

# Paul's Notebook

turniphead



## **Author's Notes:**

This rather lengthy 'story' involves a somewhat neglected mother who finds her future in the form of her son. It is written from the female perspective. As I am not a woman I sincerely hope I haven't offended any of the fairer sex in my writing.

There is absolutely nothing in this 'story' that is remotely connected to reality, although there exists a state named Wyoming somewhere in the American west.

For some reason I like this 'story.' I hope you do as well.

Feel free to provide feedback, positive, negative, or otherwise via comment or email. I can't get better if I don't know where I'm weak.

Paul's Notebook

*"Life has taught us that love does not consist in gazing at each other, but in looking outward together in the same direction." ~Antoine de Saint-Exupery*

## Chapter 1 - The Good Girl Rules

Who can say why an otherwise sane, rational woman who had nearly everything would risk everything for the one thing she lacked? I know I sure can't.

What I do know is I wouldn't change what happened for anything.

My name is Nellie Slaten and during the late spring of 1983 I was a 47 year-old, married wife and mother of two, and my whole life I'd been wearing a mask -- a façade of wholesome primness that had been foisted on me by my mother and father.

Born on January 13, 1936, in Park County, Wyoming, just outside Cody, I grew up under the direction and tutelage of a Baptist preacher and his wife -- herself a daughter of a Lutheran minister -- and I learned early that I was to be, first and foremost, a Good Girl.

And I learned the Good Girl rules:

2. Good Girls don't swear.

3. Good Girls don't raise their voices in anger.

4. Good Girls don't date -- at least unchaperoned.

5. Good Girls don't smoke, and they certainly don't chew, tobacco.

6. Good Girls don't skinny dip with the boys.

But first and foremost, the biggie, numero uno, number one on the Good Girl list was: Good Girls would never dream of engaging in sex -- whatever that was -- before marriage and get pregnant -- whatever that was -- thereby bringing shame to her family and her church.

It is hard for six year-olds to fathom the language of adults.

Sex was a taboo subject in my parent's home. The few friends that were viewed as appropriate for me to associate with wouldn't discuss it either. When I was in my early teens and tried to broach the subject with my mother, I was informed, in no uncertain terms, that Good Girls didn't talk about sex.

Great; rule number 7.

I tried to talk to my father about it, and although he was willing to discuss sex in euphemisms, his embarrassment and clumsiness only served to deepen the mystery.

So I grew up a Good Girl. I did what was expected of me and made my parents proud. I strove to be proper in thought, word and deed -- and, for the most part, I was successful.

The problem was that I sensed, long before I left home to start my own life, I really wasn't a Good Girl at all. I felt something inside of me that was completely contradictory to the Good Girl Rules.

-

I attended an all-girls parochial school and, after graduating in 1954, I was accepted at Bob Jones University in South Carolina -- the only school my parent would agree to allow me to attend and pay for -- where I studied English Literature and Education.

I was acutely aware through much of high school and my entire college career that something burned inside me; something hot and powerful and alive. I wasn't able to identify it and it confused me. It was something that, on the

one hand, terrified me to the core, and on the other, created a powerful excitement in my belly.

But Good Girls weren't allowed to feel such things and so I fought against the feelings that were such a mystery. They didn't go away, exactly, but I was able to keep them bottled up and I certainly didn't act on them.

It was while at Bob Jones that I stepped out of my Good Girl shoes for the first time. During my freshman year I was in need of money and my roommate suggested modeling. I went with her to a studio in downtown Greenville and 'let' her talk me into modeling underwear for an east coast department store chain. She didn't exactly need to twist my arm.

I loved seeing my pictures in the newspaper ads. The pictures were from the neck down and grainy and not exactly risqué so I didn't feel the need to tell my parents. What they didn't know wouldn't hurt them.

After graduating from Bob Jones, I returned home to Cody, Wyoming and taught high school English and History at the same high school I had matriculated from.

I was 22 and my parents were proud.

A year later in 1959 I met David Slaten and was just about swept off my feet. After a year of dating, I agreed to change my name.

My parents were glad that David was extremely handsome. They appreciated that he was a gentle and kind man. They were happy that he was well-educated and would be able to provide for me. But most of all they were overjoyed that David had found his calling in the pulpit. Like me, David had come from a long line of evangelical preachers. He had heard the call and followed in his progenitor's footsteps.

David was 34, almost eleven years my senior, when we were married in my father's church in June, 1960.



-

David's congregation was 150 miles to the south of Cody in Riverton. He was well-loved by all the church members, the female half of whom, I'm sure, were infatuated with him. When I was introduced to the congregation the first Sunday after our brief honeymoon, I could see jealous rage in many of the ladies eyes.

David was theirs! How dare I? An outsider, no less! I could see it in their faces and demeanor. It positively leaked from behind the forced smiles. I could hear it in their whispers.

While the congregation didn't run me out of town on a rail, they didn't exactly embrace me, either. David assured me it would just take time until they got to know me. I wasn't so sure when I overheard one of the women call me 'the scarlet harlot' in a grocery store.

I stayed quiet. David wanted me to become active in the church and head up the ladies committee but I declined the invitation and decided to fly under the radar to avoid upsetting the female portion of the congregation even further than they already were.

Riverton was a picturesque little town that was ideal for raising a family, which we immediately began to do. We hadn't even been married a month when the rabbit died. Nine months later, in the spring of 1961 our daughter Sarah Rebecca raged -- no other word suffices -- onto the scene. She was followed two years later by her brother Paul Matthew.

Where Sarah's delivery had lasted an arduous and painful eighteen hours, Paul eased into the world after only thirty minutes. When the nurse laid him in my arms he looked up at me, smiled and reached up to touch my cheek with his tiny hand. Sarah had peed on me during our first meeting.

David and I had planned on many more children, but during Paul's delivery, the doctor found benign cysts on my uterine

walls and recommended a partial hysterectomy. The baby factory had been shut down early, throwing a wrench into our plans for a large family.

-

Over the following years, life meandered on as it usually does, and, for the most part, it meandered on well.

Gradually, grudgingly, the congregation began to accept that I wasn't going to corrupt the church and began to warm up to me. Bonnie Hardt, one of David's lifelong friends and church treasurer, helped in that regard by convincing the rest of the congregation that I really wasn't the spawn of Satan.

David and I watched in amazement as our children raced through childhood into adolescence and then puberty seemingly overnight. It was as though Sarah was one day pulling the hair off of her Barbie or the wings off a fly and the next I was trying to help her understand her period. One minute Paul was playing with Tonka trucks in the backyard

and the next it seemed we were helping him pick out high school clothes.

Sarah and Paul were polar opposites. Sarah was, to put it kindly, a plain girl. She was a carbon copy of her paternal grandmother. She was short and heavyset with plain features, chronic acne and lifeless blonde hair.

If Sarah's physical characteristics had been her only problem, there would not have been a problem at all, but she was difficult and angry and loud. She had a truly ugly personality and family counseling didn't help. I loved her, but it was difficult, and, as much as it pained me to admit it, at times I almost couldn't stand to be around her.

Paul, on the other hand, was perfect in almost every aspect. He had my auburn hair, large green eyes and olive complexion. Paul was a masculine me. He was sleek and feline and breathtaking, but more importantly, he was consistently sunny and happy.

Our children were so different from each other it was difficult to believe they came from the same gene pool. David once, in frustration over something destructive that Sarah had done, speculated that perhaps the hospital had accidentally switched her at birth. I had considered the possibility years before but there was no escaping her resemblance to David's mother.

Where Sarah was a little dim, Paul was exceptionally bright. Where Sarah was stodgy and dull, Paul was dynamic and active. Sarah was a dark gray rainstorm to Paul's warm beam of sunshine. Sarah was angry and depressing; Paul was always happy and smiling and his laughter was infectious.

Our children's spiritual lives were as dissimilar as their personalities.

Sarah had grabbed hold of her faith and held onto it with unyielding conviction. Her unwavering faith and stoicism in her beliefs could have been authored by her father.

Paul was more like me. He was filled with uncertainties about his spirituality and unsure about everything related to religion in general. He believed, but there was nothing chiseled in stone about his beliefs.

David and I loved them both and tried to be impartial, but Sarah held me at arm's length and wouldn't let me in no matter what I tried. Once when she was 9 I was given a glimpse of how deep her anger ran.

I was washing the dinner dishes and Sarah was sitting at the table watching me. Suddenly, out of the blue her features clouded over.

"How come I can't be like you, Mom?" She demanded.

"I'm sorry, honey." I responded somewhat hesitantly, "What do you mean?"

"Pretty." She snarled, "How come I can't be pretty like you instead of looking like Gramma Ethel? It's not fair!"

"Oh, honey, beauty is only skin deep." I soothed and added, "You're beautiful in your own way. If you like I can teach you how to fix your hair different and a change of diet will help you lose weight."

She responded by slamming her bunched fists into the Formica tabletop and bursting into tears of rage. "It's just not fair. Paul looks like you. Even Daddy isn't ugly like me!"

She pushed her chair back violently and stormed up to her room.

"Sarah..." I cried out, my heart aching for her.

-

Paul, on the other hand, was perfection personified. As much as I tried to avoid it, I was drawn to him and we developed a special closeness that was obvious to everyone.

Paul was gregarious and outgoing and people were attracted to him by a natural magnetism. I noticed that, even as a little boy, people, women and girls especially, couldn't keep from touching him. He tolerated such invasions of his personal space with good humor while never actually inviting them.

Our son was funny and quick-witted and charming. He possessed a genuine kindness and compassion that made me swell with pride. Paul brightened up my life in so many ways it was impossible for me not to love him. He could make me laugh at the drop of a hat and it warmed my heart to see him smile.

