"OK, Now Don't Move!"

Monica, known as Mona to her husband for reasons that will be obvious later, runs a hand through her long grey hair. She takes a deep breath and rings the doorbell. She is in a state. Worried sick, mortified with embarrassment and anxiety, and very much not looking forward to talking to her neighbour Kathy.

Kathy is known as Kitty to her friends, but she and Mona are very definitely not friends. Not for the lack of trying on Mona's part. She had welcomed the Clarks to the neighborhood when they moved in two years ago. She'd brought cupcakes and a smile. Kitty, though, had taken one look at the sixty-year-old woman, and saw her as a threat. At least, that's how her gut reacted, and she always listened to her gut.

Mona, though a good fifteen years older than Kitty was, was... well, there was no other word for it but hot. Not in terms of physical beauty, necessarily--though even Kitty would be the first to admit that Mona still had a rockin' bod for someone of her age--but in terms of her presence. She oozed sensuality with every fiber of her being. Mona was what Kitty's mother would have described as a wanton woman. And Kitty was very much determined to keep her and her husband as far away from that woman as possible.

But Mona didn't ring the Clark's doorbell to talk to Kitty. Or her husband. She wants to talk to Paul, hoping, praying, that he can help her. If he can't, or if Kitty won't let him, Mona will be in deep, deep trouble. The kind she can't imagine living through.

Thankfully, Kitty doesn't answer the door. Paul does.

"Hey, Mrs. Green," the nerdy nineteen-year-old says through the screen door. Or at least that's what Mona assumed he said. He had just taken a bite out of an apple and his mouth was full.

"Hi, Paul," Mona says, her voice like a warm breeze. She brushes her grey hair away from her face and Paul finds himself struggling not to ogle the woman standing on his porch, wearing a yellow sundress. Paul loves sundresses. "I was hoping you could help me. I'm having--"

"Paul? Who's there?"

Oh Christ, thinks Mona. Here we go.

Kitty appears in the doorway, her face rigid.

Mona puts on her best smile and says, "Hi, Kathy. Sorry to bother you. I was hoping Paul could help me out. I'm having computer issues and Steve's away on a business trip. I don't know the first thing about computers, but I was hoping Paul might?"

The last thing Kitty wants is for her son to go over to that woman's house. Not that she necessarily thinks anything would happen, but she totally thinks something might happen.

"Paul's busy, I'm afraid. Sorry."

She starts to close the door, but Paul speaks up.

"I'm not busy, Mom."

Caught in a lie, Kitty forces a smile and says, "Yes, you are. You're helping me with chores today, remember?"

Paul, refusing to take the hint, replies, "I already did all my chores. I was gonna play Fortnite with my friends, but they're all busy, so I'm free."

"I have other chores for you to do," Kitty insists.

"Sorry to interrupt," Mona lies, "but it's urgent. I have a virus. I must have clicked on a scam site or something and then my computer went all funny and now I have a message demanding payment or they'll steal all of my personal info or something, and I don't know what to do."

"Oh shit!" Paul says before he can stop himself.

"Paul!" his mother says, aghast. Mona has never heard anyone pull off the aghast voice better than Kathy.

"Sorry, Mom!" He turns to Mona. "I can help. I'll be right back."

And before his mom can tell him no, he dashes off to his bedroom to grab his cache of emergency thumb drives.

Paul prides himself on his computer knowledge, but a little part of him is very much looking forward to going to Mrs. Green's house and helping her out. Who knows where that might lead?

He can feel blood rush to his groin, but he quickly tries to push that thought out of his mind. He knows exactly where it will lead. Nowhere.

Paul is a virgin. Girls have never wanted anything to do with him. A beautiful adult woman like Mrs. Green? There's no way. Especially when she has a stud for a husband. A younger stud of a husband, Paul reminds himself. Paul doesn't know ages, but he think her husband is a good twenty years younger than her.

So yeah, nothing is going to happen on that front.

