

Operation Freedom

Turniphead

Notes: The only thing in this 'story' even remotely connected to reality is the State of Kansas. My only experience with Kansas, to date, has been to drive through it once on the way to somewhere else. That was almost twenty-five years ago. I think I stopped for gas twice, and vaguely remember a truck stop outside of Wichita. They had good corn dogs.

The 'story,' such that it is, involves a mother and adult son who become lovers and then plot to nudge the father into giving his permission for just such a union.

Like it or hate it, let me know via comments or email. Constructive criticism - either positive or negative - is welcome.

I truly hope you enjoy it.

Life is one fool thing after another whereas love is two fool things after each other.

Oscar Wilde

Chapter 1

The sun was beginning its graceful nightly swan dive in the west and I was watching Dale changing the oil in his car from the kitchen window. There was a reason those who can't pay those who can. He was covered from neck to knees in used oil and reminded me of a somewhat portly sea otter after the Exxon Valdez ran aground.

Laughing softly to myself, I didn't notice our son John walk into the kitchen and slip up behind me.

When he saw his father through the window he chuckled good-naturedly along with me. "Do you think I should go offer to help?"

Startled, I looked up at him over my shoulder and immediately brightened. "No, honey, I think he's got it."

"That's alright then. I'd rather stay in here with you anyway." John slid his arms around me and pulled me back into an affectionate embrace. "But I really don't think he's got it. Look at what's on the passenger side fender."

"Oh for pity sake!" Dale was pouring a quart of Quaker State into the crankcase but the drain plug was sitting pretty as you please on the right front fender.

John, like he had done that morning, kissed the side of my neck. I rolled my head to the side and let him. Over and over he kissed my flesh with small, sucking, nibbling kisses. Fiery kisses that said so much.

"Mmmm..." I giggled, a shiver of delight racing up and down my spine, "You're certainly feeling frisky tonight."

"I guess I just missed you, Mom...far more than you know." He mouthed against my neck.

I was helpless in the circle of his arms but for some alien reason I didn't mind at all. It felt safe and at the same time it felt deliciously dangerous.

John had been home for the previous two and a half months. He and his wife were in the process of divorcing after six years of marriage. Fortunately they hadn't produced offspring that would be made to suffer through a nasty breakup.

Although he was loath to talk about it, over time I was able to glean that John came home from work early and had caught Maloney in bed with the next door neighbor.

I never really liked the bitch anyway.

Dale and I told John he could stay as long as he liked.

Leaning back in his embrace I could smell his warm, heady scent and cherished the sensation of his sheer physical presence. His arms were like bands of steel. And then I felt his arousal swelling in his gym shorts and pressing into my butt.

Freezing, I felt panic washing over me. I was unsure what to do, if anything. I couldn't think. I couldn't focus on anything but the growing appendage between his legs. And, oh my, did he grow.

"Mom..." He breathed softly into my ear canal, "Oooohhhh Mommmm..."

Clutching at his arms, I shuddered with a powerful and illicit desire that sprang out of nowhere. I was confused and immediately turned on like I hadn't been in a long, long time.

Oblivious of my husband just outside the window, I looked up into John's glazed and hooded eyes and pointedly pushed my bottom back against his groin.

Even through the faded fabric of my jeans, he felt enormous. Over the years I had seen John naked on occasion, of course, and I knew that he was very well-endowed, but I had never seen - or felt - him erect. It felt like the barrel of a baseball bat was pressing into my ass.

My belly was rolling and my knees were weak. The hair on my forearms was standing at attention. I don't know why I didn't run screaming from the room. I don't know why I didn't find some way to throw cold water on him to cool him off and bring his misdirected lust under control.

When he gripped me at the hips and slightly bent me over the Formica countertop and began rubbing himself against my ass with long, suggestive thrusts of his hips it was too late. The moment he began dry humping me, I was lost in my own lust.

"J...John..." I managed to squeak.

I couldn't believe how violently my body responded. My entire being was on fire. My nipples were so hard they actually ached. My crotch was immediately drenched and I was cognizant of a dull droning moan that involuntarily squeezed from my throat.

Gripping the counter and looking over my shoulder back at him, I tried to speak, but couldn't. With every upward thrust of his groin I could see the swollen helmet that was poking out of his boxers and running shorts. It was almost as large as my closed fist. I whimpered and lost any inhibitions that I had been holding onto.

"Oooohhhh...J...John..." I wheezed articulately.

"Mommmm..." He panted, rubbing himself against me harder and faster.

I couldn't believe what was happening. I was close to coming myself when John began jerking and shuddering uncontrollably. He wrapped his arms around me again and bit my shoulder like a wild animal as his semen erupted from his penis and made a mess of both our shirts. Over and over he seized as his warm seed poured from him. His arms tightened and my breath was forced from my lungs like a bellows.

When it was over, he just held me. For many long minutes he wouldn't look into my eyes. I could see shame written all over his face.

As if suddenly becoming aware of the sheer enormity of what he had done, he released me and stepped back. He looked like he was going to cry.

"John..." I turned around to try to tell him it was okay and to somehow salvage his pride but he raced from the kitchen before I could say anything further.

I wasn't to see him until the following morning.

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In a daze, I collapsed in a chair at the table and struggled to bring my thoughts under some semblance of control. My heart still pounded like a trip hammer. The room seemed to have lost its moorings and pitched and swayed with my ragged breathing.

I was stunned - not by John's amateurish and juvenile assault on my backside; no, what was stunning was my own animal reaction to it.

My son had just used my body for release and I had let him. I didn't feel the shame John apparently felt. I felt fear and confusion to be sure, but I wasn't ashamed. Even when I confessed to myself that I had been at least as consumed by lust as John had been, I wasn't ashamed of it. I don't know, at that moment, that I embraced it, but I certainly wasn't

embarrassed about feeling something I hadn't felt in nearly 30 years.

Fat chance.

I wished I had the strength to go to my room and retrieve Bob from the long rectangular box he resided in at the back of my underwear drawer.

Instead, without much thought about it, I unsnapped my pants, unzipped my fly and plunged my right hand into my cotton panties. A few well placed tweaks with my fingers and I fell over the cliff I had been pushed to. The most intense orgasm I'd experienced in months - maybe years - ripped through my body with a violent explosion of lights, sound and delicious fury.

I leaned forward as every fiber of my being released at once and pure pleasure coursed through me. A shrill whistling sound escaped from my throat as my legs clamped down on my fingers, almost breaking them. I would have had difficulty

explaining what I was doing had Dale come into the house while I was in the clutches of heavenly bliss. Fortunately, my orgasm faded to the ether before he showed.

By the time he entered the house fifteen minutes later, I had myself under control - at least visibly.

"Take your oil soaked clothes off in the entry way, D...Dale." I called out loudly. "I'll check them tomorrow to see if they're salvageable."

He did as I asked and a few minutes later my husband of 28 years walked into the kitchen from the back door. "They are a mess, I tell you what." He grinned good naturedly. "I'm such a dumbass. I dumped four quarts of oil onto the ground before I realized the plug wasn't in the oil pan. If it is okay with you, Karen, I'll use your car tomorrow and get more oil on the way home from work."

I just nodded and smiled weakly at him and watched him walk across the linoleum dressed only in his tattered and urine-

stained BVDs. I shook my head slowly. That was Dale. He was a nice enough guy, by all accounts, and had provided very well for me and John over the years, but he was 'Dale' - an affable goofball who knew how to make people laugh. He was forgetful and a bit addle-minded - I thought - but he good to fools and drunks and children, so most people could overlook his flaws.

And more importantly, so far as I was concerned, he had been there for me through the years after rescuing me when I was at my lowest point.

Still tingling from my climax, I felt my thoughts turning back to our beginning and the accident that brought us together and was at that moment threatening to tear us apart.

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Dale Carpenter could never be described as a lady's man. He was an inch shorter than my own 5'7" and already putting on weight when he scooped me up on the rebound from a

devastatingly painful break-up. We were both seniors in college and I was sure of two things just prior to meeting Dale; one, my heart would never mend and, two, all men were assholes.

He had been in the right place at the right time. He was nice and respectful and he could make me laugh. What he couldn't do, despite my play acting to the contrary, was make my heart pound and my knees weak.

We were together only three weeks when I came up pregnant. There was no question it was Dale's and in 1967 abortion wasn't an option, at least for a poor back-sliding Lutheran girl from the Kansas plains like me. Dale promised to always take care of me and always put me first so we went to the JP and tied our lives together.

I've had cause to regret my decision to marry him over the years, but for the most part, Dale stood by his promise. He did take care of me and mostly put me first, so I was able to stand by my promise and swallow my disappointments.

To paraphrase Marianne Faithfull, I was never going to ride through Paris in anything, let alone a sports car. I wasn't likely to see China's Great Wall other than in picture books and I was equally unlikely to ever float in a gondola through Venice. And my dream of writing the Great American Novel was mostly on hold, especially when John Paul Carpenter sprang onto the scene in early 1968.

As morose as it sounded, in the first nine months that Dale and Karen were a couple, I came to believe that life was nothing special - that it was nothing more than a series of events linked by a stream of time. I lost faith in life and love and even God during that period until the nurses laid a freshly scrubbed John Paul in my arms and he reached up to touch my cheek with the tiniest hand imaginable.

I fell in love at that moment and found all the faith I needed.

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We lived on a small, non-working farm in the Kansas heartland that Dale had inherited from his parents when he was a boy. Dale opened a small insurance agency in DuMont, about 30 miles to the north-northeast, shaking his head at my suggestion that he'd do better in Wichita, some sixty miles to the south and east. "Too much competition. Trust me; DuMont is where I'll make it work."

And he did make it work.

By the time John Paul was ten, Dale was bringing in money hand over fist. He sold insurance of all types under a number of umbrellas, tailoring policies that fit his clients' varying needs, and he also provided sound financial planning services. People genuinely liked Dale. He was gregarious and outgoing and could sell ice to Eskimos in January. It was those qualities that made him successful.

As for me, I was happy to be left to raise John Paul on the isolated little spread. I felt my calling was in raising my son and didn't really want a career to interfere with that endeavor.

Our nearest neighbor was 12 miles north up 156. Looking back at it now with the distance of time, I believe it was that isolation that caused John and me to grow so close. Dale was putting in 10 to 12 hours a day, six days a week at the office, leaving me and John to our own devices.

I've no doubt that John truly loved his father. They were as close as possible, given the circumstances, and often did things together when Dale wasn't working. But as close as John was to Dale, he and I were much closer.

John and I were tied at the hip in a way that was probably unusual, especially in the sun-drenched western edge of the Bible belt. We could talk about anything and everything. Nothing was off limits and nothing was off-putting to either of us.

Maybe the best way to introduce a young man to the subject of the birds and bees wasn't to watch our two dogs couple in

the sun-baked front yard but I tried hard to answer his questions honestly.

Perhaps I should have used more caution and not allowed myself to occasionally parade around the ranch house in my under things in the presence of a developing boy. I had never had any hang-ups about the human body and I didn't want John to, either. I never went nude in his presence, but often times I was probably close enough to naked for government work.

And perhaps I should have done more than smile gently down at him when at seven years old he looked up at me and sincerely announced, "I'm going to marry you someday, Mom."

Whatever. Things were what they were. I wasn't ashamed of things I did then and I'm not ashamed of them now.

The years sped by. Some great, some good, some not so much. Through them all, though, Dale, John, and I were mostly happy in the choices we made and in life we lived.

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John won an academic scholarship to KSU his senior year in high school. Dale and I were both proud when he boarded the Greyhound for Manhattan, but I felt a twinge of sadness, also. There was going to be a huge hole in my life and nothing Dale could do was likely to fill it.

When John called during his junior year and informed us that he had fallen in love, I was more than a bit upset. Maloney had convinced him not to wait and two weeks later they - like John's parents had done - had gone to the Justice of the Peace and tied the knot. I was upset for a number of reasons but primarily that Maloney was ten years older than John.

When I met her for the first time, I made it perfectly clear to Maloney I disapproved of the way they got married, but since

my son loved her, I would try to forgive her. I never really did.

I do recall thinking that I was looking in a somewhat warped mirror when I met her - we looked so much alike on so many levels she and I could have been mother and daughter.

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Life went on with ups and downs for the next six years until John called, crying his heart out. Through his pain he managed to tell me what had happened. He didn't want to at first, but I was insistent and he eventually caved and agreed to come home where he belonged.

Two weeks later, on an extended leave of absence from his job, he showed up on our front porch looking haunted and haggard. There were dark circles under his eyes and he looked malnourished. He began crying when I gathered him in my arms and I let him cry for almost an hour. Then, as if he had turned off the spigot, the waterworks dried up. There would

be no more tears for Maloney Carpenter; not from Karen Carpenter's little baby boy.

A couple handfuls of weeks later, John had rebounded nicely. He had gained almost ten pounds, was sleeping well, and his eyes were brighter. It warmed my heart to hear him laugh over some silly joke Dale told. It made my heart happy to see him smiling again.

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Dale had an attorney on retainer and he helped locate a good family law attorney and the petition for divorcement was filed in Riley Country Superior Court with a hearing scheduled for mid-July.

Maloney never once tried to contact John. More than once I mused to myself that the neighbor she had been bumping uglies with must have been something else, because John was so good looking and such a hunk to boot on top of being just a genuinely nice man.

Sometime later I was to learn that the neighbor and Maloney hadn't been playing hide the wiener, but rather they had been eating each other's bearded clam. If she played for the other team I didn't suppose it much mattered what John looked like.

What made me genuinely want to kill another human being for the first time was when John told me that Maloney and her lover had merely laughed when he had discovered them and then resumed their rendezvous.

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I pushed away from the table and staggered up the stairs to change into my PJs and hide my come stained shirt from Dale. I made a mental note to ensure I did laundry the next day; it wouldn't do to have Dale wondering where strange semen came from, especially since - to my knowledge - it had been many weeks since Dale had ejaculated himself.

I wasn't exactly tired, but I turned out the light and crawled into bed. I wanted to think about what happened between John and me. I wondered why I had done nothing to try and stop him and then answered the question as honestly as I was able; it had just felt so damned good, being held in his arms, the sensation of his lips on my neck, his breath in my ear, and the incredible feeling of his hardness rubbing against my butt.

As insane as it seemed, I was getting heated up just remembering our little 'dance.' I tried to rationalize things in my mind. We hadn't really done anything all that wrong, had we? He just used my body to get some obviously much needed release. It wasn't as though we had been naked or anything. What harm had it done?

Dale crept quietly into the bedroom and slipped into bed.

"Want to hear a funny joke?" He whispered.

If I had stayed silent, he would have decently let me alone thinking I was sleep. "Hmmm..." I murmured.

"A city slicker from New York was walking down a country road one evening as the sun was beginning its nightly dip in the west."

"He happened by a farmhouse where an elderly farmer was kicked back on his porch smoking a pipe and enjoying the early evening air."

"The farmer was somewhat amused when the city-slicker approached the house and said, 'Sir, while I was walking by your fields I noticed some milkweed. Would you mind if I got myself a little milk?'"

"The farmer, bewildered just a bit chuckled inwardly and answered, 'Sure young fella, help yourself. Here's a bucket, go to town.'"

"His guffaws were silenced when in short order the aforementioned city-slicker came back with the pail nearly

brimming over with frothy white milk. Before the elderly farmer could question the urbanite, the young man inquired, 'Say, while I was getting the milk I noticed you had some honey suckle, too. Would you mind if I got myself some honey?'"

"The farmer - half suspecting Allen Funt was hiding in the shrubbery - amiably agreed. 'Sure thing, partner. Here's a little pot to help you collect it.'"

"Our intrepid farmer was enjoying putting one over on the city boy and chortling to himself when the citified younger man came back to the porch and sure enough, he held a pot that was prit' near brimming over with honey."

"Now the farmer was more than flummoxed but before he could un wrinkle his brow, the city dweller told him, 'Say, while I was getting the honey I couldn't help noticing the pussy willows that edge your south forty.'"

Before the visitor could say another word, the farmer blurted, "Wait, I'll get my boots."

I could tell Dale was beaming when I burst into laughter. I couldn't help it. Despite my sexual arousal, I laughed long and loudly. The joke was funny. Whatever else he was, Dale sure could make me laugh.

I just wished he was able to make me feel what our son had made me feel only a couple hours prior.

A few minutes later, with Dale snoring next to me, my thoughts again turned to John. We really hadn't done anything wrong, had we? It was nothing more than John losing control of himself but it wasn't like he had forced me to do anything. And besides, if it made him feel nice - and it sure as hell made me feel good - what harm did it do?

As I replayed the scene over and over in my mind, what I didn't bother considering was that if it weren't so wrong why didn't I want to talk about it with Dale?

I slept fitfully, haunted by dreams of my son rubbing an enormous penis against my ass before coming gallons of warm, slippery come all over me.

When I woke several hours later I was so aroused I could hardly stand it. My belly was on fire and my underwear was so wet it seemed like I had voided my bladder in my sleep. I would have attacked Dale in the dark had he been able to get it up and had John not been slumbering just a thin plasterboard wall away from where I lay.

I cautiously slipped from bed, found Bob in the dark and retreated to the master bath. With my damp panties around my ankles, I sat on the commode, spread my legs and turned the round knob on Bob's backside and shuddered as he whirred to life. Closing my eyes, I leaned back and push my hips forward as I inserted Bob into my portal and began slowly sliding him in and out.

In my head, John was standing next to me watching me masturbate and nodding his complete approval.

It didn't take long. I choked off my screams of pleasure as my body contorted and convulsed on the toilet and my orgasm rolled on and on.

I won't say I was satisfied when I staggered back to bed in the dark, but the edge had certainly been taken off.

I whispered my usual soft "Thank you." to Bob as I laid him, cleaned and dried, back in his little cedar box and then slipped back into bed next to an oblivious Dale.

Chapter 2

I drifted to sleep again, awakening as Dale was getting ready for work. I feigned I was still asleep and waited for him to leave. I lay there until he stumbled down the stairs. I heard him putting together his lunch and making breakfast and my anticipation grew with every passing second.

I fully intended to go to my son and allow him to use my body again if he wished to. If I could help him get a little harmless relief, why wouldn't I? It wasn't as though I were doing anything all that wrong. I wasn't fucking him, for Heaven's sake, and I wasn't even planning to blow him. All I was going to do was to allow him to...rub himself against me. What was so wrong with that?

Why the idea was so mind-bogglingly arousing to me was a mystery I couldn't answer.

When I heard the back door open and close and heard my station wagon starting my entire body surged with erotic desire at what I was about to do.

I was more than a bit frightened, but easily more excited than I had been since I hooked my life to Dale. My car was still in sight through the bedroom window when I leaped out of bed and slipped out of my PJ bottoms and old granny panties. I hunted through my underwear drawer and located what I

considered the sexiest pair of panties I owned - skimpy pink cotton dotted with white hearts - and shakily pulled them on.

I donned my pale blue terry cloth robe and glanced out the window to double check that Dale was truly gone.

Heart pounding, the gusset of my panties already damp, I slipped from my room and hesitantly made my way to John's bedroom door. I considered the old black and white 'Do Not Enter' sticker John had posted some 15 years before and a handful of faded Garbage Pail Kids stickers. I really didn't think he'd mind if I entered, although after the day before I wasn't sure how he'd react.

The light rap of my knuckles on the door seemed to echo through the house.

"It's open." John called out.

My hand shook when I reached out to turn the knob and proceeded to turn my neatly ordered world upside down.

John was still lying in bed but he appeared like he'd been awake for awhile. His cheeks reddened almost immediately. He looked very much like he had the day I found a stack of girly magazines in his closet when he was 15; chagrined and more than a little embarrassed.

I made doubly sure to lock the door behind me.

"That was...um...unexpected." I tried to make my gaze a kind one. "Yesterday...in the kitchen."

"I'm so sorry, mom." He exclaimed. "I have no idea what came over me. It was like I lost control of myself."

"But John, I'm your mother, for pity sake." I paced back and forth in the center of his room.

"I know and I am so embarrassed." He looked miserable. "Do you want me to find another place to stay?"

I shook my head slowly and wrinkled my nose at him. "No. But you can't ever do...uh...that again."

He laughed harshly. "No shit, Mom! I can promise that much at least. I've been thinking about why it happened all night and the only thing that makes any sense to me is that it's been so long since Maloney and I split and...and...I haven't been with a woman since and, quite frankly, I guess I started looking at you like a woman and not just 'Mom.'"

"I don't think you understand me, honey." I smiled softly at him and wondered how good he looked; lying back without a shirt, his covers pulled up to his navel and looking better than he had a right to.

John interrupted my train of thought. "I know, Mom. I do understand." He grinned and added, "But in my defense, it

ain't my fault that you looked so good in your jeans. It ain't my fault that you're a hot 'n fancy babe."

I laughed at his assertion and snorted. "Hot and fancy, my eye! I'm 52 years old and every part of me is very much aware of it. But you aren't tracking with me, honey. What I meant was that you can't ever do that again when your father is around."

John's eyes narrowed as he absorbed what I was saying.

I nodded gently at him and paused my pacing. "I understand, honey. You're a young man full of hormones and youthful vitality and there isn't an available woman within 30 miles of this place. If I can help you gain some...um...relief, I'm happy to do so. But it can never be when your father is at home. It is just way too dangerous."

"Mom..." He whispered softly.

"Why a 26 year old man could get those kinds of ideas by looking at an old lady like me escapes me at the moment, but if rubbing yourself against me can help, I'm happy to let you do so. The good Lord knows I wouldn't want to have to rely on masturbation all the time." I silently mused to myself that I had been relying on just that for far longer than I cared to admit.

"Do you mean what I think you mean?"

I nodded and casually untied my robe and slipped it off, allowing it to fall to the floor at my feet. I still wore my PJ top but I was quaking inside as my only child stared at the panties I was wearing. His eyes widened.

On shaky legs I walked to the desk by the window and turned my back to him. "You should come see this sunrise, h...honey."

I braced myself as I heard the bedsprings announcing John jumping from bed. I felt his warmth before he ever touched me and my entire being shuddered. I started when his hands

gripped me at the hips and he softly pressed his groin against my ass. He was already semi-erect and growing and the fire inside me blossomed into a roaring blaze.

"The sunrise is beautiful, Mom." He whispered into my ear, "Almost as beautiful as you are in the panties you're wearing."

"I'm glad you like them. I'm wearing them especially f...for you. To help you...um...become aroused." I leaned back against him as his arms encircled me.

"They are sure doing the job. God, you feel so good." He breathed next to my ear. "You're warm and soft and you smell awesome...like a woman..."

"As b...bizarre as it seems, honey, you're making me feel very much like a woman."

His penis continued stiffening and lengthening as he held me. I marveled at how large he seemed against my bottom. John

drew back, allowing his erection to rise up and then wedged himself firmly in the crack of my ass.

"Ooohhhh m...my..." I whimpered. I could tell without looking John was much bigger aroused than his father. It felt like a very warm and very hard fire hose.

"Are you sure you don't mind...this?" He mouthed my neck.

I shivered deliciously and almost sobbed. "Not at all, h...honey. If I can help you in any way I'm happy to d...do so."

I bent forward over his desk and felt an illicit thrill wash through me as John gripped me at the hips and began slowly sliding his enormous appendage up and down the crack of my ass. I didn't complain when he pushed my pajama top up slightly.

"Ohhh M...Mommmm..." He moaned softly. "Your ass is so hot...so perfect..."

"Ughn..." I only grunted, lost in the sensation of his cock rubbing me into a delirium. Even through my panties and his boxers, he felt hot against me. A glance over my shoulder showed he was lost in his own lust. His gaze was fixed on my butt as he rhythmically thrust himself against me. I wondered if he were fantasizing about really fucking me, as I was fantasizing he was.

Perhaps it was the taboo nature of our 'dance' or maybe it was just the sheer size of his erection or maybe it was just the pure erotic electricity that filled my head, or maybe it was all three combined. Whatever the case, without so much as my vagina being touched, I was close to orgasm. Little jolts of pleasure radiated out from my sex and coursed through my extremities. I fancied I could smell smoke and tasted blood.

John was soon thrusting his hips against me so roughly my feet were being lifted from the carpet with each strong up thrust. My head was weakly wobbling back and forth on my neck.

His grunts sounded more animal than human; I felt like I was his prey, captured and about to be devoured.

And I loved it. It wasn't even really 'sex' at all, but I felt more hedonistic joy in that moment than I had in nearly 29 years with Dale. I felt alive again and so unbelievably excited.

"I'm gonna c...come..." John panted. "C...Can't help it...gonna come...oh, Mommmm..."

"That's it, b...baby..." I encouraged him, "Come f...for mommy...let it all out..."

And then John stepped back, pushed his boxers off his hips and my panties down my legs. I looked back at him as he gripped his rigid cock with his right hand and began coming all over my quivering ass cheeks.

"Oooooohhhh..." We both groaned as jets of thick, warm semen blasted from his cockhead and striped my overheated flesh. Over and over he seized as his load pumped out of his balls and painted my butt.

I was in heaven. His come was hot on my butt. Finally, his orgasm petered out and he slumped forward and began rubbing his swollen glans on my come covered skin.

Floating in air, I just relished the sensation of his softening dick against my bare ass.

"That was so hot..." I smiled at him over my shoulder. "So sexy..."

"Ohhh Christ, Mom..." He huffed. "I never..."

I straightened up and sighed as his arms slipped around my waist. "I know, honey. I know."

Reaching down, I pulled up my panties and reveled in the sensation of them becoming sodden with John's warm semen. I was going to wear them all day as a memento.

I looked up at him and raised my right arm up and circled his head, pulling his mouth down to mine. Sweetly and softly our lips clung together. His lips were soft and supple and my heart beat fast as our tongues hesitantly introduced themselves. Warm and wet, the tip of his tongue slid over the tip of mine. And through it all, I remained cognizant of his semi-flaccid penis against my come-coated ass.

I didn't protest when John cupped my left breast with his right hand and lightly groped it through my PJs and bra. I did object when I felt his left slip down and lightly cover my pubic mound.

Peeling my mouth from his I pulled his hand from my groin and grinned up at him weakly, "Easy there, tiger. I'm still your m...mother."