Paul had been blessed with the best physical characteristics David and I had to offer and was truly gorgeous to look at. Lithe and graceful, he was very easy on the eye in all respects. When Paul was eight, David and I were approached by an



agent for a modeling firm and inquired whether we would consider letting Paul model children's clothing for their agency. Although we were firm in our refusal -- I hadn't told David of my brief excursion into the world of modeling -- it demonstrated that my admiration for Paul was not just a mother's pride.

By the time he was 10 years old I could see glimpses of the man Paul would become and I couldn't help but adore him. By the time he entered high school, Paul was already breaking hearts. A strict diet and a rigorous exercise regimen fueled by competitive fires sculpted a lean, healthy, masculine physique that kept his female classmates ever hopeful and his male classmates slightly jealous. He was absolutely the most beautiful person I had ever seen in my life.

Paul enjoyed art and loved classical music -- he frequently accompanied me to the opera or museums -- but he wasn't effeminate by any stretch of the imagination. He was just more...refined than his peers.

His bookshelf held works by Walt Whitman, Thomas Hardy, Mark Twain, and Hawthorne, among others, while his friends were buying up Marvel and DC Comics.

Sarah struggled and sweated to bring home Cs and Ds. She was required to take remedial grammar and math classes and barely kept her head above water despite my best efforts to help. Paul, conversely, was able to maintain a perfect 4.0 throughout his academic career with little to no effort.

Life was good, if just a little sedate, until the summer of 1978. That summer, between Paul's sophomore and junior years, was pivotal for me.

That was the summer I found the book.

# Chapter 2 The Book

I wonder now, with the distance of time, if my life would have continued unchanged and perhaps a trifle boring if I had never found the book at all.

My life in the mid and late 70's was just about perfect.

We lived comfortably in a small Victorian house on the edge of Riverton proper. We had a small yard surrounded by the obligatory white picket fence which held the obligatory apple and pine trees.

Early on, David put his foot down and wouldn't hear of me working, so I became a very good homemaker and tried to be a good mother to my children.

I had nearly everything I needed or wanted and thanked God for my good fortune at every opportunity.

Only one thing was missing.

Sex.

It was only hours after our wedding night that I finally identified the feelings that had haunted me throughout high school and college. When first I took David to our marital bed I definitively knew that the alien sensation I had suppressed for so long was lust.

Initially I felt shame and disgust with myself. After our first coupling as a couple, while David slept, I knelt in prayer and begged for forgiveness. I wept when, on our second night together I could feel the same sensations coursing through my veins just as hot as ever.

David didn't have the same problem. He was old school and sexual intercourse was for procreation. Period. Beyond creating offspring, David had no interest in the intimate side

of a relationship. He was a decent and gentle man -- although he was occasionally neglectful -- but sexual intercourse, as far as he was concerned, was for one purpose only.

When the baby factory closed its doors for good, there was no real point in engaging in the act, according to my husband. David had the church and me and the kids and he didn't need anything else. He wasn't able to do anything about biological urges, though, and so, about every other month or so he coupled with me for release.

There was little passion in our 'lovemaking.' The missionary position was the standard and David wouldn't hear of anything else. David would climb on top of me in the dark, pump his hips a few times and empty himself into me. He'd immediately apologize for his weakness and roll off of me.

I honestly believe that David didn't know our sex life did nothing for me. His sexual education had been roughly the same as mine -- essentially non-existent.

Each time I tried to bring up the subject I was kindly turned aside and when I tried to inject fire into our bed at night I was informed that it was inappropriate and that it was hard enough to fight temptation without going out and inviting it into our home.

Semi-risqué lingerie that I purchased specifically for the purpose of seduction had almost caused me to be tossed out of the house. It was the catalyst for the first real fight between David and me.

I refused to throw away the lingerie per David's order; without his knowledge it was relegated to a box on the shelf in my closet.

Because of Sarah and Paul, I took what he infrequently gave and lived a life of sexual frustration. Almost all other facets of my life were wonderful, so I was able to deal with the one area that wasn't.

Until the day I found the book in the Riverton bus terminal.

-

I was waiting for the bus at the station. David and Bonnie had attended a weeklong conference in Denver and were on their way home. Sarah was being Sarah. 16 year old Paul was off fishing with his friends Norman and Andrew.

The bus had been delayed. Absentmindedly, I picked up a book that had apparently been abandoned by another passenger. The front cover had been ripped off. The title was 'Good Neighbors' and I idly began flipping through the first few pages.

I was shocked at what was inside the paperback and hurriedly put it back where I had found it. I could feel my entire body flush and my hands trembling. I stared at the book out of the corner of my eye as if I could wish it away.

A few minutes passed and I was able to get control of myself. I looked around the terminal. Nobody was paying any special attention to me. The stationmaster occasionally glanced my way, but didn't appear to be doing anything but her job. I knew that I should have resisted, but my curiosity was piqued. My hand slowly slid along the smooth, tush-worn oaken bench and retrieved the book and changed my life forever.

The novel was adult-themed and graphic, describing sex scenes between a cheating wife and her neighbor. It was explicit in every detail. The author painted lurid visual pictures with words and language. I watched in my mind as the characters engaged in almost every conceivable sex act a man and woman could engage in.

It was nasty and dirty and repellant and I couldn't stop reading. I had never encountered anything like it. I wasn't even aware that such things were permitted to be published. I wasn't completely naïve -- I was aware of pornography -- I just never knew about that sort of erotica.



The book described some of the things I had silently begged David to do with me, along with a great number of activities I had never even dreamed of.

I was on fire. I was trembling uncontrollably and I was shocked to discover the front of my cotton panties were wet and my nipples were erect. I felt ashamed at my reaction and twice walked over to the garbage can to dispose of the book. Instead, I buried it at the bottom of my handbag.

When the bus carrying my husband and friend hissed to a stop at the station and they stepped onto the concrete causeway I was sure they could see guilt written all over my face. If they noticed anything though, they didn't say anything.

-

That night, as David slept the sleep of the innocent, I dug out the book and crept downstairs to the basement and read it from cover to cover in the basement rumpus room. I was so

excited I could hardly stand it and as I voraciously consumed the pages, I rubbed myself through my nightgown.

I was 42 years old and discovering who I was. I experienced my very first orgasm that night. It was so powerfully intense I was frightened. I was curled up on the overstuffed couch and biting my lip to keep from crying out as the thunder crashed through me.

---

I had never experienced anything so pleasurable. It felt like every nerve in my body released at once. I shuddered and shook and whimpered as my orgasm rolled on and on.

The aftershocks still lingered when, weeping uncontrollably, I hit my knees and prayed for absolution. I felt dirty and unworthy of forgiveness. I had brought filth into my home and allowed myself to wallow in my base instincts like an animal. The only sure answer was to get rid of the book.

I wrapped the novel in an old newspaper and, creeping out to the neighbor's trash cans, I hid it deep in a garbage bag before making my way back to bed. I felt sick that I was still aroused.

-

The next week was a nightmare. I couldn't get what I had read out of my head. I couldn't stop thinking about sex. I felt ashamed and alone. I couldn't talk to David about what I was going through and I was in a near constant state of arousal.

I kept myself busy at the church. I read and reread my Bible. I prayed. Nothing seemed to work. I was becoming obsessed. I tried talking to Bonnie but she was oblivious to the metaphors I used to try drawing her out so I gave up.

One morning, a week or so after finding the book, after David had departed for his office across the street from the church and Sarah and Paul were on their way to school, I masturbated again while showering. In my mind, David was doing to me the things he'd never do in our bed. He had me bent over and

was thrusting himself into me from behind. He was pinching my nipples and saying the nastiest of things to me.

I was so hot I couldn't prevent myself from sliding my hand between my legs and fingering my swollen petals. As David's penis ripped and tore at me and our bodies sang together, my thumb found my clitoris and I climaxed hard.

I had to hold onto the bar on the wall to keep from going to my knees. I felt like I had exploded -- like I had burst into a million melting shards. Lights burst in my head and the shower stall echoed with my cries of pleasure. My orgasm wracked my mind and body and I rejoiced in it.

I was weak and winded when I stepped from the shower and wiped condensation from the mirror. I expected to see guilt or shame staring back at me. I didn't. What I saw was a woman who had just experienced enormous joy.

Though my color was high, my eyes and my conscience were clear.

Thus began my sexual exploration.

-

I began to look forward to my daily shower.

With time and the sheer deliciousness of orgasm, I was able to overcome any personal objections I had towards auto-erotic stimulation. I made sure that I only touched myself in the shower and when nobody else was home and I eagerly embraced the discovery of my long-dormant sexuality.

In short order I no longer felt ashamed. I rationalized that the passion was a part of who I was. Where it came from was a mystery, but the mystery was secondary to the pure joy of orgasm.

I grew to love my fantasy life. I discovered that I had a very active and very vivid imagination. I was no longer frustrated

and, as a result, I was able to more easily accept the lack of a real sex life.

On the outside, I still played the Good Girl. On the outside I was the person to turn to for charity fund raisers and bake sales. On the outside I taught Sunday school and led Bible studies. On the outside I still volunteered at the homeless mission and at the Riverton Literacy Project.

On the inside, however, I was becoming something else altogether, especially when, after a few months, I began to bring men other than my husband into my feverish fantasies.

In the infancy of my sexual awakening, it was always David who did things to me as I bathed. In the billowing steam of the shower he did everything I wanted and needed and couldn't convince him to do in our bed. A few months after my discovery, however, I began incorporating men other than David into my fantasies.

The first men, aside from David, who took care of my needs were mostly celebrities and public personalities; Jack Nicholson, Clint Eastwood, Warren Beatty, et al. Gradually, I moved on to daydreaming about some of the more attractive male parishioners in our church; Marty Spellman, Ken Fellows, Allen Thompson, among others, and, before long, I had bedded, in my mind, at least, many of the men I interacted with on a routine basis.

I wondered what the mailman would have thought if he knew that he had become my most frequent daydream lover.

I was sure the cute teenaged bag-boy at the grocery store would have died of embarrassment if he knew what he did to me in my lecherous fantasies.

