrapping an arm around the male's waist in a sign of unity and steadfastness.

Seeming to float on the non-existent plane the bench rested on was the Archangel of Love. Archangel Chamuel was a towering figure bathed in a

blazing glow of soft pink and lavender rays of light that always seemed to originate behind the angel. Besides its enormous wings, obscured were almost all of the angel's features by the brilliant glow bathed over it. Its form seemed fluid and ethereal. It was impossible to define its sex, even its voice was equivocal

"Reveal to me your truth and if pleased I can aver on your behalf before the Most High, Ancient of Days, Lord of the Hosts, the Heavenly Father Almighty, the Alpha and Omega. While in Limbo, souls can attain the holiness obligatory to enter the Joy of Heaven. Forgiveness for venial sins that does not set us in direct opposition to the will and friendship of God can be remitted by the sacrament of reconciliation.

"You profess that how you have behaved was undertaken for Love. Divulge to this Agent of the Lord of this love, for if it is the true love of purity and devotion I can liberate you from Purgatory and convey you to our Lord God's grace."

The lovers looked at each for strength. Taking a deep breath the female voiced to her partner, "I'll start if you promise to finish our story." Her son nodded his head in concurrence.

"I was born in BumFuck Nowhere, Minnesota," started Trina

(pronounced Tree-Na). "When you're born in a town like that your only goal is to get the heck out of there. Fortunately, my parents knew this fact and worked to help me. By the time I was twelve years old, my mother was taking me to modeling opportunities as I was already developed enough to be able to model Juniors and Young Misses.

"My father encouraged my pursuit as long as I continued to excel in school, so even he sometimes took me to jobs throughout the Midwest and even Canada. Can you imagine how cool it was that at 14 to travel to Toronto for a modeling gig? And while there my dad and I were invited to an Edmonton Oilers vs. the Maple Leafs game! That was back when Edmonton had all those superstars like Gretzky, Messier, Jari Kurri, Paul Coffey," she said excitedly.

"My break came when I was 16. I was invited to do a photo shoot in California for the Venus swimwear catalog. By then I was already fully developed," Trina humbly boasted. Others would often describe her as statuesque. "Before the Internet that was a huge opportunity. I knew that I wasn't going to be able to become a runway fashion model since at 5'9 I was too short and... [clearing her throat]...ahem, too busty," she coquettishly giggled and looking at her lover, winked at him.

"While doing that photo shoot I got to meet some of the popular swimsuit models of the time. I'll avoid the name-dropping shtick," she

humbly added. "But while doing those photo shoots I signed with a big-time, legitimate modeling agency and I ended up staying out there in California."

Looking at Archangel Chamuel she continued "Looking back, I guess I should consider myself lucky, huh? I mean a 16-year-old girl living in LA with my parents back in Minnesota. Someone must have been looking out for me. Thank you." With the blinding aura around the Archangel she couldn't see its response.

"For the next few years I did swimwear, lingerie, calendars, print ads for clothing and posing intentionally. I even did a bunch of those Hawaiian Tropics contests..." with an amused voice she added, "and even won a few." Her good humor ended.

"It wasn't all work. I was having fun too. Perhaps too much fun -- as at 18, I discovered I was pregnant with my son." Ashamed Trina confessed, "I don't know who his father is. I was traveling, partying and... it could've been anyone." Her lover knowing this fact held her tighter to him and squeezed his mother's hand in support.

Strengthened, she smiled at her lover. "Once I knew I was pregnant, I was determined to be the best parent I could be..."

Her young lover kindly interjected, "...and you were."

"I kept modeling and when I started to show, I was able to do maternity wear, photos for parenting magazines and even did a couple of baby commercials. I sent all the money home to my parents; and when I was 6 months I returned home.

"Derek was born when I was 19. To give him the life he deserved I returned to modeling but things were now different... [Derek softly whispered, "Thank you," to his lover.] ...Now, I hoarded every penny and whenever I had the chance, I returned home.

"During the years, I had plenty of work. I never became a Victoria's Secret girl or became famous but in Derek's first year, I was able to buy a house in the up-scale section of St. Paul. I couldn't get my parents out of Minnesota..." bemused she added, "...even after the North Stars left! But at least I was able to get them to leave BumFuck Nowhere's.

"After Derek was born, our home was in St. Paul. My house was big enough for my parents to live with us without them driving me crazy. I still modeled and worked as much as possible. From 19 to 26, my agent

could get me one job after another and I travelled everywhere.

"Whenever I was on the road, my parents raised Derek and I sent home the money. Not to brag but some years I made mid-to-upper six figure incomes. While the other girls were out partying, I was in my hotel room studying. However, by the time I was 26 the jobs were starting to dry up. I was getting too old!" Trina sardonically hooted.

"But with my studies a new opportunity came about. By now the 'Better living through chemistry' craze had started and Big Pharma was hiring. I became a pharmaceutical sales rep which was basically Hot Chicks pushing pills to doctors." With a snickering chuckle she added, "Would you believe I worked for Pfizer? And I assume you, the Archangel of Love know what they sell or is that the job of the Greek god Eros?"

Covering her face with her hands, Tri shook her head in embarrassment from her silliness. "I'm sorry, that was probably rude and inappropriate. It's just that I always found it ironic that I was paid to travel and visit doctors, then sex them up to sell them the little blue diamond." She felt relieved and smiled as she thought she sensed the glows of Archangel Chamuel's light soften.

"It stunk having to travel so much. I hated being away from my child and

missing getting to watch him grow up but the money I was paid was ridiculous. Besides pushing Viagra, I pushed all kinds of psychotropic medications; I would cheer the newest cholesterol med as if it was the greatest thing since...well, since the last big medication to hit the market. Whatever the hot new pills were I pushed it and I acted as if I knew what I was talking about."

Adopting a serious tone Trina admitted, "If I did anything wrong and need forgiveness for, it would be that. I would dress in a tight, short skirt or painted-on tight pants; I'd wear boots or pumps with sky-high heels. I would wear a tight-fitting blouse that was always open at the top displaying a distracting amount of cleavage. Of course, I would be wearing a push-up bra... [laughing]...as if I needed one! I would spend an hour getting my make-up perfect. Would you believe Pfizer used to teach its pharma reps what color lipstick to wear? We were to avoid red but to use glossy pinks. We were to use black eyeliner and... [Tossing her head to display her long, light chestnut with natural golden highlights brunette mane of hair]...We were to wear our hair loose.

"Entering a doctor's office I may have worn a loose-fitting blazer or long-coat but once I was alone with a male doctor out came the professional slut wear. Do you wanna know what I found worked best? I would wear one of those long white lab coats and as soon as I unbuttoned it -- BANG, he was mine! There was many a time I didn't even have to take them out to dinner and flirt with them before I had him hooked." Her son took

both of Trina's hands in compassionate understanding.

"Back then, I always rationalized that they were doctors. That they would do what's right and wouldn't be influenced by the free crap I gave away, like clocks, pens, pads, or anything else a company could put its name on. I wanted to believe they weren't influenced by my flirting and the free samples of whatever pills I was pushing at the time -- with the promise to return after they had distributed them."

Archangel Chamuel intoned, "Your heavy heart is the only guilt you carry towards your conduct in this regard. You have already voiced this burden with our Lord and he has granted you forgiveness. Be assured child that your work as a pharmaceutical sales representative had nothing to do with the Fate that befell your parents. The weave of Life is complex and none but the Almighty can see it all."

"Really? Gosh, I've always blamed myself for what happened -- even if it was just believing that if I was there I could've somehow prevented it from happening. It was horrendous and definitely a life-changing event. When my parents were murdered by that... by that... that..." and Trina shook her head as if she could dispel such a horrible memory. Derek held her tight and she rested her head on his shoulder crying. He whispered words of comfort that only the lovers heard.

Wiping the tears with her forearm she resumed, "At the time I was 35 and Derek was 16. I was still traveling a lot as a pharma rep but I tried to get home as much as I could. Derek was in high school and... [turning to her young lover] ...forgive me, but I was sending him to that private school and it was costing a small fortune. But it was worth it as he was getting a good education and was excelling in their hockey program -- weren't you sweetie?" and her son smiled at the truthful compliment.

"When I heard what had happened I dropped everything and rushed home. No way could I let my son be left alone. I hate to admit this but I was tired of all the travelling and was ready to come home, it stunk that it took that to happen to bring me home. But now I was going to be home for my son."

"Even though I didn't need to, from my savings plus my parent's life insurance policy, I got a job as a bank teller. I can't just do nothing, plus it allowed me to go to his hockey games," and the lovers smiled at each other with an easy affection.

"But it wasn't easy at first. Being a part-time parent, I hadn't realized it before but I didn't really know my son and he didn't know me. We didn't know how to talk to each other and the burden of my parent's death

was hanging over both of us. I decided we should start seeing a counselor to work through whatever we needed to," and Derek started to drolly laugh.

"What?" his mother questioned.

In a jovial tone Derek picked up the thread of the conversation, "You say that it was WE that started seeing the counselor yet after a few months it was ME that was seeing the psychologist!

"But hey, I'm not complaining! Dr. Kugno helped me with a lot of things and he did lead me to you," Derek said as he gazed at his lover's beauty. "Although I don't think that's what he intended," and both the male and female in agreement naughtily laughed.

"But Trina is right, when she had to become a full-time mother things did change drastically. Before, mom was only home for a few days at a time. For those days, I could pretend to be on my best behavior or just avoid her. Plus with Nana and Gram'pa there, they acted as buffers.

"I'm sorry to say this ma but before they passed away my grandparents were my parents. They were the ones I went to if I had a problem. It was

Gram'pa who taught me how to skate, how to play hockey and how to ride a snowmobile..." grinning, "...if you live in Minnesota, you better know how to do all of these!

"It was Gram'pa who took me to my first ever hockey game. It was also the Minnesota Wild's first ever game too. They lost but we still had a blast.

"I grew up going to sporting events with my Gram'pa. He's the one who taught me to yell at the TV while watching the Twins, the Vikings and the Wild -- that if I yelled loud enough they just might hear me. All while Nana watched us with bemused incomprehension.

"I had just turned 16 when I lost Nana and Gram'pa and now Trina was to become my full-time parent. It was awkward, it was awkward on so many levels. First, there was dealing with our loss -- it was the one thing we had in common but instead of talking about it, we avoided it. There was the fact I wasn't used to having my mother involved in my life and she tried too hard to become too involved too fast. I resented that. And there's the fact she's..." and Derek presented his hand as if to say, 'Here, look for yourself.'

"And that was awkward on to itself to deal with. Mom didn't mention it

but she didn't stop modeling completely while she worked as a pharma sales rep. Only a year before this, she had modeled a series of sexy corsets, bustiers, and enticing sleepwear for a website." Derek's face blushed as he admitted, "I had that website bookmarked on my computer and I was turned on by those pictures of her. In fact, with the magic of the Internet, I may have had almost every picture ever taken of her. I even had the pictures from her first Venus swimsuit catalog where she was only 16. I'd fantasize to those and all the others in between.

Suddenly my friends were meeting my mother and the bold ones would tell me she's a MILF but I knew others were whispering it behind my back. I wanted to beat the shit out of all of them; yet at the same time, I was in my room jerking off to pictures of her too.

Our house was big enough that if I wanted to I could do a pretty good job of avoiding my mother and at that time I did. It was winter so if I needed to get to school, hockey practice or just go to a friend's house I could take my sled." (snowmobile)

"Going to see Dr. Kugno was a good thing because it forced us to be in a room at the same time and having to talk. When mom told me that she wanted us to start seeing someone for family counseling, I thought it was gonna totally suck. All I could envision was some weird feminist, hippie chick telling me to get in touch with my feelings. Give me a fuckin'

break. I seriously thought of just blowing her off and she must've sensed it because she guilt-tripped me.

"Derek, I haven't asked you to do anything. Can't you do this for me?" she asked. How do you say no to that? I was trapped. Getting to our first session, I was surprised to learn that the counselor was this short, bald, gruff old man. I was also surprised to learn the sessions didn't totally suck balls. At first both of us went once a week, after a few months it became once every two weeks.

I don't know how it happened but after eight or nine months it became just me seeing Dr. K. Occasionally my mother would attend a session but it was because of something that happened with me, such as the time I got busted smoking pot in school. That sucked but I guess it was also a good thing too. I first smoked pot at 13 with some of my older teammates. After that, I'd smoke now and then -- mostly because in Minnesota there's nothing better to do. By 16, I was smoking a few times a week. When I got busted mom freaked! She went all sorts of nuts, acting as if I was a drug-addict and needed to go to rehab. It was Dr. Kugno who calmed her down; and over time, he and I addressed the issue. He may have nipped a potential issue before it became a problem without making a big deal out of it and I never did it again.

In time, I became very comfortable with Dr. Kugno. I guess seeing the

guy every week or every other week that's bound to happen especially after seeing the bastard for over two and half years! In some ways, he probably became a bit of a surrogate father for me except for the fact that I shared some really personal things.

One of those things was my increasing fixation I had on my mother and me masturbating to my fantasies of her. If I was just upstairs beating my dick at night it may have been no big deal, the thing is it was starting to affect my real life. I was an Alternate captain on my hockey team and their first line left-winger. I was the top scorer. Thus, I was popular in school but none of the girls interested me. As high schoolers are wont to do, after a while people started to whisper. To squash any silly rumors I began dating girls I wasn't even interested in. I was consciously aware of the fact I was trying to find a younger version of Trina but to me none measured up. It wasn't too big a deal until I was a senior in high school, now my girlfriends expected me to go all the way and I was starting to have performance issues -- if you know what I mean. That's when I talked to Dr. Kugno about it.