"I'm sorry, Mom..." He groaned good-naturedly, abandoning my breast and moving back.

I spun around to face him. Belying what I truly felt - that I wished he was balls deep inside me at that very second - I wagged my finger at him and smiled. "You are a naughty, naughty boy."

John grinned sheepishly and nodded. "I know, but that's why you love me, Mom."

I couldn't even pretend anger. I laughed and walked around him to gather my robe and pulled it on. "I tell you what, honey. If you want, I'll come see you every morning to let you get some relief, but you have to behave yourself. I am still your mother, you know."

He brightened at that but still looked chagrined. "I know, Mom. I just forgot myself."

Chapter 3

I returned to my room and foggily removed Bob from his box and fell onto my bed and used a few minutes to find my own release. As my orgasm dissipated like a mist, I stripped off my PJ top and bra and retrieved a light sundress from my closet. As I closed the closet door I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror.

My friends were right; I looked a lot like an aged Jennifer O'Neill complete with light crow's feet around my eyes and laugh lines lightly etched around my mouth. My features were finely chiseled and my complexion was still fairly clear and smooth. My hair, although a touch of frost had put in residence at my temples, was still mostly a lustrous auburn with gold highlights.

I wasn't disappointed at my reflection and could understand why a man might find me sexually appealing, especially if there weren't hotter, younger women within easy reach. I was a few months from 53 years old but looked ten years younger.

At 5'7" and 140 pounds, give or take a few - depending on which side of my morning constitutional I was - I wasn't exactly slender but nor was I obese. My body was soft but still held an hourglass shape. My breasts' southward migration was certainly well underway, but I wasn't yet able to tuck them into the waistband of my pants. The brownish pink nipples that tipped them were nearly a half inch long and almost as thick as my index finger and surrounded by similarly colored aureoles the size of quarters.

I had the beginnings of a spare tire around my middle and my hips were wide but not huge and I thought I looked proportional. Spinning around, I examined my bottom in the mirror. It wasn't 'hot and perfect' like John had claimed earlier that morning, but it wasn't too bad. It still was firm and held a nice shape, even if it was a touch big for my liking. I giggled at the sight of my panties that were pasted to my butt by John's drying semen.

As I pulled the dress over my head, sans bra, I decided that I looked okay.

That wasn't a bad thing; I was 52 years old after all.

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The ensuing hours were torturous. I couldn't get John out of my head. I couldn't stop thinking about how good he made me feel. It was that old feeling of hedonistic and illicit joy that I had found with my boyfriend, just prior to meeting Dale. I felt like I was being devoured by my hunger.

For his part, John was well-behaved. He sat at the kitchen table just talking to me as I did my morning chores but his eyes never seemed to leave me. We didn't talk of it, but I am sure our 'sessions' weren't far from either of our thoughts.

"Stop looking at me like that!" I laughed once, slapping his shoulder.

John only grinned, "Why? You're so smoking hot in that dress, Mom. I'm not going to pretend otherwise."

"Smoking hot! Pshaw!" I snorted, laughing happily, "But it feels nice to hear somebody say it, regardless. Want some more coffee, honey?"

He shook his head and stood up, dropping his mug into the dishwasher. "I think I'm going to go out for a run. Since I've been back I've been kind of sedentary. I need to get back into it."

"Have fun, honey." I watched him walk away, my eyes glued to his tight little butt. "Don't know how much tighter that can get." I giggled to myself.

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Around 3:30 that afternoon, John tried to initiate another of our sessions. I was extremely disappointed I had to shut him

down because as John began a delicious assault on my bottom, Dale was wheeling down the drive in my station wagon.

"Easy there, tiger!" I whirled around and pushed on his chest. "Your dad is coming down the driveway. We can't do this now."

"Mom..." He pleaded, his eyes hooded, his nostrils flared.

"We can't, baby." I stood firm despite my own desire. "I'll come see you in the morning. Maybe tomorrow we can have a second session around noon or something to help take the edge off."

John nodded as my words sank in. He started to pull away when I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him hard and quick. "You'll be alright, darling." I reached down with my left hand and lightly clasped the thick erection that tented his khaki shorts. I squeezed it gently and grinned up at him impishly and added, "It won't be the first time you've had to take care of this yourself."

He only groaned as he staggered from the kitchen to, I presumed, take care of business himself.

I could still hear him on the stairs leading to the second level of the house when the back door opened and Dale announced his presence.

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Dale ate a quick dinner around five - I couldn't eat a bite - and went out to finish changing the oil in his car. Afterward, we sat and watched television. I have no idea what we watched or what Dale and I talked about. I couldn't stop thinking about the virile young man whom I could hear pacing about in his room above us.

I gave Dale a back rub at his request and during the massage I couldn't help making a comparison between father and son. There was no comparison. Despite John's assertion that he

needed exercise, he was all muscle and sinew. Dale was rotund and doughy. He was an inch shorter than I was and was at least 250 pounds. He was losing hair on his head and gaining it on his back. As his doctor had informed Dale at his last check up, Dale was not a 'slight man.'

I was grateful that the backrub hadn't led to Dale becoming amorous and we retired to bed as the late movie was beginning.

I brushed my teeth and examined my eyes in the mirror. Dark brown and clear, they showed no signs of guilt or shame. I was merely helping my son.

Peeling off the come-crusted panties I'd been wearing all day and stowing them in the middle of the hamper, I slipped on a clean pair, donned my blue and white striped cotton pajamas and climbed into bed.

Like the night before, Dale fell asleep after making me laugh.

"A guy enters a bar carrying a four foot alligator. He says to the patrons, 'Here's a deal. I'll open this alligator's mouth and place my genitals inside. The gator will close his mouth for one minute, and then open it, and I'll remove my unit unscathed. If it works, everyone buys me drinks.'"

"The crowd agrees. The guy drops his pants and puts his privates in the gator's mouth. Gator closes mouth. After a minute, the guy grabs a beer bottle and bangs the gator on the top of its head. The gator opens wide, and he removes his genitals unscathed. Everyone buys him drinks."

"Then he says, 'I'll pay anyone \$100 who's willing to give it a try.'"

"After a while, a hand goes up in the back of the bar. It's a woman. 'I'll give it a try,' she says, 'but you have to promise not to hit me on the head with the beer bottle.'"

Long after my laughter faded away and Dale was sawing logs I lay awake staring at the shadows playing on my bedroom ceiling and thinking about my son one room over and wondered if he were thinking of me.

With the rising sun I woke to the sound of Dale fixing breakfast. Like the previous morning I waited until he left and his car was almost out of sight and jumped from bed. I discarded both my PJ bottom and top, put on a relatively sexy bra and panty set and slipped on my robe.

I braced myself and padded down the hall to my faux lover's room. I was so excited I could barely stand it.

I didn't knock, instead opting to just crack it open and slip inside. John was already out of bed, but I was glad to see he was still clad only in his boxers.

The bulge in his underwear began growing the moment he saw me. "Good morning, Mom." He smiled.

I returned his greeting and locked the door behind me. Why? I didn't know; there was nobody else within 15 miles of the house.

John reached for me as I stepped up to him and slipped my hands up over his shoulders. I stepped up close as his arms wrapped around me and our mouths met in a soft, wet, and delicious kiss that set my nerves tingling. I thrilled at the sensation of his tongue sliding between my lips and hunting for my own. I rationalized there was nothing wrong with a 'good morning' kiss, even with tongue.

For many minutes we kissed, sweetly and wetly, our tongues coiling and writhing together, like long lost lovers. John's penis was fully erect by the time we peeled our mouths apart and leaned back to stare at each other.

"Oh sweet Jesus..." He breathed as he stepped back and untied my robe, allowing it to drop to the floor, leaving me standing before him in a pink satin push up bra and matching panties of the French cut variety.

"I take it you like." I smiled happily, posing for him.

"Oh yeah..." He moaned, "I like...I like."

"Do you want a little...um...relief for that...uh...big ol' thing?" Although still mostly cloaked by his boxers, John's erection was enormous. He was easily seven inches in length and two inches across. The dark red glans that jutted from beneath his waistband was the size, shape and color of a large plum and drooled a steady stream of clear pre-come.

He grunted his approval at the suggestion and stepped aside so I could take up my position at the desk. Instead, I smiled demurely up at him and stepped over to his bed and crawled up onto it. I tried hard to look sultry as I slowly lay down on my stomach.

"Why do we have to do it standing up? We'll b...both be much more comfortable like this." I managed to choke.

John nodded excitedly and approached the side of his bed.
"Good idea, Mom."

I wouldn't have objected had he asked, but I still bit the inside of my cheek when I watched him push his underwear down his legs and I saw his fully erect penis in all its glory for the first time. An involuntary moan squeezed from my throat as I took in his manhood and tried to grasp what I was seeing. He was long, but not exceptionally so; maybe seven inches or so. It was his girth that was amazing. He was easily two and a half inches across. John's cock was fatter than Bob and his knob was at least as large as my closed fist.

Dale's equipment was not a great deal shorter - probably a little longer than average at around six and a half inches or so - but his son's erect cock was at least an inch thicker.

John's essence was roped with thick, raised veins and rose from a thick black cloud of pubic hair. The testicles hanging low between his legs looked like a pair of furry goose eggs.

I shuddered as John clambered onto the bed and straddled my legs. It seemed an eternity as I waited for him to lower himself down and press his turgid flesh into my ass. It felt exquisite; so hot and hard and naughty and delicious.

John settled his weight onto me and reached up to lace his fingers with mine and then dipped his head to kiss the back of my neck. "So perfect..." He breathed and then subtly began rubbing his gargantuan tool against me.

Oh my God how my body reacted! Instantly I was on fire in my lust. I felt hungry and alive. I have no idea where John had got his dick from, but it certainly wasn't from his paternal parent.

"Fuck me..." A pornographic mantra screamed through my mind. "Fuck me...fuck me...fuck me..."

John's body began to rock and roll over me as he pushed his penis along the valley created by my butt cheeks. For many minutes he manipulated himself against me with firm hard strokes, bucking his hips with methodical precision.

Suddenly, despite my protestations to the contrary, he stopped our faux coupling and pushed up onto his knees. I looked back at him over my shoulder and froze at the snarl of lust that twisted his face.

"Get on your hands and knees." He ordered kindly but firmly.

There was no questioning his order, even had I been so inclined. I squealed happily and scrambled up onto my knees and shaky arms. My wait for him was short lived.

Sighing happily, I shuddered as he again pressed himself against my ass and began dry humping me. I can't explain

what I was feeling. His cock wasn't in my pussy, but I could imagine it was and I was insatiable at the thought.

Thrusting his hips, John's hands caressed my ass cheeks and back as his cock did its magic thing. I didn't offer complaint when John reached up with his right hand and expertly unclasped my bra and it sprung open, falling down my arms.

I wept at the sensation of my tits giggling wildly beneath me as my son used my body for his own pleasure. And I cried out when he reached down to grasp a fleshy breast in his hand and began squeezing it in time with his thrusting. I yelled with happiness when he rolled my hard nipple between his thumb and forefinger, tweaking it firmly.

Abruptly he stopped. What the fuck! I was so close.

Like a Raggedy Ann doll, he pushed me down and effortlessly turned me over onto my back. I could barely breathe as John gripped his cock in his left hand and began jerking himself while pointing his phallus down towards me.

"Oooooohhhhhh fffffuck...Mommmmmmmmmmm..." He bellowed as he erupted and jets of thick, white semen blasted from the end of his dick and splashed down on me, largely onto my stomach.

"Ooohhhhh Jeesussss..." I hissed as my body shuddered and convulsed with each scalding wad of his come splattered onto my quaking belly.

Over and over his enormous cock jerked in his fist as he striped my abdomen with his hot seed. His face was twisted, his eyes squeezed shut. A strangled moan of pure animal pleasure leaked from his clenched lips and as the last of his sap oozed from his dick and dripped onto the front gusset of my panties, John hunched forward and rolled his head back.

I was in a state of shock, unable to make myself move as John emptied his balls onto me.

My own body was thrumming like a high tension wire as my son rode the waves of his climax. I was aflame with illicit desire and as I tried to come to grips with what my son had done, I involuntarily raised my hands and began deliriously smearing his slippery come over my stomach and tits. It felt exquisite; warm and silky and so erotic.

For many minutes I massaged his heavy cream over my skin, squeezing it into my titflesh, coating my nipples and teasing them until I was on the brink.

John had recovered his senses as I was beginning to lose my own. He rose up onto his knees and stared down at me with ill-concealed lust still etched on his face.

"M...Mommm...you're so fucking h...hot..." His voice had a vibrato quality to it.

I looked up at him and without thought, reached my arms up for him. He lay down on top of me and our mouths came together in a deep, illicit kiss that scrambled reason. I relished

the sensation of his warm, thick tongue probing my mouth, dancing with my own. I relished the sensation of his naked body on top of me, my sticky tits mashed against his muscular chest. And I cherished the sensation of his flaccid dick pressed against my swollen labia, albeit through the fabric of my wet panties.

I wrapped my arms around him and tried to swallow him. I have no idea how long we lay there enjoying each other. It could have been a minute but it seemed like hours. My head was spinning and I couldn't breathe. I was letting myself go with my own son and it felt so right. I was feeling things I hadn't felt in nearly three decades and I didn't want to let them go, no matter how wrong it may have been.

Later, when I had opportunity, I reasoned I was still just helping John with his needs. If it felt good to me, too, what was the harm in that? I suspected, though, that I was maybe full of crap and just didn't want to stop feelings I had buried for so long.

Panting softly, John and I peeled our mouths apart more in self-preservation than anything else. I just held him as he dipped his head and began raining soft, burning kisses along the side of my neck.

"That was so nasty." I grinned against his ear. "Coming on me like that."

He snorted and bit my neck. "It seemed the right thing to do at the time."

I nibbled at his earlobe briefly and smiled, "It was nasty, baby, and so incredibly hot."

"You didn't mind?" He tongued my ear canal.

I shivered and moaned, "N...Not at all. I just didn't expect it, is all."

"What would you do if I said I want to fuck you, Mom?" John pushed the envelope.

"I don't know." I thrilled at the thought but was instantly afraid as well. "You do know we can never do...that."

He sounded resigned and raised his head to stare into my eyes. "I know, but I do."

"I know you do, baby. But we can't."

John lowered his head and kissed the hollow of my throat. "Can I suck on your tits next time?" His voice was muffled as he mouthed me.

"Maybe." I sobbed, wrapping an arm around his head and running my fingers through his tousled hair.

"Can I eat your p...pussy this afternoon?" I could feel him grinning as he nipped at my skin.

"John Carpenter!" I giggled weakly. "Do you want me to suck your big ol' thing, too?"

"Well, duh!" He blurted, pushing up and rolling off me. He rose up on his elbow and stared down at me.

"You do know we're...um...edging into dangerous ground here, don't you?" I stared up into his eyes, trying hard to appear innocent, despite the fact that I lay in his bed, covered in his sticky come, wearing only a skimpy pair of panties.

"But it is more exciting than anything I've ever experienced." He murmured softly.

I only shuddered when he reached out and lightly cradled my right grapefruit-sized tit with his left hand and began sending electric bursts through my body by tweaking my hard, rubbery nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

"John..." I sobbed and pushed his hand away.

I drunkenly pushed up and scrambled from his bed. I smiled to show him I wasn't upset and found my robe. "I'm going to go shower. I'll see you at breakfast."

Chapter 4

Not bothering with Bob, I masturbated to find much needed relief while showering. I almost went to my knees with the force of my release. In my mind, John had me bent over and was slamming his magnificent penis into me from behind. I screamed in my head for him to never stop as he flooded my belly with his warm come.

I still tingled as I dressed myself and again examined my face for signs of guilt. I found none.

John had showered as well and had started breakfast by the time I oozed down the staircase. He was making Johnny Cakes and frying bacon at the stove when I entered the kitchen.

"That was a great way to say 'good morning,' huh?" He grinned easily at me as I settled at the table.

"You might say that, honey." I replied, returning his grin. "I don't remember ever waking up to anything so sexy...so hot."

The breakfast was delicious and filling. John had cooked breakfast for the two of us from the time he was fourteen until he left home for college. He hadn't lost his touch.

It was almost 9 am before I pushed back from the table. John slumped back in his chair and patted his stomach with satisfaction. I gathered the breakfast dishes and set them in the sink in the island in preparation for washing them. Reaching across the table in front of him to retrieve his coffee cup, I experienced a powerful thrill when John wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me into a tight embrace.

His face was pressed into my stomach and I reveled in the feeling of his strong hands reaching down to grip my ass. I straightened up and wrapped my arms around his neck and just held him close.

"I really do want to make love to you, Mom." His voice was muffled against my tee shirt.

"I know you do, b...baby." I cradled his head in my hands. "But we can't..."

I moaned when I felt his right hand release my butt and slip beneath the skirt I was wearing. His fingers lightly brushed the soft skin of my inner thigh as he pushed them inside a leg hole and lifted his hand to cup my crotch.

"Johnnnn..." I whimpered, my knees instantly going weak.

"I just can't help thinking that I got some...uh...relief this morning, but you were left high and dry."

I didn't bother to tell him that I had found my own 'relief' in the shower and gave in when his fingers and palm began moving against my sodden sex. My knees almost buckled and my heart was hammering in my throat as my son vigorously massaged my vagina through my panties.

"Ohhhhh shit..." I sobbed, spreading my legs further, allowing him unfettered access to my center.

I shuddered and shook over him as one of his hands kneaded an asscheek and the other rubbed and massaged my pussy. I only moaned deeply when he raised his head and clamped his mouth on my right tit through my light purple tee shirt.

Completely at his mercy, I surrendered to my base instincts and let myself go. I yowled loudly when John used his thumb to hook the front panel of my panties aside and his first two fingers slid up and down my swollen labia.

The cotton fabric of my shirt was saturated where he chewed at my tit.

"Johnnnn..." I whimpered, my teeth clenched tight, my entire body quaking like a leaf. "Oh Christ!"

I could hear a dull groaning sound emanating from deep inside him.

Suddenly, my only son took charge. He extracted his hand from between my legs to my great disappointment and reached up to unsnap my fly. I shuddered when he pulled the zipper down and pulled my skort down my legs. He wasted no time and hooked the elastic of my sodden panties and slipped them off my hips.

He abandoned my breast and turned his gaze to my groin.

John was frozen face to face with my pussy. My thick bush was matted and damp. I couldn't believe I was letting him do what he was doing. He leaned down and frantically stripped my clothes the rest of the way off my legs. He pushed his arms between my thighs and hooked them, gripping my ass with both hands and physically lifted me up and slid me onto the edge of the kitchen table. John scooted his chair forward and spread my legs with his muscular arms.

"We c...can't, baby..." I almost sobbed in the overwhelming lust that was sweeping over me.

Putting the lie to my plea, I raised my legs and draped them over his shoulders.

I felt like I would burst when John leaned his head forward and extended his tongue to drag it through my pubic hair. When the tip of his tongue traced my labia, I gripped a handful of his hair and pushed his mouth firmly into my cunt.

"Oh fuck! We c...can't do this! Baby...don't...stop...please...d...don't...stop..." I screamed loudly as he slid his tongue into my canal and began vigorously licking my sugar walls.

Later, after my multiple orgasms had faded I found reason to reassess my feeling towards John's soon to be ex-wife. Either she was a very good teacher and had created a maestro in the art of cunnilingus, or maybe I found the reason she was so taken by John in the first place. Apparently she liked having her pussy eaten, and oh my dear Lord, John was a licensed, card-carrying journeyman.

He licked and chewed and sucked at my labia turning me into a demented lunatic. He slipped his left hand up around my leg and found my clit with his thumb and began rubbing it vigorously. I squeezed my eyes shut and rode the waves of joy that were radiating from my sex. I involuntarily tossed my arm back sending the centerpiece on the table careening to the linoleum and lay back, reaching up to methodically squeeze my tits through my tee as John took me to heaven. He covered my vagina with his mouth and plunged his tongue

deep into me and began tonguing me firmly and enthusiastically.

"Oh ffffuck..." I panted heavily, enraptured by the lights and sounds that burst in my head in a rising crescendo. "Oh my d...darling...fuck...oh G...God...don't s...stop, baby...it feels so g...good..."

John had no intention of stopping. He licked and chewed and sucked at my pussy until I had been reduced to a quivering, crying puddle of orgasmic flesh. When my final climax hit it was as though somebody had detonated dynamite in my head. I screamed loudly, clamped my legs on John's head, and fell back onto the table. It felt like I was coming apart; like I had burst into millions of tiny shards.

The sheer intensity of my orgasm was unbelievable. I couldn't think. I couldn't focus. The only thing I was able to do was embrace my joy as pure electricity radiated from my center and coursed through me.

Ever so slowly, the most powerful orgasm I'd experienced in more than 30 years faded, ebbing from my body like an outgoing tide. I was left a tingling, quivering mess and when I managed to open my eyes another charge wracked my body hard.

My son had extricated himself from my legs and was standing at the edge of the table between my now limply splayed legs. He had removed his shorts and his massive penis was rigid and ready and clamped in his right hand. He looked down at me, his eyes blazing with hunger. It didn't take any kind of genius to see what he intended.

"John..." I whimpered. "Please, b...baby, we can't..."

"Mommmmm..." His voice was thick and guttural as he pushed his erection down and he rubbed his swollen knob against my vagina.

I quickly pushed up onto wobbly arms and cried out as forcefully as I could manage, "No, John! We can't!"

What the hell was wrong with me? I couldn't think of many things at that moment I wanted more than for John's cock to be buried to the hilt inside me. I wanted him probably worse than he wanted me but I was so completely terrified I couldn't think. There was a huge difference between letting him get some relief by rubbing himself against my butt and letting him fuck me. Even letting him eat my pussy, as deliciously naughty as it was, was miles away from where he wanted to be.

I reached out and put my hand against his chest to hold him at bay. His nostrils were flared and he was flush with desire. The cock he held in his hands was dark red and angry looking. The thick veins that roped it were purplish and rose in bias relief.

I moaned inwardly when a drop of warm pre-come oozed from him and dripped onto my naked crotch. My entire body was trembling and my left hand shook noticeably when I reached down and gently peeled his fingers from around his thickness one by one and then lovingly cradled his cock and began lightly stroking him.

"We can't d...do...do...that, honey," I cooed softly, "But I'll gladly take care of this big ol' thing for you."

I was on fire. I wanted to fuck him more than I wanted my next breath but I was nowhere near ready to take that step.

"That feels so good, Mom." He mumbled, his head lolling around on his neck, his eyes closed and his respiration ragged. "Your hand is so warm and soft..."

I was being mesmerized by the enormous penis in my hand. It was as if it were a bar of warm steel covered with soft velvet. It was so ugly it was beautiful and I was cognizant that I had never seen one so fat in my life.

My boyfriend in college prior to meeting Dale was generously endowed - his penis had been significantly longer than my son's - but the penis I tenderly fondled in my kitchen that morning was easily a half inch wider. I noted that I couldn't

wrap my fingers completely around him - it wasn't even close. John's cock was simply magnificent.

John started to protest when I released his erection and slipped off the edge of the table. He reached for my hand but I shook my head.

"Don't worry, lover," I winked, "I'm not anywhere close to being d...done with you yet."

I put my hands on his hips and spun him around so his back was to the table and sat down in the chair he had been sitting in. I sucked in a lungful and bit the inside of my cheek. My face was inches away from one of the most beautifully perfect cocks I'd ever seen. It rose up from a cloud of thick black pubic hair, proud and majestic.

Similarly, John's testicles were perfect. They hung low and heavy, like two goose eggs in a velvet purse. My husband's sac was small and wrinkled by comparison.

I looked up at my son as I reached for him again and watched him shudder as the fingers of both my hands curled around him and resumed caressing him from base to tip. His heady scent filled my head and made my blood run even hotter than it was.

"It is soooo beautiful, baby..." I whispered softly, "So hard...so f...fat..."

"Ughn..." John contributed as he subtly began bucking his hips against my hands.

He leaned forward slightly and reached out to cradle the back of my head with a shaking hand. I knew what he wanted; what we both wanted. My heart was hammering in my chest cavity as I bridged the distance between my mouth and his cock and lightly pressed my lips to it. The sensation of him against my lips was mind blowing. I was actually kissing my only child's erection!

I jerked back slightly and glanced up at him. His face was twisted into a mask of longing. His eyes were mere slits. His mouth was clenched in a vicious slash and the color on his face was high. I didn't resist when he gently pulled my head towards his manhood again.

I felt lightheaded when I pursed my lips and again pressed them to the erection I was holding. I was unable to think of anything save how wonderfully wicked I felt kissing his hardness. Pressing my mouth firmly against him, I began slowly moving my lips. Softly, tenderly I began mouthing his heated flesh. I was hesitant and afraid, but wild stallions couldn't have stopped me from continuing.

"Oh, Mommmm..." He murmured as I rained soft, sucking kisses from one side of him to the other.

It had been many years since I used my mouth on a penis - Dale wasn't a fan of oral - but I hadn't forgotten what to do. Holding him at the base with the thumb and forefinger of my left hand, I dropped my right hand to cup his ball sac. His

body tightened as I loving started massaging his heavy testes with my fingers and my kisses grew more insistent.

I methodically rained fiery kisses along his turgid length until I reached his swollen helmet. I paused for just a brief second and then properly introduced myself. I planted my lips firmly on the end of his dick and allowed my lips to part. I slipped my tongue between my lips and tentatively licked at the steady stream of pre-come that was pulsing from his slit. It was warm and wonderful and delicious.

I could hear his continual moaning over the droning roar in my head. Nothing existed but John and me. If the house had caught fire we would have burned up with it. If Dale had walked in he would have caught me licking and sucking at our son's cock and I wouldn't have cared. I was feeling things I hadn't felt in so long I wasn't about to bury them again.

John cried out when I opened my mouth as wide as I could and wrapped my lips around his helmet. I was crying out silently.

Ever so slowly I pushed my head down allowing his thickness to slide into my greedy mouth. My tongue was lashing at his helmet as I took him deeper and deeper into my mouth. John was so thick I could only comfortably take in three or four inches of his meat before I had to stop.