Erection avoided, Paul collects his drives and runs back to the front door.

Worst case scenario, he thinks, this will give him some prime fapping fodder.

Paul reaches the foyer and inserts himself in the middle of the standoff between the two women. He opens the screen door. He doesn't know why his mother hates Mrs. Green, exactly, but he suspects she's intimidated and jealous of the woman's sexual presence. Paul's mom is pretty enough, he's loathe to admit, but she is tightly wound.

"Be back soon, Mom," Paul says as he pushes outside.

"Ten minutes, Paul! I mean it!"

"Sorry about that," Paul says as he accompanies the woman back to her place.

"Aw, she's just worried about you. That's a mom's job."

Paul smiles nervously. "Do you have--" he stops himself.

"Do I have kids?" Mona says.

"Yeah, sorry. I shouldn't pry."

Mona inhales deeply, which Paul notices raises her bosom. "No. I don't have kids." She pauses and then adds. "Good thing, too, for they would be mortified."

"Huh?"

Mona winks at him, opens the screen door, and ushers him inside.

She shows him to her office. Sure enough, her computer has a blue screen with a hacker's warning on it. The woman has less than twenty minutes left to pay a ransom or...

"Listen, Paul," Mona says, grabbing him by the shoulders and turning him to face her.

Paul is startled at the aggressive action, but definitely not upset.

Mona takes a deep breath and... Paul was pretty sure she looks down at his crotch before looking back up at him.

"This is deeply embarrassing, Paul. Please don't think badly of me."

"Huh?" is all he could say. He feels like an idiot, but the woman's gaze is intense. She has blue eyes, which pair nicely with her grey hair and tan skin.

She bites her lip, which drives Paul wild, and all he can think is, Please don't get hard, please don't get hard, please don't get hard.

"I was looking at porn." She pauses, waiting to see his reaction.

"Oh!" he says, flustered. But then he looks at her computer. There's no sticky note taped across her camera. "Oh," he repeats, only now grasping the implication. The hackers got into her computer, grabbed some video of her masturbating, and she now has... eighteen

minutes to pay the ransom or the hackers are threatening to release video to all of her contacts.

Fuckers, thinks Paul. Though that's actually his second thought. His first thought is "Holy fucking shit, Mrs. Green watches porn and she's trusting me with her secret!"

"No problem," he says, happy to ride to her rescue. "I can fix it."

"You can?"

He nods and gestures to her computer, "May I?"

"Please!"

He sits. She grabs a chair and sits next to him. She explains what happened, and it's exactly what Paul suspected.

"You must think terribly of me." She lowers her forehead onto Paul's shoulder.

This is the most action he's ever gotten, by the way.

"Nah," Paul says, rifling through his thumb drives and trying to not get an erection. "Everybody looks at porn."

She sighs and places a warm hand on his shoulder. Paul tries to remain calm.

"You sure you can fix it?"

He winks at her and then feels like a dork who can't pull off a confident wink. He pulls out the drive he needs and inserts it.

After a second, the screen changes and Paul is given a prompt. He sits forward and starts typing.

Mona also sits forward. She has no idea what's going on, but she likes watching competent people at work. It makes her hot.

It's making Paul hot, too. He can feel her breath on his arm.

She watches him type and watches the countdown clock in the upper righthand corner of the screen.

Paul's phone buzzes. He ignores it, but it keeps buzzing. He sighs and answers.

"Mom, I've got seventeen minutes to fix this problem or Mrs. Green is gonna have all her credit card info stolen."

He hangs up.

"Thank you for covering for me."

"Of course."

"She keeps you on a tight leash, huh?"

"Not normally, but..."

"Ah. She doesn't like me."

"Yeah, I don't know why. Sorry."

Mona places her warm hands on Paul's shoulders and whispers in his ear.

"I think she's worried I'm going to corrupt her impressionable young son."

Paul laughs nervously, wishing she would do just that.

Meanwhile, he keeps typing. She's impressed at how well he can type and still carry on conversations.