Mom didn't know it but she didn't make it any easier for me. She was only 36 or 37 years old, meaning usually ten years younger than my friend's parents. While working at the bank may not seem enticing, she still dressed very fashionable and made anything she wore look sexy. She casually wore 4 or 5 inch heeled shoes and tight skirts. She attended every one of my hockey games. Like a fanatical parent, she'd cheer and

yell while wearing one of my (oversized for her) jerseys and a team hat with her hair in a ponytail pulled through the opening in the back.

Without trying she still looked hot, my teammates always enjoyed her being there (and probably many of the dads) and it wasn't because of the cookies she brought! As long as I promised not to show them to others she, a few times, let me take a picture of her posing in my jersey while holding my hockey stick. She would have on shorts but my jersey hung over them and made it seem as if

At home, my mom dressed as a hip 30-something year old would and I guess if she had a young child, it would've been nothing. Instead, she was oblivious to the fact that her son could be an emerging perverted teenager secretly drooling over her. Mom continued to exercise and was allowed to use my school's gym after school hours. [Originally, the idea was that by allowing parents access to the gym, some of the crazier fathers could supervise their son's training. However, many of mothers used the facilities and now they even offered an old-timer's water aerobics classes.] Often we would be there at the same time. Do you know how insane it was seeing her in a bathing suit, even a one-piece, at the gym? She'd be blissfully unaware as she stood there dripping wet saying, "I'm gonna go relax in the sauna, then shower off. Give me 45 minutes and I can drive you home if you're ready."

Ultimately, it came about that Dr. Kugno felt my mother should be invited to one of my sessions where we could address my ...ahem, my

problem. Since I was now 18 years old, I fell under HIPAA Privacy Rule -- which meant that I would have to sign a written consent form to allow my mother to sit in on one of my sessions. Even with Dr. Kugno's convincing, I signed that form with apprehension and it fell to Dr. Kugno to invite my mother. Surprisingly all it took was a simple phone call. "Ms. Everland, this is Dr. Kugno. If possible I would like for you to join Derek and I at his next session...Ok, great I'll see you then."

During the week, leading up to my session mom said nothing about it and I secretly hoped she might have forgotten about it. That afternoon, she suggested we drive over there together. On the drive there, I was full of anxiety, dread and misgivings; and my mother, blissfully unaware of the reason for our joint session, asked me about school. At Dr. Kugno's office, he warmly welcomed my mother and we all sat down. The session started with Dr. Kugno and Trina talking about me as if I wasn't in the room.

Then Dr. Kugno said, "Ms. Everland, Derek has something important he needs to share with you," and they both turned to look directly at me. As they had been talking about me, I was trying to prepare how to start this guaranteed to be awkward conversation. I also tried to summon all the confidence I have on the ice. When they looked at me, especially my mom with her dark brown eyes that at that moment caught the light and reflected the golden flecks in her pupils, I lost all my confidence and

words. "Umm...umm, Mom...umm," I fumbled to say.

"It's ok Derek, this is why we agreed to do this here," Dr. Kugno attempted to reassure.

"Sweetie, whatever it is it's alright," my mom assured and as she leaned forward, I couldn't help but notice the cleavage she displayed. "I will always love you no matter what."

"Mom, I...ummm....Mom, I find...umm Mom, I find you very attractive," I finally spit out.

"Thank you sweetie," she answered with such a beaming smile -- as if this was the greatest thing she ever heard. "I think you have become such a handsome young man. I've watched with pride as you've grown into such a big, strong man yet still gentle, humble and wonderful."

"Ms. Everland, I don't think that's what Derek means," Dr. Kugno prodded and my mother turned to him with an, "Oh?"

"Mom, I find you so attractive; more so than the girls at school," and

now she smiled uneasily. "I fantasize about you," I was able to spit out.

"So?" she asked perhaps not wanting to understand what I was trying to say.

Forcing the issue Dr. Kugno clearly explained, "Ms. Everland, what Derek is trying to say is that he is sexually attracted to you and fantasizes about having a sexual relationship with you." If there was a rock, I wanted to crawl under it.

"Sweetie, is that true?" my mother asked with a surprising look of care and concern, without any negative judgment. In my shame, I just nodded my head.

"Ms. Everland, Derek's fantasies are quite complex and detailed. They always involve you two in a loving relationship," and maybe sensing my mother was going to comment, he put up one finger in a 'let me finish' gesture. "Ma'am, these fantasies always involves sexual intercourse, oral sex and sometimes even anal sex," at that mention, my mother looked at me with a look of worried distress. I felt like a turd. "Ms. Everland, these fantasies of Derek's are affecting his life and his relationships."

My mother seemed oddly calm and to be taking this news pretty well. Until, she turned to face the doctor head on, "Are you telling me this because you are saying it's My Fault? Are you telling me that Derek is attracted to me because it's my fault? Because I'm A Bad Mother? Is That What You Are Saying?" and by now she was yelling.

Standing up, she towered over the sitting, short doctor. "Let me tell you something, I have done everything I can for my son. Everything I do is out of the concern for him and you have the nerve to say I'm a bad mother! Where Do You Get Off Saying That To Me? I did what I had to do so that he wouldn't grow up in that Piss-Ant town I was born in! I travelled all over the place, pushing those Fucking pills so he could go to a good school! I brought him here, to you and this is what I get? You calling me a bad mother and that It's My Fault my son is going through this phase."

Looming over the doctor, she pointed her finger at him. "Let me tell you something Buddy, I'm a Damn Good Mother and if you want to say otherwise to that I say, 'FUCK YOU'...I'm outta here," and with a surprising regal bearing and dignity, she marched out his office.

I just sat there stunned by what just happened. While I've seen my mother upset, I never saw her go apoplectic or ever curse. No matter how irate she may get at a ref at a game, she'd berate the poor fellow

from the stands but never cursed. To hear my mother say FU to Dr. Kugno left me flabbergasted. It took me a few minutes to realize that I should follow her. "I guess I should go," I said as a form of apologizing and slunk out.

Reaching the entranceway of the medical office building, through the glass façade, I saw my mother's side profile as she leaned against the driver's side fender of her garnet red Audi A7 Quattro that was parked about 30 feet away. It's what I saw next that shocked me. From her motions, I realized that my mother was smoking a cigarette!

This was definitely a first, as in all my life I had never seen her smoke! I don't even know where she got the cigarettes from. Considering her outburst, my shame and the fact she didn't know I was in the small loggia of the building, I figured it would be safer and wiser to just stay where I was allowing her to her smoke her cigarette undisturbed.

This is until I saw her finish that cigarette and attempt to light another. Her hands shook, either from her rage or from the cold and along with the lighter going out from the wind, she struggled to light her cigarette. After her third or fourth attempt she yelled in a stretched out 5 second bellow, "FUCK!!!"

At that point, Gram'pa's training to being a gentleman with its inherent need to be gallant overrode my fear and embarrassment. Out the door and taking a few quick strides, I came around the front of her car. Reaching my mother and blocking the wind, I took the lighter from her shaking hands. She huddled into my chest and accepted my light. Getting her cigarette lit, she took a couple of quick puffs then leaned back.

Unsure what to do with myself I leaned against the car next to her. We both said nothing as she smoked her cigarette. Internally I trembled and wondered if there was some way I could somehow slink away without looking like a spineless worm. Unable to, I did the next best thing I stood there and stared at the pavement. Catching her movements out of the corner of my eye, I observed her smoke. About halfway through her cigarette, looking straight ahead she said, "Derek, this isn't your fault."

I didn't know if she was talking about her smoking, her anger, her going ape-shit on Dr. Kugno or what brought about the whole thing. To play it safe I did what Gram'pa taught me, 'when in doubt, say nothing.' We just stood there, leaning against the car in the Minnesota cold as she smoked her cigarette.

With my eyes shamefully downcast at the asphalt when she finished her smoke, I watched her ground out the butt with the sole of her gold tipped, dark brown snakeskin calf-length high-heeled boot. It was

exotically mesmerizing watching her ankle twist back and forth, causing the pointed tip of her boot to maliciously ground that filter into the pavement as if it were Dr. Kugno himself.

Eviscerated, she bent down and picked up both of her flattened cigarette butts. Taking a step forward, I realized what she was doing. Being a gentleman, I held out my hand and she dropped the smushed filters in my palm with a, "Thank you."

Walking over to the trashcan in front of the office building, I couldn't help but notice her lipstick marks on the tip of the filters. I found it strangely glamorous and somewhat arousing. It was a soft flamingo pink color with a warm orange-yellow hue added to it but the marks had come from my mother's lips and that's all that really mattered to me.

Returning back to the car, I meekly headed to the passenger door. Unlocking the doors she just simply said, "Let's go home." In the car was just awkward silence. She said nothing to me and I sure had no clue how to start this conversation. I was petrified, I was even afraid to turn on the radio. With that, it was a 20-minute car ride home with an ever-growing uneasy hush.

For the next three days, I successfully avoided my mother. It would have

been even longer if I had my wishes but on Monday, she caught me in the hallway that leads to the small back staircase. Taking me by my hand, she pulled me towards the living room and I couldn't help but notice she had on fashionably dark blue jeans and beige heels that matched her silk, billowy yet clingy, beige blouse. "Derek, we need to speak."

In the living room, she ordered me to sit. I sat stiffly upright, facing forward with my eyes downcast. After I sat down, she kinda sat next to me -- in that her left knee was touching my right knee but she was twisted so that only her left leg was on the sofa. I only had to turn my head a little bit to see she was looking right at me. Her left hand reached out and, tentatively at first, began stroking my hair. I stared at the spot on the floor right before me.

"Derek, I'm sorry about my outburst the other day. It was wrong of me. It's just that I get very defensive about how I've raised you and everything. I'm sorry."

She paused and I heard her take a deep breath which she finally exhaled, she continued, "I know what you shared was very hard for you. I want you to know I'll always love you no matter what, ok?" Realizing she expected a response, I nodded my head while still staring at the floor.

"What you said took a lot of bravery. It's just gonna take me some time getting used to it, ok?"

I, again, silently nodded my head. She stood up and stroked my head one more time. Reaching under my chin, she lifted my head to look at her. "I love you," she said and kissed me on my forehead. "Now, I gotta go run some errands. I'll be back later."

After she left, all I could think of was the touch of her knee on mine, her hand on my chin, the feel of her stroking my head and the burning touch of her kiss on my forehead. That was all I needed.

WEDNESDAY

Life resumed to a somewhat normalcy in that nothing happened for a couple of days. Wednesday night, I was watching some crappy sci-fi movie on the big 60-inch LED TV in the living room since its way better than the TV in my bedroom. Maybe ten minutes into the movie my mom showed up and plopped herself down on the sofa next me -- and plopped is the right word. She fell onto the sofa and crashed against my side, bounced up a little and then settled.

Putting her bare feet up on the coffee table, she slid her butt to the edge of the sofa and leaned her left shoulder against me. I was acutely aware of her presence -- whether it was the touch of her leaning on me, the fact her toes twinkled in the beam of light shining in from the hallway or the fact that she smelled like it does right after it rains.

About 20 minutes later she grabbed the remote and hitting the pause button demanded, "Go make us some popcorn."

I returned a few minutes later with a bowl of popcorn, a can of soda for me and diet for her. I sat back down and she resumed leaning on me. Now added to my list of 'things being aware of' was that the bowl of popcorn was on my lap and every so often, she'd grab a handful. Thankfully, the bowl hid the stiffie I had. At the end of the movie, she twisted around and giving me a hug, kissed me on the cheek. "I'm off to bed," and I watched her merrily dance off.

THURSDAY

A week had passed since that session with Dr. Kugno. Surprisingly, today's session was relatively ordinary. We, of course, talked about last week and I told him there wasn't any real aftermath. I spoke about how

my mother apologized to me and afterwards things were kinda normal in that neither mom nor I talked about it afterwards. I lied saying that my embarrassment prevented me from jerking-off to fantasies of her.

Getting home, the house was empty. I texted my mother, "WUat?" (translation, 'Where You at' or 'Where are you?')

A few minutes later, my phone buzzed with a new message, "BHmSn." (translation, Be Home Soon).

I decided I would surprise her by cooking dinner tonight. Rummaging through the freezer and fridge, I found a couple of frozen tuna steaks and some fresh asparagus. I figured that and a colorful rice pilaf would make a nice dinner. Thawing the tuna steaks in some water, I started chopping up some onions, garlic and peppers for the rice. By the time I had put the rice pot on a back burner to steam, had some water boiling to blanch the asparagus (before shocking them in ice water) and was getting ready to start grilling the tuna, mom walked in the kitchen from the garage door carrying groceries.

"Oh my god, I could just kiss you," she exclaimed at seeing me cooking dinner as she dropped her two grocery bags on the counter. Without realizing what each other was doing, I turned to my left to face her as

she was leaning in to give me her declared kiss. I think she was planning to plant a puckered kiss on my left cheek instead her lips landed directly on mine. My eyes were open and expanded in surprise even more as I saw my mom's vibrant eyes pop open and as we maintained eye contact, with a mischievous look, she finished her pronounced and prolonged kiss on my lips. With a SCHMACK, her lips left mine but I could feel her lipstick residue. With coy embarrassment, she reached up and attempted to rub her lipstick off my lips with an, "I'm sorry."