My fantasies were derived almost entirely from the book I had found, even though I no longer possessed it.

In my real sex life, everything that David and I had ever done together was done in the darkness of our bedroom. In twenty

years together, I rarely had opportunity to see, let alone touch with my hand, David's penis. It was a shadowy extension of him that only put in an appearance in the dark. David and I never used anything but the missionary position.

In my heated flights of fancy, things were different.

As water poured down on me I sucked on erections and hungrily swallowed hot semen. I took rigid cocks from behind, or rode my lovers like horses, or writhed on my back as they plunged their tongues deep into my vagina.

In one of my favorite fantasies, one of the handsomest men in church, Ken Fellows, was taking me doggy style while I deep throated Owen Peterson's hard cock while David watched us from the shadows while jerking himself off and whispering encouragement to me as he watched the two men servicing me.

In another frequent fantasy I was lying on my back while two men knelt on either side of me, masturbating over my



nakedness. The thought of their hot come splashing down on my breasts and stomach was always enough to bring me to climax.

I was nasty and filthy and I reveled in my lecherousness. I absolutely loved the depravity inside of me that had taken me so long to uncover. I loved the feeling of being sexy, even if nobody would ever see me in that state. I loved that I could imagine anything and my body would respond.

I felt no guilt. The sexual side of me was as real as my spirituality or my intellect. It was a part of who I was and it made me feel good and whole.

To enhance my fantasy world, about six months after I had begun my personal sexploration, I gathered enough courage to drive a few miles down the highway to Lander. I drove around until I located a building that had a crudely hand-painted red on white sign that simply read 'XXX.'

My jaw dropped when I saw the broad range of movies and magazines and sex toys the store offered. In my wildest dreams I would never have believed such things would sell well enough to support a business enterprise. I could feel myself flushing as I browsed the wares.

The old man behind the counter -- who, oddly enough, resembled my father -- leered at me when I brought up a handful of Beeline books and gasped at what was on the wall behind him. There were at least thirty varieties of faux penises in all shapes and sizes and styles; strap-on and battery powered, some with testicles and some without, some were long and thick and some were slim and compact. There was a black one, complete with large testicles, that was almost as long as my forearm and nearly as thick.

Although I selected a slim, metallic pink, battery operated model, I felt my eyes drawn to the behemoth and winced inwardly when I imagined what it would feel like to use it on myself.

I kept my secret treasures in a small fire safe in the back of my closet, taking out the vibrator before showering. It was amazing how the little battery-powered toy intensified my orgasms.

Reading the erotica provided new fodder for my imagination and, in absorbing them I gained a whole new vocabulary that I'd never be able to use.

I rationalized that I wasn't cheating. My daydreams were just my way of heating myself up while I took care of things. David still figured prominently in my fantasy world. I was fairly certain I loved him, but I couldn't ignore myself, either.

# Chapter 3 Omens

Life was good. I had almost everything I wanted. A husband I loved who treated me mostly decently, two healthy children, and a healthy, if secret, sex life.

Our home was filled with happiness and laughter. Sarah's gloominess was more than offset by Paul. David was a kind, if somewhat neglectful husband but he was a decent father, and Paul, with his wit and sharp sense of humor, could make me laugh at the drop of a hat. As the song says, "two out of three ain't bad." As much as I loved David and Sarah, Paul was the apple of my eye and it was obvious to everybody who knew us.

-

Paul was 18 in the spring of 1981 and already getting ready to attend college in the fall when I discovered he had taken more from me than his hair and eyes.

I had just finished a load of towels and, looking forward to showering, I wasn't paying attention when I opened the bathroom door without knocking. Paul's pants were around his knees and he was masturbating.

Fortunately, he had the good sense to immediately spin around so his back was to me and I didn't see anything except a tight little butt. I apologized profusely and diplomatically retreated. I laughed to myself that he was a chip off the old block.

I waited a couple of hours before tracking him down in his room. I knocked before entering.

Paul was lying on his bed; a novel lay open across his chest. He immediately began to blush.

"Honey, we need to talk." I started, sitting near the foot of his bed.

"I'm sorry, Mom." He blurted, "It won't happen again."

The red had spread to his ears and neck.

"There is no need for you to apologize, sweetheart." I smiled gently, "What you were doing is perfectly...um...natural."

Relief immediately replaced his embarrassment as he realized I wasn't there to berate him. "You're not upset?"

I smiled again, "Uh-uh. If anybody should apologize it should be me. I violated your privacy by not knocking."

"Mom..." He stammered, confused.

"Look, honey," I assured him, "It's probably best if you never let your Father catch you in the act as he probably won't be

so...understanding, but believe me when I tell you there is nothing wrong with what you were doing."

"But I feel guilty when I...do that." Paul confessed, his hands fidgeting with the text book.

"Don't." I ordered gently, "You're 18 years old. With the hormones that must be flowing through your body I'd be more surprised if you weren't...doing that." I grinned and added, "If I were you though, in the future, I'd remember to lock the door."

We laughed together and I playfully squeezed his knee and got up to leave.

Paul looked up at me with relief in his eyes and said, "Thanks, Mom."

I winked at him and turned to leave. "You're welcome, honey."  
As I stepped out into the hallway I glanced back at him and giggled, "Cute butt."

The sound of his laughter followed me down the stairs.

-

If Paul continued masturbating -- and I assumed he did -- he was discreet about it. I never again interrupted him in the act, sparing both of our dignities.

The incident changed how we interacted together, though. We were still mother and son, obviously, but we both accepted that he was no longer a little boy with little boy needs.

The way I looked at him changed, also. I no longer saw a slight, awkward adolescent. Somehow, while I wasn't looking, he had been transformed into a tall, masculine young man



with broad shoulders, narrow hips and muscular legs. He had a swimmer's build and was stunningly beautiful with a ready smile that lit up a room and eyes that made a girl's insides melt when they fell on her.

By his 18th birthday, in June of that year, Paul was just a hair over 6'0" and tipped the scales at a lean 180 pounds. He was lithe and graceful and agile. On more than one occasion I caught myself admiring his cute little butt or the telltale bulge in his jeans before turning away, blushing furiously.

-

One Saturday afternoon in early June of that same year, only weeks after he finished his high school career, I was given a glimpse of how Paul and his friends viewed me when I overheard a conversation he was having with Andrew and Norman. They were sitting on the back porch and were idly throwing a tennis ball for Andrew's dog, Gandolph, to chase. I was cleaning the upstairs bathroom. The window was open and I could hear every word they were saying.

Andrew's voice floated up to where I scrubbed the sink. "You're crazy, Paul," He snorted, "I don't care what you say. There is no way we can talk about good looking women without including your mom. She's a knockout and you can't not include her just because she's one of our moms."

"That's a double negative and I'm just not sure I like you guys talking about my mom like this." Paul exclaimed, punching Andrew's arm.

Norman laughed. "Oh yeah, right! Like you don't look at your old lady and grow some lumber! Give me a break."

I felt a flush spread across my face when I realized they were talking about me. I couldn't make myself stop listening to them, even though I felt strongly it was wrong to do so.

Andrew slapped the back of Paul's head and added, "Okay, rodent, if your mom isn't the hottest woman in town, who is?"

"Alright, already." Paul laughed with his friends, "Okay, my mom is hot. It still makes me squeamish to talk about her like this."

Norman clapped Paul on the back. "I sympathize with you, buddy. I know that if I lived in the same house as your mom, I'd be going crazy. She is freaking awesome. She looks exactly like Jaclyn Smith."

"Gail Stanton." Andrew countered. "She looks just like Gail Stanton, only with a better body."

"Who?" Paul indignantly asked, "And just how do you know what my mom's body is like?"

"Gail Stanton, the Playboy Centerfold." Andrew laughed, "Miss June, 1978. I ripped it off from my old man. Got it stashed under my bed at home. I'll show you next time we're

there. And it doesn't take an Einstein to see how your mom fills out a sweater and a pair of jeans, dumbass."

Paul laughter was a little hesitant. "I don't know about Gail whatsherface, but Norm's right. Mom could be Jaclyn's twin. Whenever I watch Charlie's Angels it amazes me how similar they are."

"Hey you scumbags," Andrew nodded, "Let's go over to my place and I'll show you Gail and you'll see what I'm talking about."

The three boys wandered through the back yard, pushing and shoving each other as boys do. Big, muscular Norman, Paul, and diminutive, mouse-like Andrew hopped the back yard fence and after coaxing Gandolph to leap the pickets, disappeared through the cedar hedge.

I looked out the window at their retreating forms and flushed with pride at how my son's friends and, more importantly, how my son viewed me.

Despite the recent changes in our relationship, I can honestly say that I never really looked at Paul in a sexual manner. Norman and Andrew, maybe, but never Paul.

## Chapter 4 Paul's Notebook

Paul finished high school with honors without appearing to break a sweat in the late spring of 1981. He applied to several out of state universities but then ultimately decided to attend Southern Wyoming College in Riverton because, he claimed, he didn't know which direction he wanted to go in and he didn't want to waste time or money.

David and I both protested to no avail. Paul asserted he could live at home, take a few classes at SWC just a few miles down the road and take a part time job until he decided where he'd take his life.

My silly joke that I was 44 and still didn't know what I wanted to do with my life didn't sway him at all. He was adamant that he would stay in Riverton with David and me, if we had no objections. We objected to his choice, but not him living at home.

-

Nearly three years later, Paul apparently still hadn't decided on his future. Since the second semester of his freshman year he had been taking a full course load and working part time at the church as a book keeper. He was set to complete his undergraduate degree in, of all things, General Studies. I often wondered what he could use it for.

David and I occasionally probed Paul to see if we could discern where his interests lay. The only thing I was able to surmise is that he didn't want to go into law or medicine. Nor was he interested in attending seminary school. And he didn't want to leave home.

It was exasperating. Paul was sharp as a whip yet he didn't seem to want to use his God-given intellect.