I dropped his testicles and reached around him with both hands and gripped his taut little ass and went to work in earnest. Creating a vacuum with my mouth, I began bobbing my head back and forth allowing him to slide in and out of my sucking mouth. My jaw immediately began to hurt but I didn't care and I didn't stop sucking at him. I felt him recoil occasionally when I inadvertently scraped him with my teeth.

My head was spinning as I ministered to him. I couldn't believe how lecherous I felt sucking my son's cock. I felt like a woman again; a ravenous, come slut of a woman, but a woman nonetheless.

I vaguely heard John panting over me as I increased my tempo. "M...Mommmm...oh Christ...don't stop...you're in...incredible...you're such a g...good cocksucker...ughn...it feels so f...fucking good..."

It did feel good. To be blowing my own son was so exciting I could hardly stand it. I wanted to eat him alive. I wanted to consume him completely. And then I felt him tap the side of my head.

Even with his warming, when he ejaculated I was caught by surprise.

He cried out and seemed to contract into himself and his dick jerked in my mouth and his first spurt of come blasted into my throat causing me to choke and sputter until I was able to swallow. I pulled him from my mouth and coughed as his second jet of semen caught me in the nose and right cheek.

I quickly wrapped my lips around his knob again and tightened them and began jerking at him as he filled my

mouth with his warm, slippery and salty sap. I gobbled it as frantically as I was able but still couldn't take it all and dribbles leaked from the corners of my mouth and coated my fingers.

Finally, with a barely audible whimper, John slumped back against the table, spent. I was reluctant to surrender his penis and continued nursing at it for a few minutes until he began to soften.

I couldn't help blushing when I extracted his nearly limp penis from my mouth and looked up at him.

He was dazed, his eyes wide in abject wonder. "Holy shit, Mom! That was amazing. Incredible."

"Thank you my darling, but it was definitely my pleasure." I smiled up at him happily as I scooped the semen from my cheek with a hooked finger and slurped it up. "Mmmm...you taste delicious." I proceeded to suck my fingers clean.

I suddenly felt self-conscious for some reason. Perhaps it had something to do with the fact that I was naked from the waist down and wore only a light tee shirt. Or maybe I just became cognizant of having just given my own son a blowjob - a feat that both of us certainly seemed to enjoy.

Only three days earlier I would have NEVER dreamed of doing such a thing. I had devolved into something I hardly recognized in myself. I was alive in my hunger for John but I was terrified of where we were heading. I could see it in his eyes; John wouldn't be satisfied until he succeeded in fucking me and I felt surely that if I let him, Dale would never satisfy me again, not that my husband had a great track record of satisfying me anyway.

I pushed up onto shaky legs and tried to escape from the magnetic pull he had on me but John caught me by the hips and pulled me into his arms. His mouth fell on mine and I was totally helpless as his tongue slithered into my mouth and hunted for and found my own. I was acutely aware of his flaccid penis - still thicker than his father's - pressed into my

lower abdomen and groin. I loved the sensation of his hands sliding around and down to cup my bare ass cheeks.

In seconds our kiss turned into one of fire and passion as we mutually tried to swallow the other. I remember wondering if he could taste his come in my mouth.

Breathless and panting, we peeled our mouths apart and looked at each other with ill-concealed lust. I groaned deeply and felt my body react when John lifted his right hand and slipped it between us to cup my left tit. My protest was short lived as I immediately swooned at the sensation of his heat radiating through my tee shirt as he gently squeezed it.

"I think w...we are b...being really, really bad today." I choked.

He dipped his head and nuzzled the side of my neck and mumbled, "No, I think we are being really, really good."

"We shouldn't do...uh...what we did. We shouldn't be doing this..." I whimpered in response. "It is so wrong, h...honey."

John tongued my ear and breathed, "It didn't feel wrong to me."

"Your father..." I pleaded softly, my body trembling uncontrollably.

"He'll never find out, Mom." He pinched my hard nipple lightly with his thumb and forefinger through my shirt. "I promise. Did you like sucking me off?"

I tried to pull away but his arm was too strong. "You know I did. I loved it but that doesn't make it right."

"I'll let you go if you promise to give me a blowjob again tomorrow." He grinned at me with his patented Cheshire cat grin.

"John..." I pleaded with him, trying to pretend the idea didn't send a powerful thrill through my body.

"Promise." He ordered kindly.

I reached up to pull his mouth to mine and as our lips came together, I whispered, "I promise."

We kissed for a long moment and, as good as his word, John released me from his embrace when we pulled our mouth apart with a loud smacking sound.

I gathered up my panties and skirt from the floor and hesitantly backed away from him. I noted as I slipped from the kitchen his eyes were glued to my groin and I couldn't tear my eyes from the thickness that hung heavy and limp between his legs.

Chapter 6

I was sure I was going to Hell.

I retreated to my bedroom and, not bothering to don my clothes, sprawled on my back in the middle of my marital bed. My thoughts were scrambled and fractured. I couldn't wrap my head around what I had allowed to happen. I not only allowed myself to perform oral sex on my own son, but I allowed him to do the same to me.

Yes, it felt wonderful; both giving and receiving. Yes, I loved the feeling of his tongue in my pussy. Yes, I loved the taste of his warm, thick semen. The entire sequence of our recent tryst played itself out over and over again in my mind. I could still taste him. His musky scent still filled my head and I could still feel his heavy testicles cradled in my curled fingers.

I knew John and I were going to fuck if I couldn't find the strength to fight him off and find the strength to fight my own

burning need. There was no way around it. John made it clear what he wanted, and although I hadn't voiced my own desire in words, I was pretty sure it was hanging out there like a big, fat matzo ball. It couldn't be ignored and John wasn't an idiot.

As I struggled to come to grips with the dance John and I were dancing, I was so completely aroused I could hardly stand it. My vagina was wet with my need despite my recent orgasms. My breasts ached and my breathing became shallow and ragged as I closed my eyes and envisioned John lying on top of me, working his magnificent appendage in and out of my body, his magic lips caressing my skin.

Almost on its own volition, my left hand slipped down and I felt my fingers push through the tangled mat of pubic hair at the juncture of my legs. An illicit thrill coursed through my extremities as a fingertip traced my swollen labia.

"John..." I moaned softly, wishing they were his fingers pushing my buttons.

I curled my first and second digits and slipped them into my slick portal. Slowly and methodically I began abusing myself, pushing my fingers deeply into my delicate tissues. I located my clit with my thumb began rubbing it firmly as my fingers began sliding in and out of my slick center.

I came with a crash and thunder that filled my head and body with the purest of pleasure. My body arced hard on top of the mattress as lightning raced through me unchecked.

I heard myself crying out loudly as my vaginal muscles contracted over and over again on my digits.

Afterward I collapsed into an unresponsive lump of quivering flesh. Coherent thought escaped me until the last wisp of my orgasm drifted away.

-

The noon hour found John and I in the living room fully clothed and talking as normal. The television was on but we paid it no mind. We were skirting around the obvious, flirting playfully and nervously exploring where we going with our relationship.

In no way did I consider that, regardless of what happened between him and me, John and I would be nothing more than a fling. It wasn't Dale that weighed heavy on my mind; it was John and the possibility of doing lasting damage to my baby that concerned me most.

As we chatted idly about nothing and everything, in the back of my mind a voice was telling me that it wasn't right to take from John what he should be bestowing on someone his own age.

John would find somebody who would again make his eyes light up and again he'd leave me behind. It was the way it was supposed to be and wishful thinking wouldn't change that.

Another item I toyed with back and forth in my head was the very real possibility that if I really did lay with John that it would ruin me for all other men. It certainly would ruin me for Dale. Never again would I be able to take my husband to bed and find even occasional satisfaction with him if I gave in and gave John what he wanted.

But there was a very large part of me that wanted nothing less.

"Mom?"

John's voice managed to pierce the fog I was drifting in.

"Mom?" He repeated, waving a hand in front of my face.

"Huh?" I mumbled, mentally shaking my head. "I'm sorry. I guess I was doing a little woolgathering."

"What is it?" He grinned evilly.

"What is 'what'?" I wrinkled my brow.

"What's your favorite position?" He asked bluntly.

"John!" I blurted, feeling the blood rising on my cheeks. "I can't tell you that."

"Why not?" He laughed, "You never used to mind talking to me about anything before."

I snorted and slapped his arm playfully, "Yes, but this is a horse of a different color."

"Horse or aardvark or platypus, who cares?" John reached out and captured my hand with his and swiveled on the couch to face me and lifted up his leg and slid it beneath him. "I'll tell you my favorite things if you tell me yours. I guess I just want to know what you like before I get you naked in bed is all."

"John!" I feigned indignation. "Do you really think you and I are ever going to be naked in bed together?"

"Based on what happened the last couple of days and only a few hours ago in the kitchen, Mom, I'd bet the Magic 8 Ball would say 'the signs point to yes,' and in very short order I'm going to be moving on you like the Nazis moved on Poland." He laughed.

"I've got a feeling I'll put up less resistance than the Poles." I thought to myself and I couldn't help giggling at the absurdity of being embarrassed by just talking to him when not long before I had very enthusiastically sucked on his penis.

I smiled demurely at him and wrinkled my nose. "Okay, fine. I suppose if I had to choose only one sexual position I had to use the rest of my life I guess it would be female dominant. I like to be in control." I laced my fingers with his and added, "Of course, I like all the other positions very much as well."

"I knew it!" He shouted excitedly, "I love the woman being on top, too. It is so cool to play with her tits as she is riding me. Fuck-face Maloney never liked anything but the missionary position and now I'm pretty sure she didn't even like that."

I smiled and wrinkled my nose at him. "After the last few days I have a sneaking suspicion that you and I are very similar in our likes and dislikes when it comes to sex."

He nodded. "I don't think there is anything about sex I don't like. I loved eating your pussy this morning. You taste and smell awesome."

I felt myself heating up. "Oh my God! It felt so good when you did that. It had been so long since anyone has done that to me."

"Dad doesn't like to go down?" John inquired. The bulge in his jeans was much more pronounced than it had been.

"Uh uh. He didn't used to mind if I gave him head, but he never did like reciprocating."

"Dad is an okay dude and all, but I'm beginning to suspect he was dropped on his head as a baby." He smirked at me.

John lifted my hand to his mouth and tenderly kissed each fingertip before sucking my index finger into his mouth. I was already on fire and his simple gesture stoked my fires even hotter.

He temporarily paused sucking on my finger and grinned, "What about anal?"

My body sort of seized as I remembered my sex life prior to Dale. I blushed and nodded. "A long, long time ago. Before I met your dad."

"Fuck-Face wouldn't even try it." He kissed the palm of my hand.

"Honey, I don't really blame her given how thick your penis is." I laughed but I felt my sphincter puckering at the thought of John trying to butt fuck me.

"Whatever. I would have been gentle." He grimaced again and shook his head and a cloud floated across his features. "She wouldn't even consider it." He shook his head again as if to clear it and brightened. "When did you lose your virginity?"

I rolled my eyes and snorted. "You certainly are curious about me aren't you? My first time was when I was a senior in high school. I was almost 19 and ready and I've never once regretted it."

"I would love to be able to see what you looked like at 19. Hell, you're so smoking hot now it blows my mind to imagine you as a nubile young thing."

"Maybe if you're a good boy I can show you someday." I tried to appear subtly mysterious. He didn't need to know then just how I was going to be able to show him. I changed the subject. "Tell me when you lost your cherry."

John smiled broadly as he remembered. "It was a week after I started college. My English professor. She reminded me of you in some ways. She was having problems in her marriage and I stayed behind after class to ask about an assignment and it sort of just...happened. It lasted on and off for six months or so. Aced her class, too."

"You are so bad." I laughed. "You seem to have a thing for older women, huh?"

"Only older women who remind me of you."

I started to say something when he interrupted. "Since we're getting all this out in the open and I plan on putting the full court press on you soon, there is no reason to hide anything. Mom, I fantasized almost exclusively about you from the

time I found out what sex was until Maloney came along and I have to tell you, she and I weren't happening if she didn't look very similar to you."

"You...you fantasized about me." I was dumbfounded and more than a little flattered.

"I couldn't stop, Mom." He nodded, reaching out to cup my chin in his fingers and turning my face to his, "When I tried to figure out why I was so obsessed with you I figured that when I first learned about sex and females, not only were you the only one close at hand, but it didn't hurt that I always thought you were stunningly beautiful. The first time I imagined you and me together I got so excited I thought I was going crazy. I was shaking uncontrollably and ejaculated in my undies without even touching myself."

"Why didn't you say anything?" I asked him as gently as I could manage. "Maybe..."

John laughed long and loud. "Please! I couldn't talk about it to anyone. I was sure I was sick for even thinking such things but I couldn't seem to make myself stop. I really didn't want to stop. Thinking about you and me together just felt...right and good. "

I laughed with him and nodded. "I guess you're right, honey, I'm sure it would have been a difficult thing to talk about. I don't know what I would have done if you had told me what you were going through back then."

"I was so completely infatuated with you I couldn't get you out of my head. Didn't you find it odd that I was constantly busting into your bedroom in the mornings and catching you half dressed? And the Elm on the east side of the house; there's a fork in it that is perfectly situated to allow a perverted son to look into his mother's bathroom while she took her baths or showers."

"You are so bad," I blurted, blushing, "You spied on me? Did you like what you saw?"

He nodded energetically. "I loved what I saw. I loved watching you take off your clothes. I loved watching you take baths because you usually left the glass door open and I could see just about everything. When you showered the door was closed and all I could see was a vague shape...until you were finished, that is."

I was becoming even more aroused than I already was at his confession. "You are such a pervert."

He agreed readily. "Absolutely, when it comes to you, Mom. I worship the ground you walk on and watching you was better than looking through the Playboys and Penthouses that my friends scored from their dads."

I smiled proudly up at him and whispered, "Well, tell me what you fantasized doing with me."

John grinned broadly and extended his arm and slipped his hand around my neck and gently pulled me toward him. I crawled up onto the couch and as he straightened his legs and sprawled back against the arm, I straddled his legs and leaned down to press my mouth to his. He circled my waist with his arms and pulled me down into a firm embrace and when our lips parted and I pushed my tongue deeply into his mouth he began gently sucking on it.

The bottoms of my feet tingled as we frenched. My breasts ached. My panties were soaked. I could hardly comprehend how excited he made me. In my wildest nights before Dale - and I had plenty of wild nights - I never felt so animated or alive.

Even the time that my boyfriend and his roommate double-teamed me was a sedate and relaxing encounter by comparison to how my body reacted to just kissing John. I'm fairly certain that it was the fact that it was my own flesh and blood that was gently sucking on my tongue.

By the time we peeled our mouths apart and he rolled onto his side trapping me, winded and weak, between the back of the couch and his hard, virile body, I was ready for him to take me. My blood was boiling in my hunger and then he made it hotter.

I felt his warm breath in my ear and squirmed in his arms as he opened up his heart to me.

"Are you sure you want to know what I dreamed about doing with you, Mom?" He whispered huskily.

"Mmmm..." I verbally nodded, "I do, m...my love."

I could sense him searching his memory banks for a long moment as he tongued my ear and his hands stroked my body to a heated frenzy. I moaned hard when he slid his hand down and gripped my ass and pulled me against him. That he was excited was an understatement. Even through two layers of denim I could feel his engorged manhood pressing against me.

"My favorite fantasy," He began as he nuzzled my neck, "Begins with me coming out of the bathroom after showering. I have a towel around my waist and I'm walking to my bedroom when you suddenly open your door. You're wearing your robe but the sash is untied and it is open an inch or so from top to bottom. It doesn't take any sort of genius to see you're only wearing a pair of panties beneath it."

I shuddered hard when he slipped his hand between us to cup my left tit through my shirt. I remember wishing I wasn't wearing a bra.

"You slowly look me up and down and with a smoky look you invite me to come into your room. Despite jerking off only minutes before - to thoughts of you, by the way - my dick immediately starts twitching as you reach out to take my hand and lead me in. You turn and lock the door and walk slowly over to the bed. With your back to me you say, 'Do you think you can give me what I've been without for so long?'"

I couldn't help giggling. "Is that the b...best you can do? Do you really think I'd ever say something like that?"

He lightly bit my neck in reproach and said, "Well, hellfire, Mom, I never said I was a wordsmith, besides, it's my fantasy so you just hush."

My focus was becoming fuzzy as he manipulated my tit through my clothes. There was no sense that what we were doing was wrong. It just felt so good. I couldn't help myself and pushed my own hand between us and clumsily unfastened his fly. He groaned when I blindly unzipped him, allowing his turgid penis to push out from his Levis.

I hurriedly pushed my hand into his boxers and gently clasped his rigid thickness and began stoking him.

"Oh C...Christ!" He gasped in my ear, biting down on my earlobe.

"Tell me more, darling." I cooed as I lightly caressed him with my fingers.

"M...Mom..." He sounded like he was having difficulty focusing, too. "I turn to you as your robe falls around your feet. I can't help admiring how you look from the back in just your panties. The high waisted lacy ones you used to wear around the house when I was a kid. Your lines are perfect and your curves are gentle and sublime. I love the way your waist narrows before flaring gently out to your hips. I love the way your skin glows in the lamplight."

"Oooohhhh, honey..." I sobbed in his ear as I continued lightly pulling at him, "You sound l...like a wordsmith to me."

He started sucking at my neck so fiercely I was afraid he was going to leave a mark. I temporarily abandoned his dick long enough to gently grasp a handful of hair and pull his head up.

"That feels incredible, baby," I whimpered, "But you can't do that. Your father will see it and it'll cause all kinds of issues."

"I just want to put my brand on you, Mom." He mumbled incoherently, but nodded. "But you're right. I don't suppose it would be a good idea to have a hickey on your neck. After all, it isn't as though the chickens have lips so Dad would probably be suspicious."

I reached back down to find his erection again and encouraged him. "I want your 'brand' on me, too, my d...darling, but find a less conspicuous place."

Taking my instruction to heart, John did just that.

My eyes were closed in bliss as he inexpertly fumbled at the buttons on my blouse. In short order it was half opened and he pushed his hand beneath it to cradle my boob. When he used his thumb to push my bra up over my fleshy globe I only grunted approval. When he pushed me back against the couch and gazed down at my exposed tit I only grunted approval. And I did more than just grunt approval when he dipped his head and clamped his lips over my taut nipple.

I cried out and abandoned his dick again and wrapped my arm around his head. The licentious feelings that were wracking my body were delicious and powerful. For whatever reason, Dale's sucking on my tits didn't evoke anywhere close to the same sensations.

John's tongue was firm and warm as he lashed my long, thick nipple. Rough and warm and wet, he coiled it around my nub and sucked at it hard. I was close to coming as it was, and then, when I felt his right hand undoing the fly of my own jean shorts, my excitement only built.

"Oh sweet Jesus!" I choked articulately when I felt his large hand push into my panties. I spread my legs by lifting my left leg up onto the back of the settee.

My eyes were clenched tight as he nursed at my tit and his fingers curved over my crotch and I felt his middle finger slide deeply into my boiling channel. "Oh f...fuck!" I bellowed, ineffectively bucking my hips against his hand. Then I felt a

second and then a third finger push into my vagina and begin sliding in and out. When his thumb located my clitoris and began rubbing it vigorously in time to his thrusting fingers I came apart.

It was like a neutron bomb had been detonated at my center. I became aware of screaming at the top of my lungs and clutching at his head like a demented woman as my body convulsed in the throes of pure joy. I lost complete control of myself as thunder and lightning roared through my body. I inadvertently bit the inside of my cheek and tasted blood as warm electric energy radiated out from my sex.

Later that day I realized that John, while I was being ravaged by my orgasm, had let my nipple slip from his lips and clamped them on the underside of my left breast to 'brand' me. When I had opportunity to examine myself in the mirror I saw his mark. A large, football shaped bruise beneath the nipple of my boob marked me as John's. I cherished it more than anything I possessed.

If Dale decided to get amorous with me and I couldn't shut him down I was going to be screwed. I wasn't going to be able to explain away a hickey on my tit.

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John didn't get to come that afternoon; at least by my hand. While I was floating down from my orgasm, his father returned home unexpectedly. Fortunately John heard his car pull up to the house. We sat up and scrambled to get our clothing in some semblance of normalcy before he walked into the living room.

John and I were both flushed and panting and I could smell my scent in the air but Dale was completely unaware of any impropriety. Of that, I was sure. He sat down between us on the couch and told a joke that I can't recall. I think it must have been funny because I remember John laughing long and loudly. I don't remember doing so myself.

I was still tingling with the climax I had just experienced.

When John pushed up from the couch to retreat to his room, I could see his penis still strained the seams of his jeans.

I was relieved Dale was watching whatever was on television and didn't notice.

Chapter 7

At the dinner table several hours later Dale announced he was taking the next day off to make a long weekend. My heart sank in my chest and I saw a flash of anger in John's eyes at the thought of Dale being an obstacle to get to me.

John, to his credit, didn't turn down Dale's offer to go up to the Solomon River to do a little fishing the next morning although I could see his enthusiasm for the idea was somewhat lacking.

Dale sneezed mightily several times and looked a bit flushed as they sat there over lunch making their plans. I vaguely recall wondering if he were coming down with a cold.

Feeling frisky, I stretched out my left leg and touched John's bare foot with my own. He started imperceptibly but then immediately began playing footsies with me.

It was so bizarre to be romancing my son with his oblivious father only a few feet away, but it was thrilling at the same time. I was doing things I would have never dreamed of only a few days before.

I felt like I was a teenager in college again. I felt the old familiar butterflies in my stomach. Despite being almost 53, it was definitely young love and I embraced it.

After he finished eating Dale said he was going to take a shower and asked John and I if we'd like to play Scrabble when he was finished. We both nodded in agreement as Dale pushed away from the table and left the kitchen.

John and I stared at each other silently as we listened to the stairs creaking as his father ascended the stairs. I heard the bedroom door open and then close and threw caution to the wind, disregarding my dictum regarding playing around when Dale was home. I hurriedly stood up and beckoned John to follow me. Furtively, I took him by the hand and pulled him toward the bathroom just off the kitchen. With the door open we listened to Dale moving around just above our heads.

When we heard the sound of the shower starting John closed the door and swept me into his arms and immediately kissed me like he was starving. I was burning up with my hunger and as we alternated sucking on each other's tongues, our hands were stroking and touching and pulling at each other.

I peeled my mouth from his and gasping for breath I hissed, "We only have ten or fifteen m...minutes, baby."

John nodded sluggishly. His eyes were glazed and I could feel he was fully erect in his jeans. His strong hands abandoned

my ass and he lifted them and clumsily began unbuttoning my blouse.

"John..." I sobbed as he undid the last button and pushed my shirt off my shoulders, baring my bra and stomach. His hands gravitated to my breasts and he lovingly cupped them with both hands and gently began kneading them through the fabric. My nipples positively ached and my panties were drenched as he groped at me.

John pushed me back slowly until my bottom was against the vanity and with his thumbs hooking the bottoms of my bra cups he pushed upwards, freeing my quivering tits. For the longest time he just stared at them and then he attacked them with his hands and mouth.

"Oooohhhh..." I whimpered as John bent at the waist and his mouth clamped over my left nipple.

I wrapped my arms around his head and just held on as he licked and sucked at my long, thick nub. Although I tried hard

to keep one ear on the sound of the running shower overhead, I got lost in my lust. John began alternating from one breast to the other and back, occasionally burying his face in my ample cleavage.

What we were doing was so incredibly dangerous but I couldn't make myself stop.

I lost track of time but I knew we had to hurry. I gripped handfuls of his hair and pulled John's head up and back and grimaced as the teat he had been suckling on pulled from between his lips with an audible popping sound.

He looked drunk as he raised his eyes to mine. His eyes were glazed and his nostrils were flared. His face was flushed and perspiration had sprung up on his forehead.

I trailed my right hand down his chest and stomach to lightly grip the prodigious erection that was straining the seams of his Levis. "If you want to get some r...relief for this, we have to hurry. Your father won't be much longer."

He nodded and grinned sheepishly as I fumbled with his snap and zipper. I pushed his fly open and reached in his boxers and extracted his penis. It felt like warm steel in my hands.

My intent was to suck him off as quickly as I could but John had other ideas.

"Have you ever had your tits fucked, Mom?" He asked, a strange little light in his eye.

My body immediately surged with illicit desire. I nodded and couldn't help smiling giddily in my excitement. "How? There isn't much room in here."

John put the lid of the toilet down with his bare foot and proceeded to strip his jeans and boxers down and lifted his right leg free. "Take off your bra and sit on the toilet."

I scrambled to get the brassiere off and tossed it aside with my shirt and heavily sat down on the commode. John opened the medicine cabinet above the sink and searched for and found a bottle of baby oil and then turned to me where I sat in excited expectation.

"Hold your tits at the bottom and push them together. Yeah, like that." He stepped towards me and opened the bottle and poured a liberal amount of the heavy, clear liquid in the valley created by my boobs.

"You're so fucking hot..." He whispered, gazing down at me clutching my grapefruit-sized tits in my hands.

I moaned softly when John dropped the bottle to the floor and straddled me, one leg on either side of me. He spread his legs wide and bent his knees to lower his hips and then proceeded to press his rigid erection between my aching breasts.

I spread my titflesh for him and then immediately pressed my oily globes together to engulf his hot organ. I forced myself to focus for a long moment until I ascertained the shower was still running upstairs and then sank back into my craving.

He held me at the shoulders and without words, he drew back with his hips and his gargantuan penis slipped almost completely out of my tit envelope. In seconds he was bucking his hips vigorously against me and sliding himself in and out of the slippery tunnel that welcomed him. It was mesmerizing to watch his large cockhead slide almost entirely out of my cleavage and then push back up to bump my chin.

It was so fucking hot I could hardly stand it. Apparently John thought so, too, because it didn't take long. After only fifteen or twenty thrusts of his hips he began to lose motor control. His abs began contracting in prelude to orgasm and he choked off a loud cry as his first jet of semen erupted from his helmet and coated the underside of my chin.

John quickly pulled back, took his jerking cock in his hand and directed the rest of his discharge all over my tits. I convulsed hard as each wad of thick, warm come splashed onto my overheated flesh.