She glances at the clock. Less than twelve minutes.

The doorbell rings, startling them both.

"What are the odds that it's your mom?" Mona asks.

"It's definitely her."

Mona laughs and rises. "She won't be able to see any porn stuff?"

"Nah, you're safe."

Mona leans down and kisses the top of his head. "I feel safe."

She opens the door for Kitty and gestures for her to enter.

"Paul?" she says, barging in. Mona wonders if Kathy think she's keeping Paul tied up in the basement.

"Office," Mona says, pointing the way.

Kitty enters. "I said ten minutes young man!"

"Jesus, Mom! Look at the clock! I have eleven minutes to beats these hackers and I can't do it if you keep interrupting me. Do you want Mrs. Green's credit cards to be stolen? How long before they come after you?"

Kitty doesn't say anything to that.

"Apparently it's going to be a while," Mona says. "But you're welcome to stay and chit chat with me. We can have tea," she says, trying to make that sound as horrible as possible.

"He said eleven minutes."

"That's just the first hurdle, Mom! Then I have to run a DNS attack, a R-38 router, a P-15 countersock--"

"OK! OK!" Kitty says holding up her hands. "How long will all that take?"

"As long as it takes, Mom!"

"I'll pay him for his time," Mona purrs.

Kity just rolls her eyes and storms off, the screen door slamming behind her.

"Let me walk you out," Mona says quietly.

"God, I'm sorry about her."

"You have nothing to apologize for." She kisses him on the top of his head again. "I'll be right back."

She walks to the front door, closes, and locks it.

Then she decides she's going to teach Kitty a lesson by fucking her son. To be fair, she was already considering doing that, but now it's official.

"Bitch," she mumbles. She walks to the kitchen and grabs a glass of water and some cookies.

"That's a lot of stuff you have to do," Mona says as he hands Paul the snacks. She sits next to him. "I feel terrible."

Paul hits one final button. "Huh? Ah, nah, I made all that up. She doesn't know from computers." Mona raises an appreciative eyebrow.

"All set," he says with a smile.

She looks at the clock. He had seven and a half minutes to spare.

"Really?"

"Yep. Now we'll restart..."

Her computer restarts and several web browsers open up. Each one featuring a different porn search, including: "eighteen year olds," "mother son," and "sex slave."

Paul's face goes red. The only searches that could have been hotter for him to have seen on Mona's screen would have been "sleeping with my neighbor's son" and "fucking the computer nerd."

Mona's face falls into her hands and she once again leans her forehead on Paul's shoulder. "Oh my god, I'm so embarrassed."

"Nah. There's nothing to be embarrassed about," he says, knowing full-well how embarrassed he'd be if anyone saw his porn searches.

He closes the screens and dusts his hands.

"That's it?" she asks, genuinely surprised and a little sad that he might leave before things get heated.

"Yep, they won't be bothering you anymore. I got them out of your computer and even sent a little virus of my own to wipe their computer so they can't blackmail you."

"Oh, my god, you're a genius!"

She wraps her arms around his chest from behind and gives him a warm hug, pressing her face against his.

"I don't know what I would have done if they had, you know..."

"Yeah, I hate hackers. Buncha cowards preying on innocent people."

She smiles warmly at him. "So how do I prevent this from happening again? Aside from ever looking at porn, of course. Lesson learned."

"Oh, no, you can still do that. There are safe sites you can use."

"There are? Free ones? Like what?"

"Well, I guess it depends on what you're into."

"You, unfortunately saw what I was into."

He smiles and waves that away. "That's normal stuff. You can get that at xhamster."

She makes a face. "Is that for... animal stuff?"

"No, that's just its dumb name. Here let me... uh." He stops, blushes, and nearly smacks himself for almost searching up porn in front of his sixty-year-old neighbor. "Well, you can just go there."

She smiles. "Stand."

"Hmm?"

"Up."