He also didn't seem to be interested in girls. Oh, he dated now and again, but seldom twice with the same girl. I more than once wondered if he was gay.

I couldn't figure out why he seemed so disinterested in the opposite sex until I found his notebook, and then everything became crystal clear.

Paul wasn't homosexual and it wasn't that Paul didn't want to leave home; he just didn't want to leave me.

-

I found the notebook shortly after 10 AM on Monday, June 20, 1983. It took less than three minutes for the tattered and well-worn book to turn my neatly-ordered world upside down.

I hadn't been snooping. That much I can say with complete honesty. I was merely bringing Paul's clean laundry to his room. As I set the still-warm folded jeans and tee shirts on the bed, I happened to notice the spiral corner of the book sticking out from between the mattress and box spring. I never would have even seen it if Paul had made his bed that morning as he normally did.

Curious, I slipped it from beneath the mattress and considered it for a minute. It was obviously well-used. The once bright red cover was faded a bit and creased in a few places. The corners were dog-eared and rounded. There was a rip in the bottom right corner. Even though I hadn't been snooping, I felt a little guilt creep in around the edges of my consciousness and I actually reached down to put it back.

Curiosity got the better of me and I paused long enough to open the front cover. The inside cover was more than enough to cause a little head scratching on my part.



An old picture of me in my old yellow and pink, one-piece swimsuit was taped to the inside cover. It had been taken over 15 years before while on vacation to San Diego. David had been cropped from the photo. A single word was emblazoned across the top of the inside cover in four inch inked letters: "MOM."

At that point I should have stopped. I think I could have dealt with the fact that my son had some sort of weird fascination with me, and I would have maybe been fine. But instead, I turned to a random page and began reading.

*Morning Fog By Paul Slaten*

*I cursed under my breath when I opened my eyes Sunday morning. The rain that had been falling steadily for over a week hadn't let up, and to make matters worse, a dense fog had rolled in overnight. I couldn't even see the Nelson's house from my bedroom window.*

*The erection I woke up with ached terribly and I was half-tempted to take a few minutes to give it a few shakes to relieve the pressure.*

*Instead I gritted my teeth and laid out a Sunday suit. My morning wood very slowly and very reluctantly subsided.*

*Something slammed against the wall in Sarah's room and I heard Dad calling for everyone to hurry up or we were going to be late for church. His voice sounded better. It was bloody well about time he got over his blasted cold.*

*I was nowhere near ready to go fifteen minutes later when Dad tried again to get everyone in gear. Then I heard Mom call from her room. "David, I'm running a little late, too. I have to change dresses. Why don't you and Sarah go on ahead and Paul and I will take my Jeep? We'll be there before the opening prayer, I promise."*

*The sweet bell tones of her voice made my insides melt and my penis surge.*

---

I heard the front door open and close and raced to Mom's open doorway. She was standing in front of her closet wearing only a pair of light pink lace panties and matching bra.

"What do you think, darling?" She smiled at me, holding up one pink dress and one that was light green.

"Oh God..." I breathed, "I think you are the most beautiful woman on the planet."

"The dresses, you dillhole?" She laughed, "What do you think about the dresses? And thank you very much."

"Mom..." I groaned and started to walk toward her.

Mom held up her hand, "Uh-uh. We can't. Please, baby, we have to hurry."

"But, Mom," I whined "It's been more than a week..." Christ, I sounded like a retard.

"Don't you think I know that?" Mom answered, "I've been going crazy, too. But until we can find some alone time, we can't be together. You promised me, honey."

I paused reading long enough to breathe deeply. My entire body was quivering. I felt sick to my stomach. Somewhere in the back of my mind I calculated that the story must have been written at least two or three years before. If I recalled correctly, I traded in the Jeep for my Subaru when Paul was a senior in high school. Sarah freed us all by moving out immediately after graduation.

I sniggered when I realized that he could have penned it only the day before for all I knew.

I turned back to the notebook and continued reading.

*"Alright, Mom," I muttered, "But you better find a place we can be alone and quick or I'm going to slit my wrists."*

-

*Ten minutes later we were in Mom's Jeep and rolling towards the church. She looked so fresh and pretty in her pink ruffles. Her hair was down and it actually seemed to glow in the gray morning light.*

*The fog was so dense even the fog lights couldn't penetrate it. Rain fell steadily and Mom had to lean over the steering wheel to see more than 15 feet in front of the vehicle.*

*"Darling," She smiled nervously, "Your father's cold is gone now and I promise you we'll get to be together tomorrow morning as soon as he and Sarah leave for the church."*

*"I have to tell you, Mom," I laughed, "I'm going to explode the moment you touch me. I'm ready to burst."*

*"I told you to make care of things yourself while your father was sick." She seemed genuinely surprised.*

There it was in black and white, in neat block print. My only son entertained fantasies of me and him. The pages of his confession shook in my trembling hands. I felt as though I was going to vomit. But I couldn't stop reading.

*I grinned, "And I told you that I was never going to masturbate again. It just doesn't do anything for me anymore."*

*Her laughter filled the vehicle. "I don't have any such problem. I miss fucking you so much, honey I've been running to the bathroom almost every single time I see you. I've been fingering myself off three or four times a day."*

*I was tempted to find a bathroom myself. My cock was straining the seams of my pants.*

*The church parking lot was full. Dad always packed them in -- he may have been neglectful of Mom in her bed, but he was a good and capable preacher. We drove through the rows of cars and pickups for a few minutes before finding a spot near the far edge of the lot --*

*about as far away from the church as we could be and still be on the property.*

*We sat for a few seconds. The only sound was the ticking of the engine as it cooled and the steady hiss of the rain.*

*She picked up her umbrella from between the buckets and reached for the door handle.*

*"Mom..."*

*She turned to look at me and the question must have died on her lips when she saw the hunger on my face.*

*She moaned and dropped the umbrella as she wrapped her arms around my neck and our open mouths came together. Her warm, sweet tongue thrust between my lips and I felt tingles race up and down my spine as we kissed.*

*We were frantic. A week apart had built our hunger for each other into an unstoppable force. As we chewed and sucked at each other's lips and tongues, I was popping the buttons on the back of her dress. I could feel her hand gripping my erection through my slacks.*

*The Jeep was filled with our muffled moans and cries of hunger.*

*Suddenly Mom pulled her mouth from mine and pushed on my chest.  
"Paul...we can't..."*

*"Mom..." I pleaded.*

*"This is so dangerous, darling." She panted, breathing heavily.*

A soft moan escaped from between my clenched lips as I read the words in front of my eyes. The walls of the rooms seemed to close in on me and I was aware of beads of perspiration trickling down my back. My heart was pounding like a trip hammer. I could hear the screaming in my head that begged me to stop. I disobeyed the voice.



*"Mom, look around you, we haven't been this alone in days. You can't even see the next row of cars." I begged.*

*I was aware I sounded pathetic. My desperation echoed in my words. Miraculously, Mom rescued me.*

*"Get in the back seat, darling." She whispered heavily, "Quickly."*

*I kicked off my shoes and squirreled out of my jacket. As I slipped between the buckets I saw Mom frantically removing her hose and panties.*

*I had barely settled onto the leather seat when Mom climbed through to join me. She didn't waste any time and bunched her skirt up around her waist. She straddled my legs and began fumbling with my belt.*

*"Help me, honey," She wheezed as she pulled it through the loops and struggled to unfasten the button on my gray trousers.*

*She was looking around wildly, as if she expected a parishioner to suddenly appear out of nowhere to wipe the rain from the window and say "Good morning."*

*I impatiently pushed her small hands away and popped the button and unzipped my fly.*

*Mom kissed me hard, her tongue thrusting deep into my mouth as I freed my aching cock from its confinement.*

*"Lift up your butt, Honey." She ordered as she ripped her mouth from mine.*

*I did as she directed and Mom pushed my trousers and boxers down my legs.*

*"Paul..." I sobbed quietly. I could feel the room pitching and swaying. And I could feel a telltale dampness in my panties.*

*"Oh my..." She moaned as she took my rigid cock in her left hand and saw the pre-come oozing from my hard-on. "I'm so sorry, Paul. I promise you'll never have to wait so long for me ever again. Slide down on the seat just a smidgen."*

*Mom and I had been fucking for over six months, but every single time I slid into her, my reaction was the same.*

*"JESUS CHRIST!" I screamed as her velvet walls enveloped my rock-hard penis.*

*She was so incredibly wet and so hot I could barely stand it. She cried out when she settled onto me, my cock buried completely inside her pussy. For a long moment we didn't move. Then she was frantically riding up and down my erection, her hands pressed against both side windows.*

*It didn't take long for either of us.*

*At that moment I didn't care about her needs. It had been over a week since I'd ejaculated and I couldn't hold on. As my semen boiled up out of my balls, I wrapped my arms around her tiny little waist and clamped my mouth down on her left tit and tried to chew her nipple through her dress.*

I could barely read the words on the pages my hands were shaking so badly.

*"OH FUCK!" She screamed as my molten come poured into her, triggering her own orgasm.*

*I could feel her vaginal muscles convulsing on me as my seed poured into her belly. She quivered and shook and cried with release.*

*"OOOOOHHHHH MOMMMMMMM..." I yelled, unable to contain myself as I jerked and shuddered inside her.*

*My climax felt like all the good things in the world were concentrated in my convulsing dick. Pure energy seemed to flow out of me. I*

*writhed uncontrollably beneath her as she whimpered and cried with the joy of her own release.*

*Slowly, deliciously, our mutual orgasm receded. Mom didn't say anything as she lifted off of me and climbed back into the front seat and hastily slipped her heels on her bare feet. Her hands shook as she rolled her nylons up her legs. She waited for me as I put on my shoes and jacket and together we exited the SUV and, under our umbrellas, walked to the front door of the church.*

*As we walked up the stairs to the pulpit area, Mom smiled weakly at me and I felt her stuff something in my jacket pocket.*

*Dad was well into his sermon when we found a pew off to the side. Dad's sermon was typical -- God and forgiveness centered. He was uplifting and invigorating, but I couldn't stop thinking of Mom.*

*I watched her giving her full attention to Dad and I put my hand in my jacket pocket to see what she had given me. I smiled inwardly when I felt lace and lifted the flap of my pocket to confirm my suspicions.*

*My penis lurched when I recognized that I was in possession of her pink panties.*

*She smiled at me and I knew that she was enjoying the sensation of our mingled come leaking from her pussy as Dad gave the congregation directions on how to get to heaven.*

*"I already know how to get there." She whispered into my ear.*

I sank onto the edge of Paul's bed. My mind was a whirl and my body was in a state of confused arousal.