When he was finished I just slumped back against the tank and happily smeared his silky seed over my pillowy breasts.

Somewhere in the back of my mind I must have heard the shower above stop. John raced to pull his clothing back on and slipped stealthily from the bathroom. As the door closed behind him I heard him whisper, "Thanks, Mom."

-

I had more than enough time to clean myself up but in the end, decided to don my bra without doing so and pulled my shirt back on. It somehow felt nasty to think of interacting with Dale with his son's sticky semen covering my boobs. I smiled inwardly through the rest of that evening knowing I was John's and I was wearing his mark in the guise of a hickey

on my boob and his wonderful come spread liberally over both of my tits.

I inanely thought that it served Dale right for taking my baby away from me, even if it was just for a single day.

-

While we played Scrabble at the dining room table later that evening, Dale and John chit-chatted idly about sports and fishing and whatnot and I withdrew somewhat into my thoughts. I couldn't focus on my rack of tiles. I couldn't think of anything but the magnificent young man who sat across the table from me and how good he made me feel.

I was getting slaughtered by both of them; something my competitive nature normally would not allow. Dale even asked me once if I was feeling alright. I told him I thought I was coming down with a bug.

In reality, it seemed it was Dale who was coming down with a bug. He sneezed and hacked so often I got up to retrieve a box of tissue from the bathroom for him. For my part, I was just coming down with a case of the hots for our son.

The last few days had been a whirlwind of confused emotions and carnal lust. What John and I had done in the bathroom only an hour or so before was nasty and erotic and so unbelievably hot I couldn't get it out of my head. He was just like me in that regard; creative and willing to try anything and oh so nasty.

My sex life since getting married had settled into a mundane and sedate sort of routine over the years but it had never been the way I would have liked it; hot and spontaneous. Dale was anything but adventurous in bed. He preferred being on top and that was about it. Oral, while it wasn't taboo to my husband, was met with a grimace of displeasure unless it was me using my mouth on him, and even then he didn't seem to be a huge fan.

Me, I loved every aspect of sex. I loved giving myself to a man totally and completely, surrendering to the lecherousness that dwelt within me. I loved the wet sloppiness of it and of course, I loved the joy of orgasm. I don't think there was anything I hadn't done in bed - prior to Dale - and I loved it all. But I had made my choice a long time before in hooking my life to Dale's, trading a wild sex life for the safety and security of a man who didn't make my blood run hot.

At first, Dale's and my sex life was just okay - nothing especially exciting or satisfying. And it declined from there; from four or five times a week with some spontaneity, to one to two times weekly on a schedule by our 15th anniversary. By the time John Paul left for college, Dale and I had been reduced to Saturday nights and by the time John returned home, the Saturdays were hit or mostly miss largely due to Dale's waning libido.

I incorrectly assumed that my own libido would dampen somewhat after I went through menopause in my late forties. It was actually quite the opposite. By my fiftieth birthday my hunger was even stronger than it had been prior to the change

of life. I'd find myself becoming aroused at the drop of a hat and frustrated that Dale wasn't able to douse the fires.

He tried to help, though, in true Dale fashion, by purchasing a long, thick battery operated boyfriend to help me when he so often couldn't. Bob did help, in a small way, but he wasn't able to satisfy me like a man could and my sex life continued declining slowly and steadily.

For almost 30 years I had made my marriage work, despite the lack of an exciting or satisfying sex life, but in only a few short days my son had peeled back the layers of protection I had wrapped myself in to expose the burning fires that still blazed in my belly.

A leopard can't change his spots, I mused as I mindlessly shuffled the three remaining tiles on my rack.

Through the fog of my thoughts, I caught the gist of the conversation my husband and son were having.

"You know Stacy Jefferson, don't you?" Dale was asking.

John wrinkled his forehead as if deep in thought and slowly shook his head. "Don't think so. Should I?"

"She's about your age. Graduated the year after you did. Stacy Heydon was her maiden name. Her folks moved to DuMont from Wichita about eight or nine years ago." Dale took a sip of his familiar old Lipton iced tea. "Anyway, her husband was killed by a drunk driver a few years back. Two little babies. It was such a tragic thing. The reason I bring her up is I saw her today and I think she is available, if you know what I mean. She's a looker, son. All the right bumps in all the right places. And more importantly, she remembers you."

For some irrational reason a stabbing spear of pain shot through me. I knew someday John would find somebody his own age, but that day wasn't then. Not when I just found him myself. Later, yes. At that very moment, I didn't think so.

"You trying to set me up, Pop?" John grinned at him broadly.

"Well, why not? I think you'd make a great couple. She's really nice and like I said, she looks great. Maybe not as hot as your mom, but she can hold her own, I tell you."

My heart sang when my son winked at me on the sly and casually deflected his father. "I don't think it's a good idea, Dad. Not now at least. I have a girl already in mind. I think she's interested in me and I dangd sure am interested in her."

Dale's eyes widened and he nodded approvingly. "Well good for you. Who is she and where'd you meet her?"

"She's from McPherson. We met some time ago but she always thought I was too young for her until just recently she's been...giving off signals. So far it's just baby steps, but I'm going to push the issue on our next...uh...date and see if she wants to be exclusive."

My heart was doing a perch out of water thing. It felt like it was flopping around in my chest with happiness. I was born in McPherson, I met him some time ago, I was certainly too old for him, and my hunger was sending signals that were impossible to miss. And I was pretty sure I wanted to be exclusive, at least on a temporarily basis.

Dale was oblivious that John had declined to identify the mystery girl. He turned to me and asked, "Did you know about this?"

I nodded as casually as I could manage and, as I lay down M and A next to a T on the board for a whopping total of five points, I managed to mumble, "Uh-huh. John confides in me in just about everything, Dale. I could see it in his eyes the morning after their first...um...date. Nothing gets by the mama."

"Well, heckfire. That's great, son. I'm glad to see you're moving on with your life and putting Maloney behind you." Dale applauded John.

He triumphantly and a little theatrically slammed down the last two tiles and totaled up our scores; 165 for him, 121 for John, and 71 for me. Normally, even on a bad day, I could spank both of them.

-

With the board put up, Dale stretched, sniffled a bit between yawns and announced he was heading to bed and suggested that John do the same as he planned on hitting the road at four a.m. John nodded and rose from the table and, pausing long enough to bend to kiss my forehead, he followed his father up the stairs.

I was more than a little disappointed as I hoped John and I could do a little 'sexploration' before bed. But the reality of the situation was I, too, was exhausted.

For another twenty minutes or so I sat at the table and mulled things over in my head. Though my thoughts were nowhere as fractured as they had been, they were still scrambled. I wondered what I was going to do about Dale. He was a nice man and didn't deserve what John and I were doing to him. I felt more than a little guilt creep into my consciousness but it was immediately eviscerated at the thought of sucking John's rigid cock again.

Images of John and me lazily swam across my mind. I could picture him lying on his back with me straddling him, pushing up to mount his erection and then slowly sliding down onto him. I wondered what it was going to feel like when he penetrated me for the first time. Would it hurt? I didn't think so. I imagined it was only going to be gloriously erotic and fulfilling to lie with John.

Alone with my thoughts I unfastened my jeans and pushed my hand into my underwear and gave my excited clitoris a few tweaks and exploded. I felt like screaming as my orgasm overcame me. Pure electricity coursed through my nerve

endings and for the longest time I shuddered and shook in my chair as sheer blissful joy wracked my body.

Afterward, I collected myself and managed to make it up the flight of stairs to my room.

Chapter 8

I awoke to the sound of Dale's alarm. A bleary glance told me it was 3:31 a.m. and I forced myself out of bed to make breakfast for my boys.

I had flapjacks and sausage links ready by the time they both stumbled down the stairs. They both did remember to thank me as they polished off the last of the meal and pushed away from the table and prepared to leave.

When Dale went out to the car to stow the fishing gear in his trunk, I handed John a sack of ham sandwiches and granola

bars along with a thermos of coffee. He thanked me again and then swept me into a bear hug that squeezed the breath from my lungs.

He brought his mouth to my ear and softly whispered, "I'm going to fuck you as soon as Dad is gone to work Monday morning."

"Yes you are, my love. I can hardly wait." I squeaked happily.

He drew back and quizzically stared into my eyes. He could have only seen love and lust and then his own eyes began blazing.

I nodded up at him and surreptitiously reached down to clasp the growing bulge between his legs and smirked, "If you weren't going fishing you wouldn't have to wait until Monday."

He only groaned and then when Dale honked the horn John kissed me quickly but firmly and turned to leave. "I love you, Mom."

"I love you, too." I responded and then yelled at his retreating back, "And you never did finish telling me your fantasy."

He paused halfway through the door and grinned, "Why don't I just show you instead on Monday?"

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I floated through the rest of that morning on a cloud of euphoric lust. It was going to happen. It was what he genuinely wanted. It was what we both wanted. I was positively giddy in my anticipation for him and I had the feeling that my sex life was about to become super-charged once again.

My arousal was so strong I was forced to finger myself off several times. When the mailman dropped off his morning delivery it was fortunate that Mr. Chargin was in his early 60s and looked like a short, fat and balding gnome complete with a blotchy complexion and yellowed and gnarled teeth or I would have molested him on our front porch.

I retreated to my bedroom and crawled back into bed and thought of my baby. I remembered how it felt when he performed oral sex on me. I remembered how it made me breathless to feel him suckling at my breasts. And I remembered how exquisite it felt to feel him shooting his come all over them.

My fingers were slowly and leisurely probing my vagina, teasing me to a state of dementia. I closed my eyes and pictured John and me doing the 69. I then moved on and imagined Monday morning, with Dale's taillights still in view from the window. In my reverie, my door opened and John entered, stark naked and already hard. I imagined him climbing into bed and without words, rolling on top of me.

I orgasmed when I dreamed of John sliding his hard cock slowly into my wetness. It was delicious. The pleasure that coursed through me was warm and embracing and it felt like I actually floated off the bed.

Afterward, still tingling from my release, I slept and dreamed of John.

-

As the saying goes: The best laid plans of mice and men often go awry.

As I slept a cold front moved through and brought with it a light but steady cold rain and threw a wrench into the gears of my well-ordered if somewhat feverish plans.

When I arose, although the sun shone in my heart, a heavy stratiform cloud cover turned the Kansas plains into a grey and dreary landscape.

Dale's sniffles from the day before had intensified. Standing in a cold rain for many hours had not helped and he was coughing up phlegm and sneezing almost uncontrollably when he and John returned home that evening and by the next morning he was sporting a cold from Hell. The only positive I could see in his illness was that our usual Saturday 'special night' was cancelled. I just couldn't bear the thought of taking Dale when my heart's desire was our son. I did everything I could to help him bounce back, but it became clear by Sunday morning he wasn't going to work on Monday.

Dale didn't recover enough to do so until Wednesday.

If he had just stayed abed like I insisted, John's and my frustration wouldn't have been so great. Even if we couldn't have consummated our new relationship, we could have found ways to help each other find release for our pent up frustrations. As it was, Dale was miserable and constantly underfoot, making me and my would-be lover equally miserable.

John went out each night; I think largely to avoid the temptation I presented. Sunday evening he uncharacteristically snapped at Dale over some little trifle. Although he almost immediately apologized to his father, I could see Dale's concern.

Afterward, Dale and I talked about the incident and he decided he knew what John's problem was. "We godda get dat boy laid." He snuffled through his congestion.

"Yes we do." I thought to myself even as I feigned shock at Dale's assertion.

During those long days, I felt like an immature and petulant little girl. I wanted something. I couldn't reach it. I threw tantrums. Poor Dale was clueless that a very large part of me wanted to kill him or at least wished he'd fall into a short-lived but deep coma.

John brought me to a better place when he caught my arm as we were passing in the hall Monday afternoon. "We shouldn't be like this, Mom."

I wrapped my arms around his waist and hugged him close and sobbed, "I know, baby, but I want you so badly I can hardly stand it anymore. I can't think about anything else. I'd give anything to just feel you rub yourself against my butt again."

"I know what you mean. But I've waited for you for almost 27 years. A few more days isn't going to hurt anything." He whispered, kissing my forehead softly. "Just do the laundry by hand like I've been doing, Mom, and we'll be fine until he goes back to work."

"Do you really think I haven't been doing it by hand?" I snorted and laughed weakly. "You think I'm a basket case now? I'd hate to think what I'd be like without fingering myself off two or three times a day."

I looked up into his eyes and gathered strength from him. I nodded and kissed his mouth quickly just as Dale was calling for me to bring him some cough syrup.

-

Tuesday evening Dale was back to 90 percent and he announced that he was going to work the next day unless he took a turn for the worse. I was pretty confident I was going to get laid the next morning.

I tossed and turned all night long, I was so unbelievably excited. I reasoned that not only was it the thought that I was going to have very good sex again, but that the thought of having very good sex with my own son also added to my excitement level. I didn't even consider whether that made me a sick pervert or not. Only a week before I would have never considered incest with anything but revulsion; that night I was plagued by the very idea.

I did manage to sleep - eventually - and I awoke when Dale did. I quickly showered and donned a fresh pair of panties and matching bra and pulled on my robe and tramped downstairs to dutifully make Dale breakfast. I sat and talked idly with him as he ate. I am sure I appeared normal but inside I was a hot mess. I struggled mightily to follow the conversation but more than once Dale looked at me like I was a retard.

Dale was just finishing up his meal when John made my heart start singing merely by putting in an appearance.

He declined my offer of breakfast. "Thanks, but I'll just have coffee, Mom."

He looked so good in his running shorts and a light tee I couldn't take my eyes off him. His hair was tousled and his eyes were still a bit bleary from sleep, but he looked incredibly handsome. He looked sort of like a young and masculine Paul Newman only with dark eyes and a slightly lighter complexion. John didn't look like anybody on my side

of the family that I ever met and he certainly didn't look anything like Dale or his kin, either.

John was just John; unique and perfect.

"You guys have fun today." Dale announced cheerfully as he bade us goodbye and left for work.

How unbelievably and wonderfully prophetic; we fully intended to do just that.

John and I just looked at each other across the table until his father's car disappeared from view. My heart was hammering away in my throat. Butterflies were doing cartwheels in my belly. I couldn't make myself speak.

My son didn't share my problem. He stared at me and slowly and pointedly said, "I'm going to go take a shower, Mom."

It took a few seconds and then it registered. I nodded eagerly, still not trusting my voice.

"Give me fifteen minutes." He smiled at me as he rose from the table and retreated back up to his room.

I sounded like I had inhaled helium when I called after him, "I'll be ready."

Chapter 9

Those fifteen minutes seemed longer than the previous four days. I was uncontrollably excited as I raced to my room and shucked my robe to remove my bra. I tried to remember the words he scripted for me as I pulled the terry cloth robe back over my shoulders and left it untied. I pulled it over my breasts, but left about an inch gap between the two sides. My panties were drenched and my body was thrumming like a high tension wire.

I heard the shower stop and waited just inside my door. When I heard the bathroom open I reached out with a shaky hand and pulled it open and stood in the doorway just as John was leaving the bathroom.

He was wearing only a towel tied around his waist.

His eyes widened and he stepped toward me as I reached out and took his hand and whispered, "Would you like to join me, darling."

John nodded and I could see he was holding his breath as I led him into my bedroom. I could see something substantial moving behind the green and blue towel he wore.

I struggled to breathe myself as I turned and locked the door and then, as gracefully as I could manage, I walked over to the bed and with a pounding heart, looked at him over my shoulder and smiled, "Do you think you can...um...g...give me what I've done without for too long?"

I shrugged my shoulders and allowed the robe to fall off my arms into a crumple around my feet.

John gasped audibly and lurched toward me. I could feel his eyes on me and a delicious shudder rolled through me. For the longest time I didn't move, allowing him to fulfill his fantasy as he saw fit. I was sure he could hear my pounding heart.

When I looked at him again over my shoulder it was my turn to gasp. The bath towel was on the ground. I couldn't help moaning as my eyes fixated on his crotch and the thickness that dangled heavy and long and growing. He was so much thicker limp than Dale was fully erect.

"I don't know how the rest of your f...fantasy goes so you have to lead the way, my love." I cooed.

He sounded like he was choking. "It continues with you t...turning to face me and slowly removing your panties."

Swept along by his fantasy, I did as he scripted. I turned on wobbly legs and as seductively as I could, I rolled my granny panties off my hips and felt them flutter to the floor around my ankles.

For a timeless moment my son and I ogled each other in all our respective and - in my case, relative - glory. His eyes were hooded and lust filled and flitted from the heavy tits that rose and fell on my chest to the thick bush that covered my pubic mound. I couldn't tear my eyes from his penis as it twitched and jerked upward and out as it became engorged with blood.

"The rest of it goes like this." He reached for me and pulled me into Heaven as he wrapped his arms around me and covered my mouth with his.

My entire body surged as his tongue slithered into my mouth and I reciprocated by circling his neck with my arms and

thrilled at the sensation just holding him close created in me. It was sinful to feel my fleshy tits mashed against his broad and hairless chest. It was exquisite to feel his cock pressing against my soft belly as he continued to harden.

He took charge by peeling his mouth from mine and bending at the waist, he scooped me into his arms and carried me the short distance to my marital bed. Effortlessly he crawled up onto the mattress and gently set me down roughly in the center.

"I can't believe this is happening, Mom." He said with a husky tremor in his voice as he gazed down at me from his knees.

I reached up and tenderly clasped his fully erect cock and gave it a little squeeze. "I can hardly believe it m...myself, darling. But it is. I need you so badly."

My son certainly didn't need foreplay, and I was so hot for him my pussy was positively drooling. With a gentle tug, I pulled him towards my portal and spread myself for him.

"We have all the time in the world for...for other things, l...later. Right now I w...want you to put this inside me." I practically begged.

He nodded sluggishly and clambered over my leg and knelt between my knees. I reached for him but he was nonresponsive. He couldn't stop staring at me.

I felt sexy under his eyes. I felt like a sexy and desirable woman again and it was good.

"You're so fucking hot, Mom." He whispered as he drunkenly sank down on all fours over me.

"Thank you, my love. I'm glad you think so." I responded as I lifted my mouth to his and claimed it.

As we kissed slowly and leisurely, I reached down with my left hand and parted my slippery and swollen labia with my

fingers and blindly reached up to grasp his erection with my right and pull him down. He shuddered when I guided him to my weeping sex and rubbed his helmet up and down to lubricate him with my dew.

He pulled his mouth from mine and dropped to his elbows. His eyes never left mine as I positioned his granite cock at my entrance and nodded up at him.

He was nothing if not gentle. With a subtle little thrust of his hips his bulbous knob penetrated me. We both cried out softly as he pushed down again and an inch or so of his thickness followed.

"Oh my baby..." I breathed, enthralled by the sensation of him entering my vagina for the first time.

"Mom..." He whimpered, drawing back slightly before thrusting forward and down, sliding deeper into me.
"Oooohhhh M...Mom..."

Time lost all meaning. I was light headed and my vision was fading out as John worked his magnificent cock into my ravenous pussy. Finally, with one last gentle lunge, he was buried to the base inside me.

I quickly wrapped my legs around his hips to anchor him in place and for many long minutes we both enjoyed the feeling of coming together. He felt amazing inside me. It wasn't at all painful, as I'd feared. He fit me perfectly; like he was made just for me.

"Oh, my dear God!" He groaned, "Your pussy feels so good...so hot...so...wet... Holy Christ it feels like I'm wrapped in oily silk. I've dreamed of this for almost ten years, M...Mom."

"You feel wonderful inside me, my love." I kissed his chin, "I can feel your pulse through your penis. And I've dreamed of this for almost two weeks."

He laughed hoarsely but made no effort to move, content to just be in me. I could hardly think coherently. All I could focus on was the fact that my own son's hard penis was actually nestled snugly in my vagina, stretching my delicate tissues so exquisitely. The thought was so erotically hot I was close to falling over the cliff without him even moving.

I was actually fucking my own son. How unbelievably mind-bending! I couldn't wrap my head around the very idea, despite my body's embracing of it.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and fiercely kissed him, trying desperately to give him a tonsillectomy with my tongue. It was sensory overload. Random lights burst in my head and jolts of electricity radiated from my sex. For whatever reason, it was the purest sexual pleasure I'd ever experienced in my life. I later came to believe it was just having my own flesh and blood's cock in my pussy that was so exciting.

John reluctantly relinquished my tongue and rose up on his elbows. He gazed down at me with ill-concealed lust in his eyes and, at my nod, eased back with his hips and we both moaned softly as his erection slid almost completely from my channel. He paused with just an inch or so inside me and then deliciously pushed himself back into my slippery and welcoming sheath.

Our combined cries of happiness echoed through my bedroom as he slid smoothly into me.

And then he was fucking me with deliberation and purpose. John found a long, slow tempo and began sliding his hard cock in and out of my pussy with rhythmic precision that frayed any coherence I had left. It was unlike anything I had ever experienced in my life. The sensation of his magnificent dick spearing me over and over was excruciatingly beautiful.

I was functioning on instinct alone when I began raising my hips to greet each thrust of his hips. I reached down with my right hand to grip his waist to try pulling him deeper into me.

And I found the vocabulary I had abandoned so many years before. "Fuck me, baby...so good...oh fuck...so g...good...your cock...fuck me, my darling...fuck...so g...good...oh...oh...ughn...oh...oh...oh...fuck..."

John responded appropriately. "Mom...Mom...Mom...Mom...Mommomm..." He sobbed as he sawed his marvelous cock in and out of my slurping cunt.

Our hearts were talking to each other as only lover's hearts can. Our bodies were splattering together loudly in a wet and hot cacophony that filled my head and made me even crazier than I already was.

I had been transported back in time nearly 30 years. I had never really forgotten the delicious joy of how good great sex could be. It had just taken me a long, circuitous route to find it again.

I was slamming my groin upward hard to meet every hard lunge of my son's splendid phallus. I clutched at him with my hands and feet, trying frantically to draw him ever deeper.

I inadvertently bit my inner cheek and tasted blood. Nothing existed for me save the masculine young man who skewered me repeatedly with a steely shaft and cries of lust.

In the fantasy he had partially relayed to me several days before he confessed to jerking himself off before bedding me. I was certain he had followed his fantasy to the letter because for almost twenty minutes we fucked mindlessly. He showed no signs of climaxing even as multiple orgasms wracked my body with intense energy and power. We were both drenched with perspiration and our hot, wet flesh splattered together loudly as we fucked. The slurping sounds of my pussy sucking at him as he plumbed my depths was an erotic and rhythmic symphony.

And then he came with a roar.

Only when John began losing motor control and planted himself in my pussy one last time did my body grant me final release. I could feel his cock swell slightly and then the sensation of his hot semen pumping deep into my belly was the catalyst for the most mind-bending orgasm I had ever lived through.

I vaguely remember screaming in delirious ecstasy as my body seemed like it was coming apart. The power of my release was frightening. Explosions of light and fire burst in my head as his penis jerked and shuddered inside me as he spewed his load deep into my belly and I convulsed over and over beneath him.

Every fiber of my being was singing loudly as my orgasm ran its course. I was barely cognizant of my fingernails clawing at his back and arms as my vaginal muscles contracted on him over and over.

Then, with a final whimper, John collapsed on top of me, forcing the air from my lungs. He was nonresponsive for

many minutes and as my own climax faded into the morning, I wrapped my arms and legs around him and just held him close.

Chapter 10

We clung together and gathered our strength. I examined my conscience for signs of disapproval over what I had just done. I found none. I found only euphoria and a sense of warm fulfillment.

Sometime later found John and I still clinging together. I cherished the sensation of his penis softening inside me and giggled at the feeling of our mingled fluids leaking from around him and dribbling down the crack of my butt.

"It tickles." I lightly kissed his neck.

"Oh Mom..." He sounded as if he were still stunned by our coupling.

"It was easily the best sex I ever had, my love." I cooed in his ear. "You are a magnificent lover."

"I always knew you would be good," He mumbled thickly, "But I had no idea. You are so much better than Mal...fuck face or anyone else I've ever been with."

His flaccid penis slipped from my sheath and I managed to clench my muscles to prevent the majority of our discharge from draining onto the bedspread.

I directed John to find something to catch our fluids. He drunkenly staggered from the bed and handed me his damp towel. I quickly crammed it between my legs and relaxed. I couldn't help staring at his groin as our syrup drained from my center. His penis was long and still somewhat inflated. It was a dark red and shiny with come. His dark pubic hair was plastered to his skin.

I mused to myself as he looked at me and I him, that I had never seen a person more beautiful and more virile. He was utterly gorgeous; everything I ever desired in a man; and he was all man. That he was my own son only made him more desirable, so far as I was concerned.

I tossed aside the towel and extended my arms for him and as he sprawled next to me and gathered me into the shelter of his own arms I felt safe and right and complete. He lightly busied my lips over and over and softly whispered he loved me.

"I love you, too, my darling." I responded quietly, running my fingertips over his broad and hairless chest.

He kissed me then, slowly and thoroughly. There was no question I was loved as his tongue gently writhed with my own and his hands explored my still damp body. I was still tingling from my recent orgasm but his mouth on mine was stoking my fires again. Never had I been kissed with such

passion. I heard his heart with mine and he was saying "Thank you."

-

For roughly an hour we lay together, our hands touching each other; always touching. We kissed and nuzzled at each other and whispered our love with sighs and soft moans. I was ready for him again within fifteen minutes of chucking the come soaked towel to the floor and his taking me in his arms; John, however, had ejaculated twice in the space of a half hour or so and was slow to recover, despite my attempts to help him.

His penis was limp and soft in my hand as I gently massaged him and lightly nibbled on his taut nipples. It wasn't until I pushed him onto his back and kissed my way down his torso to take his soft member in my mouth and lovingly suck on it did I begin to see results. I managed to fight the gag effect and slurped him entirely into my mouth. I thrilled at the knowledge his glans was nudging the back of my throat and his pubic hair was tickling my nose.

I could feel his hand resting on the back of my head as I used my tongue to stroke and lick at the large penis that filled my mouth and I heard his panting words of encouragement. I could feel my own excitement in the wet of my vagina.