He rises and she tells him to move his chair. She does the same with hers. Then she tells him to help her bring a bench over in front of the computer. She sits and pats to the spot next to her. He takes a seat and she skooches in close, her hip touching his. She crosses her leg, her dress riding up to reveal her beautiful, tan skin.

"OK. Show me that gerbil site."

"Xhamster."

"Mm-hmm. Wait, you're eighteen, right? I don't want to get into trouble."

He smiles. "Nineteen, actually."

"Oh, well, you're a little old for me, but OK. Show me your hamsters."

Paul can't believe this is happening, but he agrees. First, he has her download some virus protection. Then he has her tape a sticky note over her camera. She won't need it for xhamster, he says, but it's good protection.

"I feel safe already."

He smiles. "You sure about this?"

She nods and bites her lip.

He leans forward and types the address into the browser. Mona places a hand on his back and lightly scratches it. Shivers run through Paul's body.

"This is exciting," she whispers. "I've never watched porn with anyone else."

"Me either."

"Not even with your girlfriend?"

He shakes his head. "I've never had one."

She stops scratching his back and looks at him. He turns to her. "Come on, a cute guy like you?" she says, "You've never had a girlfriend?"

He smiles, embarrassed, and shakes his head.

Mona gasps slightly and looks at his lips. Butterflies flutter in Paul's stomach. She places a hand on his chin and pulls him in. Then she plants a gentle kiss on his lips and strokes his face. She brings her

mouth to his ear and whispers, "They don't know what they're missing."

Paul blushes. She so can't wait to deflower this guy. But she will. She wants it to be perfect.

She stares at his lips again and smiles, whispering, "Show me your favorite video."

He gulps, suddenly nervous.

"Hey," she takes his chin in her hand again, "this is a safe space, OK?"

He nods, though he's not ready to take her THERE just yet.

He shows her the website and she asks about the various terms that she's never heard of, like bukkake and futanari. He's embarrassed, but he explains. She doesn't blush or react negatively. She's just curious. She keeps scratching and rubbing his back as he shows her the various categories, but then she once again asks to see his favorite video.

"Well, here's one of my favorites." He can't believe he's doing this. Showing her a secret something that turns him on? It strangely seems even more intimate than if they just had sex. He types up the name of a video, once again embarrassed that he knows the name by heart. But she doesn't make fun of him. She just snuggles in closer.

"Do you know what a MILF is?"

"I do! That's what you like, MILFs?"

"Yeah, I mean, I like lots of stuff."

"I thought you were going to show me your favorite."

"Well, this is my favorite MILF video."

"OK."

He hits play. It's about a mom and son having to share a single bed in a hotel room.

"Huh. She's not what I expected. She's pretty, but she looks... normal."

"Yeah, that's why I like her. She's not your typical porn star with fake ti--boobs."

Mona smiles. "You can say tits in front of me."

"OK."

"I wanna hear you say it."

He looks at her. She smiles wide and stares at his lips. She brings her right hand over and lightly traces a nail on his thigh. His cock immediately begins to stir.

"Come on. Say it for me."

"Tits."

She beams at him and then turns to the screen. "Good boy."

The video is getting hot now. The mom, desperate to get to sleep, suggests that the only way for her son to get rid of his hardon is to rest it inside her pussy. "But don't move it!"

Mona laughs. But then the mom reacts, getting hotter and hotter, moving her body rhythmically as her son thrusts and thrusts and thrusts. Mona finds herself stroking Paul's back and thigh in time with the mom's moans. Her breathing deepens and blood rushes to her groin.

"That's my favorite part," Paul says.

That takes Mona out of the moment for a second. She's surprised. Nothing has really happened yet, at least on screen. They're obviously fucking under the sheet, but it seems so innocent. But on reflection Mona gets it. The actress really sells the passion. Mona herself was getting hot.

The video advance and then it devolves into standard porn stuff. Unnatural positions that look good on camera but make Mona's back hurt just watching them.