I idly flipped from page to page at random and began to get a true picture of his obsession. The pages were filled margin to margin with a neat block print that would have made a draftsman proud. Paul's prose was articulate and creative and extremely explicit. Short stories and essays and poetry proclaimed his lust for me and cried out with passion and desire.

I had read many novels with adult themes and none affected me as deeply as Paul's notebook.

The pages described scenarios and circumstances conceived in Paul's imagination and brought to life by his pen. He and I were on every page in unbelievably provocative and steamy situations, and depicted almost every conceivable sexual act a man and woman could engage in.

One story illustrated him bending me over the kitchen counter and fucking me slowly and quietly while we watched his father outside washing the car. Another had me sneaking into his room late at night and sucking him off while Sarah and David slept nearby.

I scanned a few more pages and read of making love to my son in extremely erotic ways and locales. Within the pages of his opus we coupled on the couch with David only a flight of stairs away, in broad daylight on a bench in the park, in the garage, and in the bathroom. I was entranced with one story

in which Paul and I were locked in the sixty-nine; his mouth ravaging my vagina while I deep throated his penis. Another that caught my eye had Paul stealthily sneaking into my bathroom and joining me in the shower while David worked on a sermon in his study across the hall.

I rifled through fantasy after fantasy, page after page, and soon realized that Paul's passion was identical to my own. The apple really hadn't fallen too far from the tree. His father was as dull as dishwater in bed. Conversely, Paul was passionate and creative and energetic.

Like me.

My blood was racing hot. My panties were soaked and my nipples were so hard they ached. My entire body shook uncontrollably.

Flipping another page, I started and lost my breath at the fantasy that came to life on the page in front of me. My insides melted and I felt my anus pucker at the idea of Paul pushing



his penis into it. The story had been penned less than a month before.

"Oooohhhh..." I moaned softly.

I quickly closed the notebook and slid it back where I had found it and slipped out of his bedroom.

For several minutes I leaned against the wall in the hallway and tried to collect myself. On one hand I felt sick to my stomach; on the other I was more excited than I'd ever been in my life.

As I wrestled with conflicting emotions I couldn't for the life of me determine what, if anything, I was going to do.

# Chapter 5 Coming to Terms

As days go, the day I found the notebook was the most significant, confusing, and electric day of my life. It was life changing for me. I couldn't think clearly and my body alternated between shivering uncontrollably and humming warmly like a high tension wire.

That morning, I rattled around the house in a fog. I couldn't stop thinking of what I had read and fought a powerful urge to return to Paul's room to read more. While dusting David's study I knocked over his desk lamp and a small cedar box fell to the floor. The box popped open and a small bundle of letter spilled out in a fan. I absentmindedly scooped up the letters and slipped them back into the box and as I did, I noticed they were all simply addressed 'David' in a female hand. I hardly gave them a thought as I put the box where it had been on David's desk. I had other things on my mind.

I gave up on finishing my housework and grabbed my purse and car keys, called David at his office and told him I was

going to drive up to Cody to see my dad, and managed to make it to the garage and ooze into the front seat of my car. Once out onto the street I pointed my station wagon toward the highway and left.

I drove for hours. I actually drove east rather than north. I needed to work things out in my head, to clear the fog, and make sense of things. Paul's story haunted my thoughts. How long had he had those sorts of fantasies? Had I somehow caused his fascination with me? It wasn't as though he'd ever seen me naked or even in my under things. In a one piece swimsuit, sure, but I never even wore so much as a bikini in public. David was a bit of a prude about sex and the human body and I was careful not to upset him, so I never would have let Paul see me without my being fully dressed.

The drive was having the opposite effect of what I'd hoped. I was becoming more and more aroused as I thought about things. My son actually wanted to fuck me! Or, at the very least, he fantasized about it. Paul wanted to lie with his own mother and from the story I read and the others I'd flipped

through, I had inkling he'd be so much better at it than his father.

The fire that had been burning in my belly grew hotter and spread as my wheels chewed up the highway towards Casper and spit out miles. I felt a little like I imagined it would feel like to be drunk, something I had never experienced. My cotton panties were drenched and my breasts ached with a lust I had never felt before. My hands trembled on the steering wheel.

A quick prayer didn't help me gain control over my emotions and my body.

My loving and devilishly good looking son wanted to do the sorts of things with me I'd always wanted David and me to do. I laughed nervously to think he wanted me to suck his penis! An image of me kneeling beside him on his bed and slowly taking his erection in my mouth floated across my mind.

"Oooohhhh, Paul..." I whimpered as a small detonation inside me caused my entire body to convulse violently in the driver's seat.

The car weaved and swerved on the road until I managed to bring it to a halt on the shoulder. For many long minutes I sat behind the wheel, my heart pounding, my blood boiling. I felt a lot like I had the afternoon I found the erotic book at the bus terminal. Checking the road ahead and behind for approaching vehicles, I hurriedly unfastened my jeans, unzipped my fly and plunged my right hand into my briefs.

I shuddered when my forefinger and thumb found my clitoris and began rubbing it vigorously. It didn't take long. A few well-placed tweaks with my trembling digits were all it took. My orgasm was as strong as any I'd ever experienced. I shuddered and shook as it rolled through me, exploding in my head and appendages. I clenched my legs on my hand and gritted my teeth as pure pleasure flooded my senses.

Finally it slowly faded into the ether, leaving me panting and quivering.

A few minutes later I zipped up my jeans and smiled weakly at a passing Wyoming State Trooper who slowed and gave me a quizzical look. I waved and mouthed, "Okay."

He nodded and continued on his way, convinced he hadn't just found a damsel who needed rescue. Lord, I needed rescue, but not by law enforcement.

-

I turned the car around and headed home. My little road trip hadn't helped at all to clarify things in my mind. In fact, it had quite the opposite effect. I was confused and conflicted and hyper-stimulated.

When I rolled into the garage at a little before six, I still hadn't resolved anything.

I fixed a light dinner for David and myself -- Paul wasn't home -- and afterwards declined David's invite to play Scrabble. I wouldn't have been able to concentrate on the game and I just wanted to think about the new development in my life.

After washing the dishes, I told David that I was exhausted and going to bed. He said he wanted to read a bit more and would be up shortly.

I lay in my bed and thought of Paul. My body was on fire and I slowly fingered myself through my cotton nightgown.

I was shaking when David came in and got undressed in the dark and lay down next to me.

"Are you asleep, Nellie?" He whispered.

"No." I responded, trying desperately to keep my voice even.

"Do you think...?" David started.

I knew what he wanted and without discussion, pulled my nightie up over my hips and reached under the covers to remove my panties. Maybe David could be the answer to my torment. It had been almost three months since David had last expressed an interest in sex.

David rolled onto me and kissed me almost chastely. His erection hunted for my vagina and he grunted as he sank himself into my wetness. If David noticed that I was considerably more wet than usual, he didn't say anything.

"I love you, honey." He moaned as he began thrusting his hips and sliding himself in and out of me.

"I love you, too." I responded.



Despite my words, in my mind it was Paul who was between my legs. And he wasn't just using his penis on me. I could almost feel his lips on mine, our mouths open, and our tongues coiling together. I could almost feel him sucking on my nipples and I heard him whispering over and over that he loved me as we fucked.

For the first time in our life together, my husband made me come.

We quivered and shook and held each other as David's semen spilled out of him and my orgasm rolled on and on.

David didn't even notice. As usual, he rolled off of me when he was finished and sounded almost sorrowful when he said good night. He was asleep almost immediately.

I still trembled in the afterglow of my orgasm.

Sometime later, the front door announced Paul's arrival. I heard his footsteps on the staircase and the sound of his bedroom door opening and closing.

I lay there listening to David snore and watched the shadows on the ceiling and thought of my son across the hall from me.

## Chapter 6 Falling Deeper

I was sorely disappointed that, even though I slipped from bed at shortly after 6:30 the next morning, Paul was already gone.

I grinned foolishly at my dirty mind. As if Paul was likely to walk into the kitchen as I was preparing breakfast, bend me over the table, bunch my robe around my waist, rip off my panties and just take me on the spot.

Gaining control of myself, I tried hard to appear and sound normal through breakfast until David finished his scrambled eggs and coffee, tucked the paper into his briefcase and left with a smile and an offhanded "See you tonight, honey."

He didn't kiss me goodbye.

I idly rinsed the dishes and loaded them into the dishwasher and waited until I heard the garage door close and saw David's Chevy Impala back down the driveway and merge into the morning traffic.

Hurriedly, I dried my hands and raced to Paul's bedroom door. I only paused a second at the thought I really was violating his privacy. The thought occurred to me that if he did catch me reading his notebook, it could possibly result in what he apparently wanted, so he really wouldn't mind too much.

---

Paul had apparently been writing the night before because the book was shoved almost halfway under the mattress. A moment's disappointment was replaced with elation when my slender fingers felt the spiral coil.

Sitting on the edge of his bed, I clutched the notebook to my chest and closed my eyes, sensing I was perhaps treading on dangerous ground.

I opened my eyes and flipped the pad of paper open to a random page and began reading.