His cock began to stiffen slowly and I was forced to withdraw the majority of his length from my mouth as he lengthened and thickened. Despite his protestations, I let his penis slip from between my lips and delicately lay his organ against his lower abs and turned my attention to his testicles.

John sort of convulsed inwardly when I spread his legs apart with my shaking hands and dipped my face to kiss his hairy sac. It was a heady experience and his scent filled my nostrils when I snaked out my tongue and licked his balls. I sensed my son's legs kick out straight when I opened my lips and sucked his left testicle into my mouth and began vigorously tonguing it.

He yelled loudly over and over as I alternated from one testicle to the other. It was so arousing to be mouthing my son's egg-sized balls and rolling them over my tongue.

After a seeming interminable amount of time, I felt John reach down and gently cradle the sides of my head in his large hands and lift upward. His eyes were blazing when I looked up at him and it didn't take a rocket scientist to see what he wanted.

I squealed inwardly and scrambled up and straddled his hips. He dropped his hands to my thighs as I rose up and reached down to lift his erection upward and position him at my entrance and then in one smooth, slow movement, I sank down onto him.

"Oooohhhh Mom..." He whimpered as he watched my drooling pussy engulf him.

A long soul-rending cry was forced from my throat.
"Johnnnnnnnnn..."

I closed my eyes and just enjoyed the exquisite sensation of his rigid cock penetrating me. It felt divine to take him deeper and deeper until with a gentle wriggle of my hips, he bottomed out against my cervix and was completely inside me.

John reached up and laced my fingers with his and for the longest time we were content to just be joined as one. I could literally feel his steady heartbeat through his penis. I deliberately squeezed at him with my vaginal muscles and giggled when he winced in pleasure.

"Christ, Mom," He groaned hard, "That feels so good."

"I love making you feel good, my love." I smiled softly, "It m...makes me feel good to make you feel good."

I bent at my middle and covered his mouth with mine. He relinquished my hands and his immediately gravitated to my

asscheeks where they immediately began massaging me firmly and vigorously. He sucked on my tongue with wild abandon as I tried to absorb him completely. I wanted his essence to be mine and mine his. My whole being was tingling with sexual joy as we mindlessly groped at each other with our mouths, our hands, and our sexes.

I peeled my mouth from his and raised my head to stare into his eyes. To that date I had never seen such intense lust burning from another person's eyes. I was looking into the eyes of a wild animal with a singular purpose in mind. I gripped his shoulders in my hands and pushed myself up until I was roughly perpendicular to him.

His penis involuntarily jerked inside me sending a wave of tiny electric jolts radiating outward from my vagina.

"Oooohhhh Johnnnnnnnn..." I moaned at the sensation. "I love what how your c...cock feels inside me."

He grinned evilly and flexed himself again eliciting another moan from deep inside me. "Mom, I g...gotta tell you, it was so fucking hot to hear you talking so dirty...nasty when we were fucking before. So hot..."

"I think you and I are exactly alike in that regard, l...lover." I ground myself down on him and watched his face screw up. "I love being talked to nasty during sex...and talking nasty. It gets me so hot to hear my lover tell me how I'm doing."

"It's hard to imagine D...Dad talking nasty to you." He held me at the waist and literally lifted me up and we both groaned as his erection slipped out of me a few inches.

He held me up for a moment and then let me drop back down.

"Oooooohhhhhh..." I sobbed as I slid back down on his thickness.

I set my hands on his muscular chest and took control. I pushed up with my legs and relished the exquisite sensation of his cock sliding out of me until just his helmet was inside me. I then began working at him with my pussy, rocking up and down allowing his massive dick to slide in and out of me. Like a metronome I methodically rose and fell over him.

It was beautiful to feel his rigid cock sliding deep into my vagina and then retreat with a wet slurping sound. John still gripped my waist and a few minutes after I began fucking him he found my rhythm and began thrusting upward with his hips at each down stroke, driving himself deeper into me.

"Your p...pussy feels so f...fucking good, Mom...so tight...I love fucking you...oh Jesus...Mom..." He panted as we slammed our conjoined groins together.

"Thank you, b...baby..." I sobbed as I clutched at his cock with my delicate tissues. "I love fucking you, t...too.....oh...your cock is magnificent...so hard and so thick...you're glorious...ughn...I love how you f...fuck me..."

I was cognizant of my fleshy tits jiggling wildly on my chest as I rocked up and down on him. We were both sweating profusely from exertion as we coupled. John abandoned my waist and raised his hands to grip my tits and enthusiastically began squeezing and pulling at them.

My orgasm sort of snuck up on me. All at once and without warning my body burst into fragments and a loud cacophony of furious sounds rang through my head. Lights danced in my eyes and I was aware of throwing my head back and crying out loudly.

It was superb. It felt like I was melting as fire and electricity coursed through me. Over and over I convulsed uncontrollably and clung to the sheer blissful sensation of the best part of being a woman.

I gradually returned to reality and the present to find John had raised his upper body and wrapped his arms around me and was energetically sucking at my right tit.

I wrapped my own arms around his head and just held him as he nursed at me.

"Oooohhhh John," I whispered hoarsely against the top of his head, "That was amazing...delicious..."

He mumbled something unintelligible.

I was still shivering in my delight and what he was doing to me with his mouth and hands only made me shiver more. His rigid cock was still buried in my pussy and it just felt good.

Despite my not wanting him to stop ministering to my hard nipples, I had an epiphany and clasped a handful of his hair and pulled gently until my nipple pulled from his mouth with a loud popping sound and he stared up at me with a hangdog look in his eyes.

"You haven't come yet, have you?" I queried.

He shook his head and kissed my chin, "Not yet. I was close when you did, but I'm okay with it. I'm not done yet."

I kissed him softly and sweetly, my tongue slowly dueling with his.

When I peeled my lips from his I smiled down at him and asked, "Would you like me to finish the job?"

He again shook his head. "As much as I love you being on top, Mom, I'd like to try something else."

"Something else?" I was mystified.

"Get on your hands and knees. I want to do you doggy style."
His order was firm but kind.

I squealed happily as he loosed his arms and let me climb off of him. I felt a slight twinge of disappointment when his thick penis slid from my vagina but I took comfort in knowing it would be back where it belonged in short order. I felt warm fluids draining down my inner thighs. On wobbly arms and legs I crawled off him and waited impatiently as he climbed into position behind me.

Smiling back over my shoulder at him, I raised my ass as high as I was able and wondered at how masculine he looked as he took his prodigious erection in his hand and pushed it downward. With his left hand he held me at the hip and with his right he guided himself between my legs.

A small cry of happiness leaked from between my clenched teeth as he leaned forward and his knob pushed into me. It felt amazing as he slowly and deliberately worked his cock into my cunt, until with a gentle thrust of his midsection he was buried to the hilt inside me. I could feel my ass flattened against his abdomen and was content to give up complete control to him.

And oh how he controlled me. For many minutes he was happy to just have me mounted on his phallus while he used his hands to stroke my back and occasionally reach beneath me to fondle my quivering tits.

"You are so beautiful, Mom." He whispered from somewhere over me. "So fucking sexy. I've fantasized about this so often..."

"You're quickly b...becoming my fantasy, lover." I choked thickly. "Fuck me, Son. Fuck me hard and fast. Make me come again."

He did just that. By the time he was finished and I recovered somewhat, I knew I had never been fucked so thoroughly in my life.

John drew back and I tried to brace myself for his onslaught as he paused with his bulbous helmet just inside my vagina. With delicate finesse he eased himself back into me and found a long, slow tempo that was driving me crazy. In and out he slid his hard cock with metered precision.

"God, Mom, you should see how fucking g...good it looks to see my dick d...disappear into your pussy." He cried as he plumbed my depths so expertly.

I managed to squeak, "I don't need t...to see...ughn...it, baby. I can feel it and it f...feels incredible..."

His hands squeezed my asscheeks in time to his measured thrusting. Whatever else he had, John had stamina. I don't know how long we had fucked with me on top but I'd venture a guess of ten minutes or so. Maybe fifteen, tops. When he mounted me doggy style and began stroking in and out of my slurping cunt, slowly at first and then faster and harder, I was sure he wouldn't last much longer.

I was wrong.

I experienced multiple orgasms as he ratcheted up his thrusting, driving himself into me with forceful

determination. I couldn't think for as one orgasm faded into a nebulous and delicious aftermath another was building.

My son held me firmly at the hips and was slamming himself into me almost viciously but it felt breathtakingly delicious to be ravaged so. Our bodies slapped together loudly and wetly and the bed frame was squealing as loudly as I was. The oak headboard was slamming against the wall, punctuating each mighty drive of John's hips. Our breathless cries of lust echoed in my small bedchamber.

The fog of lust clouded everything but I distinctly felt him plunge a thumb into my asshole up to the first knuckle. I screamed and came again.

My weakened arms gave out and collapsed. My upper body flopped onto the comforter and still he ploughed my cunt faster and harder. A keening whine leaked from my throat. My entire body jiggled and quivered violently and deliciously as he skewered me over and over. I vaguely felt a copious amount of warm liquid draining down my inner thighs.

"Fuck...oh f...fuck...oh John...cock...your...don't sssstop you wonderful m...motherfucker...don't stop...so good...so...oh...good...oh fuck..." I mumbled incoherently.

"Mom!" He bellowed through my haze of lust, "Your f...fucking pussy is so f...fucking hot and wet...you w...wonderful...oh Jesus...c...cock slut..."

Finally, mercifully, he came with a fury. I vaguely felt him slam himself home and freeze, holding me firmly planted on his cock as his thick, viscous semen erupted from his balls and poured into me. He jerked and shuddered mightily as his orgasm ran its course and his howl of pleasure sounded more animal than human.

When his penis stopped convulsing inside me I managed to open an eye and watched him slump over me in slow motion. I didn't recognize him. His face was still twisted up into a mask of lust and his color was high.

I shivered lusciously as the warmth of his semen spread through my belly and embraced the thrill of great sex again and let him hold me impaled on his phallus as long as he wanted.

Chapter 11

That's how it went for our first three days together.

Each morning we would fuck, then snuggle and touch and talk, and then fuck again.

As soon as Dale's taillights were out of sight each morning my door would open and John would slip into my bed and we'd come together with deep desire and passion greater than any I'd ever known.

We'd make love all morning, coming down around noon each day to collect ourselves for Dale's eventual return. My son was

just like me in bed; creative and energetic and oh so nasty. Nothing was taboo or off-limits, excepting my ass. He tried though, but when I shut him down I hinted to him I'd eventually let him have it but I needed to work myself up for that first.

John actually taught me some things about myself I was unaware of, and he was more than happy to take lessons from me as well. It was amazing what he could do to me with just a touch of a finger or a whispered word of love. The fires inside me were fully stoked and at times threatened to consume me in their intensity.

It was when Dale was home in the evenings that I felt I'd surely go insane. My heart's desire was within grasping distance and I dared not reach for it. It was during those times that I saw the rage behind John's eyes. He was suffering along with me.

I wasn't looking forward to the weekend.

-

Friday, just after noon, as we were getting our clothes back on, I casually mentioned to John that I had obligations to his father.

"Saturday nights are your dad's and my 'special time,' baby." I said as I examined the somewhat faded hickey on my breast in the mirror and decided that Dale probably wouldn't even notice it, especially if I dimmed the lights.

He was pulling on his shirt and froze. "Mom!"

I looked at his reflection in the mirror and nodded. "He is my husband, darling. If he wants it, I have to give it to him."

John looked like a spoiled child. "Can't you...you know...fake a headache or something?"

"I could, but I'm not going to. Your dad doesn't deserve that. He's a good man and just because you and I are lovers doesn't

change that." I paused and winked at him through the mirror. "Honey, trust me it'll be alright. I promise you he won't do anything for me...in that area...and I'll be thinking of you the whole time. Besides, recently there have been many Saturdays recently he has asked for a rain check. It's possible he may tomorrow, also."

John grinned foolishly at me as he walked up behind me and lightly kissed the back of my neck. "You're right, Mom. You're mine, but you're Dad's, too. And he was here first. If I ever get to the point where I only want sex once a week, though, I think I'm going to put a gun in my mouth and pull the trigger."

I giggled and handed him the bra I was holding and let him put it on me. "Me too. Over the past few years I have become something of an expert in the area of autoerotic stimulation."

He laughed and snapped the elastic of the brassiere against my back. "If it is just the same to you, Mom, I think I'll go out Saturday night. Maybe I'll hunt up Stacy Jefferson."

He ducked my playful swat and gathered me in his arms and kissed me hard and fast. "I'm kidding about Stacy, but not about going out. I don't think I want to be around when you're...with Dad."

I nodded and lightly bit his chin. "I understand, darling. Believe me I'm not looking forward to it either."

I stepped back and handed him my panties and struggled to contain myself as he knelt in front of me and allowed me to step into them and then pulled them onto me. I let him choose my outfit - a sundress and matching ribbon in my hair. There was something extremely erotic about letting him dress me like a Barbie doll.

-

John went off on Dale that afternoon over some stupid thing Dale said. I don't even remember exactly what it was Dale said that precipitated the explosion from John, but I remember thinking that it was an inane thing to say. But I also remember

thinking that John was being a jackass. And I could see the hurt in Dale's eyes.

John stormed out of the house and we watched his truck speed off in a roar and a cloud of dust.

"Dale!" I reproached him, shaking my head.

"What?" He blurted indignantly. "What the hell has gotten into that boy?"

"Just give him space, honey." I patted his shoulder, "I just think he's falling in love."

"If he does, I hope it happens fast because that boy needs to get laid more than any red blooded man in America."

I smiled inwardly and pattered with the dishes and let Dale delude himself about what our son's problem was. I knew John was lashing out because his father was going to be with

his lover the next evening and he didn't know how to handle his jealousy.

Dale could think whatever he liked; I knew better.

-

John sincerely apologized to his father that evening when he put in his appearance. Dale's forgiveness was quickly granted and all was well in the Carpenter household again; at least on the surface.

It didn't take any form of genius to see the hunger in John's eyes when he looked at me.

-

It turned out that John had nothing to be jealous about.

Saturday night when I came out of the master bath wearing only a camisole and a pair of skimpy panties Dale whistled long and low at the image I presented but he was unable to do anything about it.

I slipped beneath the sheets and reached for him. He kissed me lightly and hugged me close. I felt nothing.

Apparently Dale felt nothing as well, for when I reached down below the broad and rounded expanse of his belly and blindly hunted for his penis I found it sleeping, soft and limp. I pulled back my head and looked quizzically into his eyes.

He looked chagrined and apologetic. "I'm sorry, Karen."

"Don't be." I squeezed him a few more times with my fingers and it was evident his little buddy was in deep hibernation. "Do you want me to try using my mouth on you to see if that'll do the job?"

It certainly wasn't the first time Dale had failed to 'show up' for the job but that was the first time I saw deep embarrassment in his eyes.

He shook his head and was actually blushing. "No, I don't think even that would help. I just feel bad for you, hon. I know you've been left high and dry and I've been neglecting...these things...for awhile and you deserve better."

I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from laughing and I managed to appear genuine in my concern. "It's okay, Dale. You've been working hard, just got over a serious cold, and, frankly, babe, you and I are getting old."

He grinned sheepishly and nodded. "I think I'm going to make an appointment with Doc Stoker, though. I'm only 54, not 74. It should still work for Chrissake!"

We both simultaneously rolled onto our backs and reached up to turn off the matching bedside lamps on either side of the bed.

Only our even breathing broke the silence in the darkness until Dale spoke, "I bet I can make you laugh."

I figured a laugh might help get John off my mind if only for a few minutes. "You're on."

"A dude was out fishing on the ocean when a sudden storm came up and capsized his boat. Fortunately he wasn't too far from a small island and he quickly swam to safety."

"After the storm passed, the dude took a survey of his surroundings. The island was small but has plenty of food and fresh water and even shelter. However, the only other living animals on the island were one sheep and one big German Shepherd."

I tried hard to focus on Dale's joke but thoughts of John intruded.

"Weeks pass and the dude is stuck. No boats pass. No planes fly overhead. He is doing alright except that, being a man, one thing is lacking. Then one morning he wakes up and can't stand it anymore. He spots the sheep grazing down near the beach and the dude gets an idea. He quickly shucks his pants and get behind the sheep and gets ready to go at it when the German Shepherd came up and bit him on the ass, putting the kibosh on the dude's plans."

Headlights bounced down the drive and a strange relief flooded my heart when I heard the sound of John's Dodge pickup wheeling up next to the house. I refocused on Dale's attempt to make me laugh.

"This goes on for weeks. Every morning the dude wakes up and tries to nail the sheep and every morning the dog comes up and bites him on the ass. The dude is getting really frustrated, but then one morning he wakes up to see a life boat bobbing on the waves a short distance from shore. He quickly swims out to it and climbs aboard."

"As he does, the dude wakes up a beautiful naked blonde woman who was sleeping in the bottom of the boat. As she wakes and sees our hero, the blonde says, 'Thank God, sir! You saved my life. I'll do anything you ask.'"

"The dude brightens and tells her, 'Hold that fucking dog!'"

I couldn't help it. Peals of laughter escaped from my mouth, echoing in our bedchamber. I laughed hard and I just knew Dale was grinning happily like an idiot in the dark over the idea that he could still make me laugh.

His dick wasn't working, but that was just a secondary issue to my hubby.

-

Sunday morning I slipped from bed and pulled on my robe and left Dale sawing logs and slipped from our room to find a place to think. I needed a cup of coffee and solitude. Coffee

I found but my son happily spoiled my attempt to locate a little bit of privacy.

He was seated at the table with a mug of black java that looked too strong for my taste. He brightened immediately at my presence before he seemed to remember he wanted to be sore at me for being with his dad.

"Good morning, my love." I whispered and kissed the top of his head.

"Good morning, Mom." He responded.

I retrieved my own cup and poured it three quarters full of the thick brew and cut it with hot water. I sat across the table from him and smiled softly at my singular obsession.

We must have had some sort of psychic connection because his eyes widened and he smiled broadly. "It didn't happen, did it?"

I slowly shook my head and wrinkled my nose at him. "Nope. It was a spectacular failure to launch."

His happy glee positively leaked from his eyes although he tried to hide it. "I'm sorry, Mom."

"Pshaw!" I snorted, "Don't be. I'm not."

I drank deep of my coffee and shuddered at the harshness of it going down. "Wow!" I theatrically grimaced, "You do know you only need four scoops for a pot, don't you?"

He ignored the admonishment I bestowed on him every time he made the morning coffee. "I know this is bad to say, Mom, but I'm really, really glad Dad couldn't get it up. Although I can't imagine not being able to with you...uh...that was it, right? Dad couldn't get it up?"

I nodded emphatically. "A crane wouldn't have helped last night."

"I won't say I'm at all disappointed." He polished his morning mud off and set aside his mug and slid back and sideways in his chair.

His intent was clear and I thrilled as I set aside my own awful brew and rose up on shaky legs and crossed to him. His hands gravitated to my hips as I sat down on his lap and dipped my head to capture his mouth with mine.

I knew it was potentially dangerous, but Dale historically slept late Sundays and I was sure we'd hear the stairs creaking if he surprised us by waking early.

John and I kissed fiercely and hungrily, alternating sucking on the other's tongue. I relished the sensation of his hands touching me, stroking me, making love to me. I squirmed in his grasp as one hand groped at my breasts and the other massaged my butt through my robe.

I peeled my lips from his and just clung to him as he held me close. The night before, after Dale's joke, in the silence of our room a kernel of an idea had germinated in my grey matter and, that morning, as John held me in the circle of his muscular arms and molested me, I began to see it grow.

I kissed John firmly and extricated myself from his embrace and told him I needed to shower and reluctantly declined his offer to help. That would have been taking a needless risk. Besides, I needed some alone time to water my seedling of a plan. It might have seemed ridiculous, even to me, but I thought it just might have roots.

I couldn't help noticing John was nearly fully erect in his shorts when I slipped off his lap.

I reached down and squeezed it lightly and giggled. "Monday's not that far off."

He moaned heavily and caught my arm as I was trying to slip past him. The look in his eyes was like nothing I'd ever seen; feral and fiery and demanding.

I looked hastily up the stairs off the kitchen and whimpered as I sank to my knees between his splayed legs. John hurriedly lifted his butt and pushed his shorts and boxers down his legs freeing his engorged manhood which sprang up slightly, jerking in time to his heartbeat.

"Keep an ear out for your father." I muttered thickly as I took him in my fingers and pulled him upward and considered his swollen helmet for a long moment before attacking him with my mouth. I swirled my tongue around his swollen knob as I pushed my head downward and took his rigid cock into my mouth as deeply as I could.

His scent filled my head as I gripped him at the base and began moving my head up and down while establishing a vacuum with my mouth. I could hear John's loud moaning as I gobbled him as energetically as I was able. His hands rested

on the back of my head as I ministered to his thickness. Hard as steel yet as soft as velvet, John's cock slid in and out of my hungry mouth as I sucked at him.

He was making so much noise it pierced the fog of lust that filled my head and I grew afraid Dale would hear him. John had more stamina than anyone I had ever been with and it usually took me twenty minutes or better to bring him off orally, but in a panic to finish as quickly as possible I ratcheted up the intensity of my sucking and tugged at him as energetically as I could.

"Holy shit, M...Mom!" I heard him cry out as I fucked him with my mouth. "Oh C...Christ..."

My jaw ached and the buzzing in my ears rose and fell with my pounding heartbeat. If the kitchen ceiling had fallen in on us I would have continued blowing him until the job was complete. I absolutely loved giving head and I especially loved sucking John off, but fear of being discovered by Dale was taking some of the pleasure from sucking our son's dick.

And then John erupted. I felt his signal and noted his abs contracting spastically and knew it was imminent. I slid him almost completely from my mouth and tightened my lips just south of his helmet and tugged at him a few more times with my hands.

He screamed hoarsely and his ass lifted off the chair as his first delicious burst of semen bathed my tongue. I swallowed as fast as I could over and over as his massive penis jerked hard and spewed wad after wad of warm, thick and salty come into my mouth. Finally, with a plaintive whimpering sound, John's orgasm petered out and the last of his syrup oozed from his cockhead.

Cognizant of the danger represented by Dale slumbering just above our heads, I hurriedly slurped up the last remnant of John's semen and pulled him from my mouth. I delicately laid his still hard penis against his stomach and pushed up onto unsteady legs. He was dazed, slumped back, his color high.

I leaned down and kissed his forehead and whispered, "Good morning, darling."

As I made my way up to my room with my belly full of come and my groin a hot, humid mess, I grinned that I had made John come in under five minutes. "Practice makes perfect." I smiled proudly.

My heart skipped a beat when Dale opened our bedroom door just as I was reaching for it. He must have slept well and woke up in a frisky mood because he smiled and wrapped his arms around me and leaned in to cover my mouth with his. I mentally shrugged and accepted his tongue in my mouth and kissed him back.

I wondered if he could taste his son's come on my tongue as he reached down to pinch my bottom. He was walking on clouds after we broke our clinch and as I slipped into the bedroom I only hoped John had recovered enough to pull up his drawers.

He must have because there was no ensuing explosion from the lower floor.

-

I ran the shower until it was comfortable, stepped in, cleansed myself as quickly as I was able, masturbated to thoughts of John, and then closed my eyes and tried to focus solely on my plan.

In the quiet solitude of the shower stall my strategy came together nicely, and by the time I was drying myself off in front of the vanity, it had solidified into what seemed a fool proof plan that could ultimately make things very easy for me and John to be together whenever and as often as we liked.

Chapter 12

Monday morning found John and I entangled in each other's arms, his magnificent cock spent, but still lodged inside my pussy and my womb filled with his warm, thick come.

He was dead weight on top of me as we both struggled to gather ourselves after our mutual orgasm. I just clung to him, my body still tingling deliciously.

I nuzzled the side of his neck and whispered his name.

He was nonresponsive.

"John." I repeated.

"Mmmm..." His voice sounded sluggish.

"John, lift your head so I can see you. I need to talk to you."

He looked drunk when he laboriously raised his head. His eyes were still glazed with passion and his nostrils were flared and the color on his cheeks was high.

My lover looked into my eyes and lightly kissed the tip of my dainty little nose. "What is it, Mom?"

I wrinkled my brow up at him and smirked impishly. "How would you like to be able to fuck me whenever you want, whether your dad is here or not, and have his blessing to do so?"

"What?!" He blurted, causing his semi-soft penis to slide part way out of my vagina.

"Wouldn't it be nice to be able to make love to me anytime you wanted to, lover?" I kissed his eyes and nose and the corners of his mouth. "Wouldn't it be nice if we weren't

restricted to just weekday mornings, always worried about your dad potentially coming home unexpectedly?"

John rolled off me and I grimaced as his flaccid organ slithered from my sex-slicked channel. He handed me the folded towel I had placed on Dale's pillow.

I crammed it between my legs and relaxed and as our mingled bodily fluids drained from my cunt I looked at him and nodded. "I think I have an idea how you and I can be together anytime and anywhere we like and your father will think it is his idea. Interested?"

"Is a four pound robin fat? Of course I'm interested, but it sounds ridiculous. Dad will never allow...that."

"Oh but he will...I think." I reached out and took his left hand in mine and guided it to my right tit. "I think I know how we can...convince him to allow just that but it's going to take some acting on your part."

He lightly teased my nipple and titflesh with his fingers.
"Acting?"

"Uh-huh. Listen, baby," I rolled onto my side and began teasing his nipples, too. "The last couple of times you blew a gasket and went off on your father, afterward he made comments to the effect of 'We need to get that boy laid' or something similar."

"Well, hell, Mom, that don't mean he'll let me...and you..." John was tweaking my nipple firmly, pulling on it and rolling it between his thumb and forefinger, sending little electric jolts through my body.

"Of course not, not by itself." I winced as a particularly sharp jolt jolted me. "B...But I know he also feels guilty for 'neglecting' me and leaving me - in his words - 'high and dry.'"

"But Mom..." John abandoned my breast and slid his strong, warm hand down my stomach, his fingers lightly brushing the butter soft skin of my belly.