Paul stops the video before it's over. "Unless you wanted to see more?"

She runs her hands through the back of Paul's hair, tingling his scalp with her nails.

"Now show me your real favorite one. The one you're too embarrassed to show me."

He's still not sure, but she takes his chin again and stares into him.

"Safe space, Paul. You show me yours and I'll show you mine."

She pulls him in for another kiss. He reaches up to caress her face and she leans into it. Then she grabs his hand and kisses his palm.

"Nuh-uh," she says teasingly. "You're not getting out of showing me your darkest, weirdest porn video. Come on now."

She turns slightly and lifts her leg, laying it over his right thigh. She pulls her dress up and places his right hand on her bare skin.

"Show me."

Paul gulps. Where is this leading? She's married! There's no way she's going to actually fuck him, right? She's especially not going to fuck him after he shows her THAT video.

She guides his hand so he caresses her thigh. His breaths coming in shallower and shallower.

"Show me."

He nods and starts typing. "This is really embarrassing."

"I love it. I promise I won't think badly of you, Paul. I promise."

"Do you know what tentacle porn is?"

"Oh! I've heard of it and always been curious. Is that your favorite?"

"Well, not generally, but this particular video is."

"This is your favorite one ever?"

He nods.

"For realsies?"

He laughs and nods again.

She whispers "Show me" in his ear again, and he hits play.

As the video plays, she once again guides his hand to caress her thigh.

It's a cartoon, or hentai, as Paul calls it. We're aboard a spaceship, and the male astronaut gets turned into some kind of monster, which then forces the young female astronaut, wearing a skin-tight suit, to give it head.

Mona is surprised by all of this. It's weirder than she thought, but by no means the craziest thing she could think of. Frankly she finds it pretty hot--not her thing, so much, but there's something there that's compelling. But she notices Paul's not really watching. He's too embarrassed.

"Watch the video, Paul. I like watching you watch."

He does and she strokes his hair. She kisses his shoulder. And he keeps stroking her thigh. Then his tempo slows down, and she can feel his fingertips get a little dewy. Oh, he must like this part.

She looks back at the screen.

"Is this your favorite part?"

He nods.

"What do you like about it?"

He swallows. "I like the way her body moves as she's... you know... blowing the guy."

She gets it. The woman is being forced by tentacles to give the guy a rather extended blow job, but yeah, the way her body moves, her head diving in first, her tits following, and then her stomach as she moves her head back. It's hypnotic and hot.

It's also--tentacles aside--kind of tame, Mona thinks. When she heard that this would be tentacle porn, she imagined tentacles plunging into every orifice. And maybe that's where this video was headed but the fact that this was his favorite part? There were tentacles opening her mouth and one forcing her to give the guy head, sure, but the woman wasn't even naked. She finds the fact that this is his favorite part of the video kind of sweet.

OK, Mona. He's a sweet kid. Be gentle as you deflower him.

He looks at her questioningly. He wants to know if she thinks he's weird. She smiles and rubs his chest.

"I like it. I think it's hot."

"You do?"

She nods, staring at his lips.

He swallows, unsure what's supposed to happen next. Does he make a move here? Not having ever kissed a girl until about five minutes ago, he has no idea. She's obviously flirting with him, but he still feels like he could blow it by acting too brashly.

"I mostly like how hot it makes you," Mona says.

He looks down at his hand stroking her thigh. He dares to slide it the slightest bit closer to her groin and she moans.

"I like that, too."

"Will you should me yours?" Paul asks, almost rolling his eyes at how he phrased that.

She raises an eyebrow.

"You said if I showed you my favorite video, you'd show me your favorite."

She smiles, nods, and stands. Then she positions herself in front of the computer and reaches down and pushes his knees together. She hikes up her dress and straddles him. He gasps, but only for a second, before she kisses him. Deeply. Slowly. They bring their lips

together and apart. She slides her tongue inside and Paul French kisses for the first time in his life.