*August 27, 1980*

*Mom is so fucking hot I can't stand it. She was wearing just a tee shirt and shorts at dinner tonight. Christ, her chest looked so fucking perfect I could hardly stand it. Dad was, as usual, oblivious, if you could believe it. What a retard. His wife is so smoking hot in every way and he wanted to talk about politics, for Christ's sake. Mom has no idea how fucking hot she is, and Dad doesn't either. There isn't a*

*man who knows her who wouldn't give their right nut to fuck her, including me, and Dad ignores her. What a fucking retard!*

I didn't remember the evening Paul penned about, but it felt nice that he appreciated my attributes, even if his father didn't. More than that, I truly grasped that Paul more than fantasized about fucking me. I was becoming sure that if I gave him the opportunity, he would do just that.

My eyes scanned down the page and encountered another fantasy.

### *Scratching Her Itches By Paul Slaten*

*The house was quiet as I considered the single cursed sheet of typing paper that was wrapped around the platen of my old, beat-up typewriter. I'm not sure whether Mom or Dad had gone out or not. If they had they hadn't said anything to me.*

*For the previous two plus hours I had been perched at my desk, occasionally fingering the keys on the Remington. I wasn't at all concerned about writer's block -- I would have had to have been a writer to have a case of writer's block.*

*No, my problems were of a completely different sort.*

*I couldn't focus on my creative writing assignment because of Mom.*

*Lately, everything was about Mom.*

*I had my story, stupid or not. I even had a working title: 'April 4th.' I'd been mulling the idea for a week or so. The assignment was to write a short story about the sixties and the civil rights movement.*

*My idea was that a young boy, maybe twelve to fourteen in south Florida has random, psychic visions that apparently are a result of a head injury many years before. He has no control over the visions. Mom. The visions are oftentimes innocuous and of the minor variety. Occasionally they save lives.*

*Years before, the boy experienced a vision of a black boy about his own age being set upon by a group of older, bigger white boys. Mom. He recognizes where the fight takes place and lays in wait for the group of white teenagers with a baseball bat. Together, our hero and the black boy manage to fight off the attackers, breaking a few limbs in the process. Mom.*

*The two boys become best of friends.*

*Fast forward a year or two to March of 1968. Mom. Our intrepid hero has a vision of the assassination of MLK. The black friend has no doubts of his friend's ability and the two decide to try and get to Memphis to prevent the murder. They encounter racism and numerous obstacles along the way, ultimately failing to warn MLK. Mom. They are two blocks away from the Lorraine Motel on the evening of April 4th when they see and hear the police cars.*

*The questions in my head were like a pendulum; swinging back and forth as I tried to flesh out the details. Why would anybody read the story? Mom. If the protagonist can prevent things from happening,*

*then his visions were wrong. Should I write realistic and gritty, like real life, or whitewash the language for the PC police in school? Mom. Manisteen didn't like the 'n' word, I knew, but I also knew that racial slurs were flung around in the sixties like so much confetti. Heck, I heard it pretty frequently even now in the eighties. How should I begin?*

*In between nearly every thought of my outline, images of Mom's face flitted past.*

*I wondered if I should call Phil, a casual friend and classmate -- who also happened to be black -- and use him as a sounding board.*

*I reached for the phone and let it fall back into the cradle when I heard a soft tapping on my door.*

*"It's open." I called out, settling back into my chair and swiveling toward the door.*



*Mom poked her head in and smiled, "Can you spare a few minutes for me, honey?"*

*I smiled broadly and nodded. "Anytime, Mom."*

*She slipped into my room and closed and locked the door behind her.*

*"I'm feeling a little stressed." She winked at me, "And I thought you could help me relieve it."*

*My knees popped as I rose from the task chair and stretched. "Gladly, Mom. I needed a break anyway."*

*Mom moved to the side of the bed closest to the window as I took position on the other side. She untied her robe and let it slide from her shoulders. She didn't have anything on under it.*

*I quickly stripped off my clothes and clambered up onto the bed on my knees and watched Mom do the same. Her eyes were fixated on my rapidly rising penis. Mine were glued to her perfect rack.*

*Our eyes locked as we neared and as one, embraced each other, our open mouths fusing together, our tongues writhing. I could feel Mom's pubic hair against my leg and her rock-hard nipples pushing into my lower chest. My dick was pressed into her stomach.*

*As always, holding and kissing Mom was heaven for me; her soft warmth, the feel of her hands touching my skin, her scent. Everything about her was perfect.*

*Mom was easily the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen in my life and every time she let me, I couldn't believe I was lucky enough to fuck her.*

As I read the words on the page, I smiled with pride that my baby thought I was beautiful and slipped a hand into my panties and began touching myself.

*Apparently, Mom's fires were already stoked and she didn't need or want foreplay. She pulled away from me, glanced down at my*

*erection and moaned softly before falling to all fours and crawling to the center of the bed. I moved into position behind her and, for a long moment just stared down at her.*

*Like the rest of her, Mom's ass was perfect despite her being 44 years old. Not too big or too small, it was still firm and taut and flawless. I caressed her cheeks softly with both hands and inched up closer.*

*Mom glanced back at me over her shoulder and smiled, raising her butt for me. I reached between her legs and lightly cupped her vagina. She didn't need any lubricant. I slipped first one, then a second finger into her drooling passage and began moving them in and out. As I fingered her pussy her brown eye seemed to wink at me and I wondered if she'd ever let me butt fuck her again. She hadn't liked anal at all the first time we tried it.*

*"Baby, please..." She whined. Her entire body seemed to be shivering in anticipation.*

*I was sure I was more excited than she. My dick was so hard it actually ached. I thought I was going to come when I gripped it with*

*my right hand and rubbed the head of it up and down the crack of Mom's ass.*

*I couldn't wait anymore.*

*I slipped my erection between her legs and rubbed it over her wetness briefly. I positioned it at her portal and leaned forward slightly and almost screamed as I sank into her and began working my cock deeper and deeper into her pussy.*

*"Oooooohhhhhh...." Mom grunted as we came together. "Be very quiet, honey. Your...ughn...father is just downstairs. He doesn't like to hear us."*

*I froze mid stroke. "Dad knows about us?" I hissed.*

*Mom looked back at me and seemed genuinely surprised. "Of course, honey."*

*It was so surreal. I was balls deep in Mom's pussy and she was telling me that Dad knew and didn't even care.*

*"You told him?!" I yelled, probably louder than I'd intended.*

*"Shhhhhh." She hissed, "Please baby, fuck me. Make me c...come. We can talk about this later."*

Mini orgasms were firing through me at random as I read Paul's words and manipulated my clitoris and swollen labia. I giggled at the thought David would ever approve of my being with another man, let alone our only son. Infidelity -- separate from lust -- according to David, was the eighth deadly sin.

David was a pretty decent man, but I'm pretty sure he would kill me before he allowed me to be with another man. I turned back to the pages where Paul was doing me doggy style and doing me so well.

*I withdrew almost completely from her wetness and paused a brief second before slamming back home. Mom and I both moaned softly as I began working my slick, shiny cock in and out of her body.*

*Gradually, I increased my tempo. Faster and harder I plumbed Mom's depths. She was crying with orgasmic pleasure as she came over and over.*

*My room was filled with a rhythmic slurping, slapping song of hedonistic joy. I continually squeezed and massaged her asscheeks as we coupled; occasionally tilting my head to the side to watch her dangling tits jiggle and wobble with each thrust.*

*I was close, I could feel it. I could feel my nuts tighten up. I gripped Mom at the hips and began pounding my cock into her as hard and as fast as I could.*

*She was sobbing softly as I impaled her over and over. And as I reached my climax, Mom's whole body seemed to convulse violently.*

My orgasm was incredible. I fell back on Paul's bed and curled up into a semi-fetal position as pure energy poured through me. "Oooooohhhhhh fffffuck..." I keened helplessly. The tide of pleasure rolled on and on. It was delicious. It was embracing and satisfying and completely wonderful.

Slowly it diminished until it was gone, leaving me winded and trembling. I blushed at the thought I had just masturbated on my only son's bed. I wondered what he'd think of it.

I withdrew my damp fingers from my panties, raised up to the edge of the bed and after cleaning my fingers on the edge of his comforter near his pillow. I grinned to myself, "Pleasant dreams, sweetheart."

I continued reading.

*All at once I lost it. I lost motor control and slammed my cock into Mom as hard as I could as my semen boiled up from my testicles and I exploded. I jerked and shuddered as my come poured out of my dick and filled Mom's womb.*

*"Oooooohhhhhh Christ..." I whimpered as spasm after spasm wracked my body.*

*When it was over, Mom and I were left immobile, two sweaty, shivering lumps of flesh, joined at the groin. Ever so slowly, our bodies relaxed and we separated, my limp penis sliding deliciously from Mom's pussy.*

*She raised up onto her knees, turned to me and kissed me softly and sweetly, her tongue licking and probing.*

*"Thank you so much, honey." She smiled, pulling away from me and climbing off the bed. "I needed that so badly."*

*I fell onto my back and watched her pull on her robe. "You really told Dad and he's really okay with...uh...us?"*

*She grinned sheepishly and nodded. "Well, I wouldn't exactly say he's 'okay' with it. It's more like he...didn't want me going out to bars to*



*scratch my itches. He's so much older than me and he can't take care of my...uh...needs."*

*Mom found my boxers and grimaced as she wadded them up and stuffed them between her legs. "Honey, don't worry about it. When I asked your father to let me take a lover he freaked and, instead suggested I see if you would be willing to occasionally take care of things for me. Of course, it took several months of my pleading with him for him to make the suggestion."*

*She smiled evilly and winked, "I was so thrilled when you said you would help me out and, Lord, when I saw how big your penis is, well, let's just say you didn't get it from your father."*

I laughed at the absurdity of David approving, let alone suggesting I fuck our son. David never did take care of my sexual needs, but that was because he didn't especially care about sex, not that he couldn't get it up. And I wondered if Paul really was bigger than his father. David was about average, I supposed, not that I'd seen many to compare it against.