"No butts, baby." I had a full head of steam and wanted to get it out, "I think that if you were to have a few more 'blow ups' directed at your father, and if he is unable to deliver on Saturday nights, as he has been unable to on nine of the last ten, he just might suggest that I help you scratch your itches and you scratch mine."

"Mom!" John's fingers pushed through my tangled and matted pubic hair. "It sounds great, but I just can't believe Dad would actually make such a proposal, regardless of what I do and what he is unable to do. It just doesn't make any sense."

"It does if you knew your father like I do. He isn't one of these moralistic prigs who think they own their wives and what's between their legs. He doesn't view sex through a prism of religion or morals, and he doesn't confuse sex with love. He truly believes - I've heard him say it many times - sex is something you do; love is something you feel."

John nodded and looked into my eyes. I could see he was turning over in his mind the idea of trying to 'nudge' Dale into letting me scratch his son's itches.

"You know, I've heard him say that, too." John was getting excited and a happy light was dancing in his eyes. "Just before I left for college he took me aside and gave me that spiel or something very similar."

I nodded. "He's doesn't exactly believe in open marriages, per se, but he is fairly liberal about sex." I moaned hard when John leaned forward and sucked my nipple between his teeth and began sucking vigorously at it. "When you were about ten and he had his b...back surgery and was down for the count for almost three months he even suggested...oh Jesus...I go to a bar to find a stranger to take care of my needs. He just wanted to make sure I came home to him afterward. It never happened b...but...oh fuck, that feels so good!"

He had as much of my boob stuffed in his mouth as he could manage and was sucking like a madman. I wrapped my arms around his head, closed my eyes and forgot my 'plan' as he mouthed me to nirvana.

In the short time we had been lovers, I learned John loved sucking on my tits almost as much as he loved sliding his cock in and out of my pussy. In between our couplings, he would nurse at my nipples until they were red and puffy and sore. He would suckle at me so long and so fervently I swore I was going to start lactating again. I never minded; it made me feel maternal and sexy at the same time.

It just felt good to be plundered again by a man who desired me more than anything else. I loosened my right arm and slipped it between us and blindly hunted for and found his rapidly swelling penis and began stroking and tugging it.

My son weakly raised his head when I gently tugged his hair. His penis had solidified into warm steel and I was ready for

something I hadn't experienced in decades. He initially tried to gently push me onto my back but I resisted.

"Uh-uh. Lay back, baby," I whispered hoarsely in anticipation, "This one is on me."

John slowly eased onto his back, carrying me with him. We kissed slowly and sweetly until I pushed up and slipped down slightly and began raining heated, sucking, nibbling kisses across his chest and slowly began a southward progression. I clasped his penis in my fingers and pushed it slightly to the side to momentarily tongue his navel.

And then I turned my attention to his stiff organ. I could smell the heady scent of our dried come still lingering on his flesh as I dipped my head and mouthed his swollen helmet. His body shivered as I pulled him erect and slowly wrapped my lips around his glans and leisurely ran my tongue over his velvet surface.

My pussy was drooling in anticipation of what I hadn't shared with John. I didn't think he'd throw up much objection.

With his hard cock firmly gripped in my ravenous mouth, I began crab walking with my knees back up toward the head of my king sized bed. I hadn't made the full maneuver when John realized what I was doing and moaned hard, reaching out to grip my right leg and helped me lift it up over his head and set it down so that his face was directly under my pussy.

I almost bit down on his penis when I felt his hands slide up the outside of my thighs to grip my asscheeks and raise his mouth to cover my weeping sex. As he slowly and deliberately began tonguing my slippery folds, I slipped my hands beneath him to grip his tight little ass and began moving my head up and down allowing his hard cock to slide in and out of my mouth as I energetically sucked at him.

Talk about sensory overload. With his erection in my mouth, his tongue in my pussy and his strong hands kneading my ass, I was burning up. I was sexually alive again and reveled in the

knowledge and threw myself into my avocation with wild abandon.

I sucked at John's penis as vigorously as I could as I took him ever deeper in my ravenous mouth. My jaw hurt but I was careful not to scrape him with my teeth as he slid in and out my oral cavity.

John had more stamina and control than anyone I'd ever been with. He was excited but always in control, unlike me.

I was coming at random intervals. What he was doing to me with his tongue was almost more than I could bear. He licked and sucked at my vagina so expertly he was setting off explosions of pure carnal energy in my belly and in my head. He occasionally sucked at my swollen little clitoris causing me to pull his appendage from my mouth and throw back my head to scream.

I couldn't help myself and violently ground my pussy down onto his face like a demented woman.

And when he pushed my body down slightly, spread my asscheeks and raised his head to tongue my anus I thought I was losing my mind.

I howled like a banshee, "Oh fffffuck...oh my God that...f...feels so fucking g...good you n...nasty motherfucker...don't s...stop...oh b...baby...I love you...ughn...oh Christ...ooohhhh fffffuck..."

I had been reduced to an orgasmic slut. I couldn't hold a coherent thought in my head. Forgotten was the erection I clutched in my right hand. And then when a particularly powerful orgasm ripped through me I forgot who I was.

I nearly blacked out with the intensity of my release. Violent explosions burst in my head and I was sure that I was coming apart as delicious jolts of pure electricity coursed through me. It was warm and wonderful and I clung to it with a simple-minded desperation.

When I floated back to reality I almost immediately came again.

Somehow my son had manhandled me onto my side, had lifted my right leg over his and he was sliding his thick cock smoothly and deeply in and out of my vagina from behind. He was squeezing and pulling at my tits in time with his thrusting and he was biting my shoulder like a wild animal.

I loved it and began to respond. "Oh fuck you feel so good in me..." I panted harshly, "Your c...cock was made just for me...don't ever stop fucking me..."

"Never..." He whispered in my ear, "Your pussy was m...made just for....oh Christ...me..."

He was close. So was I and getting closer.

His thrusting was becoming uncoordinated and faster and then he let go.

"Gonna come...c...can't stop..." He cried as he planted himself in me and froze.

"That's it baby..." I mumbled thickly, "Give it to me....g...give all your wonderful come to me..."

I thrilled at the sensation of his massive cock jerking hard inside me and then the warmth of his semen filling my womb. It was delicious feeling him give me his gift of love and over and over he convulsed until with one last gasp, he collapsed heavily onto the bed behind me and let out a groan that sounded like he was being tortured.

Chapter 13

"Your plan. Do you really think it'll work, Mom?" He asked in between slurps of the beef stew we were having for lunch.

Largely finished with our lovemaking for that day we dressed and retreated to the kitchen for some sustenance. All the varied and oh so hot activities we had engaged in that morning had taxed our energy and if, as I hoped, we wanted to get in another quickie before Dale returned home we needed fuel.

"I don't know." I mused, dunking my wheat bread in the thick but savory stew. "I certainly wouldn't bet my life on it but I think it's a possibility, especially if he continues to have...um...problems in that area. I just think it would be nice to not only have his blessing to service you - and be serviced by you - but be able to be with you any time I liked."

"No shit! That'd be awesome." John ladled himself another bowl and smiled broadly at me, "I'm willing to give it a try. As they say, nothing ventured, nothing gained. And if you're the reward, so much the better."

-

John and I initiated phase one of my scheme that same evening. John could have been nominated for an Oscar, he was that convincing.

After eating dinner, Dale and I joined John in the living room and, as usual, Dale commandeered the remote. Without asking he flipped the channel from the baseball game John was watching to the local news.

While it was rude of my hubby, it surely didn't deserve the chewing out John laid on him.

"What the hell, Dad!" He practically snarled from where he reclined in the leather La-Z-Boy. "You couldn't wait ten minutes? It's the fucking bottom of the ninth with one out with the go ahead run on second."

He pushed up out of the chair and stormed from the room with a muted, "What the fuck?"

John was brilliant if the hurt that jumped into his father's eyes was an indication. John didn't even really like baseball. I actually felt sorry for Dale, but I had a plan to follow.

"That was pretty rude, honey." I mildly rebuked him.

Dale considered my words but shook his head. "Jesus, next time I'll ask but he knows I never miss the news. I sure as hell didn't expect that reaction."

"I think he's just frustrated." I lied and reached out to touch his arm, "His would be girlfriend shot him down cold."

Dale turned his attention to the television and muttered under his breath, "Well, tell him to go out and find a new one, for Chrissake. If he doesn't get some trim soon I think the boys going to snap."

I laughed and slapped his shoulder. "Oh Dale!"

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Phase one went like that for the remainder of that week. Dale could hardly say a word about anything without a resulting backlash from his son. Dale's hurt confusion after each episode made me consider putting a halt to what John and I had taken to calling 'Operation Freedom.'

John, too, wasn't keen on what he was doing to his father. He genuinely loved Dale; he just loved me and my vagina more so he was loath to end our little charade. The very idea of

being able to jump my bones even with father under the same roof and at all hours of the day was too alluring.

John did dampen the intensity of his verbal attacks on Dale, though. He hated seeing the hurt in Dale's eyes, also.

-

By Saturday morning Dale was reeling. The son he adored seemed like a stranger to him. Their relationship seemed frayed around the edges and my husband couldn't think of anything more original to 'fix' John but to find a way for him to 'wet his wick.' No less than a half dozen times between Monday evening and Friday night Dale had made comments - some pointed and others less so - regarding the dire need to remedy John's lack of sex before he went off the deep end.

For myself, my sex life had indeed become super-charged. Each morning my son and I would fuck until noon and sometimes beyond. We were insatiable for each other. My daily chores went half-finished or forgotten completely. In

that short space of time I had found myself again, sexually, and our small flock of chickens and handful of goats suffered mildly as a result. If it wasn't for John feeding them after our 'sessions' they would have starved.

John was everything I had ever desired and been denied as a lover. He was inventive and so energetic. Nothing was off-putting and he was willing to try anything; as was I. Nothing made me feel like a woman so much as feeling him fill me with his semen and the knowledge that it was me and my body that brought him pleasure. I felt desirable and desired. And John's cock was easily the best I'd ever had, which didn't suck either.

The power of my orgasms with my son was so much more powerful than I'd ever experienced. Perhaps it was because he was so unbelievably talented with his magnificent dick or maybe it was because he was my own son. Incest had always been a vague concept to me; something that was occasionally considered with abhorrent news stories about fathers or mothers molesting their minor children or, rarer, consenting

adult children engaged in consensual sex with their equally consenting parents.

Prior to John's initial and spontaneous assault on my butt a few short weeks before I never entertained the idea of incest. I had never looked at my son as anything but someone I loved completely but in an asexual way.

Sure, there had been times when he was growing up that I occasionally had thoughts that were maybe inappropriate, but I always immediately banished them. There were just some things that were unacceptable to my way of thinking, regardless of how good looking or how well-endowed he was.

When John rubbed his erection against my butt the first time he unleashed passions I had long bottled up and they had spilled over the dam I had constructed brick by brick after marrying Dale. It had been like a tsunami rolling against a dike of toothpicks. There was no hope of me stopping the tide once it had been allowed to run free.

And once it had, I was helpless against it. Maybe it was justifying things somewhat, but I am confident if Dale could 'have done it for me' over the years, John and I weren't happening. If my sex life had been in any way satisfying nothing John could have done could have convinced me to lay with him.

So I told myself.

Once I crossed the Rubicon and took John to my bed, however, nothing else mattered. In no way did I want to hurt Dale - I loved him in my own way - but I could no longer bury my own passion any more than I could stop breathing. On the north side of fifty I found myself again feeling like I had in my late teens and early twenties.

And I wasn't going to let it go.

As for John, he just loved sex; and he especially loved sex with me. I tried to ferret out whether it was the idea of incest that was so alluring to him.

His answer didn't answer anything. "I don't know, Mom. Maybe. But I think it has more to do with the fact that I've always thought you were the sexiest woman on the planet and that I've been obsessed with you since I learned what sex was. I never really gave the 'why' I was infatuated with you much thought."

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My 'special night' with Dale that evening was not so special, again.

Dale tried, I'll give him credit for that, but he just was unable to rise to the occasion. I plugged a porno into the VCR but even that had no effect.

He apologized sincerely and again announced he was going to make an appointment to see the doctor.

Lying side by side in the dark, Dale wanted to talk and he wasn't joking.

"I'm really concerned about John." He said quietly. "I think he needs to see a psychologist or a psychiatrist or something."

"He's fine, honey." I slipped my hand in his and squeezed it. "Maybe he is a little frustrated, but he's got a lot on his mind, what with the divorce and all."

"Maybe you're right but I don't know how much more of this I can take. I merely asked him this morning if he'd consider coming to work in my office and maybe learning the business on the go and he lit into me for thinking him a charity case who couldn't make it on his own."

"Well, he is proud," I offered, "But I do know he's talked about working for and with you in the past and the idea wasn't completely objectionable. I wouldn't worry about John, Dale. I know he loves you."

"I love the boy, too, but I swear something has to change or I'm going to snap." Dale muttered into the darkness of our room. "Maybe I'll take him up to DuMont and pay for a pro, you know. Just something to take the edge off."

I fought to keep from letting my jubilation show. "Whatever do you mean?"

"A prostitute. There're always a couple hookers walking the main street after dark despite the town council's continual efforts to run them out of town."

"Dale David Carpenter!" I rebuked him sharply. "Do you really think I'd let you pay for John to be a...a john and...and get exposed to AIDS and other assorted sexually transmitted diseases? I think not!"

He sounded properly contrite when he opened his mouth and apologized. "You're right, Karen. I'm sorry, but for the love of

Pete we have to do something or I swear to God he's going to kill me...or I'm going to kill him."

Chapter 14

"Oh yessss...fuck me...you m...magnificent motherfucker...oh God...oh...don't stop, b...baby...I love your c...cock so much..."

John had me pinned against the wall in the hallway and had my legs hooked by his arms and was stroking his erection into my hungry pussy with long, firm strokes. I was biting his neck and shoulders and clawing at his back as he skewered me like a man gone crazy.

"Oh Christ...oh fuck...your p...pussy...I'll never get enough of it...ughn...so tight...so h...hot..."

Our first fuck on Mondays was always fiercely intense, what with our having to wait for two whole days before we could be together.

During our time apart I missed him so much I could hardly stand it. With Dale underfoot John was so close and yet so far and I went a little crazy in my need.

I know John felt something very similar, mostly because he told me by the smoldering look in his eyes when he looked at me.

We both had found ample reason to hate the weekends.

But each Monday morning when he mounted me and then pumped two days worth of his thick, warm semen into me and we got lost in our orgasms, we forgot all that.

That particular Monday he was coming to my room as I was impatiently going to his. We practically attacked each other,

tearing the few clothes we were wearing off as our mouths got reacquainted and we tried to mutually swallow the other. John roughly pushed me against the wall and physically lifted me off the ground.

I excitedly tried to capture his rigid penis with my vagina but was frustrated until he reached between us and gripped himself and lowered me onto him.

And then he made me whole.

When my son ejaculated he did so with a roar. I couldn't respond. I could only close my eyes and enjoy the sensation of his cock swelling slightly inside my pussy and flooding my belly with his deliciously warm syrup. He dropped his head and bit my shoulder as his body seized over and over.

-

Afterward we took a risk and grabbed a bar of soap and a small travel-sized bottle of shampoo and walked naked to the small pond out back and skinny dipped together. Although the unannounced visitor was rare, I did have friends that occasionally stopped by without calling.

Fortunately, nobody came calling and after a half hour or so of frolicking in the cool water we retreated back to the house and his bed; I had changed the bedding on my marital bed so frequently I was beginning to be afraid Dale might notice and say something.

Naked, we lounged back in each other's arms and just enjoyed being together. What was funny was that despite our new physical relationship, nothing else had changed. I couldn't find one thing different between the ways we interacted after we became lovers and before, although I found it a bit more problematic in having conversations with him mostly because his mouth was frequently occupied with my tits.

When I could wrest my breasts from him and we weren't fucking or involved in pleasuring each other orally, though, our relationship was precisely as it had always been; warm and close.

"It's working." I smiled down at him where he was examining my pubic mound with a small pair of scissors in his right hand.

"What is?" He asked, not really paying attention. "You know, I prefer a full bush like yours. Fuck face always kept hers Brazilian no matter what I had to say about it."

It had been quite some time since I had landscaped and the thatch of dark brown hair that covered my pubic mound had grown wild. John had decided it needed cleaning up and had spent several minutes trimming it to a neat and perfect vee.

"Operation Freedom." I squirmed and giggled when he traced the folds of my vagina with a fingertip. "I think it's working."

"I hope so. I hate to think I'm making Dad hate me for nothing." John was focused on my sex. "You know, your pussy looks sort of like an orchid. All the delicate little folds...your labia are pink and perfect..."

"I'm glad you like it." I cooed down at him.

He breathed deeply through his nose and almost sounded drunk. "And I love the way it smells. Your scent fills my head like perfume and gets me so fucking excited. I feel like a wild animal when I smell you."

"It must make you feel like I do when you look at me...when you touch me...when you slide into me me...I feel natural and free." I reached down and tenderly brushed his tousled hair from his forehead and remembered my assertion. "Anyway, yes, I think our plan is working. Saturday night after he...well, after, we were talking about you and he suggested taking you to DuMont to hire a prostitute to get you laid."

John laughed and rolled from between my legs and clambered up to lay on his side next to me. "No kidding. He actually said that, huh?"

I nodded and shivered as he reached out and caressed the soft skin of my stomach. "Uh-huh. I convinced him it was a bad idea because of the danger of diseases but he is absolutely of the mind that a lack of sex is your problem."

"That all well and good, Mom, but that's a long way from letting me sleep with you." He leaned forward and kissed my shoulder.

"Patience my love." I murmured, "Remember your Dad has...um...different ideas about sex. He views it in the same light as he views a foot massage or a backrub. Just a physical act that two people do to make each other feel good."

"What about commitment...marriage vows...monogamy." He whispered as he tongued my ear.

"Ooohhhh..." I trembled delightfully. "Don't think that if he...um...lets me scratch your itches that it means he doesn't love me. He does, but to your father love and sex are two very different things. Oh Christ that feels good when you do that. It's just that we have to allow him to connect your 'problem' with mine. If things g...go the way they have been on both fronts I think he'll make that connection soon. A few more weeks, tops."

-

I gently brushed his hand from my tit and sat up. I crooked a finger at him as I slipped from his bed and bade him follow me to the master bedroom. What was telling about how far we had come in just a short while was that I didn't feel at all strange about our nudity.

I had something I was sure he'd be happy to see. Something nobody but me had seen in nearly 30 years. I think I had

probably had only seen it once or twice in the previous ten years. Dale had never seen it.

I mysteriously gestured to my bed and turned on the TV as I walked by on my way to the closet.

While he sprawled onto his stomach with his head at the foot of the bed I rummaged through the dozens of boxes and piles of luggage to extract a small lock box I had purchased only weeks after marrying Dale.

In the late 80s I had found a company which, for a fee, could transfer home movies to VHS tape. I mailed off five Super 8 cartridges - the only things I took from my last relationship prior to Dale, other than the memories - to the company in California and about eight weeks later I received the cartridge I removed from the safe. I had often wondered what the technician who made the transfer had thought.

I returned to the TV and plugged the video into the player causing Regis and Kathy Lee to mercifully blink out.

I pressed rewind and waited until the whirring stopped a minute or so later.

With remote in hand I jumped onto the bed next to my son and excitedly said, "This is my 'acting' debut, but I really wasn't acting. It's my one and only contribution to the arts, so far, although you are the only one who will ever see it."

"What is it, Mom?" He slipped his arm through mine and gently clasped my hand.

"You said some time ago you wished you could see me as a 19 year old girl. Now you can - well not 19, but 21 isn't too far off. This is a video I made with my boyfriend in college. No one but me has seen it since your dad and I got together and I'm happy for you to be the first."

John kissed my shoulder and I could see excitement in his eyes. "I'm honored that you want me to see it."

I glanced at the clock on the bed stand. It was only 11:12 AM. We had plenty of time. "Are you sure you want to see it? It is pretty graphic and it might change your views about your dear, sainted mother."

"Start it already," He laughed, "You think my views of you haven't already changed significantly over the past few weeks? My mother is an insatiable and wild cock slut. You're just as perverse as I am and I think I like that about you."

"You and I are mirror images in that regard." I pushed the 'Play' button on the remote and giggled. "Like mother like son."

The blue screen on the television set flashed white and then turned black for a moment and then the screen was filled with the image of a bed in a room. The bed was covered in the pink and yellow comforter I had spirited away from home when I left for school. It was my dorm room at the university.

There was no sound.

A door opened and a young girl entered wearing a short pink and white lacy babydoll and matching panties. Even through the grainy video I could see her firm breasts and dark pubic hair beneath the gossamer fabric.

The slim and athletic looking girl climbed up on the bed and faced the camera on her knees. The little young thing that I only recently rediscovered began a seductive strip tease. I was watching my video anew through my son's eyes and I have to say I felt myself getting excited.

The girl slowly tossed her long, reddish brown hair from side to side as her hands slid up over her stomach to cup her boobs. She then reached down to slowly untie the three lace ribbons and the nebulous garment was pushed open by the swell of her breasts. She shrugged her shoulders and the babydoll floated to the bed over her legs.

John gasped. The girl was - as he had wished he'd could have seen - nubile. Her body was toned and taut with hardly an ounce of excess fat anywhere on her body. Her firm breasts were up thrust and proud and looked like they had been chiseled from the finest marble. Her nipples were prominent but not yet as long and thick as they would be in the distant future.

The girl in the video couldn't have weighed more than 120 pounds soaking wet. Her lines were sleek and perfect. Her stomach was flat and hard with just the hint of a six pack. The girl's eyes were closed as she swayed to unheard music.

I could close my own eyes and hear the music that was playing when I posed for the camera; harsh and rhythmic Jimmy Hendrix. I knew the young girl whose hands stroked her body was high. She had smoked a couple of joints to get up the nerve to disrobe in front of the cold seeing eye of the Kodak Vision2.

My 26 year old son was watching his 21 year old mother strip and I could tell he was becoming more excited than he already was.

He sort of jerked beside me when the screen went black for a second - a break between cartridges - and then the tanned and taut young thing lay back on the bed, raised her legs and rolled her lace panties up and off her hips. She kicked the panties aside with an extended foot and leisurely spread her legs wide and reached down to slide her fingers through her pubic hair and deftly parted her labia with her fingers.

My son and I watched as the young girl curled her middle finger and slid into pussy and began finger fucking herself. Her face was flushed and it was easy to see she enjoyed performing in front of the camera.

Then an arm reached into the frame and handed her my old dildo.

John moaned softly, "Oh, Mom..."

Young me reached down and slid the long, rubberized faux penis over her vagina and then kicked the end of it out and inserted the tool deep into her canal and slowly began manipulating it in and out. Her mouth opened and I could almost hear her moans as she abused herself for the camera. For many minutes she put herself on display and then there was another break.

I vaguely recalled being directed to get on my hands and knees because after another brief black break the young girl in the video was kneeling on all fours with her ass at the edge of the bed. I knew what was coming and watched John's expression.

He visibly started when the naked lower torso of a very muscular man entered the scene. His long penis was hard and ready and I remembered almost crying in anticipation and then crying out as the man pushed his cock down and slid himself into my pussy.

John and I couldn't see anything of the man above his shoulders but it was mesmerizing watching his cock slide in and out of my cunt on video.

John rose up on his knees and the fire in his eyes told me what he intended. I eagerly clambered up onto all fours and waited for him. It was a surreal experience to watch myself getting fucked on the television and getting fucked by my own son at the same time.

My son wasted little time and began working his rigid shaft into my pussy until with a little nudge of his hips he was buried inside me. For a minute or so we just watched the video play itself out on the screen, content to be one.

"Tell me I'm better than he was, Mom." John demanded firmly.

I almost laughed. "You are so much better than he ever was. Baby, you're the best lover I ever had. I promise."

"Tell me whose cock you crave." He ordered.

"Yours, baby. Only yours." I sobbed as he began sliding himself in and out of me.

"And whose come do you drool for?"

"I live for your come. Only yours."

John gripped me at the hips and began thrusting himself into my vagina faster and harder. "Your pussy b...belongs to...ughn...me, right?"

I cried out as I felt myself drawing near the cliff. "My pussy...my tits...my whole body belongs t...to you...only you...my body was made for you and yours was m...made only for me...Lord, I wish you could g...get me pregnant..."

"Me too, Mom!" He blurted huskily, "It would be so...oh Jesus...f...fucking hot for you t...to have my baby..."

Through slitted eyes I vaguely saw the young me collapse onto the bed as an orgasm overcame her and then watched her lover pull his large, sex-slicked cock from her pussy to pump his load onto her back and ass and then the screen went black..

My beloved son followed suit when my arms gave out under the force of a powerful climax and my upper body flopped down onto the comforter he pulled himself from my vagina and, with a roar like a lion after a hard fought kill, he emptied his load onto my quivering backside.

Through the haze of sexual release I felt his warm syrup searing my damp flesh and then felt John smearing his heavy cream over my skin. Our cries of passion slowly receded to whimpering moans as our mutual orgasm drifted away leaving us panting, sweaty and weak.

He slumped down onto his side next to me and as I turned my face to his he brought his hand to my mouth. I looked down and saw his fingers were covered in his milky white semen. I weakly moved my face and one by one hungrily sucked his fingers into my mouth and sucked them clean.

Afterward, unmindful of where I was, I rolled over onto my back and immediately realized I was going to have to change my bedding again as a fairly large amount of John's come was transferred from my ass to the brown and red paisley bedspread. Dale might not have noticed but I was certainly going to be aware of it.

-

We were showering together in the master bathroom and just holding each other close under the cascading water.

I looked up at my lover and smiled tenderly and whispered, "Those things I said...when we were fucking...you know..."

John looked at me quizzically and responded, "What things?"

"You know, about me belonging to you...my pussy, my tits belonging to you. That was only sex talk, baby. Don't think for a moment that because you and I are lovers I don't love your father, because I do. In my own way, I guess I always will."

He laughed long and hard and leaned his head down to kiss my forehead. "You think I didn't know that, Mom. I know you belong to Dad, too. It sure was hot hearing you say that you wished I could get you pregnant, though."