He worries that his dick is rising to the occasion, but Mona doesn't seem to notice. She kisses him deeper and deeper, pressing her tits into his chest. She takes away all of his worry. He's in a safe space and Mrs. Green is taking very, very good care of him.

Now she starts slowly grinding into him and he moans with pleasure. She pulls up on his shirt and he raises his hands. As she gets the shirt up his arms, she starts kissing his chest. He can't see--the shirt is over his head--and he can't move his arms, and this sexy woman is kissing his body. And he moans and moans and reacts, bucking his hips slightly into her grinding. She kisses his body and licks and starts working herself up into a frenzy. Finally Paul can't take it anymore and he pulls the shirt off.

He slides his hands along her back and they kiss again until Mona says, "Take off my dress."

He slides it up, up, up some more. He sees her tits. Gasping, he dives in and kisses them, her arms and head still caught in the dress. Now it's her turn. She gasps and moans and tilts herself back to give Paul total access.

She grinds harder into him now.

"Wait!" he says, gasping for breath.

She stops.

He pulls her dress back down and looks worried.

"What's wrong?" she asks, hoping he's not about to get cold feet. Not now.

"Um..." he says, looking down.

Ah. She smiles. "Are you about to cum, baby?"

He nods.

She kisses him. "We can fix that."

She gently, carefully, rises and stands before him. Now she kneels. Still in her dress. After all, she knows what Paul likes. She pulls on his shorts. He's embarrassed, of course, but she doesn't give him time for that. She pauses and asks, "How does she do it in that video?"

She tilts her head back and forth, pretending she doesn't want to do this, but then invisible tentacles force her mouth open and she... plunges her mouth down and around his cock, moving her body like a wave and twist her head as she pulls back reaching the tip.

Paul gasps, mouth wide, watching the sexiest woman he's ever known blow him like that character in his all-time favorite hentai video.

She pauses. "Feel free to cum inside me, baby. I wanna taste you."

He swallows, unable to respond before she wraps those luscious lips around him and she plunges forth, once again, licking every step of the way, moving in a hypnotic wave.

Hiis breath catches and he tries his best to hold out, wanting to savor every last second... but there's no way. Too many fantastic things are happening at once and he cums and cums, grunting the words "Oh my god" as he shoots his seed into her.

She grabs his hips and drinks and drinks, then sucks until she's drained him dry.

"Oh my god!" he whispers, staring at this beautiful woman. "You're the best thing that ever happened to me.

She licks her lips and stands. She holds out a hand.

"We're just getting started, baby."

She winks and beckons him to the bedroom.

He takes her hand and follows, walking naked through her house, following this grey-haired beauty in a yellow dress who had just given him his first blow job.

She pushes him back onto her bed.

"I told your mom I'd pay you for your time. This work for you?"

She hikes her dress up and climbs on top.

"Yes, ma'am."

She loves that. She lays down on him and licks his lips. She kisses him and sends her tongue back into his mouth. She loves how fresh he feels, how excited his is. How eager to please. Unsure what he's doing but happy to be doing it.

He's also loving it, but a plethora of thoughts are swirling around in his head, mostly involving how he can't believe this is happening and the fact that she's married. He briefly wonders if her husband is going to kill him, but then he gets excited at the thought of sleeping with a married woman.

As they kiss, Paul's cock starts rising to the occasion. She feels it tracing a wet trail up her thigh as she slithers over him. Then she gets an idea.

She slides off him. "You. Up there. Into bed."

He's not sure what's going on, but he follows orders. He slides under the covers. She pulls her dress off snuggles up against him, her back against his chest, her ass against his cock.

"Oh my god," she says, "Do you have an erection?"

He blinks at her, but she continues. "We have to get some sleep!"

He laughs, realizing what she's doing.

"I'm sorry, but it won't go away," he says.

She looks exasperated. Finally she says, "OK, look we have to get some sleep. I have an idea. You put it inside me. Just a little bit." She mimic's the woman's gesture in the video, her "little bit" being several inches. "But don't move it!"