I turned back to the last few paragraphs.

*"Wow!" I grinned, "I just wish you had told me. I've been wracked with guilt about it since our first time. I actually felt bad for Dad."*

*Mom laughed. "Don't, honey. I think he came up with this idea to keep some control over me."*

*She leaned over the bed and lightly bussed my cheek. "I love you so much. And it doesn't hurt that you are so good with that thing of yours and scratch my itches so well."*

*I laughed and pinched her behind as she turned to leave. "I love you, too, Mom. I'll scratch your itches anytime you need me to. Like I'm doing you some big favor. You've got the body and face of a goddess and fuck like a tiger. Do you think I could possibly scratch your itch more than once a week?"*

*Mom smiled demurely as she sashayed to the door and looked back at me on the bed. She nodded softly as she unlocked the door and slipped out into the hallway. "I think that can be arranged, honey."*

*As soon as the door closed behind her, I jumped out of bed and, naked, planted myself at the desk and began writing. The words gushed from my fingers like a torrent.*

*On top of everything else, Mom sure was good at clearing away the cobwebs.*

I closed Paul's notebook and hugged it to my chest for many minutes, my mind a whirl. I was enthralled by the idea of being with Paul in the biblical sense, but at the same time, I was fairly certain I could never really do it.

Over the years in Riverton I had been propositioned by more than one male acquaintance, some subtly, others bluntly, but I declined each invitation to stray. It would have been so wrong, even if it had been more than a little flattering and exciting to entertain the idea.

The very idea of having sex with my own son was terrifying, but also far and away more arousing than anything I'd ever fantasized about.

And I also knew, as I put the book back beneath the mattress, that my fantasy lovers had all been replaced.

I turned out the light and left his room to go shower. I detoured just long enough to get my vibrator from my closet.

# Chapter 7 Baby Steps

In the master bath, I stood in front of the mirror and examined myself as I removed my robe and slipped off my bra and panties. I giggled as I entertained thoughts of folding my soiled cotton briefs and putting them in Paul's notebook. He could use them as a bookmark.

Instead, I put them in the hamper along with the brassiere and turned on the water and let it run.

The leggy woman who stared at me from the mirror was pretty much the same one who had greeted me every day for 46 years, but there was something different about her.

She still was attractive. I wasn't about to say otherwise for the sake of modesty. She had long, wavy auburn hair, large jade green eyes, small straight nose, and full lips that were maybe just a touch wide. My skin was still firm and supple, with only

a few laugh lines around my eyes. My cheekbones were high and well-defined.

Enough people had opined that I resembled Jaclyn Smith, the actress from the silly TV show 'Charlie's Angels,' I just took it in stride. Personally though, if I were to compare myself to a celebrity, I'd grudgingly say Jennifer O'Neill.

My body was also aging well. I was slim and trim, with very little body fat. At 5'8" and 125 pounds I still held the hourglass shape I had when I modeled panties and bras so many years before. My best features, in my humble opinion, besides my hair, were my breasts. Still perky and proud, they hardly sagged at all.

Roughly the size of medium-sized oranges, they were up thrust and proud. My nipples were pale pink and were somewhat thicker and longer than the average pencil eraser. The areoles that surrounded them were quarter-sized and similarly pale pink and quite smooth.

My stomach was still flat and toned. My waist was slim and my hips were perfectly symmetrical to the rest of me. The large vee of hair that covered my pubic mound was thick and lush, although I tried hard to keep it neatly landscaped. My legs were still shapely and, turning to examine my butt, I poked it and grudgingly admitted I looked fairly good for my age.

A few years before, I tracked down a copy of the June, 1978 Playboy I had heard Andy talking about with Norman and Paul. I disagreed with Andy only in that the Centerfold, Gail Stanton, had much larger breasts than I did and I thought I had a prettier face. Otherwise, he was right. She could have been my twin.

I wasn't proud of my appearance, but I wasn't upset by it either. It just was what it was and I had nothing to do with it, other than being blessed by good genes, I supposed, and I watched what I ate.

I certainly wasn't perfect and there were things I was disappointed in: the identical moles just above my navel, a large strawberry birthmark just below and behind my left knee, and ears that stuck out a bit, which largely explained why I nearly always wore my hair down.

My examination of my physical appearance ended when the billowing steam began fogging the mirror.

I picked up my dildo and, testing the battery, slid back the frosted glass doors and stepped into the shower.

My showers had become almost ritualistic. If needed, I washed my hair, and then scrubbed myself down vigorously with a loofa. Afterwards, I'd stand under the water and close my eyes and invite my fantasy to come to me.

-



In my feverish thoughts, I could feel Paul's strong arms slip around my waist as he pressed himself against me and held me tight. His lips caressed my shoulder and his rigid penis -- so much larger than David's -- was wedged snugly in the crack of my ass.

I heard myself moan softly as I willed his hands to raise up to cradle my tits and turned my face up to his as his open mouth closed on mine. Lightly, delicately we kissed, our tongues gently thrusting in and out of each others mouth.

I could feel my blood scorching my veins as Paul rotated my pebbly little nipple with his right thumb and forefinger as his left hand slid down the wet flesh of my abdomen and his fingers brushed through my coarse pubic hair.

Over and over we kissed, and when Paul slipped a finger between my labia, I almost chewed his tongue off.

As my lover played my body like an artisan, I turned the dial on the vibrator and deftly inserted it in my vagina and began slowly rotating and sliding it in and out.

In my mind, Paul slowly bent me over and repositioned himself before sliding his erection deep into my pussy. I almost came on the spot. The little vibrator was doing its magic as Paul plunged in and out of me, over and over. As we fucked, my lover whispered over and over that he loved me. He occasionally reached down to grip my swaying breasts to pull at my rock hard little nipples.

He pulled out despite my protestations, but before I could voice my complaint, Paul spun me around, reached down and gripped my ass cheeks in his strong hands and physically lifted me in the air. My legs locked around his waists as Paul leaned me back against the shower wall. I gripped the door rail with one hand and the top edge of the stall with my other and whimpered as Paul slowly lowered me onto his phallus.

Slowly, methodically he began bucking his hips, fucking me with a long, firm stroke. His head dipped and he mauled my chest with his mouth, chewing and sucking on my tits.

Masterfully, Paul stroked his majestic penis in and out of me until with a mighty plunge he buried himself in me and threw his head back as he pumped what seemed to be quarts of hot, searing come deep inside me.

I came so hard I screamed and fell to my knees, the vibrator still humming away inside my pussy. Pure electricity coursed through my limbs and rockets detonated in my head as my orgasm surged on and on. I shuddered and shook on the floor of the shower stall and squealed in sheer ecstasy. I had never experienced anything so intense to that point.

---

Afterward, crawling from the stall on hands and knees, I slumped on the small carpet and struggled to collect myself. I didn't trust my legs and tingles still radiated from my center at random intervals.

Finally, after many minutes, I wobbled to my room and collapsed naked onto my bed.

-

Sometime later, collected, I dressed and wandered downstairs. I vaguely recall the day had turned bright and warm, with only a few cumulous clouds floating through. All I could think of was Paul and his notebook and how excited the thought of being with him made me.

I decided then and there that I would try to seduce Paul. If he really wanted me, I'd give him every opportunity to have me.

-

I felt it would be relatively easy. We had always been close and, knowing what he thought and felt about me, I was sure he'd welcome an opportunity to be closer.

As he grew up, Paul had always come to me with any issue he couldn't solve on his own. We were able to talk about anything and everything with open honesty. Even about subjects that were difficult or controversial -- girls, sex, abortion, racism, etc. He chose me over his father because I was non-judgmental and let him voice his opinion.

And I wasn't interested in molding his ideas to mirror my own, unlike David.

I was the one Paul came to with scraped knees, or broken hearts. I was the one who kissed his boo-boos all better. I was the one who encouraged him and nurtured him through everything. I was the one who helped with his homework by critiquing his English papers and checking his mathematics. I guided him when he needed it and picked him up when he fell. I let him hold my hand when he needed to, and let his go when he was ready.

Although I had no idea how I was going to seduce my son at that point, I was confident I could find a way.

-

Late that afternoon, I was puttering around the kitchen preparing the evening meal and mulling how I could best let Paul know I wanted him. I wasn't going to be able to come out and just say, "Honey, I want you to fuck me." I considered letting him 'catch' me reading his notebook. I thought about renting an x-rated video that I could watch when Paul and I were home alone with the intent of being 'caught' watching it.

The few 'plans' I could come up with all had flaws of one sort or another. I could imagine David's reaction at catching me watching a porno; or worse, how he'd react if he caught Paul and me in a compromising position. Whatever course I chose in pursuing Paul I would have to be extremely careful.

In the end, I wasn't able to find a suitable plan that would work and tried to refocus my energy on maintaining an appearance of normalcy.

David arrived home shortly after five, and a few minutes later Paul pulled his beat up Bronco into the drive and I was the model housewife. Dinner was on the table and soft classical music drifted on the air. I was fairly sure that nothing gave away what was racing through my mind.

The conversation was normal if boring to me. Paul and his father talked mostly about baseball and somebody named George Brett -- both were huge Kansas City Royal fans -- or something equally disinteresting to me. I caught myself frequently glancing in Paul's direction when he wasn't looking.

My son gave me a start when he turned to me and asked, "Are you okay, Mom?"

I smiled and nodded. "I've just got something on my mind, honey."

After the dinner dishes were put up, Paul challenged me to a game of chess. David was reading a book in his study. We set up the board on the coffee table in the living room. Our games had been decidedly one-sided since Paul was about fourteen. I won occasionally, but I'm sure it was only because he let me. The classical music continued playing on the eight-track player.

We played two games. I yelled at him when it became apparent he was letting me have game two. He trounced me handily both games.