I realized that I was cock hard and to flee the scene I made to go grab the rest of the groceries. Placing her hand on my chest she crooned, "No, you finish cooking I got the rest." Turning back to face the stove, I couldn't believe it she smacked me on my ass!

Dinner was run of the mill. Mom asked me about school. I asked about her job and she answered, "I'm a teller at a commercial bank. How interesting is that?" We talked about my upcoming hockey game, which was against one of our main rivals, the big local public high school.

After we finished eating, it was her turn to wash the dishes. I stood next to her and as I dried the pots and pans before putting them away, I tried to covertly ogle my pot scrubber. Tonight she was still dressed in her work attire. As I put a pot in a bottom cabinet, I noted this consisted of a pair black patent leather pumps and I was fascinated by the extreme

angle of the arch caused by the great height of her heels. Seeing her long, firm calves, I knew she wasn't wearing any stockings.

She was wearing a rich, dark charcoal pencil-style skirt that delicately had a vent in the bottom back along with the matching two-button blazer with a thin lapel. When buttoned it fit her snugly around her waist. Now washing dishes, she had it open. It revealed her off-white lace tee that had a wide collar opening that showed her collarbone and more than a hint of cleavage. As she usually does, Trina had left her hair loose and her chestnut with gold mane simply flowed everywhere.

Finished with the last pot, mom turned the water spray on me. Doused I yelled, "Oh you bitch!" and made to grab her. She dodged my rush and continued to spray me. Now wet, I put my head down and bull-rushed her. If I were a linebacker, it would've been a form-perfect tackle. However when my shoulder connected with her middle and I wrapped up instead driving my opponent to the turf, I lifted mom up off her feet. With a whoop of glee, she howled as I spun her around. At first, she sprayed my back but had to drop the hose to wrap her arms around my neck to hold on to the ride. After my third spin, I dumped her butt down atop the counter.

With a laff of girlish jolly, her arms still clung to my neck and I was standing between her legs thisclose to her. Her laffing stopped and she

kissed me. Facing each other, this time it was no accident. It was a quick but full kiss that caught me off guard. Her second kiss didn't. She again kissed me on my lips and this time I was ready for it. I puckered my lips to hers and there was a loud Schmack as our lips parted.

On her third kiss, her lips stayed on mine. Eagerly and hungrily, I opened my mouth and my tongue shot out my mouth. Connecting with her lips, I tried to force my tongue into her mouth. With a start, her hands dropped to my shoulders and she pushed back. Looking at me she softly stated, "It's gonna take me some time getting used to this, ok?" With a bewitching laff, she continued, "Now go take a shower, you're all wet."

FRIDAY

The day of the game, my mother was there as I could even hear her shouting during warm-ups. Leaving the ice to allow them to re-surface the ice for the first period, she was standing at the gate to wish the team good luck and give them one of her cookies.

For today's game, she had supposedly made peanut butter cookies with peanut chunks in them. She was wearing my home jersey (as we were the away team) and a school hat that she turned backwards and whimsically pulled a tuft of hair through the opening to dangle over her

right eye. My teammates, leering, would take a cookie from her with a "Thank you, Ms. Everland."

While the daring took a bite or two, some just dumped them in the trash after we reached the tunnel leading to the locker room -- but most dropped their cookie to the floor and with a slap shot fired it down the hallway because that's what the rock-hard, tasteless things were best for! It had secretly become a team tradition and contest to see whose shattered best upon impacting on a wall.

With it being a rivalry there was a big crowd for both schools with fans and parents yelling. Mom, as she always seems able to do, was seated right against the boards. Before the opening face-off, I skated by her and she slapped on the glass. I playfully slammed the heel of my stick back at her and laughed as she jumped back.

Lining up on the left wing it was time to focus. Most of the game had that bizarre effect where time slows down yet races by in a blur. The highpoint was midway through the third period, I scored my third goal -- a hat trick and fans tossed their caps onto the ice. As the linesmen cleared the ice, one of the refs handed me the puck. Skating back to the bench, I skated by my mother. Flipping the puck onto the edge of my blade, I flip the puck over the glass and my hat-less mom caught it.

Much to the dismay of the home team and its fans, my last goal turned out to be the game-winner. We victoriously left the ice and mom was again at the gate congratulating us. When I reached the gate, she leapt on me. Wrapping my right arm around her back, she bounced up and down like an overeager 16-year-old fan. Even covered in an armor of pads it still felt nice.

Regaining her composure she offered, "How 'bout I take the star out for dinner?" It's customary for our team to go out for dinner and celebrate. Yet given the choice between being with a bunch of dudes eating pizza, drinking soda and yelling OR spending some quiet, alone time with this MILF which do you think I choose?

For whatever reason, one of the school policies is that we (the players) have to wear a tie the day of the game. Although my mother was in casual dress attire it was for the winning team and since she somehow makes it look formal, we dined at one of St. Paul's finer steak houses. As we ate, some of the staff and patrons congratulated me for our victory. (We take our local hockey serious in St. Paul.) Since I wear a full-face cage, I assumed they noticed that mom's jersey announced EVERLAND with the number 7 (in honor of Minnesota legend Neal Broton.)

As we ate our meal, I asked mom if she had heard about the former swimsuit model that was recently arrested for being a drug trafficker. I was curious what her opinion was and if she may have known her. Trina instead spun it into a motherly type of opportunity to teach a lesson. "You mean about Simone Farrow? Yes, I read about that. It's a shame but shows how important an education is. After her modeling career was drying up, she had nothing to fall back on. When I was modeling, at night I was taking classes instead of going out partying. Do you think that was fun? But I learned how to make money and what to do with it, I was then able to slide into a new career afterwards. That's why I want you to do good in school. You won't be playing hockey forever, even if right now that seems impossible to imagine, ok?"

After dinner, it was a relatively cool evening and mom suggested taking a walk since we were already on Grand Ave., which is a popular shopping district set-up for foot traffic and window-shopping.

As we strolled along, with many other people and couples out enjoying the non-Arctic weather, mom nonchalantly reached over and took my hand in hers. I was ultra-conscious of her holding my hand. There was the fact that I was holding my mother's hand in public and worried what might happen if someone I knew saw us. There was the fact that I was holding my fantasy girl's hand and the fact this simple act was arousing me. My mind ran through all the possible implications her action might mean and still provided no definitive answer. And mom was no help, she

just kept walking and yacking away as if we did this every day.

Ducking into a coffee shop provided no relief. As we stood in line, she released my hand but only to straddle up next to me and wrap her arm around me, under my jacket! Reaching the counter, I was so dumbfounded I couldn't even give an order. And mom amused by my mumble-mouth had a great laff. Finally rescuing me she said, "My cutie will have a large raspberry and chocolate latte with whipped cream and java chips."

Getting back out onto the street, I held my drink in my right hand -- that was until mom ordered, "Hold your coffee in your left so I can hold your hand," and I think she scoffed at me!

After about an hour, it was getting cold and we headed home. I followed her in through the front door. She stepped onto the first step of the front steps and turned around to face me. Tonight since her boots were flats she was only slightly taller than me.

"Come here," she ordered. Standing before her, she loosely draped her arms over my shoulders, "Thank you for a wonderful evening."

She pulled me close and kissed me. Again, it was no accident she placed a full lip-lock on my lips. She held her lips to mine for a second but it seemed an eternity. She kissed me again and my arms wrapped around her to hold her in a loving embrace. We kissed a third time and on the fourth, her hand began to tentatively touch my hair on the back of my head. I thought I felt her lips began to open but I won the battle with my raging lust and resisted forcing my tongue into her mouth.

Ending that kiss, she leaned back and looked at me with a wry smile. Pulling me close, she kissed me again and yes this time her mouth opened. Opening mine, she breathed her desire into me. Slow and timidly, her tongue entered my mouth touching my own. It was mind-blowing to be kissing my dream like this yet I had to fight my lust not to ravage this nymph.

As her tongue began to entwine with mine I felt her body melt and soften. My hands slid down her back until I cupped her petite, tight ass that molded to my hands. Her hands reached into my hair and she sighed her passion into my mouth. Tightening my grip on her ass I pulled her closer to me. At first, she complied then her body stiffened and she pulled back from me. With an embarrassed, yet sultry laff she confessed, "I'm sorry. It's gonna take me some time getting used to this, ok?"

She gave me one more quick kiss, "Now it's time for me to go to bed,"

and she began heading upstairs. When I started to head up the stairs she turned and laying a hand on my shoulder, "Please, stay downstairs for a while."

SATURDAY

The next morning being Saturday, I had a team practice. Afterwards I hung-out with my friends. We joshed each other and talked smack; talked hockey and talked about girls. One of my more jackass friends commented on how hot my mom looked last night with her hair sticking out the front of her hat. My emotions swung radically between wanting to knock Barry on his ass to thinking about last night kissing her on the stairs. Asking if I got that hat later, my friends rescued me by booing, "Duuude, not cool." We all jumped him and gave him a playful beat-down. We, and others, then spent the afternoon playing pick-ups (games of hockey).

Getting home, I was tired, sore and hungry -- that it is until I smelt that mom had attempted cooking. Heading into the kitchen, I saw her bent over sink. She looked quite luscious as her red t-shirt had ridden up exposing her bare lower back. She was wearing a pair of white Ed Hardy stretch pants. I knew this from the purple rose with a ribbon stating, "Love Life" on her left pant leg, but what really caught my attention was the black stylish Gothic stenciling on the bright white cloth that danced

across her hips and ended magnificently upon her ass, defining and enhancing its beauty.

"What happened?" I asked, curious at seeing that she was scrubbing a steaming pot, Turning to me, I saw she had burnt smudges on her cheeks that made her look even more adorable. Pushing her flyaway hair from her face, she smiled at me with bemused shame. "Promise you won't laugh and I'll take you out to dinner..." I just shrugged in agreement. "...Now I gotta take a shower and we'll go."

After she left, I realized she hadn't said what had happened and the blackened pot soaking in the sink wasn't saying. Losing interest, I headed onto the living room to watch some sports scores and highlights. From past experience I knew that mom wasn't the quickest when it comes to showering and getting dressed. After an hour, I heard her parading down the front stairs and was treated to an unbelievable fashion show.

As she descended, first I saw her white knee-length high-heeled leather boots. They were of that ruched leather that's semi-softened to kinda wrinkle an' fold. I'd guess her heels tonight were only about four inches. On the ankle and cuff at her knee was a decorative strap and buckle. Continuing down the stairs, I observed that she was wearing a pair of dark blue jeans that if they were painted on couldn't have been any

tighter. I tried to keep my mouth closed and not start drooling.

It became even harder the lower she got on the stairs. This was because she was wearing a light blue body-fitting stretch tee shirt and considering mom's physique there's a lot to stretch over. Her busty frame was proudly on display. My mother is a startling 34D atop a 22-inch waist and amazingly, these are God-given gifts. Her jugs thrust out from her chest and even from where I was sitting I could appreciate how her tee shirt stretched to accommodate her tits before diving back in to lay flat to her stomach.

I watched with adoration as she gracefully descended the stairs, her left hand lightly touching and sliding down the banister. With each step her body slightly trembled, just enough for me to watch her tits jiggle with erection producing results. In fact, I was so hard my cock screamed at me for attention. The primitive part of my brain sent orders for me to begin masturbating immediately.

Reaching the bottom of the stairs my fashion model turned to me and I saw the only detail on her high-collared t-shirt was a stylish stencil of a Celtic Cross in white -- that due to the stretching over her bountiful bosom was slightly distorted.

"What are you waiting for?" she demanded, oblivious of my bug-eyed, gap-mouthed look. Turning, she grabbed her white leather jacket and exited by the front door. Her leaving allowed me to regain some of my mental facilities but also left me wondering, 'Why'd she go out the front door if her car is parked in the garage?'

Getting off the sofa and grabbing my own jacket, out the door I went. Mom was patiently waiting next to the passenger door of my truck and her hair was slightly billowing in the light breeze. I silently gave thanks that my keys were in my pocket as I pulled them out and hit the buttons on the fob to unlock the doors and auto-start my truck. Walking over and around to the driver's side, I hoped the inside wasn't too much of a mess. Since I have one of those cool cargo lids that lifts like a trunk door over the bed I knew most of my hockey equipment was tossed back there. However having a full 4-door crew-cab, I'm often the one schlepping my friends and teammates around meaning I sometimes have up to six dudes going buck wild in my truck!

Opening the driver's door, I was awarded the sight of my mother daintily picking up fast-food wrappers, cups, and cans with the tips of her long fingernails to toss them in the backseat.

"I'm sorry about the mess," I humbly apologized as I climbed in and put on my seat belt. My date just looked at me with a smile that said, 'I

didn't expect otherwise.'

After pulling out of the driveway, in disregard to traffic safety laws, mom unbuckled her seatbelt and folded up the center storage console exposing the middle of the split bench seat. Grabbing my right arm off the steering wheel, she slid alongside me and rested my arm over her shoulders.

"By the way, where are we going?" I asked.

"How 'bout going to Pete's? I'm not in the mood for anything heavy or fancy." [Pete's is a small, neighborhood restaurant that has decent food and is informal. The best thing is since it's slightly off the beaten path it's never really invaded by tourists or screaming children.]

"Sounds good with me," and we headed out in that direction. As I drove, she started running her hands through my hair and each time she touched me was like being pleasantly shocked with electricity. At a red light, I turned to look at her. Leaning over with a giggle, she gave me a quick kiss on the lips. Leaning back she asked, "Do you know how wonderful you are?"