"OK," he says. He's pretty sure the guy in the video says "OK, Mom," but that feels weird.

She arches her back and guides his now-rock-hard cock to her pussy. She pulls him forward, and he, slowly, thrusts his hips forward. The warm, wet sensation is even better than her mouth was, especially now that he can properly enjoy it, and even more so that they are role playing one of his favorite videos.

He slides farther in and gasps. Oh my god, he thinks, it's so much better than he ever dreamed it would be.

Then she does the thing the woman in the video does. She opens her mouth wide in rapture, and then says, "OK, now don't move!"

But move he does. Just like the guy in the video. He's not fully in yet, so he pulls back and pushes forward, sliding in just a little more.

"Don't move," Mona groans, getting worked up.

He slides back, loving the sensation of her walls trying to grip him to prevent his departure... and then he pushes forward, sucking in air. The warm, wet darkness enveloping his member even more. He's almost all the way in.

She starts writhing now, perfectly capturing the actress' motions.

"Honey, you can't move or we'll never get to sleep."

He pulls back, mouth wide. Holy shit, he thinks, this is the greatest thing that could ever be in the ever of forever.

He pushes forward and sinks all the way to the hilt. He grunts loudly.

She bucks against him, her body finding a sensual rhythm.

"You've gotta stop. You've gotta stop."

She grabs his hand and, just like in the video, brings it to her tit. He squeezes and she arches her neck. He plunges in and out and in and out and in and she moves her body to give him the best possible angle.

She grunts and says oh my god, which he's pretty sure isn't in the video, though he's never really made it past this part. Whether it is part of the video or it isn't, she's not acting. She's loving every thrust. Her husband hasn't fucked her in months, and she's pretty sure he's fucking some young coworker on his business trip. Not that she cares. Not now.

She turns her head and pulls him in for a kiss as they continue to thrust and grind and writhe.

"On top, baby," she says after a few minutes, and then she pulls him with her until she's lying face-down, her stomach on the bed. She raises her ass up and he slowly slides out and then back in, the angle of her pubic bone giving an extra level of friction and his nervous system lights up with pleasure.

"Oh, fuck," he says.

She smiles. She thought he'd like that.

She likes it too, for his head is now gliding along her g-spot with every thrust.

She moans and moans, her voice getting louder and louder, driving Paul to plunge in with greater and greater intensity.

They become aware that someone is banging on her front door. They can hear Kitty's plaintive cries, "Paul! Paul! Answer the door this minute!"

Paul's not going anywhere. If anything, hearing his mother's desperate cries for him, knowing she's afraid that he's doing exactly what he's doing, only drives him even wilder with desire and lust and victory. He's finally doing it. He's losing his virginity. To the hottest woman he's ever known.

Mona's also getting off on Kathy's anxiety, which makes her moan even louder than she's known for. And soon the two of them are putting on a show, grunting, moaning, groaning, but then finally cumming. For reals cumming, not play-acting or exaggerating. They both yell, "Oh my god," and they both mean it. Paul fills her with cum, and she starts giggling with pleasure and ecstasy, as he spasms, his body's instinctual urges take over. Finally, they finish.

He props himself on his elbows so as not to squish her, but she pulls him in. She wants his weight, his warmth, his innocence. He's still inside, relishing her wet embrace. He kisses her shoulder. Again. And again. They sigh. Paul starts to feel sleepy, even though he can hear his mom still knocking on the door.

He slides off her and is about to say that he should probably go, but she wraps her arms around him, kisses him, and tell him to stay.

"We can act out more videos later. You know, after we nap."

Nap? Paul can't help but laugh at how much trouble he's going to be in when he goes home. But all he can think is: Worth it.

She kisses him, gently. On the mouth. On the cheek. On the forehead. And he falls asleep in her arms, his mother banging on the front door, his phone buzzing with annoyance, his dreams having been fulfilled.