I laughed with him, "Well, hell, that part wasn't just sex talk. I do wish I could have your baby, baby."

Chapter 15

I was almost prophetic in my prediction that a couple of more weeks of 'Operation Freedom' would push Dale into making the suggestion that John and I solve our 'problems' together.

Up until that point, though, my week days were a carnal dream world of almost constant fucking or sucking. John and I were insatiable for each other, unable or unwilling to back away from each other to try to gather perspective. Our time alone was limited and so we made the most of it.

There were three separate occasions where Dale came home unexpectedly and we were nearly caught. On one, John and I were in my shower together and I was sucking his cock when the bathroom door opened and Dale's voice called out asking me if I knew where John was.

I carefully pulled our son's penis from my mouth and choked loudly, "I think h...he went out for a run, honey."

My sphincter almost gave out. Fortunately the angle of the shower door coupled with the steam on the frosted glass hid the truth from my husband and he closed the door. It was many minutes before I stopped shaking enough to resume administering the blow job. John was right; He couldn't leave my bathroom until the coast was clear and it was sort of thrilling to be performing oral on him with Dale in the house.

Fortunately Dale had gone to visit a client by the time I nervously crept down the stairs to try to distract him long enough for a naked John to affect an escape to his own room.

The other two occasions where we were nearly discovered were essentially the same. I was playing cowgirl and riding John when, for whatever reason, I happened to glance out the window to see Dale's red Taurus kicking up a cloud of dust coming down the driveway.

Fear was a powerful motivator but on both occasions I was still fuming as we panicky scrambled to get our clothes on - I

had been so close to coming and recognized that I was going to have to finish the job by hand or wait until the following morning.

-

June gave way to July with little movement in our plan. John was still going off on his father regularly and Dale was still devoted to the idea he knew exactly what John's problem was, and Saturday nights continued to be spectacular failures on Dale's part.

It was the second Saturday in July when Dale first hinted at his 'solution' to John's problem, even though it would be another week before he would put into words exactly what he was thinking.

We were lying side by side in the dark after Dale tried and failed to deliver the goods, so to speak. He was characteristically apologetic but I could tell there was something he was mentally chewing on.

He turned on his side to look at me and reached out to touch my arm. "Honey, I've been thinking about..."

His voice sounded nervous and unsure as it trailed off.

"What is it, dear?" I could see him biting his lower lip through the gloom of our room.

I could see him wrestling with his words, which was telling as Dale was usually very glib and had the gift of gab.

"Uh...I think...um...I have an idea..." He stammered.

I pushed up on my elbows, "What is it? Spit it out."

"Oh nothing..." He rolled onto his back, "I just wanted to say how sorry I am at not being able to take care of your needs, Karen."

I knew he was lying. I already knew he was sorry. No, I was sure he was about to broach the idea of John and I helping each other out and I was inwardly jubilant at the thought.

-

I was right.

A week later after the same predictable result, Dale made the suggestion John and I had been working for.

"Karen." He whispered in the dark.

"Mmmm..." I responded, not really present.

"I have an idea." My husband said, turning on his side to face me.

"An idea?" I looked at his still-handsome if slightly puffy face.
"What do you mean?"

"I have an...an idea that will solve both of our problems." His normally glib tongue was failing him and I could tell he wasn't at all sure of the wisdom of his 'idea.'

"Problems? What problems are you talking about?" I turned on my side and rose up on my elbow.

Dale bit his lower lip and even through the gloom of our room I could see him blushing profusely. "I think we can solve both of...uh...our problems."

"I heard you the first time, honey." I drew on every acting skill I had to keep from doing cartwheels around the room. "I still don't know what problems you mean."

"John's...um...and yours...oh, hell...never mind." He apparently was having some difficulty suggesting that his wife fuck their son.

"John's problem? My problem? I don't know what you mean." I nudged him along while playing mystified.

Dale drew a deep breath and blurted out his 'idea.' "Both John and you need to get laid in the worst way and I can't help in either case, apparently. I just thought...you and...and...he could...you know, help each other out."

For a long minute I was silent as if digesting what he suggested and he looked at me fearfully. I had never seen Dale more unsure of himself than at that moment.

My carefully planned reaction was probably a little over the top but I was so ecstatic I could hardly contain myself.

"Dale David Carpenter! You can't possibly mean what I think you mean!" I yelled, scrambling from beneath our bedspread and pulled my robe on over my negligee and panties and stood at the side of the bed with arms crossed. "What the hell is wrong with you to even think such a thing?"

Dale shrunk into himself as I berated him. His uncertainty and fear seemed to be etched into his face. "Karen..."

His cry reached me as I was storming from the room like a lunatic, slamming the door behind me. I was trying to walk a fine line. I didn't want to appear too eager but I didn't want to make it so that my refusal was chiseled in concrete either.

I met John on bottom of the staircase. I hugged him excitedly and raised my head to whisper in his ear. "He just suggested you and I 'help' each other out."

John jerked his head back and stared quizzically into my eyes. "Are you serious?"

I kissed his chin and laughed softly. "As serious as a heart attack. I told you it would work, honey. Now I have some play acting to do. Another week or so, baby, and you and I can finally feel free to let ourselves go."

"Holy shit!" He breathed as if he couldn't believe it.

"Holy shit is right." I giggled, "Now let me go. I have to make some noise to let your father think I'm fuming."

-

I kissed him firmly and passionately before releasing him and walking into the kitchen. I was positively giddy as I began slamming cupboard doors and banging pots and pans together. My plan had worked beautifully. I smiled that I knew Dale so well I knew him better than he knew himself.

I played at being upset for maybe an hour. Dale didn't show downstairs; he was waiting me out. I was so excited I could hardly stand it and entertained the idea of going to John at that moment. In the end I decided it would be better to throw faux resistance at Dale's idea. I didn't want to appear too willing.

The kitchen wall clock ticked past 11:00. Still I waited. I could hear John moving around in his bedroom but there was silence in the room over the kitchen.

Gathering myself, I turned off all the downstairs lights and slowly climbed to the upper level. I stood outside our doorway for a long moment before turning the knob and slipping inside.

"Karen." Dale pushed up on his elbows. "I...I shouldn't have..."

"Shhhh..." I hissed, putting my finger to my lips. "John is in his room."

I walked over to Dale's side of the bed and turned on the lamp, bathing the room with a warm yellow light.

He still looked fearful as he gazed up at me. "I was only trying..."

I nodded and smiled softly, "I know you were, honey, but whatever were you thinking to even suggest that I..john and I...I can't even say it."

He sat up and swung his legs out to sit on the edge of the mattress. "I know it sounds crazy, babe, but it is a perfect solution for everybody. Think about it: John gets laid, I get my son back, and you get your needs met at the same time."

"But Dale...I couldn't..." I started to object but my hubby interrupted me.

"Come on Karen. It would be just sex, nothing more. It would be no different than giving him a backrub. You didn't seem to mind him rubbing your feet the other night, did you?" Dale was gaining steam.

"Of course not, but that's a far cry from...from...I can't even believe I'm saying it...fucking him, which is what you're suggesting, isn't it?" I was trying to steer the conversation while seeming to be objecting.

Dale nodded energetically. "Just think about it. Your libido kicked into hyper drive since you went through the change of life and mine is in the crapper. I can't seem to 'rise to the occasion' any more. The 'want to' is there; the 'can do' is missing. I still plan on going to the doc about it, but who knows if anything can be done? And the good lord knows John is going bat shit crazy without...um...female company."

I sat down on the bed next to him. "But Dale, I never complained and we are getting older and besides, I have Bob. And John can masturbate."

"I'm glad you have Bob to take the edge off, but a dildo can't be the same as the real thing." He grinned at me and added, "And I know you never complained, honey, which is part of the reason I want to do this for you. You've been so supportive of me through the years and never complained about anything. Now, I want to repay you in some small way and if, by doing so I can get back the John I love, so much the better. And I'm pretty sure John would prefer a warm pussy to his fist."

I slid my right arm over his shoulder and hugged him. "I don't know. There are too many things to consider. I couldn't possibly...no...I don't think so."

"Don't say 'no' now. Take some time and think about it. It's the perfect solution to our situation. John's a...a good looking stud, isn't he?" Dale leaned into me and kissed my cheek.

My head was spinning and I tried hard not to show my heart was hammering in my chest. "Of course he is. He's gorgeous.

That's not the point. What you're suggesting is way t...too much. It's...it's incest for God's sake. What happens if we get caught? I'm sure there are penalties for...that."

Dale shook his head and patted my knee, "Nobody ever has to know what happens under this roof. I sure as hell won't say anything and I'm sure it's not something either you or John would want broadcast around the county. Nobody would ever need to know except us."

I responded by shaking my own head and softly whispered, "Worse than getting caught, what if I...we ask him and he says 'no' and then wants nothing more to do with me...with us. I couldn't stand to lose him, Dale. Besides, why would a 26 year old man want to be with a woman twice his age? For crying out loud, he could get any girl he wanted in DuMont or McPherson."

Dale grinned broadly and again shook his head. "I have it on good authority that he thinks you are beautiful...and sexy as hell. He confessed as much once when he was a senior in high

school and we were watching 'Summer of '42' on TV and after a little prompting from me he said he thought you looked better than Jennifer O'Neill. He actually told me he thought I was the luckiest man on Earth. I promise you, you won't lose him."

I blushed and grinned at him. "He said that, huh? I was a looker, once, I guess, even for a pimply-faced teenager."

"Once?" Dale squeezed my knee hard, "You're kidding me, right? I can honestly say without hyperbole that even in your fifties you are the best looking woman in the State of Kansas, if not the entire Midwest. John was right, babe, I am the luckiest man on Earth. There isn't a man within a hundred miles of this place who wouldn't give up a nut, sell their mothers down the river and willingly shove a red hot poker up their collective asses for just the chance at getting in your panties."

I giggled and inanely replied, "Thanks, I think." I leaned my head in and lightly kissed the corner of his mouth and added,

"You don't think I've declined too much recently? My boobies sag a bit and my butt is too big."

Dale laughed softly, slapped my leg and rose to go to the bathroom. "I told you before, the 'want to' is there; it is only the 'can do' that's missing. My failings...in that area have nothing to do with you. It's all on me."

I watched a short, balding and rotund man who I still loved walk naked to the master bath. Despite his girth and sagging butt, I still felt a great deal affection for the man; he just didn't make my heart race like our son did.

I was excited beyond the capacity of rational thought. My plan had borne fat fruit that only needed to be picked from the vine. My husband had actually made the irrational suggestion that I bed our only son to solve our 'problems.' That we've been enthusiastically bedding each other for weeks at every opportunity was beside the point. Dale wanted me to fuck John to make up for his flaws and to help out John at the same time.

Through the bathroom door I heard Dale loudly release an enormous amount of gas on the commode and giddily rolled across the bed and lightly tapped on the wall with a knuckle. A moment passed before I heard John's return knock and knew he was just as happy as I was.

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Later that night, lying in bed with Dale, my thoughts running wild and free, I felt his fingers on my shoulder and rolled over to face him as he whispered, "Have you given my idea much thought?"

I laughed quietly and snorted, "Please. I haven't been able to think of much else. And I can tell you, honey, that as much as the idea intrigues me, it isn't going to happen. I can't do it." I tried to put a stern look on my face and added, "I won't do it."

The disappointment that flooded his features was such that I almost reached out a hand to throw him a bone, to let him know his 'idea' still had legs.

Instead, I rolled over, farted as quietly as I could, and reached up to turn off my bedside lamp.

Chapter 16

The scalding water that poured down on John and me Monday morning was only slightly hotter than the come he pumped into my womb. He held me at the hips as his erection jerked hard inside me with each mighty convulsion. His screams echoed in the small bathroom and in my head and mingled with my own cries of passion.

He reached down with his left hand and pulled at my left teat fiercely, tugging at my hard nipple with his thumb and forefinger. The explosion of lights and fire that burst in my head incinerated coherency and made me cry out like a

demented come-slut. The miracle of his penis filling my belly with his sperm was so completely enthralling I couldn't think of anything else.

As our mutual release lifted like a morning fog John slumped over me and just held me tight, still firmly skewered on his enormous dick. I couldn't move. My hands were braced against the fiberglass wall and I knew without a doubt I was loved completely. The tingles that coursed through me were embracing and fulfilling. Never had I experienced sex so delicious or so right. John was mine and I was his.

For many minutes we were frozen, unable and unwilling to move. It was only after gravity caused his flaccid penis to slip delightfully from my cunt that we both sluggishly rose up onto shaky pins. I leaned back against him as his arms circled my midsection and our combined syrup drained down my legs.

"Ohhhh Mom," He breathed into my ear, "That was so fucking hot."

"'Fucking hot' doesn't even come close." I sighed, tilting my head to the side. "That was everything fucking should be. Do you know what you do to me with that big ol' thing of yours? You take me to p...paradise, baby. You make me feel like I have never felt before. You make me whole...like a complete woman."

"I'm so glad." He mouthed my neck. "I'm with you, Mom. I've never wanted anyone as much as I want you. You are everything to me. I feel like a man for the first time in my life when you give yourself to me. I have never felt anything as pleasurable as coming in you."

I reached up and back with my right arm and circled his neck while simultaneously turning my face up to his. Our open mouths came together and our tongues gently licked and sucked at the others. My body still tingled and I was acutely cognizant of his soften penis wedged in the crack of my ass. John's strong hands caressed over my quivering stomach, occasionally lifting to cradle my tits.

"What say we get dried off and scare up something for breakfast? I'm starving." He nibbled at my ear after we pulled our mouths apart.

"Sounds good, darling." I turned around in his arms and reached behind him to turn off the shower. I reached down and tenderly squeezed his flaccid member and smirked up at him and added, "I need to get your energy stores up for round two."

-

The sunlight that streamed in the window over the kitchen table was as warm as the joy in my heart as I watched my son eat his steel-cut oatmeal with gusto. Like me, he was wearing only his underwear. Neither one of us felt like expending the energy needed to dress when we'd only be undressing as soon as we were done eating.

Dale gave me pause but I had a built-in and plausible excuse if he caught me scantily clad around our son. The thought was somewhat liberating.

"So he really gave you and me the green light, huh?" John leaned back against the back of his chair after pushing his bowl away and finishing his grapefruit juice.

"Uh-huh." I nodded happily, "Just like we planned, baby. Soon we can be together anytime you or I feel the itch. No more waiting through miserable weekends without you. No more fingering myself off in the evenings."

I gathered the dishes and deposited them in the sink and poured a dollop of liquid soap in the running water. I looked back over my shoulder at John who was staring at me with a strange little look on his face.

"Do you have any idea how many times I sat right in this very spot and imagined you doing the dishes just as you are now,

dressed only in bra and panties?" He murmured huskily. "You're making all my fantasies a reality one by one."

"I am so glad, my love." I smiled back at him, "You're making all of my dreams come true, also."

I could see him mentally shake his head as if to clear a fog. "So what happens now? With 'Operation Freedom' I mean?"

I wrinkled my nose. "I don't rightly know, exactly. I think it'll be best to wait for the weekend, or at the very least, Friday night. I think I'll tell your dad that I can't get his 'idea' out of my head and really want to do it. I imagine we'll ask you together when we make the 'proposal.'"

John was slowly massaging his penis through his boxers as I talked and I could see his helmet through his leg hole. "Do you want me to prepare my reaction to it ahead of time?"

I decided the dishes could wait and hurriedly dried my soapy hands on a dish towel and shook my head. "Uh-uh. I think it'll sound more...spontaneous if your responses aren't scripted. Just be you and it'll seem more natural."

On wobbly legs I crossed to where he sat and took his hand in mine and dragged him from the kitchen. "Right now I need you to be spontaneous with that magnificent dick of yours."

-

Dale didn't mention his 'plan' again that week. I think, in retrospect, he was giving me space. He was allowing me opportunity to mull things over in my mush and on my own timetable.

Friday morning, Dale turned on the closet light to get dressed in his best suit. The light and the noise he made woke me from a wonderful dream of John and me doing things to each other that nature never intended mothers and sons to do. I

groggily sat up in bed and hacked up phlegm and expectorated it into the water glass on my bedside table.

My mouth tasted like a cat pooped in it.

"Morning, honey." Dale said quietly as he struggled to button his collar. "Sleep well?"

"Mmmm..." I murmured. I indelicately lifted my left leg and passed gas and immediately felt better. "Like a princess. How are you?"

"I have a low grade headache but otherwise I feel great." He deftly tied a half-Windsor and snugged it up against his neck, "I think I'm just dehydrated. Have you given thought to my...uh...proposal?"

I breathed deep and tried to appear calm despite my stomach doing a low roll. "I haven't been able to get it out of my head. Thanks heaps."

He laughed and grinned broadly, "You're welcome. I really do think it is the best solution to our collective problems, honey. Everybody gets what they need..."

I breathed deep again and looked squarely at him as he pulled on his charcoal grey double-breasted coat. "If you really want to go that route, honey, I'm willing to ask him, but I have to say the thought terrifies me. I am so afraid I'll...we'll...lose him."

"I promise you we won't." Dale tucked a heavily starched hanky into his breast pocket and folded it over, "John loves you as much as I do, and I know he thinks you're sexy as hell. No, we won't lose him, babe. If anything, we'll draw him even closer..."

"Do you think we c...can ask him...tonight?" I managed to stammer innocently, knowing full well John would be stroking his appendage into my wet cunt within minutes of Dale's car heading down the drive.

"If you want, babe." Dale kissed the top of my head and departed, leaving me a discombobulated mess. "Thank you so much." He mouthed as the bedroom door closed behind him, leaving me alone in my hunger.

-

By the time Dale returned home that afternoon I was wired tight, despite two very intense and very hot sessions with John. We were both overjoyed that within hours we'd no longer have to sneak around and - better still - we'd be able to fuck whenever we wanted.

John was outside barbecuing ribs and corn on the cob on the patio when his father came through the front door. I could tell in seconds he was as nervous as I was although he tried hard to hide it.

He gestured to John through the window and whispered conspiratorially, "Do you still want to ask him? It won't hurt my feelings at all if you want to back out. Once we ask him, though, we can't unask the question."

I was far more anxious than I thought I'd be. "I'm terrified, honey. Probably more than I've ever been in my life, but I'm still on board with asking him...if you still want us...um...to help each other out."

"Absolutely. It's perfect, babe. You and John get to have sex again and I get the old John back." Dale stripped his tie from around his neck and headed up stairs. "Let me change out of this monkey outfit. I'll be right down. What do you think about asking him after dinner?"

I nodded as I began pulling together the ingredients for potato salad. "I love you."

He paused and I could see he was sincere when he smiled broadly and responded, "I know, babe. I love you, too."

Chapter 17

We ate al fresco.

The shadows were getting long and only the slightest of breezes brushed through my bangs as the three of us leaned back in the deck chairs after finishing a magnificent meal.

John's ribs were to die for; the meat was fall-off-the-bone tender and the BBQ sauce was of his own making and tantalizingly delicious. And so far as I was concerned the only way to cook corn was to roast it.

Dale and I both burped simultaneously and laughed uproariously if inanely. We were both preoccupied with what all three of us knew was coming. What Dale wasn't aware of is that he was the only one not in on the real secret.

John retreated to the kitchen and returned with two long-necks for him and his father and a diet Pepsi for me. As he settled back into his chair and cracked his beer, Dale began the conversation that would lead to the million dollar question.

He sipped his beer and I could see him actually blushing but he bulld ahead anyway. "Do you have any immediate plans tonight, Son?"

John shook his head and drank deeply. "Nothing pressing."

I could see Dale steel himself and he leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table. He rolled his bottle between his hands and then looked pointedly at our son and asked, "When's the last time you had sex?"

John was not only a very good actor but he was a smooth and polished liar. "Dad!" He blurted. The color on his own cheeks began rising and to anyone else but me, it would like he was shocked and flummoxed by the question.

Dale pressed ahead, "I'm not trying to make you feel uncomfortable, buddy, but I have the idea that it's been several months, right? At least since you and Mal split. If I'm wrong, I apologize, but I'm pretty sure I'm not."

John looked down at his hands, glanced up at his father and then furtively looked at me before again looking down at his hands. "Well, hell, you may be right but I don't want to talk about...it...especially in front of Mom."

"But I do want to talk about it and your mother does need to hear this as well. I feel like there's a rift growing between you and me, Son, and I hate it. I hate fighting with you and want the boy I love back."

John made my heart happy when he looked into Dale's eyes and nodded, "I know what you mean, Pop. I hate fighting with you, too. I don't know why I'm always flying off the handle...maybe..." He paused and breathed deep and leaned closer, "Don't ever think I don't love you, Dad, 'cause I do."

My husband smiled and nodded and I watched a small tear gather at the corner of his eye. "Thanks, Son, I appreciate that. It's good to hear. Lately I've been thinking you'd like to drown me in the toilet or something. Anyway, I think I do know why you've been...uh...'flying off the handle' as you put it. I'm pretty sure it is nothing more than pent up sexual frustration. I was hoping you'd hook up with your lady from McPherson to help you take out the garbage, so to speak."

I bit off a giggle. John had indeed hooked up with his lady from McPherson.

"But Dad..." John shook his head and polished off the rest of his Coors.

Dale followed suit and tossed his bottle end over end into the trash can at the corner of the patio, "Look, I know you've probably been taking care of business by hand, but that can't be all that enjoyable all the time."

John laughed and blushed bright red, "It's better than nothing."

"John," I chimed in, "Don't feel ashamed. You're human and you have to do what you have to do."

"I can't believe I'm having this conversation with my parents." He laughed again looking from Dale to me and back. "How freaking bizarre."

"Your mother and I have been talking about your...um...situation and we think we may have a solution that you might like." Dale put his hands together like a tipi and proceeded as if he were discussing an insurance rider. "It's been three or four months since you've been laid, right?"

John wrinkled his nose and nodded and lied easily, "It seems like longer than that, but that's about right."

Dale breathed deep, held it and then exhaled in a rush. "Buddy, I know this will sound weird...strange, but I want you to hear me out. What would you say if your mother and I asked you to...uh...sleep with her?"

"Sleep with her?" John looked genuinely puzzled. "What do you m...mean, Dad?"

"Exactly what it sounds like I mean." Dale stared directly into his son's eyes as he offered me to him. "We...your mother and I would like you to...uh...have sex with her."

There it was. If John wasn't already enthusiastically jumping my bones at every available opportunity I would have been utterly and completely mortified. His reaction seemed authentic and spontaneous.

"Dad!" He ejaculated, pushing up and out of his chair. "You can't mean...I...you want me to..."

"Please hear me out, buddy." Dale pleaded with him. "It isn't what you think...I think. Let me explain."

John paced back and forth and looked at Dale and me as if we were strangers. "This has got to be ripe, Dad. I can't believe you even suggested I...I...I have sex with my own mother..."

"Look, Son, I know this sounds crazy but it won't seem so when I'm done explaining. Please sit down."

John did as his father asked him and Dale continued. "John, for some time now I've been unable to...um...perform in that area. I don't know if there is something physiologically or psychologically wrong with me but my little guy is in a state of hibernation. Mostly I'm okay with it, but your poor mother has been left high and dry, so to speak, and there is absolutely nothing wrong with her sex drive. In fact, the last few years her libido has kicked into another gear."

John started to interrupt but Dale cut him off. "I...we thought that you might be willing to...uh...help out in that area. You

both would get what you need and I'm confident it'll help your moodiness and frustration which will help me get my boy back. What do you say? Do you think you can help us out?"

For a long moment John was silent. I could hear crickets chirping and a June bug buzzing against the screen door. John looked pointedly at me and asked, "What about you, Mom? Is that what you want, too?"

I nodded slowly and carefully. "It is, honey. I p...promise you that when your father first suggested it I was terrified. The very idea of...of my being with you literally made me sick. But over the last couple of weeks I've come to realize your father is right. It would be like you giving me a back rub or a foot massage. Like you, I've gone without for so long I've been going half crazy at times, but if you and I were to...be together it would be a purely physical act, nothing more, nothing less."

Dale jumped in eagerly, "Your mother is right. It would be just sex. I know it'll probably seem strange at first, but realistically,

it shouldn't. You hug and kiss her now with no seeming ill effects. What I'm suggesting wouldn't be all that much different. And I promise you, buddy, your mother is very, very good in bed. She's beautiful, isn't she?"

John laughed harshly and nodded affirmation, "She's smoking hot, Dad. That's not the issue....how freaking bizarre."

"Thank you, honey." I smiled softly at him.

He looked up at me then turned to his father, "Okay, Dad, let's say I agree to do it, what are the rules of engagement?"

Dale grinned broadly and leaned back as if the deal was done, "There are none. I'm giving you and your mother carte blanche to find your own way in...in this arrangement."

"Everything is on the table?" John breathed heavily.

"So far as I'm concerned." Dale replied, "The hows and whens and whats you can work out with your mother. So long as it is mutually agreeable to you both, I have no problem with you doing anything together."

"Honey," I said quietly, "You and I can work things out as we go along."

"Can I have some time to think about it?" John asked the only question he and I had scripted. We didn't want his father to think he was too eager.

"Of course, buddy." Dale rose up from his chair, "Think about it. Think about the benefits...for all of us. And remember, there is a huge difference between sex and love. I know you love your mother in a strictly platonic way already, and adding sex to the mix shouldn't have any effect on that."

John stood up as well and nodded at Dale and me. "Oh, I'll think about it. I'm pretty sure I won't be able to stop thinking about it."

He took the stack of dirty dishes and left Dale and me alone in the gathering dusk.

"He's going to go for it, babe." He whispered.

"I don't know." I said quietly.

Inside my heart was singing, my blood was running hot and my crotch was a humid mess.

Chapter 18

A few hours later Dale and I were ensconced on the couch watching the CBS late movie. Neither of us could focus on the screen and the volume was turned down low. Every so often we could hear John moving around in his room. We chit-chatted idly about nothing and to an outside observer eavesdropping on us we would have probably appeared to be

a couple of retards; neither one of us knew what the other was really saying.

It was after ten when John emerged from his room and joined us in the living room.

There was an uncomfortable silence that seemed to stretch for eons.

Dale coughed and adjusted himself on the couch. I just looked at my beautiful son expectantly.