"No, why don't you tell me," I shot back as the light changed.

Giggling she retorted, "Nah, I don't want you getting a big head or too cocky." Perhaps realizing all the potential sexual innuendos to her statement she let out an even more merrily laff and turning up the radio sang along with it.

At two more red lights, I was blessed with her giggling kisses. Reaching Pete's, the parking lot was about half-empty and no one was about. I parked my truck and mom grabbing my head gave me a 3-second closed mouth kiss. Releasing her lips from mine, she bounced out the door while cheerfully yelling, "I luv you."

Similar to before, in the Bizarro world my life was becoming, dinner was surprisingly humdrum. Mom ordered some kind of fancy salad and a glass of white wine while I ordered a Reuben since I knew at Pete's it's at least two inches thick! As we ate, mom quizzed me about my schoolwork. Satisfied with my answers, we talked hockey -- the last game, the next game, how some of my teammates were playing and suggestions she had for changes. The one thing we didn't talk about was what was happening between the two of us.

"Would you like any dessert?" the waitress asked.

"Yes, I'd like a cup of espresso, no sugar and one of your soft blueberry cookies," my mother said. Yes, she ordered one cookie! Fortunately, we've been to Pete's enough that they take this order from her without surprise -- anymore.

"Fine, and you sir?" I ordered my own cup of coffee and since I'm not neurotically watching my weight I ordered a cannoli.

"How 'bout going to see a movie tonight?" mom asked as she nibbled at her little cookie. "There's a new Reese Witherspoon movie I wanna see."

"Ok," I heard my mouth say as the voice in my head just groaned and pleaded, 'Just kill me now.'

Leaving the restaurant and getting in my truck, we reentered the Bizarro zone. Before I put the truck in gear, mom slid over and softly crashed into me. Turning to look at her, she planted one on me. This time her lips stayed attached to mine and after maybe two seconds, I felt her lips slightly opened. I mirrored her and quivered with a thrill as her tongue enjoyed my mouth. Her tongue touched mine and it was as if I had stuck my tongue on a live 9-volt battery -- that soft buzz that teases you to

hold it there longer.

Showing amazing self-control, I only responded by welcoming her tongue further into my mouth and gently tongue wrestled with her -- even when her right hand landed on my leg and softly squeezed my mid-thigh. The primitive in me flashed images of how I could take her right here, right now in the cab of my truck. I battled valiantly against my urges and tried to focus on how insanely awesome it was that I was frenching with my mom! After an infinite time, her tongue withdrew from my mouth and her lips separated from mine with a POP.

Giggling she asked, "Will that hold you 'til we get to the movies?" I was flabbergasted and couldn't say anything. Satisfied with my silent affirmation, she slid across the split bench seats to rest against the passenger door and closed her eyes. I think by the time I left the parking lot she was asleep.

With a woman's intuition, I pulled into the parking lot of one of those mega 20-screen multiplexes and mom opened her eyes. I watched with admiration as she arched her chest, thus thrusting her boobs out, and stretched. She must've sensed I was watching because when she finished, she impishly looked at me and asked, "You like?"

Yet again, her impish behavior left me speechless. With surprising quickness, she gave me a quick peck and bounced out of the truck. Exiting the truck, she was standing at the front waiting for me. Upon reaching her, she just casually held out her left hand to me as if we do this all the time. Interlacing my right hand within her left, we began the quarter mile trek to the ticket window. As we walked, we just silently enjoyed each other's company. Mom softly swung our arms and sorta bopped along.

As she ordered two tickets for Reese Witherspoon, the voice in my head moaned in agony and I pleaded with it that hopefully it'll be worth the two hours of chick-flick hell. Inside the multiplex, mom took a look at the artificially bright neon yellow popcorn and shuddered in disgust. Instead, she got a diet Sprite and I got a large Coke and that monster movie-theatre size package of Twizzlers. Entering our theatre, I wasn't surprised to see it was more than half-empty. Every male sitting next to an upbeat, perky female we passed looked at me with a pleading, 'Please Kill Me' look. My testosterone levels empathized with them.

We found some seats relatively by ourselves and settled in. As soon as it darkened my voice started wailing in misery. Mom may have heard it because she reached over. Taking my hand, my voice shut-up with a sense of curious wonderment.

I won't even pretend to know what happened during the movie. I discovered that if I attempted to cross my eyes while looking at the screen everything became blurry. Within minutes, I was mind-tripping reviewing the mental tapes of my last hockey games and practices. The only reason I'd return to this planet was when I'd notice mom sucking on her straw. It was exotic to see her cheeks hollow as she sucked the fluid up from her cup. One time she caught me watching and with a smile, winked at me.

An hour into the movie I no longer had to intentionally blur my vision, I was clueless what was happening and couldn't care less. Mom had finished her drink and had mooched two Twizzlers from me, which she uneventfully nibbled at. When she took a third, I looked at her with surprise -- for eating junk food. However, my eyes opened even wider in astonishment.

She let the red string of solidified corn syrup hang from her mouth. Looking at me, she winked and sucked it into her mouth before pushing it back out. Seeing my amazed response, she silently laffed and did it again. She only sucked at in about 3 or 4 inches but that was enough to make my cock spring to full attention. She did it one more time and this time she had to duck her head to try to stifle her laffs. Straightening back up she dangled her Twizzler before me and upon my biting it, she released her hold on it. As I ate the greatest tasting Twizzler in my life, mom's left hand wandered over and with purpose landed on my crotch.

If possible, my eyes opened even wider as her hand began to explore just how erect my cock was. Looking at her, she silently shouted, 'Wow!'

She continued to explore for a few more seconds before she leaned over and whispered in my ear, "I'll be right back."

I watched her tight lil ass shake as she sashayed down the row and up the aisle. Less than five minutes she was back but before she sat back down, she signaled for me to sit forward. I complied and she grabbed my black jacket. I was confused since she had removed her own coat I didn't think she was cold. She answered my unasked question by tossing my jacket across my legs, cloaking my lap in darkness. Next, her hand snaked its way under my jacket and my mind swirled as the world turned upside down.

As she watched the rest of the movie, over my jeans, my mom touched, caressed, stroked and squeezed my cock! Occasionally she'd look over at me with a thrilled, wicked grin but mostly she watched the movie. Me, I just squirmed in my chair fluctuating between looking at the lump that was her hand on my crotch, watching her watch the movie and just outright leering at her. How I didn't cum is beyond me as the sensations she was causing me were staggering.

Eventually, her hand withdrew from under my jacket and I realized that the movie was playing the happy music that signifies that in the end, the heroine finds her true love and everyone lives happily ever after. A few minutes later, the credits started rolling and mom leaned over and gave me a quick peck before springing up. Turning to face me, she spread out her arms and in an exaggerated manner stretched. I just watched her out-thrust boobs with unbridled giddiness. Grabbing her jacket, she began leaving and like an eager puppy, after her I followed.

In the lobby I caught up to her and in a natural motion, she wrapped her arm under my jacket and around my waist. The only people around were the other victims of Reese Witherspoon and none were paying us any attention in their rush to head home. Mom subtly pushed me and we started walking. After maybe four steps, it just seemed natural for me to lay my arm over under shoulders. She just snuggled up closer to me.

In the parking lot she asked, "So how'd you like the movie?" I had no answer having not watched more than two minutes.

"Oh C'mon, I know you enjoyed it!" and she laughed so amused that I laughed with her, unsure if I was laughing about the fact my mother just gave me a hand-job.

In my truck, we resumed our holds on each other and she kissed me once, twice, and on her third, she stayed there. Her mouth opened and this time my tongue shyly entered her mouth. She accepted my probing tongue and I realized that her mouth is surprisingly small.

(Trina has full, pouty lips yet my mind racing on hyper-drive realized that she has a heart shaped face with a delicate, petite pointed chin and her jawline races up towards her ears. It shouldn't have been a surprise she has a small mouth but it did. Now I just had to remember to be smooth enough not to choke her with too much tongue. [I've heard some of the high school girls nit-picking guy's kissing styles and almost universally 'too much tongue' was the greatest offense.])

I slowly explored her mouth. My tongue ran along the bottom edge of her upper teeth, she trembled. My tongue licked the roof of her mouth sliding off that shelf up into the hollow and she quivered sighing in approval. Pulling back she pleaded, "C'mon let's get out of here."

She laid her head on my shoulder and it was a pleasant 40-minute drive home. Although she was awake, mom was silent and I just enjoyed the warm feeling of her snuggled up to me.

Pulling into the driveway to our house, the neighborhood was dark. (The

old-timers in my neighborhood had successfully petitioned that the streetlights were to shut off at 11:30pm and there are ridiculous fines for outdoor house lights that were not set-up to a motion sensor and timer.) Throwing my truck into Park, mom lifted her head from my shoulder. In the pale night light, she slowly glowed with a beautiful radiance. I knew that she was the most beautiful woman in Minnesota.

Turning to face me her right arm reached across and clasping my left shoulder, she pulled upon it to get me to face her. I willingly abided and gazed into her beauty. For a soft moment, we just simply contemplated each other. Finally my Nightwish's mouth opened, "Derek, I want you to know that I love you so much. I just want you to understand that it's gonna take me some time getting used to this, ok?"

Having heard these words before I figured our fun for the night was over. Words from another of Gram'pa's lessons ran through my head, 'Be grateful, not greedy.' Considering all that happened tonight, I was grateful. I smiled at my love as I nodded my head. Boy was I in for a surprise!

Mom smiled and her teeth shined, she pulled me tight to her and kissed me with a loving passion. Kissing a series of quick closed-mouth kisses, we both pleasantly laughed at our fun. With her arms around my shoulders, my arms reached out and unintentionally under her jacket, I

hugged her around her mid-back. Squeezing her tight to me, her chest pressed upon mine. To feel her breasts upon my body was staggering and her mouth opened on mine. Our tongues met in the middle and I knew I would love this woman forever.

Slowly but insistently her tongue pushed its way into my mouth. Her tongue traced along the front of my upper teeth, my hands slipped to her waist as I held on to the rush she triggered. Recovering, my left hand began crawling up her side. Even with her tongue in my mouth, she giggled from my touch. My hand was just from her right breast, I stopped hesitant to go further. Mom sensed my uncertainty and extracting her tongue from my mouth, she gave me an enticing laff. Kissing my lips with a wicked smile, her right hand reached down and taking my arm placed my hand upon her big, full, succulent, waiting boob.

My hand just rested on her tit unsure what to do and she chuckled into my mouth. To be touching and holding my mom's tits was as spellbinding as the first time I ever got to touch a girl's boob. However, I'd never had tits this big in my hands before. The girls in my school with big boobs were fat cows, the girls thin and almost as attractive as Trina were almost flat-chested. Extending my fingers, I tried to palm her tit and barely could [and I can palm a basketball!]. I squeezed her soft, ample tit-flesh and mom's tongue darted back into my mouth in a passionate rush. My hand reached under her boob and cupping her tit

was astonishing. Its weight, fullness and firmness were stunning. She held me tight and her lust sighed into me.

Through her tee shirt I could feel the fabric of her bra, which to me was another miraculous event. I luxuriated as my hand rubbed, squeezed and caressed her tit. It was amazing when my thumb rested on her breastbone, squeezed between her tits and my hand seemed to barely cover half the jug I was mauling. Mom's fingers had combed their way through my hair. Whenever she flexed her fingers, her nails deliciously scratched my scalp.

'Oh god,' I felt her sigh and she pulled back from me. Opening my eyes, I admired her perfection. My hand was still enjoying itself on her breast and we both looked to watch it. To see my mom watching me play with her tits was beyond phenomenal.

"Oh god, Derek," she softly cried before returning her lips to mine. Her body shifted and my left hand rose up to join its twin on her bosom. Like the gum, it was double the fun, double the pleasure! If before was staggering, now attempting hold both of her tits was extraordinary. My mind was so overwhelmed that it seemed to be short-circuiting. Both of my hands cupped my mother's juggernauts and was blown away by their soft firmness; and she continued to kiss me with dizzying effect; and

dragged her nails across my head with delirious results.

"Oh god, Derek," she whimpered as she pulled back from me, her tongue leaving my mouth and her tits leaving my hands. We looked at each other and for the first time we noticed that the windows of my truck were covered in steam. Knowing it wasn't from the cold we both laughed.

"Thank you, sweetie, for such a wonderful night," kissing me quickly before slipping over to the passenger door. Cracking the door open she looked at me, "I luv you."

The door closed and I watched a dark shadow head towards the front door. With the darkness, I couldn't follow her all the way to the front door but after a moment, I saw the light in the front foyer turn on. Sitting back in my seat, I realized I was breathless. After catching my breath, I leaned over to the glove box and grabbed some of the napkins in there. There was a condition I needed to address. Three minutes later, I headed inside myself.

In my bedroom getting some sleep was difficult, it elusively avoided my grasp. In bed, I alternated between tossing and turning or staring at the insides of my eyelids. Fifty thousand thoughts competed for attention

and none won.

I wondered if I like Neo from the Matrix had taken the blue pill and slipped down the rabbit hole that Morpheus offers. In ten days, I've gone to confessing to my mother that I jerk off to fantasies of her to now having just gotten to second base with her -- making out with her and feeling her tits. Which seemed more believable, that this was a dream or that this was real?

SUNDAY

I guess I finally got some sleep because I opened my eyes and the sun was shining brightly into my room. Looking at my bedside clock it announced 8:08am. With a groan, I rolled over and this time it more appropriately said 10:24am. Rolling out of bed, I headed to the shower and wondered what today had to offer in the Bizarro zone.

After getting dressed, I headed downstairs. After a few minutes of roaming around the house, I discovered to my annoyance that I was home alone. Pulling out my cellphone, I sent my mother a text message, "Miss C'ing U, What C'ha doin"

While getting some cereal for breakfast my phone buzzed, "BBL at MoA w gfs <3" (translation: Be Back Later at Mall of America with girlfriends, love).

'Great', I thought grumpily. Mom being at the mega-sized mecca of consumerism shopping with her friends meant they'd be there all day. As I thought about it, I chuckled that when the mall closed they'd probably have to be escorted out by security. 'Oh Well,' I figured and it being Sunday decided I might as well get my homework done. As truly mind-blowingly wonderful as getting to kiss and feel up my mother is, I doubted that if my grades started slipping she'd keep kissing me.

I hit the books until in the afternoon my phone buzzed with a text from a friend, "free ice at 6 at rink. Pick up." (translation: at 6pm, the local hockey rink was going to have free ice time. Be there for some pick-up games.) Having finished my schoolwork, I was glad because I was bored and headed over at 5pm to meet my friends.

Getting to the rink, I discovered some Good Samaritan had purchased 3 hours of ice time for the local kids to play. Like my friend Barry said, "Sweeeeeet." For 3 hours, a slew of us played hockey and by 9pm, I was exhausted. I finally dragged my tired butt home by 11pm. Entering the house I could sense mom was home. Heading upstairs, I discovered she

was already in bed, zonked out.

Amused I thought, 'She must've shopped 'til she dropped.' I was tempted to crawl into her bed and join her but prudence and trepidation prevented me. Yeah right! I was too scared to try. Instead, I crawled into my own bed and tonight sleep wrapped me in its comforting embrace.

MONDAY

Weekday mornings my mother and I have developed a synchronized system. I have to be at school by 7:40am, meaning I need to leave between 7 and 7:15am. Being a dude that means I can get up at 6:30am and have time to shower plus eat breakfast. Mom needs to be at her job by 8:30am, meaning she leaves the house by 8. For her to cook an ultra-nutritious, zero fat breakfast and get ready she gets up at 6am!

After taking my shower, I dressed and headed downstairs to get some grub. Mom was sitting at the kitchen table eating some scary looking white, green and yellow concoction that smelled tremendous along with her usual turbo sized cup of coffee while reading the news on her tablet computer. Two things I found oddly surprising about my mother was that her almost complete inability to cook didn't extend to breakfasts and as fashionably as she always dresses this didn't extend to her

sleepwear. At night, she dressed for purpose. She favored wearing loose pajama bottoms and either the matching top or an over-sized men's t-shirt. This morning she was wearing a dark purple with pale lavender pinstripes silk pajama set. That's right, she was wearing loose fitting pajama pants and, boringly buttoned closed, a full-sleeved formless pajama top. As usual, she was barefoot.

"Hi Sweetie," she chirped without even looking up as I started cooking some man food -- eggs, bacon, toast and milk with a protein powder, creatine mix. As I cooked, I turned the little TV that sits on the counter to SportsCenter. Done cooking, I sat on a stool at the counter and scarfed down my food. At the top of the hour, throwing everything in the dishwasher I grabbed my backpack to head off to school -- as I've done every school day.

"Don't I get a kiss goodbye," mom yelled out as I zipped by her. Stopping, I turned around and headed over to her. Dropping my bag on the table I stood alongside her, bending down I intended to give her a kiss on the cheek. However, she had other plans.

Her head turned up and to the left with her lips puckered. Our lips touched and her left arm reached up. She grasped my head, holding me to her -- as if I was going anywhere! After a second, her mouth opened and I welcomed her tongue. I could taste the butterscotch flavored

creamer she had used in her coffee this morning. Wrapping my arms around her head and wild mane of hair, I hugged her to me and we kissed with force. After 20, 30, 40 seconds (I don't know), her right hand reached out and with a light stroke her fingers ran up my stiff cock. Withdrawing her hand, she released our kiss and pulled back from me. Smiling she proposed, "That should keep you honest."

As if she had to worry about that! All the way to school I tried to think of things to get rid of the woodie bulging out of my pants. Finally, on my cellphone, I found a website for the 20 Ugliest Female Celebrities and believeUme looking at those Uggo's worked.

After school and practice, it was time to return to my Bizarro life and see what my new girlfriend had to offer tonight. Entering through the front door, being silly I bellowed, "Honey, I'm home!"

"In here," mom, unfazed, calmly replied from the kitchen. Entering I saw her sitting on one of the stools at the island counter with her back to me. I just simply enjoyed the view. Casually dressed, she had changed out of her work attire.

As always, her hair was a voluminous bronzed mane hanging in loose, soft waves over her shoulders and midway down her back. Tonight she

was wearing a retro style shirt that had $\frac{3}{4}$ length black sleeves and a grayish, silver main section. I say that because while it was mainly dark pewter there was silver and black threads that gave it a reflectiveness. It also ended yummily three or four inches above the waist of her pants.

This meant that with her thinness, I could see the hollow of her spine with just a hint of the actual bones lurking beneath her skin. There were two dimples on the outside of her lower back muscles before her body smoothly wrapped around. She was again wearing a pair of Ed Hardy stretch pants. They were a sexy black that molded to her, on her legs were colorful flowers, leaves and a banner. The best was across her rump it boasted in arching gold letters, "Christian Audiger; [in the middle] est. 1958; [and on the bottom] LOS ANGELES."

Coming around the counter I saw that she was picking at a salad and that the front of her shirt claimed LOS ANGELES and stretched across her ample bosom was the LA Kings crown logo. This tee shirt didn't mold to her body like her shirt from Saturday, this shirt proudly displayed her gifts with stunning effect before loosely hanging down her body.

Somehow, Trina's time in LA had corrupted her into becoming a Kings' fan. But before today, I only thought she had two old Wayne Gretzky jerseys hanging in her closets. In an obvious manner that stated she expected a kiss, she leaned over the counter. I, of course, obliged her

and as she gave me a long closed-mouthed kiss, she grabbed the side of my head. Ending our kiss, she giggling, rubbed noses with me.

"You ready to watch your Wild get their butts whopped?" She surprisingly boasted. Considering the Wild sucked, as they always do, this wasn't really bragging. No, what surprised me was that my mother knew that the LA Kings were playing the Minnesota Wild tonight. While she, as a dedicated parent, follows my team's games, she had never shown any real interest in the NHL. Still, I could not let this slight go unchallenged.

"Oh, now that they are half-ass decent you're a Kings fan?" I challenged as I rummaged in the freezer for something for dinner. In the freezer, I discovered some spicy breaded chicken strips and potato wedges; along with cole slaw from the fridge, I had the makings of dinner.

"Let me tell you something Buck-O, much to your Gram'pa's dismay I was rooting for Wayne [Gretzky] in '93 and even went to a couple of the playoff games. Your Gram'pa threatened to disown me if the Kings won the Cup. Of course, the Kings got shell-lacked by the Habs [Montreal] and that's history. So there!" and she stuck out her tongue and blew me a raspberry!

"I'm sorry to tell you this old-timer but that was 20 years ago. Jeeze, I wasn't one years old yet," I shot back as I turned the oven on and mom having finished her rabbit food was placing her plate in the dishwasher.

"Hey!" she yelled and slapped me on the back -- hard! "I remember when you were a one year old and you loved your mom."

"I still luv you," I confessed turning to face her.

"Oh yeah, prove it." So I did. I grabbed her and she willingly came into my embrace. Tonight she was barefoot, meaning she was about five inches shorter than me. Wrapping her in my arms, I held her tight and my body rejoiced as I felt her soft hard-body on mine. The only space between us was because of her boobs that I could feel pressed against me. I rested my chin on her head and her hair fluffed around me. I could smell her shampoo, it smelled like strawberries.

Feeling her shift, I loosed my grasp. Leaning back, she rose up onto her toes and kissed me. We kissed with an urgency, we kissed with passion, we kissed with love. When her mouth opened, I let her tongue enter my mouth and explore. Her tongue ran along my teeth, sending tremors through my whole body.

Since my arms were beneath hers, I lifted her body up off the floor and held her level with me. With glee, she kissed me even harder and she kicked her feet in jolly merriment. She released our kiss and we looked at each other. With a vivacious laff, she whooped in high spirits. My arms demanded I put her down. She pressed her face to my chest, then giving me a quick peck, she pulled back and I released her.

"Do you know how much I luv you? I'm so glad you have been patient with me. It's just been taking me some time getting used to."

"Mom, I'll always love you. No matter what," I earnestly pledged.

"I know. I'm so lucky to have someone as wonderful as you. Your grandparents would be proud of you. Now get your dinner going so we can watch my Kings get busy," and with a last kiss, mom gaily floated out the kitchen leaving my cock throbbing with lustful need and I realized her lips had tasted like peppermint.

Like a stalking rapist, mom magically appeared just as I was sitting down on the sofa to eat and watch the game. Gliding past me, she parked herself in the left-hand corner of the sofa and after I sat down, draped her calves over my thighs. I couldn't help but admire her painted

toenails. The color seemed like a toned down watermelon hue -- if that makes sense.

"So how's school?" she asked in a surprisingly motherly tone, considering the situation.

"Same," I said as I bit into a piece of chicken and thought her legs would probably be much nicer to bite.

"No, that's not an answer. Either you tell me what's happening or I suddenly become very interested in what's happening." As peculiar as that last sentence sounded, since she is already interested, I understood the threat it implied.

And so I was back in the Bizarro zone. As she flirted with me by tossing her hair along with other subtle motions and looking ultra-hot doing it, I gave my mother a complete rundown of all my classes. I knew that as I told her about my book assignment for English or the test on Friday in history that she wasn't going to forget them or let me slide on them.

"So what about art class, you still struggling with that?" she asked and I almost choked on a potato wedge. Last week, in a throw away sentence I

had griped about my art teacher and how she never explains what she wants yet expects us to know what it is she wants.

As I coughed she continued, "You know, there's possibly two things at play here. One she's a female, and... [in a humored tone]...we expect everyone around us to know what we want BEFORE we even know. Or, believe me I know, she's one of those weird artsy types. They explain things in ways that only make sense to them. I once worked with a photographer who told me to, 'flow with the wind.'" Laughing, she leaned towards me as if to whisper conspiratorially, "the only problem was -- I was indoors on a closed set!

"Just let me know what's going on and if I can help, I will," she finished in a serious tone. Then giving me a dramatic kiss on the cheek as if sealing a promise with me, she leaned back into the sofa cushions just as the two teams lined up at the redline for the opening face-off.

"Ow, C'mon," I cried at the TV as the Wild lost the face-off and gave up an offensive rush. Deep in our zone a defenseman took a lazy Tripping penalty, "Are you kidding me?"

"BooYah!" mom jumped for joy as the Kings scored 15 seconds into their power play and less than a minute into the game. I continued to yell at

the TV, as the Wild played so bad my high-school team could've beat'em. The only thing that kept me calm was that I started to sort of unconsciously rub her feet. I knew I was doing it but it was my body that was enjoying touching her flesh as my mind groaned in agony at my sucky-ass team.

At the end of the first period, the score was a depressing 3-nothing. Mom just sat there with a pleased smirk, which under a different situation would've made her gorgeous. In the second period, we got our heads out of our asses and fought back to a 3-2 score.

However, mom and I weren't fully focused on the game anymore. She had changed positions where she was snuggled up alongside me. My left arm was behind her head and my hand now operated on autopilot rubbing her head. My rewards for my attention to her were her luscious kisses. With every kiss, she would twist her body to me and her now peach flavored lips would press upon mine. Most were close mouth, not that I'm complaining.

Yet the times her lips did open, the lights dimmed and the stars shined brighter. Her lips would open to me and she'd breathe her want onto me. My body would respond by ordering my right hand to go explore this nymph's body. With her tongue in my mouth, my right hand would explore her boobs. The sensation of touching her boobs hadn't

diminished at all. Each time my fingers touched their heavy mass, it was as miraculous as the first time. She twisted her body, pressing her boobs even more into my hand, my spirit in naïve ecstasy jumped out my body and ran around the room with innocent enthusiasm.

It was beyond description to be kissing my mother with her boob being squeezed by my hand and her body pressing upon me. To feel her weight on me was an ecstatic agony. My cock stood at rigid attention and a few times her left hand would run across my body, her fingers would glance across my hardness. Just that whisper of a touch would be enough for me to hear the wolves howling from the mountains and make me want to join them.

"Oh baby, I love you so much. No one's ever made me feel this way," she whispered, releasing her lips from mine. The second period ended and the Wild were only down 3-2. Mom gave me a quick kiss and promised "to be right back."

Like the players, the 15 minute intermission between periods gave me a chance to catch my breath and somewhat gather my thoughts. The third period started and two minutes later mom returned. Perhaps from watching hockey, she attempted to throw a hip check at me. However, the physics of a 5'9, 135Lbs moving object vs. a 6'2, 200Lbs immovable object means she just simply crashed into me. With a jubilant "Ooof",

she slid down my right side to rest there.

"Ow C'mon! Are you kiddin' me?" I yelled at the TV as the Wild gave up a soft goal, and I feared my mother had done voodoo while she was gone.