"I'll do it." He said quietly, "But I have a couple questions I need answers to first. I think they've already been answered but I want to be doubly sure."

Dale and I nodded rapidly. "Of course, buddy." Dale said, "Shoot."

"One, whose idea was it?" John walked in front of the couch.

Dale quickly responded, "Guilty. It was all my idea. In fact you should have seen your mother's reaction when I suggested it to her."

John nodded and continued, "That leads to my second question. You're really on board with it, Mom? Once we do it, we can't undo it and I'd rather die than lose you."

I smiled gently up at him and replied, "Thank you, darling. I love you, too. And yes, I'm really on board with it. With apologies to your father, there is no one I'd rather...be with."

John smiled happily. "The last thing is, you guys have to promise me nobody ever finds out about it. I'm not so much concerned about me but rather you guys. It isn't the sort of thing that we want the neighbors talking about."

Dale laughed and blurted, "What neighbors? I promise you that this house is like Vegas; what happens under this roof

stays under this roof. What this family does is nobody else's business."

Our only son thought for a second and then smiled and nodded. "Okay then."

For the longest moment there was silence. Dale and I stared at John. John looked at us. The clock on the wall ticked loudly.

Dale jumped up and clapped his hands excitedly. "Good. Great. Why don't you two go up to John's room? I'll stay down here until you finish. I just know you're going to have fun."

I stood up on wobbly legs and held up a hand. "Wait a minute, Dale. I don't think either John or I can just jump right into bed. At least I know I can't. Why don't we take things slow? We can both go get changed into...more comfortable clothing and meet back down here. I'd like to dance with John and hold him and kiss him and...get to know him...a little better before he becomes my...m...my...I can't even believe I'm saying this...lover."

"Good idea, Karen," Dale nodded enthusiastically, "I'll ice a bottle of wine and put on some music. You two go get changed. In fact, Karen why don't you wear the thing I bought you when we were in San Diego."

I looked at him like I was a moron. He laughed and said, "You know, the white and pink thing with all the lace and ribbon."

"Dale..." I breathed when I realized what he was saying. "Why don't I just go naked instead. That thing is kind of revealing, don't you think?"

He nodded and laughed again, "Well, isn't that the idea? You guys go and get changed and I'll get things ready down here."

I felt like I was floating on air as John reached out and took my hand in his and led me to the stairs. I glanced over my shoulder and watched Dale scrambling to pull the drapes and dim the lights. John and I slowly walked up to our rooms.

Outside my bedroom door he took me in his arms and whispered, "You were so right. I love that man so damned much. Imagine him giving you to me willingly."

I squeezed him as tightly as I was able and squeaked, "I love him too, in my own way. Remember, honey. Like we planned. Slow and hesitantly. Tentatively. Like we've never been with each other."

He nodded and lightly kissed me. "He'll never know."

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Roughly a half hour later I emerged from my bedroom and cautiously eased down the stairs. I could hear Dale and John talking together normally. I walked toward their voices and as I entered the archway leading to the living room they turned to me. Their collective eyes widened and their jaws hit the floor.

"Ooohhhhh Mommeee..." John breathed.

"Oh, Karen." Dale whistled softly.

I paused and struck what I considered a demure yet seductive pose. I was wearing a white and pink lacy babydoll with matching bra and panties. A pink satin ribbon held the garment closed. My heaving chest belied my attempt to appear calm and collected.

John was clad only in a pair of white boxers and a tank top. In the gloom of the room his tawny skin seemed to glow with a life of its own. I managed to make my feet move and he reached out and took my hand as I drew near.

"May I have this dance, ma'am?" He smiled gently.

I barely heard the music. It was some of Dale's new age stuff, but it was soft and soothing.

I smiled coyly up at my son and assented. "It would be my distinct pleasure, sir."

Dale retreated to the couch in silence. I could feel his eyes on us when John slipped his free hand around my waist and gently drew me closer and as my hands slid up his chest to lightly rest on his shoulders I shuddered as I felt John's semi-erect penis press against my hip. We gently swayed together, our feet never moving, our eyes never leaving each others.

The piece ended and as another began Dale called from the edge of the darkness, "You two look so nervous. Kiss her, John. It'll help both of you relax."

John took his father's advice to heart and dipped his head and lightly brushed my lips with his own. We both recoiled as though we hadn't been sucking face for weeks.

"What was that, son?" Dale laughed, "Kiss her like you mean it. Kiss her like she's your best girl."

When John's slightly open mouth again covered mine he slipped his tongue between my lips and for a beautiful eternity we kissed lightly and deliciously. He dropped my hand and wrapped both his arms around me and tightened them as I hungrily sucked on his tongue. My heart was hammering in my chest cavity and I think it had a lot to do with the fact that Dale was watching us.

I wrapped my own arms around John's chest as our kiss went on and on into the night. Finally, more in self-preservation than anything else, we peeled our mouths apart and leaned away to stare at each other. We were both flushed and breathing heavy.

"Wow." Dale intoned from the couch.

I reached up with my right hand and laid two fingers along John's cheek and gently drew his face down to mine and

kissed him again. My body was quivering uncontrollably. Pure fire burned in my veins. John jumped and I vaguely heard Dale moan when I reached down to grip John's ass with my left hand and pulled him tight against me.

The passion that passed from John to me and back again was all consuming. I had to have him and I didn't care if his father watched us or not. My pussy was drooling with my hunger and my breasts ached with an unmanageable lust for my son. It felt very much like it was our first time.

When we again broke the kiss, I took his tank top in my hands and John raised his arms as I pulled it up over his head. I tossed the garment aside and appreciatively traced my fingers over his broad and hairless chest. I leaned forward and kissed his flawless skin as he drew me back into his arms and began raining burning kisses along the side of my neck.

His penis was fully erect in his boxers and I swooned at the sensation of his helmet pressing into my belly. John loosened

his embrace spun me around in his arms and then pressed up against me, his erection pressed into the crack of my ass.

"You were right, Dad. She's magnificent." John breathed to his father as he reached down with shaking hands to pull on the ends of the ribbon that held the babydoll together. "She's perfect."

Dale grunted something unintelligible as my negligee was parted by the swell of my breasts. John drew back and slipped the nebulous cloak from my shoulders and it soon joined his tee shirt on the carpet.

I watched Dale's reaction when his son gathered me back into his arms and began lightly stroking my stomach with his hands and kissing my shoulders. My husband's eyes were glazed over as our son made love to me with his mouth and fingers.

"You d...don't have to watch if you don't want to, honey." I managed to choke. "I don't want you to feel uncomfortable."

Dale sounded like a frog when he spoke. "I don't think I'll watch when...um...you actually do...it, but watching you dance like this and kiss is so fucking hot."

"It is hot, Dad." John murmured, "Mom is so incredible. Her body is amazing and she k...kisses better than anybody else I've ever kissed."

"I told you she is very good, buddy."

My entire body surged and I saw Dale jerk hard on the couch when John's hand rose up to lovingly cup my left tit. "And Mom looks better than any Playboy model I ever saw. Say, Pop, when I was married to fuck-face we would have sex three or four times a day. Are you okay with Mom and I doing it more than once a day?"

"I told you, Son, you two are free to fuck each other as often as the two of you feel comfortable with. I want both of you to be happy and satisfied, whatever that takes."

"Oral?" John queried as he nuzzled my ear and gently massaged my breast.

"Of course, if you want. I never was into oral - although I have to tell you your mother can suck a golf ball through a garden hose - but if you two want to, have at it. There is nothing you can't do together so long as it is consensual." Dale paused to catch his breath and added, "Take her bra off, Son. Wait'll you see her breasts. They're incredible."

My head rolled back on my neck involuntarily when John pulled back and reached up to deftly unhook the strap and the lace brassiere sprung open and fell down my arms. I was quaking like an aspen in a windstorm. It was mind-bending how hot it was to be making love to John while his father watched us approvingly.

Dale stared at us in abject wonder as John's hands gravitated to my naked tits and began squeezing them firmly. I reached up and pulled his head down and turned my face to capture his mouth and as we began thrusting our tongues into each other's mouth I heard Dale's running commentary.

"Feel how long and thick her nipples are. She loves to have them sucked on, buddy. That's it, take her panties off. Wait till you see her bush. I love that she never went bald."

I felt my underwear flutter around my ankles and almost fainted at the thought I was completely naked in my son's arms and his father was giving us his approval.

When I peeled my mouth from John's, Dale was no longer on the couch. I was a bit concerned at first until I noticed he had returned with two down comforters from the linen closet and quickly spread them on the floor into a rough rectangle.

"I'm going to leave the room now, guys. I don't want to make you uncomfortable and you don't need me anymore. I'll be at

the dining room table listening in though, if you don't mind. I want you to enjoy each other and feel free to let yourselves go." He smiled softly at us as he backed out of the room and added, "I love you both."

For the longest time, John and I were frozen, as if unsure what to do next. He then took charge and took my hand, led me to the rudimentary bed his father had fashioned.

For Dale's sake, we continued our little charade as though it was our first time together.

When John stripped off his boxers I gasped loudly and said, "Oh. My. God. Your penis is wonderful. You're as long as your father is."

"You have no idea how glad I am to hear you say that. Mom, I have to tell you that you are the most incredible woman I've ever seen. Dad is the luckiest man alive."

I smiled up at him as I sank to my knees and drew him with me, "Thank you, my darling, soon you'll be just as lucky."

I slowly rolled over onto my back on the blankets and spread myself for him. "Come here, my darling boy." I cooed, "Come to your mommy. Let me take care of that big ol' thing of yours and make you feel all better."

"I'm so afraid, Mom." John sobbed as he climbed between my legs.

"Don't be, darling." I soothed, "Just do what comes natural. Forget I'm your mother. I'm just another woman and you're just another man meeting like two ships in the night."

I reached between our bodies and blindly found his heavily swaying cock and guided him to my wet portal. I nodded up at him and we both cried out loudly as he pushed down and forward and his erection sank into my pussy.

"Oh Mom..." He cried in anguish as I held him at the hips and he feverishly worked himself into me.

"It feels wonderful, baby." I gasped loudly so Dale could hear, "That's it. Deeper, baby, push it deeper...ooohhhh..."

"Your pussy is so fucking tight, Mom." John whimpered, "So hot...ooohhhh Christ..."

I wrapped my arms and legs around him when he bottomed out inside me and held him in place. "Wait, baby. Let me get used to your cock. It feels so fucking good, baby. So thick and so hard."

I reached up and kissed him hard and fast, my tongue probing and insistent.

I let his lips go and dropped my head back on the comforters and smiled up at him as I loosened my grip on him. "Fuck me, my darling."

He did just that. We had to pretend like it was our first time together. If Dale had looked into the living room he would have seen his son clumsily begin moving over me, his rigid cock sliding in and out of my cunt, and he would have seen me clawing at John's back with my neatly manicured nails.

Dale must have heard us as we coupled. "Fuck me, you wonderful motherfucker...oh yessss...oh fuck...so g...good...oh...oh... oh... oh... oh... oh... oh...so good...don't sssstop..."

He would have heard John's articulate response. "Mom...you're a goddess...oh fuck this f...feels so good...your pussy...I'm coming, Mom...oh Christ I'm coming..."

I was genuinely shocked. John and I usually could go at it for twenty to thirty minutes or better before he would ejaculate. I supposed later that it must have been because the moment was so super-charged. Having his father's blessing to fuck me was too hot and he lost control.

John slammed his cock into me as deeply as he could, arched his back hard and screamed as he erupted and pumped his load into my belly. Over and over he jerked and shuddered as he blasted wad after wad of hot, thick come into my womb. It was delicious feeling his penis jerking inside me and the warmth of his semen spread through my belly, but I didn't come myself.

And that was alright.

All I was concerned about was John and John's pleasure. Besides, I was pretty sure we were going to have another, more private session a bit later that night.

John collapsed onto me forcing the air from my lungs with a soft soughing sound. I just held him and reveled in the licentiousness he had awoken in me. He made me a complete woman and I cherished it. I remember wishing I could get pregnant with his child. I remember feeling more love for Dale at that moment than I ever had during 28 years of

marriage. He loved me and John so much he was willing to let us become lovers to take care of what he couldn't take care of himself.

Many minutes later gravity caused John's flaccid penis to slither from my vagina and as he rolled off of me, he did so sated. Normally John and I would snuggle after sex but with his father in the next room, we decided to pull on what little clothing we had and go thank him.

I pulled on my diaphanous panties and bra as my 'new' lover donned his boxers.

Shyly, we held hands as we went to find Dale.

He was sitting at the oaken table smiling broadly. A happy light danced in his eyes.

"So, are you both happy?" He asked kindly. "Was I wrong?"

I shook my head and John answered for both of us. "You weren't wrong, Dad. Thank you so much. I needed that so badly I didn't know how much I needed it."

I nodded dumbly, still holding onto John's hand as his semen leaked from my cunt into my panties.

"You're welcome, buddy." My husband stood up and walked toward us. "I only want us all to be one big happy family."

Dale and John hugged unreservedly and then Dale reached out an arm for me and the three of us had a loving group hug that told me everything was just fine and as it should be.

Chapter 19

That's how it came to be that my husband willingly gave me to our only son.

From that moment on my sex life became truly amazing. I was getting - and giving, I hoped - great sex morning, noon, and night, nearly seven days a week.

John and I were completely insatiable for each other. Over the ensuing months John and I were averaging three times a day. Dale never showed any sort of jealous bone and truly seemed happy that he had the son he loved back. All he seemed to care was that I returned to our marital bed each night.

It was a bit strange to be sitting in the kitchen with Dale in the evening and have John come in to ask if I had time for him. On more than one occasion Dale nearly interrupted our couplings. On one, John had me bent over the end of the couch, balls deep inside me and taking me to paradise. On another I had my son's dick in my mouth and I was sucking enthusiastically.

Dale never seemed to mind. He'd wait patiently out of sight until we were finished and then flippantly ask, "Did you enjoy yourselves."

Of course, he couldn't help overhear us when we retreated to John's room to raise the roof but if it bothered him, he never said so.

As strange as our arrangement might have seemed, even to me, it was absolutely liberating, also.

It was some months later, after fall had given way to winter and snow covered the ground that Dale asked us if he could watch us.

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John had taken Dale up on his offer to go into the insurance business with him. He terminated his job in Manhattan and together my two men worked side by side in DuMont. Either

Dale was a very effective teacher or John had inherited his salesman gene, because John was just as successful a salesman as his father was and the business exploded.

Together they were able to cover twice the territory and, as a result, gained more customers.

John and I would fuck before he and Dale left for work in the morning, and if he was able, he'd come home on his lunch hour for a quickie. It was at night and on weekends that we were really able to let our passion free. We'd spend hours alone in his room exploring everything a man and woman could do with each other.

And it was good.

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One evening in early December, right after dinner, Dale, John and I settled in the living room. Dale was in his easy chair and

John and I were snuggled together on the couch. Dale always watched the evening newscast but on that particular evening he pressed the mute button and swiveled the chair to face me and John.

"How have things been going for you two?" He asked pointedly.

At first I thought he was showing a little jealousy but he nodded when John piped up, "Fantastic, Pop. Couldn't be better."

I nodded in agreement and smiled at my husband, "I'm wonderful too, honey." I giggled and added, "Bob's been really, really lonely the last few months."

"I'm so glad." Dale said sincerely.

"We are too, Dad." John opined, "Sex with Mom is better than I ever thought it would be. You were absolutely right. She's awesome in bed."

"I told you, buddy." Dale grinned happily and then said, "Would you guys consider doing me a...a favor?"

"Favor?" John and I both queried at the same time. "What kind of favor?"

My hubby and John's father seemed to mull things for a moment and then grimaced. "Don't think you have to agree to this at all, but this is something I've been thinking of for a few months. Just listening to you two fucking makes my little guy stir. I'm thinking that he might wake up altogether if I could actually watch you doing the nasty."

My lack of a reaction mirrored John's. Dale already knew we were lovers and undoubtedly could hear us all over the house. I didn't think it would make much difference to let him watch his son service me.

"You want to watch us fuck, Dad?" John asked kindly. "I sure don't mind and, while I don't speak for Mom, I'm pretty sure she won't mind either. But are you sure?"

Dale nodded energetically and I could see he was excited about the prospect. He was flushed and happily nervous.

I looked up at John and smiled, "I'm okay with it, if you are, honey."

I could see the questions in John's eyes but he nodded slowly and bent his head to lightly kiss my lips. "Let's give him a show, Mom."

Without further adieu, I reached up and pulled his face back down and claimed his mouth with my own. He gently sucked on my probing tongue and I moaned as he slipped his hand up to cradle my breast. Splaying my fingers wide, I slid my

hand down his chest and covered his groin and lightly squeezed him through his Dockers.

He was rapidly rising for the task at hand.

I pulled my mouth from his and reached down to strip off my sweater and toss it aside. If Dale wanted to watch us, I was going to give him his money's worth.

I looked over my shoulder at Dale as I pushed up onto my knees and straddled John's legs. "Are you really sure you want to watch us, honey?"

He was leaning back in his chair with a dazed look in his eyes. He was flushed and perspiring and vigorously massaging his own groin.

"Fuck yeah, babe." He rasped, "It's so fucking hot watching you two. Pretend I'm not here."

I tried to imagine what Dale was seeing. He would have seen his son's hands slide up the smooth expanse of my back to undo the clasp of my bra. He would have seen John pull it off my arms and then pull me toward him. He would have seen John begin hungrily mouthing my titflesh and sucking vigorously on my long, thick nipples.

Dale would have seen John's hands slide back down to squeeze my ass cheeks through my jeans and he would have heard me cooing my encouragement to our son and begging him not to stop.

I rested my head on top of John's and through slitted eyes I watched my husband watch our son and I give and take from each other. Dale had his fly open and his hand was inside his pants.

Pushing back against John's shoulders I extracted my nipple from his mouth with an easily heard popping sound. His disappointment was evident but short-lived when I reached down and grasped the hem of his Polo shirt. He raised his

arms as I pulled it off. We both were frustrated when we recognized we had to unfasten the top button in order to get it over his head but eventually it joined my bra at the other end of the couch.

I stood up and unzipped my Levis and pushed them off my hips and stepped out of them. John was frantically trying to get his pants off as I was shucking mine. Unlike me, he discarded his undershorts along with his pants and sat back down as naked as the day he was born.

Clothed only in a skimpy pair of green silk panties that John had bought for me, I knelt in front of my son on the floor and inserted my hands between his knees and slowly spread his legs. I glanced at Dale from the corner of my eye as I raised up on my knees and reached for John's erection.

Dale had his own pants halfway down his legs and the cock in his hand was hard and ready. His little buddy had indeed awoken.

Both John and Dale moaned loudly when I leaned forward and dropped my mouth to engulf John's velvet helmet. Ever so slowly I lavished him with my tongue as I took him deeper and deeper in my mouth. Tightening my lips around his circumference, I created a vacuum with my mouth and began deliberately moving my head up and down.

Over John's cries of lust and nasty profanity, I could hear Dale in the background. "Suck him off, babe...you two are so hot...so fucking sexy..."

Suddenly, an epiphany hit me. I pulled John's cock from my ravenous mouth and looked up at him. He read my mind and nodded excitedly.

Still holding our son's dick in one hand, I looked at Dale over my shoulder and smiled, "It sure would be a shame to waste that erection, honey."

He stopped pulling at his penis, his eyes widened and his mouth dropped open in a surprised oval. "You mean..."

I nodded as John encouraged him, "Let's do her together, Dad. Let's show Mom how much we both love her."

I used my left leg to kick aside the coffee table that stood between the couch and the chair and as Dale stood up and stripped off his pants, I frantically rolled my panties down my legs.

I pushed my ass as high up as I was able and waited for Dale to sluggishly lower himself down behind me. He reached a hand beneath me and fingered my wetness for a moment before pushing his rigid member down and leaned forward. His belly was large and round and prevented a normal entry, but once he found my entrance with his cockhead he leaned his massive girth back as he pushed himself into me.

"Oh yesss..." I hissed as Dale's cock spread my tissues and sank deeper and deeper.

I turned my focus back to John's glorious dick as Dale began sliding himself in and out of my super-saturated cunt. I hungrily attacked John, cramming most of his thickness in my mouth until the gag effect made me stop. And then I went to work.

I was losing my mind. I was being double teamed by the two men I loved more than all others and I loved it. It was sensory overload. It was everything I wanted and more. It was great sex and love and pure animalistic hedonism. I had reached the sexual apex. I could feel their hands touching me, stroking me, caressing me as I fucked one man's cock with my mouth and another plumbed the depths of my pussy.

"Fuck her, Dad. Fuck her g...good and hard. She loves it...ughn..." John panted to his father.

Dale was doing just that. I was amazed at how much stamina he had. Over and over he slammed his cock into me so vigorously I no longer had to bob my head up and down on

John. Each mighty drive of Dale's hips caused me to lurch forward, allowing John's cock to push up into my mouth.

"I love you guys..." Dale bellowed as he lost it. He pushed himself as deeply into me as he could manage and then froze as several weeks worth of semen blasted from his balls and coated my insides. The sensation of his warm, thick come filling my belly was too much and I came myself. I pulled the cock I was sucking from my mouth and threw back my head and screamed.

Lights burst in my head and every nerve ending in my body was firing at the same time. I clenched my eyes and shuddered and shook between my two lovers as waves of pure bliss washed over me. It was simply magnificent. And then I felt something warm on my cheek.

Apparently, while my orgasm was running its course, I continued pulling at John's erection. He had been close anyway, and when I threw my head back in the throes of ecstasy, my involuntary squeezing of his cock was enough to

send him over the edge and he painted my face with ropes of thick, white semen.

I had to laugh, a few minutes later, when I made it to the bathroom and was able to look at myself in the mirror. I had come on my forehead and chin, one eyebrow was caked with it and my upper lip caught a wad. I had come in my hair and on my neck. I looked used and abused but I loved it.

I quickly cleaned myself off and rejoined my lovers on the couch.

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We spent the rest of that evening naked. Dale's little buddy had indeed awoken and the way Dale was acting, I didn't think it was going to go back to sleep anytime soon.

My two men each fucked me once more, solo, and then we had another threesome one more time before retiring to bed.

By the time the three of us staggered up to Dale's and my California king, I had been thoroughly fucked four times and was completely drained.

We fell on top of the blankets; my lovers on either side of me.

As I held their hands and drifted off to sleep, I recall blinking back a tear of happiness at how wonderfully it felt to be loved completely not just by one man, but by two.

Epilogue

That was seven wonderful years ago.

Life at the Carpenter household took on a whole new light after that evening. Every day was a new sexual discovery and it was amazing how carnal I could be in the arms of my lovers. My persona changed radically the moment either Dale or John touched me. It was like I would transform into an animal and wallow in my base instincts.

The three of us were insatiable; well, two were insatiable for me and I was for them. They both adamantly resisted my suggestion that they fuck each other. They wouldn't even touch the other's penis.

How juvenile.

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For Dale's part, that first night the three of us spent together lit a fire under him. Although I never asked him, I often wondered if he compared his obesity to John's muscular physique and found himself lacking. Whatever the case, he started exercising and eating sensibly and the pounds came off. By the time John and Stacy Jefferson got married two years later, Dale had dropped almost ninety pounds and looked better than he did the day I met him.

He was never going to be muscle bound, but he was trim and fit and had regained his youthful vigor. His little buddy still hasn't gone back into hibernation and our sex life was how I had always wanted it to be from the start; hot and nasty and spontaneous.

After John and Stacy set up house in DuMont, Dale and I were left to our own devices. I originally thought that we'd fall back into old habits, but, thankfully, the fire that was lit under Dale was still burning hot.

A few months before John started dating Stacy, I noticed that there had been a gradual shift. While my two men still would happily do me together, more and more John was drawing away from me, and Dale and I would be alone some evenings.

I tried asking John about it once when his father wasn't home but his answer was somewhat disjointed. "I don't know, Mom. I'll always love you, you know that and I'm pretty sure I'll never lose this oedipal thing I have for you. I promise you that you are my ideal woman, but maybe it is time I find my own

way. You're Dad's and you always will be. I do want kids of my own one day...if I can find a woman like you, that is."

I nodded thoughtfully up at him and then dropped my head to resume sucking his dick.

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John and Stacy started dating a couple years after he and I first became lovers. Dale was her financial advisor so she was frequently at the office. Of course she couldn't help coming into contact with John given that he had taken to spending more time at the office than Dale.

He asked her out and they hit it off. I could see it was serious when he brought her home to have dinner with Dale and me.

I sure didn't see any similarities between Stacy and me, other than the fact that we were both female and both of us were carbon-based life forms. She was certainly pretty but she was

a blonde to my auburn. She was slim and trim; I was voluptuous. My complexion was clear and tawny; Stacy had freckles across her nose and cheeks.

"She's just like you, Mom." John insisted as he hugged me after saying goodnight. He reached down and touched my chest. "She's just like you here, Mom. She has a heart as big as all creation, just like yours."

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Stacy and John married with his parent's unreserved blessing. John's stepchildren were truly a delight but about a year and a half after tying the knot, Dale and I were gifted with our first grandson.

Life was good.

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Dale and I are closer than ever. We began traveling extensively. With John in the shop, Dale had much more free time and a new energy I had never seen before. I did get to see China's Great Wall and last year I rode through Paris, although it was in a black taxi cab, not a sports car. Venice is on the horizon.

I'm working on my Great American Novel but the way things are going with it I estimate I'll have to live to be 138 years old to finish it.

My life is as good as I could have hoped for; I'm married to a man who still could make me laugh and who also has learned how to make my blood run hot despite taking a God awful long time to figure it out; I have three wonderful grandchildren with another on the way, a daughter-in-law I truly adore, and a son who helped me find myself again.

My sex life with Dale is mostly wonderful and fulfilling, especially since Dale is only too happy to occasionally take on our son's persona in our marital bed.

And two or three times a month, when his father is out of town on business, John will pay me a nice long visit.

Let's just say we're somewhat addicted to each other and the hunger eats at the edges of our consciousnesses until we have no choice but to feed.

What Dale and Stacy don't know won't hurt them.