"I think I deserve a kiss for that," meaning her Kings scoring and that softened the effect. I turned and grabbing her, I pulled her to me. She willingly rolled her body onto mine and we kissed. Her body softly molded to mine and while my right arm held her melted body in place, my left hand walked down her back. Upon reaching her tiny hiney, it stopped and I cupped her butt-cheek. As our lips merged and our tongues danced with each other, my hand petted her smooth, soft, gentle slope. When I squeezed it, I could feel the firmness hiding just beneath the softness. Squeezing tighter mom bit my tongue. With a Whack, I spanked her for her naughtiness.

With a hoot, she rolled off me and curled up against me. Her left arm was resting behind my neck. With the tip of her middle finger on her right hand, she lightly, sensuously drew squiggles on my thigh over my sweatpants. It was beautiful torture to feel her finger trace along my leg.

I would yell at TV, she'd softly chuckle and reach up to kiss me calming my anger. After a while, I realized that my mother was writing a note on

my leg. I wish I knew what she was saying but even watching her, I still had trouble deciphering it. She was going from the top of my thigh towards my knee and each letter left a burning touch that would radiate outwards like the ripples of stone in a puddle. Realizing I was watching her, she looked up at me with those arresting brown eyes hidden under her long eyelashes. She smiled at me guilty as if I had caught her with her hand in the cookie jar.

"Goddamn!" I screamed as the Kings scored again putting them up 5-2 and I basically knew the Wild were gonna lose again.

"In Ya Face," mom shouted as she jumped up and straddled me. Her legs were spread across my legs with her kneeling on her knees and shins. Her body was upright and facing me.

"Booyah," she exclaimed and grabbing my head pulled me into her tits. Shaking her shoulders, her succulent boobs bounced on my cheeks with staggering effect. She laffed aloud at her raunchy silliness. In my dazed state, it took me a few seconds to lift my arms to embrace this wanton imp. Before I could, she pushed me back against the sofa. She followed and kissed me with zeal.

I finally got my arms around her and pulled her to me. As her tongue

sought refuge in my mouth, her tits pressed on my chest. Her body slid down mine and I felt her body weighing upon my cock. It was extraordinary, stars danced before my eyes. As my brain struggled to process all the phenomenal things occurring to my body, it realized that my mother's pussy was resting on my stiff as steel cock!

I moaned into her mouth and she delighted perhaps knowing the cause of the moan. With a coy laff, she dismounted from me and my body shivered in misery at its loss. That is until, as she leaned over to kiss me some more, mom's hand determinedly sought its way underneath my t-shirt. It then made a quick U-turn, diving below the elastic of my sweat pants and boxers. With laser focus, it found what it as seeking.

She kissed me with fervor and her tongue threatened to blessedly choke me. I didn't care because my mother's bare hand had embraced my cock. She stroked my cock once, twice and with a shift of her arm, my cock was inexplicably exposed and proudly on display.

"Oh god," I moaned past her tongue and if it was from the air hitting my bared cock; her soft, warm, small feminine hand gently tugging on it; or if I was about to die, I didn't know or care. To say it was astoundingly amazing doesn't come close to describing it!

Her tongue receded from my throat then my mouth. Her lips closed and I opened my eyes to see her penetrating eyes inches away from mine, looking back at me. She started rubbing her nose against mine and I joined the motion. We both laughed loving the feeling of our Eskimo Kisses.

She shifted her body and her chin rested on my thigh, watching up-close as she stroked my cock. I watched with befuddled amazement as her right hand worked its full way up an' down my shaft. With shocked pleasure, I watched my mother watching her right hand work its full way up an' down my shaft.

Her body slithered forward with her hand holding my cock at its base. Slowly, elegantly her tongue reached out and she licked my cock from just above her hand to the ultra-sensitive tip. The only thing that stopped me from cumming was that her head slowly swung left to right and I heard her hollowly whisper, "I can't do this. Oh god, I can't."

With the speed of a gazelle, she leaped off the sofa and fled the living room. I heard her bound up the stairs and down the upstairs' hallway. I was alone.

It took me a moment to put my equipment away. I shut off the TV and

headed upstairs. Going down the hallway, I found mom in her room. She was sitting on the edge of her bed crying. I sat down next to her. After a minute, she turned her head and burying her face in my shoulder she softly cried. I just let her, saying and doing nothing.

She sat back up and wiped her face with her sleeve. In an embarrassed, pleading voice, "Derek, I can't do this, I'm sorry. I want to but I just can't do this, I'm so sorry."

She pressed her face to my shoulder to cry some more but this time I interrupted her. Lifting her chin up I pledged to her, "Mom it doesn't matter, it doesn't. I will always love you..."

"...now hold on,." Getting up, I headed into her connecting master bathroom. In there I grabbed one of her umpteen hairbrushes and headed back out. Back at her bed, I slipped behind her. Sitting down I straddled her, making sure my body wasn't touching hers.

I began brushing her hair out. I would start at the top of her head, right behind her bangs, and with long, smooth strokes, I'd pull the brush through her hair. Instead of going down her back, I would pull her hair back towards me. With its great length, I would have to lean back to reach its end. For long minutes we both just sat there silent, the only

sound was her hair being pulled through her hairbrush. I could see and sense her body relax as I continued to brush out her magnificent mane, even when I found a knot or snag.

Finding one stubborn knot, it required both hands to untangle it and she silently laughed at my dedication. Finally getting the knot out, her brush flowed through her hair again and her body gently swayed with it.

"You're not doing this to seduce me?"

"No, I'm doing this because I know you enjoy it, it makes you happy -- which makes me happy," I honestly professed, "Remember when I was a little kid and I used to have to stand on the bed to brush mommy's hair?"

"Yeah," she chuckled, and my brush continued to stroke her gorgeous chestnut hair.

"Those are the best memories I have of you from when I was little. When I think back, what I remember most is your hair and getting to brush it. I used to get so excited when I knew Mommy was coming home because it meant I could brush your hair," and as her brush worked its way through her hair it left behind a luxurious shine.

"God, I remember that too," she laughed. "You used to jump up and down begging me to brush my hair... before I even unpacked!" She laughed even more, "You cared more about that than what I brought you back," she correctly accused.

"You know, Gram'pa used to worry I would grow up fugazi." [meaning gay]

"Yeah well, I don't think we have to worry about that." Not knowing what to say, I just continued to brush out her hair. By now I had started working the underneath sections. I would reach under her hair to her neck, and with the brush reversed, I'd again pull her hair out towards me. I knew she really loved when I did this because this was easier for me to do than by herself.

We again sat silently just enjoying each other's company, the only thing happening was my repeated brushing of her sparkling mane. "You know what we're doing is wrong."

"Why?" I asked and before she could answer I continued, "You're the one who taught me not to just accept things because someone tells me so. You're the one who told me, 'Don't just listen to people unless what they say makes sense.'"

"So now, let me ask you -- who are we hurting? You're an adult. I'm 18 and according to the law, I'm old enough to vote AND I'm old enough to join the Army. So if I'm old enough to make such important decisions like those it's obvious that I'm old enough to make my own decisions AND be able to decide what is right and wrong for me."

Mom didn't have an answer to my argument. So she just sat quietly, perhaps heeding Gram'pa's wisdom, 'when in doubt, say nothing.' Instead she let me continue to brush her hair and gently sway to my ministrations. After an hour she announced, "Ok."

I clambered off the bed and replaced her hairbrush in the bathroom. As I was getting ready to leave she offered, "Come here and give me a kiss goodnight."

When I stood at her side, she turned her face to me and offered her full, succulent lips for me kiss. I took her chin in my hand and turning her face, I kissed her goodnight on the cheek. Before I could leave she grabbed my hand, "Derek, could you lay down with me for just a little bit?"

How do you say no to that? I walked around to the other side of her

queen-size bed. After kicking off my shoes and socks, I joined her on the bed. I slid over to the middle. As if I was a giant living stuffed animal, mom positioned me where she wanted, which was on my back with my arm on her side stretched out. Turning off the light on her nightstand, she curled up against me. Lying on her side, she laid her head on the top of my chest and her arm reached across my lower chest and clutched my side. She bent her top leg and rested her knee and thigh on my legs. Nuzzling her face into my shoulder, her now free-flowing hair was all over my face.

I alternated between looking at her head and the ceiling as a billion thoughts raced each other around my skull. In a few minutes, her hand that was clutching me loosened and I knew she was asleep. I also realized the thought that made the most sense to me was that with her bedroom door open it was the light from the downstairs hallway that soothingly illuminated her body.

Sleep finally accepted me in to its clutches yet still I was haunted by strange dreams. One of those dreams was that of my mother calling my school to say I 'would not be coming today,' that supposedly I wasn't feeling well. My dream continued with her voice saying that she needed to take one of her personal days and apologizes for any inconvenience this may cause.

TUESDAY

I awoke with a startlement. Opening my eyes, my mother was coming out of her bathroom wrapped in a fluffy white cloud. Blinking my eyes, I realized that she was wearing her big, puffy, hooded bathrobe. The morning light shined upon her and she was an angelic vision. Standing before her dresser and its huge mirror, she lowered the cowl of her robe and shaking her head tossed her hair side to side.

Three thoughts competed for attention in my sleep-fogged mind. The first was noting that since her hair was straight and flat, she must have just gotten out of the shower. The second was wondering how the clock could say it was 9:47am. The third was wondering why I was waking up on top of my mother's bed.

"Great, you're up finally," she said looking at my reflection in her mirror. "I hope you don't mind but I got you the day off from school. I know you aren't missing anything important and your teachers will be e-mailing your homework assignments. I thought we could spend the day together. I hope you don't mind." Slowly trying to process her words, she took my silence as agreement.

"Now get your butt off my bed and go wash up so I can get dressed and

then go cook my man his breakfast." Being issued orders for 18 years made sure that I automatically got up and followed her wishes without thought. It was only until standing under the hot water in the shower of the smaller bathroom I use that things started to come into focus and make a bit more sense. Essentially, I realized I was still living in the Bizarro zone and that was a good thing!

In my bedroom, I realized I had no clue what "we could spend the day together" meant. Since she had said breakfast was on the menu, I played it safe dressing in a t-shirt, long basketball shorts and flip-flops. I figured I could change quickly if she planned on us going out and dress accordingly.

Getting downstairs, I could smell from the cinnamon that my mother was cooking French toast. Entering the kitchen, I was treated to the sight of her wearing my away Westside Warriors hockey jersey as she cooked. Of course, she looked better in it than I ever did! Our away jersey is primarily black with the shoulder pads and a stripe on the bottom garnet red, which she claims is why she bought her Audi, with gold trim. Since my mother was facing the stove, I could see, with pride, my jersey proclaimed EVERLAND and number 7 in white with both red and gold trim.

Oversized for me to accommodate my pads, on her my jersey hung

loosely and dreamily reached almost to her knees. As usual, she was barefoot and left me wondering what she might or might not have on underneath. Unsure what the proper protocol was I announced my presence, "Hey."

"Oh great, you're here. Sit down, breakfast is almost ready," she purred as she looked at me. Sitting down at the island counter, there was already a mug of milk and from the lumps floating in it my protein powder, creatine mix. Stirring it, in a vain attempt to get rid of the lumps that never totally go away, I watched my mother dance by the stove. When the microwave chirped, she grabbed the glass bottle of maple syrup from there and delivered it to the table. I admired her gorgeous form, noting that she had rolled up the sleeves of my jersey to her elbows and wondered how she could cook scrumptious breakfasts and massacre everything else.

Drifting back to the stove, she floated back with a plate that was stacked with 5 slices of French Toast, four sausage patties and three individual sunny-side up fried eggs that she set before me. Setting another plate on her side of the counter, as she sat on a stool, I saw she had three slices of tasteless turkey bacon, two yokeless fried eggs (that I knew was cooked in a non-stick pan) and one slice of French Toast. There was also her mandatory monster sized mug of coffee -- and I could smell her butter pecan flavored creamer.

"Wow, you eating French Toast?" I asked surprised as she poured four drops of syrup on it.

"Yeah, I know," she admitted sheepishly. "It's a treat for me and I hope to work it off later," she answered with a playful laff. We ate breakfast in a comfortable silence and no surprise I finished before her. To be a gentleman, I waited for her to finish before picking up both our plates. Putting everything in the dishwasher, I rinsed off the fry pans and put them in the rack to dry. She watched as I wiped down the stove and counter, "God, you're so wonderful. How did I get so lucky?"

"I hope you don't mind but I'm feeling lazy," she confessed after just cooking a royal breakfast. "How do you feel about just watching a movie? I'm sure we can find something on those 'on demand' channels and I promise no chick-flick, ok?"

I smiled my acquiescence and held out my hand to her. She graciously accepted it and dismounted her stool. Following her into the living room, I admired her dazzling mane of hair that today seemed to shimmer with cranberry highlights. She waited for me to sit in the middle of the sofa with my feet propped up on the sofa. In a completely casual motion, she lay down on the left side of the sofa -- but her legs were propped up on

the left elbow of the sofa and her head was resting on my lap!

Instantly, I was the man on steel and mom's head was only inches away from it. Here I am trying to be on my best behavior and her behavior had me befuddled. Grabbing the remote, I flipped over to the schedule channel to find something to watch. At the 'On Demand' channels they showed shit was available until she called out, "Oh my god, I saw the first one! Put that on, put that on."

She was talking about the new 'The Thing'. As it started, she told me about how as a little girl she had seen the original.

"Don't laugh but that movie gave me nightmares. It totally freaked me out. I was like ten years old, Dad and I watched it late one night on HBO." Turning her head from the TV to look directly at me, "that's back when HBO was the only game in town and if you had that and cable, boy your friends hated you," and covering her face with her hands, she giggled with girlish charm.

"Mom got so mad at your Gram'pa for letting me watch that movie because she had to deal with my nightmares. You're not gonna have nightmares, are you?" she gravely asked.

"I'm a male, we don't have nightmares. Plus at 18, I'm too old to have them anyway," I informed her.

"Good, now give me a kiss old man," and I knew for a fact I was definitely in the Bizarro zone. Leaning down my lips touched hers and her hand held my head to hers. After a second, her mouth opened and feeling her tongue on my lips, I let it into my mouth. My soul swooned, as I tasted her butter pecan flavored creamer. Ending our kiss she pleaded, "Now make sure I don't get scared then."

"Oh this takes place before the first one," she explained and from my silence she promised, "Ok, I'll shut-up now."

Amazingly she did and laid there with her head on my lap turned to face the TV. The only time she did anything was when she'd get scared. She would turn and, with pleading eyes, would beg me to kiss away her fears. I hope I'm not spoiling anything but to me the movie sucked. The only redeeming quality was that every time the creature showed up, mom would quiver with fright and need my reassurance -- and they showed 'the Thing' a lot!

By the end of the movie, mom had shifted positions perhaps tired of

turning back to look at me so much. She sat on my left, however she wasn't sitting shoulder to shoulder to me. She was sitting across the sofa with her legs bent and resting over my legs. My left arm was behind her back supporting her and her right arm was looped over my shoulders. Her head softly rested on my shoulder and her jersey had slid up enough that I was pretty sure she wasn't wearing any shorts on her long, smooth satin legs.

This allowed us to kiss more comfortably hence more often. All she had to do was look up at me and her full simmering, glossy pink lemonade colored lips would receive a kiss from me. Somehow, I had developed a sense of the kiss she wanted whether it was a quick peck, a short kiss, a longer kiss, some smooching or even an Eskimo Kiss. We kissed so much that I could feel and taste her lipstick on my own lips. I thought it as proof I was doing something right and a badge of honor.

The movie ended and mom reaching over grabbed the remote, shutting the TV off. However, she didn't remove herself from me. No, after putting the remote down, she twisted towards me and her left hand landed upon my right shoulder. Pulling herself to me, she kissed me with passionate abandon.

She pulled me to her and pressed herself to me. With a hunger, my mouth opened and she fed me her tongue. Her tongue licked my upper

lip, her tongue licked my upper teeth and I shivered, her tongue touched the top of my mouth and I trembled with want. Feeling her breasts pressing upon my chest, I was overjoyed.

Yet it got better. Mom's hands began pulling up my shirt and I leaned forward to make it easier for her. When my t-shirt was bundled up on my chin, we both grudgingly released our kiss to allow her to disrobe me. I lifted my arms up and my mother undressed me.

Her right arm returned around my neck but her left hand was free to travel. I watched her as her fingers gracefully traced across my chest. The barest tips of her three longest fingers elegantly glided over my chest and sent tremors through my whole body. As she traced the outlines of my chest muscles, I watched her and it was as if there was a direct link to my cock.

"Wow Derek, I knew you were in shape but I didn't realize you were so muscular," she breathily complimented. She leaned forward and pressed her lips upon my right pec. I could hear as much feel her kissing me. Pulling back, a perfect set of lips was tattooed on my chest. Looking at each other, we lovingly laughed and kissed again.

Now it has time for me to play with my mother's chest. My right hand

tried to reach between both our bodies, sensing my intention she released her pressure making it easier. My hand now had enough room to explore this nymph's beautiful body. With the big Warrior logo on the front of my jersey, I knew there wasn't much to touch there. Instead, my fingers did some walking along her right side and I thought I could feel fabric underneath my jersey she wore. Puzzled, I discovered I could easily slide my jersey upon the material she wore hidden beneath.

Mom was no help, as always. Instead, she giggled into my mouth as I explored what was going on underneath the jersey she wore. My hand worked its way up and around her body. I felt reassured when I cupped her bodacious breast and felt her bra beneath my touch. My hand continued up her boob savoring the feel of her bra underneath the jersey.

That is until I thought I reached the top of her bra and instead discovered wide ruffled lace winding its way across the top and around her side. She detached her lips from mine and give a flirtatious laff of great merriment. Still amused with herself she purred, "Ok, I guess it's time to show you what has you so confused."

She climbed off me and stood in the gap between the sofa and coffee table. Bending down slightly she grabbed the hem off my jersey with

both hands and winked at me. With a devilish grin, "You ready?"

My life transformed. As she straightened back up, her arms lifted and my jersey was removed by flipping it inside out. The spell-bindingly, stupendously astonishment was that underneath my mother was wearing a black Escante Tesa Wildflower Ruffle Side-Zip Corset! I knew the complete name of the garment she wore because three years ago she had modeled it professionally. I had those images bookmarked on my computer and had jerked off to them many times. In the pictures, she wore black jeans for the front profile shot and even more dizzying was the side profile where she wore the attached garter straps and stockings.

In real life, she only wore the black corset with a tiny black lace thong. On the top of the waistband of her panties was a tiny pink bow. My mouth hung open stupidly and I tried not to let my tongue fall out of my mouth or start drooling. As always, mom was no help. She slowly rotated around and stopped when her backside faced me. My eyes opened so wide I feared my eyeballs might roll out.

I didn't know what was more astonishing, the lacing on the back of her corset and the gap between that showed the succulent flesh of her back or the almost complete lack of material of her thong. The lacey elastic wrapped around her back and its mate seemed to miraculously appear

at the top of her ass. Her ass-cheeks were completely bare and resplendently on display. I have always adored my mom's tight lil ass and today just made me admire her hiney even more.

She resumed her rotation and once more stood in front of me. "Do you like?"

In my stupefied state the best I could do was dumbly nod my head.

"Oh Derek, I luv you so much," she jubilantly cheered. Grabbing my hands, she pulled me up. "Good, now you can help me with something."

I stood up and took my love into my arms. Feeling her shift I looked down and gazed into her beautiful, dark brown, soul-catching eyes. We held eye contact as my hands slid down the back of her corset. My hands landed on her bare bottom and my mom smiled up at me. My hands cupped her ass-cheeks and squeezed them into my hands and her teeth peeked out between her smiling lips. Getting an even firmer grip, I lifted her up to me and she squealed with joy. She held onto me and kissed me.

Not finished I lifted her higher and she squealed in mock fear until her

feet landed on the coffee table. Standing over me, I released her and asked, "Now what can I help you with, Ma'am?"

"Can you unzip me please?" and I've never been ask for a better favor. She turned to her right and lifting her right arm exposed the discreetly placed zipper to her corset. It took a tug to get it started but once going I unzipped her with delightful ease. Once opened, she held her corset closed and commanded, "Ok, now sit down."

I eagerly sat down and prepared to view the greatest show of my life. So I was surprised that my mother, the model, had developed a case of stage fright and was somewhat embarrassed to be seen undressed. Standing back up, my mind was able to process the realization that while posing confidently, even arrogantly, clothed she had never posed nude and I wondered how she could be nervous displaying her perfect body.

In a bear hug, I grabbed her by her hips and, turning to my left, playfully slammed her into the huge over-stuffed cushions in the corner of the sofa. Bouncing into the cushions her arms flew open and she laughingly yelled in joyful horror. Her corset opened and slipped somewhat down as she sprang back up and as she fell back down my athletic reflexes paid off handsomely. I was able to grab her lingerie and shed her of it before she landed back on the sofa cushion trapping it beneath her.

"Oh my god," she shouted for me. All my life I have lusted for and drooled over my mother's boobs and for good reason. Now seeing her tits unleashed for the first time ever, they proved the existence of God. They were perfect miracles. She naturally has big boobs and on her narrow frame, they seemed colossal. At 37 and always remaining active and in-shape her tits still rode high on her chest with only the natural amount of sag that proved they were hers and only defined their beauty even more. There was an amazing amount of fullness, even at the top that stated it wasn't her corset that was creating the uplift.

Released from any support, I marveled at how they spread to side yet only the perfect distance apart. Seeing me dumbstruck by her breathtaking tits, mom didn't make it any easier for me. Propped up on the couch cushion she looked at me with a wicked grin. She winked and with her hands cupping them, pushed them together. Her holding them either made her hands seem smaller or her boobs seem bigger. I also realized that her nipples were surprisingly small for such large mass. The soft pink circle was maybe only a little more than an inch and a half and centered was her slightly darker erect nipples.

Breaking free of my paralysis, I dove upon her as if seeking to pin her and secure a winning three-count. Mom beat the count by distracting me. She attached those luscious lips onto mine. After that, all I cared

about was loving and treasuring this treat. As we kissed, I could feel her bare breasts on my chest and lust demanded I seek them out. This time I obeyed my urges and mom willingly allowed me to explore her body.

I descended down her body and reached the Holy Land, her Twin Peaks! With my face inches from them, mom's tremendous tits were even more incredible. Instinctually my hands reached up and embraced her boobs. I buried my face in an avalanche of tit-flesh. Even with my face smothered, I could hear my girlfriend giggling at my out-of-control breast fixation.

I rubbed my face between her scrumptious boobs and my tongue extended out. I began licking her Grand Canyon. I could taste her sweetness, her body tasted like perfection. I licked my way out of her Grand Canyon and with long sweeping licks started climbing her right Everest. I dragged my tongue in a long sweeping arc of the inside curve of her right breast. Turning my head I dragged my tongue in a long sweeping arc across the scrumptiousness of the bottom slope of her boob. It was so majestic that I had to do it again and I heard her laughingly purr from way up high. I licked the sweeping curve of the outer portion of her boob.

Only then, did I lift my body and my mouth latched onto her nipple. Sucking hard, I tried get her all of her tit-flesh into my mouth and

savored my failure. To feel her soft, succulent, pliable boob in my mouth was beyond belief -- I could feel my heart thudding against my ribcage trying to break free of its prison to join me at my mother's welcoming breasts. Opening my eyes all I could survey was her glowing pale pink skin.

Releasing my suction on her tit, I focused my attention on her succulent nipple. I flicked its hardness with my tongue and was reward by her placing her hand on my head, holding me to her. My right hand decided to venture forth and explore her other peak. As my right hand touched her smooth expense, I knew that every time I touched my mom's tits would be as miraculous as the first time.

Using the smooth underside of my tongue I lovingly caressed her nipple and heard her haltingly sigh. Using the pebbly top of tongue, she softly quivered at my touch and moaned from my touch. My right hand cupped her other breast and squeezed its warm malleableness. How do you describe perfection? As I squeezed it, at first her tit had stunning softness that increasingly firmed as my hand tightened its grip until it was firm, full and threatening to overflow from my hand.

My left hand annoyed that it didn't have a boob of its own to play with headed south to explore new territory. It walked across her smooth, flat stomach impressed at the splendid texture of her torso. Pausing at the

oasis of her belly button with the tip of my forefinger, I traced around its rim. As I drew circles, I heard from up high, "Oh god Derek, Oh god sweetie...Oooo..."

Like eating the cherry off the top of a sundae, my left hand knew the true dessert was below. My hand continued trekking south with my fingertips venturing upon her fertile flesh in a zigzagging manner until I reached the top edge of her panties. As focused as I was on my mom's irresistible tits upon touching the lacey edge of her panties my mind's eye swung south to supervise and oversee this action.

My finger traced along the sublime touch of the scalloped edge of my mother's panties and my spirit soared like an eagle. Touching the little pink bow that rested on the top middle of her panties, I felt her open her legs as if granting permission me to venture forth. I exulted at the touch of the subtle roughness of the lace on the front of her thong. My fingers strummed along the material and she purred in long sighs.

"Ooooooh, baby" she softly cried as the tips of my three centered fingers strummed her pussy over her panties. I couldn't tell who was enjoying this more.

"Oh, Oooh, Oh, Oh," she chirped with approval, my fingers dancing over

her pussy with only the barest of material between us.

"Oh god Derek, Oh Jesus," she moaned and my lust ordered my body to investigate this further. Grudgingly detaching myself from her bosom, I crawled between my mother's legs. My hands took hold of the sides of her panties and she lifted her hips allowing me to remove that barest of material that hid her pussy from me.

To see my mother's beautiful pussy that close was as miraculous as you would expect. Her entire region was smooth and hairless, that hinted of a recent waxing. Her outer puffy pussy mound was defined by its darker bruised pinkness that framed her pinkish brown wrinkled pussy lips that bulged in glistening display.

In curious wonderment, I reached out with my right hand. Almost hesitantly and timidly, my forefinger and ring finger touched her outer lips as my middle finger stroked her inner lips with a shy touch. From up high I heard her breathily groan, "Oh god Derek."

"Oh baby, oh god," she pleasantly whined as I strummed her pussy with growing confidence. I could see her moist pussy shining. I looked up her body and between the valley of her mighty hills I saw her looking back at me. Now it was my turn to flash her a wicked grin and wink at her. I

petted her and she cried, "Oh oh god Derek, oh oh."

"Oh that's it, that's it, oh, oh," she moaned as my middle finger split her gap and touched the inside edges of her pussy lips as I stroked her.

Watching her, I did it again and watched as she threw her head back and cried aloud, "Jesus Christ!"

I had to taste her. My body craved the taste of my mother's pussy. Surging forward my tongue slithered out and instantly the tip of my tongue touched her tender pussy lips, I knew how right this was. Laying my tongue out flat, I licked her pussy mound with the broad flatness of my tongue. As I tasted her, she danced upon my tongue. Starting at the bottom, I licked her with elongated and long-drawn-out swipes of my tongue. I tasted her nectar and it tasted sweeter and fuller than any of my previous experiences. My lust yelled in joy, 'This is what pussy is supposed to taste like!'

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, Jesus, Jesus," she cried as my tongue lapped at her pussy with complete devotion. At the top of each pass with my neck craned back I was blessed with the sight of her beautiful body propped atop her sofa cushion and her chest heaving with her gasping for air. Again, I gave her pussy an extended and sustained licking, "Ooooooh God, Oooooooh."

"Oh my God," she called out as to add some variation I twisted my neck to the left. I twisted to the right and she prayed, "Oh Jesus, Oh Jesus Christ."

Her pussy glowed with its own juices and my loving saliva. I pressed my face to her and rubbed my face on her hot, soft pussy. Pressed against her, my tongue entered her inviting pussy and I felt her velvety warmth. She moaned and sighed incoherently between her short pants of breaths. Her inner walls were wet, slick and welcoming. I forced my tongue in as deep as I could. Mom was finally some help, clasping the back of my head she pushed me tight to her.

"Oh god, lick me, lick me," she begged as my tongue tunneled inside her pussy savoring her silky inner folds.

"Jesus, oh Jesus, oh, oh god," she implored as I rolled my neck and my tongue swirled inside her. Emboldened my left hand joined in the fun. With my palm facing upwards, I penetrated her with my middle finger and the tightness between my tongue and finger was remarkable.

"Ooooooh My Gaaaaawd"

Withdrawing my tongue, I lifted up to the top of her pussy and sought

her clit. Determined, I hunted for her Man in a Boat as I started fingering her pussy. I found her clit and sucked her stalk into my mouth. Mom shouted with joy, "Oh My God YES!"

"Oh god baby, oh god, oh god yes," she called out as my tongue flicked the pearl at the end of her clit, my finger sliding in and out of her silky smooth pussy.

"that's it, That's it, That's It, THAT'S IT," she cheered as I sucked on her clit and with my finger buried deep inside her, I started rubbing the front of her pussy wall by flexing my finger.

"Oh god, oh god Derek...Oh God Derek you're gonna..." she loudly mumbled and I continued my attentions on her captivating pussy.

"Oh Jesus Christ you're gonna make me cum, make me cum, make me cum," she urged and I forced my finger deeper into her, shook my whole hand and my mouth stayed focused on her clit by sucking more of her mound into my mouth.

"Oh god Derek, oh god Derek, Oh Gaaa..." and I knew she was cumming as she ejaculated her fluids. She didn't gush or squirt but her fluids

leaked out of her in a silvery clear soft trickle that may have been a tablespoon worth.

Hearing her labored, exhausted breathing I detached myself from her and between gasps she begged, "Come...here...my...love."

Still propped on her sofa cushion, I rose to my knees and leaned my body on to her heaving body. She grabbed me in a fierce hug and kissed me with an equally fierce passion. She held that kiss to me then blessed me with a series of quick kisses. Whispering into my ear she confessed, "Oh god, I have never had an orgasm like that before. I luv you so much Derek, thank you."

She kissed me and her tongue tried to choke me. I pressed my body onto hers and to feel her naked, sweaty body on mine -- to feel her bared breasts pressed on my chest was phenomenal. As we kissed, her hands ran up and down my bare back and where her nails scratched me, she set me on fire. I pressed my body on her with an urgent need.

I felt her grab my shorts and try to pull them off. Hooking my right thumb underneath the waistband of both my shorts and boxers, I savagely tore at them impatiently trying to shed them. Getting them below my hips, I yanked them to my knees and wildly kicked them off.

Freed and naked, I hungrily pressed my body onto hers. As we kissed, my cock was bearing on her hot flesh and I thought I might die from lust. That is until I heard what my mother said next and I knew I would.

"I need you inside of me," she pleaded and can a mother ask her son anything better? She reached between us and took hold of my cock. Because of our odd position perched over the corner of the couch, propped up by an overstuffed sofa cushion, I had to shift about. Once my cockhead found what we so desperately sought, I penetrated her with ease. With an upward thrust, my cock was buried inside my mother's pussy. Her pussy was so warm, soft, relaxing, comforting and welcoming that I wondered why I had been born and left this refuge. I knew I would never leave this loving pussy again.

"Oh god Derek," she called out and wrapped her arms around my neck. "Make love to me, baby. Love me Derek, please love me."

"Oh, oh, oh, oh," she softly sighed as I gently rocked our bodies. Using my knees and thighs, I was more pushing us into the resisting pillow behind her but, apparently, that was perfect for her.

"Oh god sweetie, Oh Derek I luv you, I luv you so much," she whimpered and unabashedly licked my neck. Her tongue rose up my neck and

snaked behind my ear. From there, she took my ear into her mouth and nibbled at it as if it was one of her sugar cookies. This only added lighter fluid to my already raging lust. I was able to lengthen my thrusts and drove into her with an inferno.

"Oh god, ooh god, ooh god," she yelled as I penetrated her and her soft, silky velvety pussy welcomed me with its own wanting. Arching my back, my chest rested perfectly atop her succulent tits and I looked into her glowing beauty. She looked up at me with a smile and wantonly winked and I knew this is the most loving, beautiful woman ever.

"I luv you so much," she pledged and I rewarded her by resuming my thrusts into her and she resumed her lustful sighs. The only time her moans of pleasure stopped were when she lifted her head up and we'd kiss. I continued my rhythm but my thighs were screaming from supporting our bodies and my thrusts. Feeling her awe-inspiring tits rubbing on my chest, my lust gave me an idea. I tried to shimmy down and back on the sofa, pulling her with me. I succeeded in getting her hips down off the cushion and onto the sofa. From there I attempted to lift and V her legs.

"Hold up! What are you doing?" and she pulled back from me. I stopped and left half her draped upon her sofa cushion with her charmingly

giggling.

"I know what you wanna do," and she climbed off the sofa. Sitting down on the narrow side of the coffee table, she ordered me to come over to her. She leaned back and lying out across the glass table lifted her legs to me. I caught her long legs in my hands and gazed at the sight. I knew that every time I'd see a coffee table again I'd see this sight. There was my mother unashamedly naked spread across our living room glass coffee table, her hair wet from sweat was splayed wildly about, she was looking at me with a hungry look, her enchanting boobs shined and ultimately her beautiful pussy was open and calling to me. In the voice of an angel mom asked, "Make love to me Derek."

Grabbing a smaller pillow for my knees, I knelt between her spread thighs. Gripping her tiny ankles in my wrists, I spread her open. Mom being helpful guided me to her sweet pussy and I penetrated her with jubilant joy. I would thrust into her and marvel as her whole body shook.

"Oh god, oh, oh, oh, oh YES," she shouted as I rocked my cock in and out of her as we looked into each other's eyes. She had started pushing back at me and I loved how every time I thrust into her, her jubilant tits would wobble and quaver. Then mom upped the ante.

"Oh you like that huh?" she tauntingly teased and cupped her boobs in her hands, holding them up and tight as if offering them to me. But no, she had other plans. She pushed her right boob towards her mouth. I slammed my cock into her with a raging intensity and she started licking her own tit!

In a dazed state, my body pounded away at her as I watched her tasty tongue lick the top half of her own tit. To add to my ecstatic agony, my mom was eyeing at me as she did this!

"HOLY FUCK," I shouted as she shifted to her left tit and lovingly licked that one too.

"HOLY FUCK," I bellowed when looking wantonly at me, she pulled up further on her tit and she was actually able to lick her own nipple. Releasing the tension, she amusedly snickered at my cursing and I rammed my cock into her with fury.

"Oh you like when I'm naughty huh? You like when I'm a bad girl huh?" Hooking both of her tits over her left forearm, her right hand reached down her vibrant body. I watched stunned as she started touching herself. My cock slid in and out of her succulent pussy with ferocity.

"Do you like this? Do you like when I play with my pussy? Do you? Are you gonna make me cum again? Make me cum, c'mon baby make me cum," she urged. I watched her run her fingers over the top of her pussy. In circles, she rubbed her clit.

"Oh god Derek, oh god. That's it, that's it. Oh Derek," she cheered. Her head had fallen back and while it seemed as if she was looking at the ceiling, I doubt she saw anything but her own pleasure.

"Oh god Derek, oh Derek, oh Derek, Derek, Derek, Ooooooh," and I watched as she came. Her hand stopped, her pussy seized hold of my cock, her back arched and her chest thrust up. She held stiff for a second and collapsed into a puddle of Jell-o.

Releasing her legs they fell to the floor, her arms dangled off the sides of the table and she gasped for air as if she just finished doing wind sprints. Still looking up at the ceiling she breathlessly groaned, "Oh god Derek, Oh my god I luv you so much."

Withdrawing from her, she awkwardly and in a fumbling manner attempted to sit up. I softly laughed and offered my Lady a hand. Sitting up she also luffed at her discombobulation and balanced herself by

hugging me tight. Rebalanced she kissed me with affectionate love. Loosening her hold, she interlocked her fingers behind my neck and leaned back, "Oh god Derek you are so wonderful, are you ready for me to drive now?"

"Good now sit down, it's my turn to be on top," she ordered after I enthusiastically nodded my head. I stood up and being a gentleman, I offered my hand to my Lady and she stood up from the table leaving behind a juicy body print of her presence on the glass. I sat down at my usual spot on the sofa and my naked mother stood in front of me. Straddling my legs with hers she leaned forward and in an oddly motherly fashion stroked my head with her left hand, "Oh baby, I luv you so much."

She kissed me like every son wishes their mother would kiss them. My hands reached and took possession of her lil tiny hiney, with her tongue in my mouth she coyly laffed. Ending her kiss she climbed on to the sofa, kneeling over me her shins rested alongside my legs and her vast tits were in my face. Impulsively my mouth latched onto her breast and mom fed me her boob. Wrapping her arms around me, she pressed me tight, "Oh that's it, suckle on it."

To have her tit in my mouth and her hand on my cock removed any possible laxness I may have had. Like the start of the third period, I was

ready for action. I released her boob from my mouth and watched in astonishment as my mother slowly sat on my now rigid cock. To be back inside her loving pussy was more stupendous then before. As I watched my cock slowly disappear inside her tender pussy, her head tilted back and she moaned some incoherent garble.

Fully inside her once again, she wrapped her arms around my neck and I wrapped mine around her back. We held each other in a luving embrace and she kissed me. It was as if completing the circuit and we were one. Joined together, a mother and her son, two souls one luv.

Her hips began to buck and grind upon me with delirious effect. To hold on, my hands slid down cupping the soft flesh of her ass. I held on. She arched her body and with her head next to my ear, she began riding my cock. I was shocked when she naughtily whispered into my ear, "Do you like the way I fuck you?"

"Oh god YESS," I moaned as she now rode up an' down my cock. Holding her tight lil ass in my hands, I could feel the muscles working as she rode my pogo stick.

"Oh my god! Holy shit," I called out as she leaned back and hanging by my neck, she bounced up an' down with captivating results. Smiling

wantonly at me, her luscious tits jiggled and bounced.

"Oh my god," I shouted. She began to shake her shoulders and now her tits flew about everywhere and she smiled at me with sinister intent. Pausing at the top of her rhythm, she pressed her soft, glistening tits to my face and playfully beat me with them.

"Suck my tits," she ordered and I obeyed by latching onto her right boob. Sucking it into my mouth she resumed her motion and my body couldn't comprehend the fact that I had my mother's tit in my mouth, I had my mother's ass in my hands and my mother's pussy was riding my cock.

"Oh god, oh, god, oh god," I groaned knowing I was gonna cum soon. I didn't want to, I wanted to keep this imp on my cock. I wanted to keep fucking this nymph, but my body had other ideas.

"Oh god, oh god, I'm gonna cum," I warned and she just rode me without pause. In fact, it seemed her body tightened its grip on me.

"Can I see you cum?" she whispered in my ear. Unable to speak, I nodded my head. With blazing grace, she dismounted me and curled up alongside me. Her hand reached out and jerked my cock once, twice and

then...

"OH GOD," my first squirt fired. Like a Roman candle a fat, heavy load flew up about five feet in the air before returning.

"Oggh," I groaned. My second shot fired and flew past the first one in mid-air

"Oggh god," and my third shot fired up into the air, this time only reaching about three feet of altitude and my fourth fired. Mom kept tugging on my cock and my fifth shot out my cock with gusto flying about four feet into the air. A sixth and a seventh fired out before my lava flow of cum oozed out and coated her hand.

Raising her head up to my gasping mouth, she kissed me between my heavy breaths. "Oh god Derek, that was incredible. I luv you so much."

"I luv you too," I was able to pant and by the smile she wore it was the greatest compliment she ever heard. Reaching down mom grabbed my long ago discarded t-shirt. After cleaning my spunk off her hand, she wiped the remaining mess off my crotch.

"Now lay down," she politely commanded and I stretched out on my side. Grabbing my arm, Trina lay down next to me her back against my chest and draped my arm across her.

Enjoying the solitude and each other's company, the only sound was our exhausted breathing. I felt her body softly trembling as Trina silently laughed to herself. I wondered about the source of her amusement, "What?"

"Are you going to tell your doctor about this?"

*

[AUTHOR'S ENDNOTE: I hope you enjoyed meeting Trina as much as I did. She was very different from any of my other females. For me it was great fun to meet her, get to know her and follow her adventure, Dink.]