Throughout the games, although I tried hard to concentrate on anything but what I knew Paul wanted to do with me, I couldn't help feeling moisture between my legs and I'm fairly certain my nipples showed through my bra and sun dress. I was so aroused I could hardly contain myself.



Paul looked so good in his close fitting tee shirt and khaki shorts I couldn't stop admiring him. He was a bronze god -- strong and healthy and perfect.

I rose to my feet as Paul was boxing up the pieces and, as I turned towards the dining room, Paul said, "Thanks for doing my laundry yesterday, Mom. You know you don't have to do it for me."

I turned to respond but my words caught in my throat. Paul's masculine presence seemed to somehow fill the room. I stared at him for long moments, taking in how physically perfect he really was and appreciating the finest thing I had ever done. His broad shoulders, narrow hips, taut buttocks, and muscular legs created a perfect picture of youth and power and sex appeal.

"And, oh my, he sure is appealing!" I thought, flushing slightly at the lurid thoughts that danced through my head.

"Mom?" Paul's voice cut through my reverie.

"Huh?" I was jerked back to the present by the sound of his voice.

"Are you okay?" He was looking at me oddly.

"Of course, honey. I guess I was just doing a little woolgathering." I smiled.

He slipped the chess game into the compartment in the oak entertainment center and walked towards me. My eyes darted, for a brief second to the substantial bulge between his legs. I forced myself to look away and hoped he didn't notice me blushing fiercely. I wondered if he could possibly know what I was thinking.

"You know Mom, I never really say 'Thank you' for all you do for me." He said, smiling a soft funny sort of smile.

"Honey, you have thanked me, in so many little ways." I responded, reaching out and placing my hand on his left arm. "You thank me just by being a wonderful son."

"But the words shouldn't go unsaid." He declared, "I just want you to know that I appreciate you. Thank you so much, Mom."

"You're welcome," I replied, "I'm glad that I'm able to help, but if you really want to repay me, my only price is a hug."

He smiled and took me into his arms and for a moment made the rest of the world go away. He paid me back in full.

The intensity of my body's reaction was astonishing. I loved the sensation of his lean, solid body against my softness. I molded myself against him, wrapped my arms around his waist and rested my face against his chest and just held him in a soft, full-bodied embrace.

It was sublime; the feeling of my heart beating time with his, the warmth of his body against my own, and the not-so gentle innocence of the moment. I felt safe and terrified. I felt controlled yet wild. My blood coursed hot in my veins with pure, unadulterated desire like I had never known, yet caution nibbled at the edges of my mind.

And I was acutely aware of Paul's groin pressing into my lower abdomen.

I wondered if he could feel my heart pounding in my chest.

"This feels really nice." He murmured softly,

"Mmmm." I agreed.

"I love you, Mom." He breathed.

"I know, honey, but what don't you love?" I giggled.

"Broccoli, remakes of classic movies, and sore losers."

I laughed and held him tighter. His warm, heady scent filled my head as we clung together and gently swayed to the sounds of Mozart.

"I really am grateful for you, Mom."

I leaned back in the circle of his arms and looked up into his piercing eyes. "I know you are, sweetheart, but believe me when I tell you that I don't mind at all. You're my baby and it's my job to take care of you."

"I appreciate you, Mom, and maybe it's time somebody took care of you."

He kissed my cheek gently. My blood boiled hotter.

I looked up into his eyes again. He didn't blink. "Dad is a fool, Mom."

I drew back slightly. "Whatever do you mean, honey?"

He didn't flinch. "Mom, he's been neglecting you for years. You deserve so much better."

"Paul..." I murmured softly.

"I can tell you if I had a girl like you she'd never have to wonder how I felt and I'd do everything in my power to make her world a better place to live." A certain sort of sadness crept across his face.

"Honey," I whispered, glancing over his shoulder towards the stairs to check for David, "I'm doing alright. Your father loves me in his own way."

He snorted, "Whatever, Mom. Even Norm and Andy know better. The whole damned town knows better. Dad ignores you, unless he needs something. Just the other week Andy asked me what you see in Dad."

I just looked up into his deep green eyes. "Oh yeah?"

"Oh yeah, Mom." Paul smirked cheekily, "He thinks you're hot."

"Sure he does." I blushed but I couldn't help smiling.

"Yep, Norm, too." Paul dipped his head and kissed my forehead. "Why do think they're always here when they're home from school?"

"Because I'm a good cook." I answered flippantly.

"You're a good cook, Mom, but not that good." Paul grinned, "Norm is constantly talking about you and...Andy is completely infatuated with you."

I felt my entire body blushing.

I just held him tightly, my body molded to his. I could feel his heat radiating through my dress and thought I felt him swelling against my tummy. Almost on its own volition my right hand slipped beneath the hem of his shirt and tenderly caressed his back.

"What do you think?" I murmured against his chest.

"Huh?"

I leaned my head back and shyly repeated the question. "What do you think of me?"

"Honestly?" Paul stammered.



I nodded my head and hoped he could see the love in my eyes.

He didn't say anything for several moments and seemed to be wrestling with himself. Finally he stared directly into my eyes and whispered, "I think you are the most beautiful woman on the planet."

I thrilled with pride at his words but put on a show of modesty. "Oh please!" I snorted.

"I've always thought that, Mom." He insisted and added, "You look just like Jaclyn Smith or a dark Grace Kelly."

"You're serious?" I asked, pretending to be shocked by the confession.

Paul nodded his head. "You are absolutely breathtaking, Mom. You're classy and graceful and gorgeous. Don't tell me you don't notice how people look at you."

"Well...thank you, honey. You sure know how to flatter a lady."  
I smiled.

"Oh no, Mom. Thank you." He grinned.

I was conscious of my body responding to him in decidedly unmotherly ways. There was no longer any question whether he was becoming aroused and I was exhilarated at the thought.

"Next I suppose you're going to tell me that I have the body of a Playboy Playmate?"

He laughed and nodded. "From what I can tell, they don't have anything on you. I love the way you look in your jeans."

"Now I know you're making fun of me." I giggled, "I'm almost 50 and my body parts are starting to behave like it."

He shifted himself, trying to make his arousal less noticeable, I assumed. "Since you brought up the subject, I think your age only makes you even... sexier."

He brought his face close to mine and brushed my lips with his. I involuntarily purred.

"Mmmm." I sighed and chastely kissed him back. "I think you are a rogue, filling a lady's head with sweet lies and nonsense. If I didn't know better, I'd think you were trying to seduce me."

"Is it working?" He laughed.

"If I wasn't your mother..." I grinned.

It felt wonderful and natural to embrace him. We fit together easily and comfortably; like a hand and glove or two neighboring pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. He was warm and wonderful and my head filled with his heady scent. I stroked his back with my fingertips and marveled at how smooth his skin felt.

Erotic images raced through my mind and I found myself fighting the urge to stick my tongue down his throat. I was reluctant to end our embrace but I was also confident that if I didn't, I was likely to do something bad. I wanted Paul more than anything on Earth, but I wasn't that bold.

At that point.

David chose that moment to yell down the stairs for me to bring him his briefcase.

I very slowly and very reluctantly extricated myself from Paul's embrace to do David's bidding. By the time I had returned, Paul's Bronco was backing down the driveway.

I wished I were still holding him.

## Chapter 8 Wanting More

The next morning found me again sitting on the edge of Paul's bed, his notebook in my hands. I was naked. A very large part of me wished Paul would return home unexpectedly.

I opened the book to a random page and began reading.

*Personal Hygiene P.S.*

*My bedroom door was cracked specifically so I could see Mom pass by in the hallway on the way to her room. Dad was working on a sermon in his study. I wasn't at all sure of my plan, but my need to see Mom naked again and touch her again was stronger than my sense of caution.*

*If Dad caught me I'd be tossed out on the street, I was sure, and he'd probably beat the hell out of Mom. He wasn't a violent person, necessarily, but he was old school and viewed adultery in the same light he viewed abortion or gay rights.*

*But I also knew that when he was up to his elbows in his sermons, nothing could distract him. The house could damn near burn down around him without him even blinking.*

I smiled as I read. That much was true. David got completely immersed in his work and you couldn't budge him. I continued reading.

*Mom walked past my door and subtly winked at me and smiled softly, nodding.*

*Maybe she'd actually let me fuck her this time.*

*I waited until I heard the shower in the master bath start running and stripped down to my boxers. My dick was already at half-staff.*

*I poked my head out into the hall. I could see the strip of light at the bottom of the study door and breathed easier. Stealthily I slipped past the study and into Mom and Dad's bedroom. I quickly moved to her bathroom door and crossed my fingers as I reached for the handle. She hadn't locked it.*

*Self-preservation made me push in the button on the knob to hopefully prevent a catastrophe.*

*The small room was filled with steam but I could see Mom through the frosted glass doors. Even distorted, she was so incredibly sexy.*

*I locked the door, stripped off my shorts and slid open the stall and stepped into the tub.*

*I paused my reading when the sound of a vehicle startled me. It sounded just like Paul's Bronco. I raced to the window and*

breathed a sigh of relief. It was just Mr. Weston from two doors down driving by in his Ford pickup.

I returned to the bed and rejoined Paul and me in the shower.

*Mom's hair was lathered with shampoo and her eyes were squeezed shut so she didn't notice me slip into the stall behind her until I brushed against her.*

*"Paul!" She hissed. "You scared the hell out of me."*

*I grinned at her reaction. "I thought I could...uh...wash your back one more time as..." I stared directly into her eyes and hurriedly added, "Of course, if you don't want to..."*

*Mom sniggered and quickly injected, "God, no, Paul. Please stay. I can use your help."*



*I released the breath I hadn't even been aware I was holding and reached for the soap. I sighed happily to myself and began soaping up her back.*

*Without warning, she turned around to face me. Her eyes immediately gravitated to my erection. "Your father is still working?"*

*I just nodded and ogled her tits.*

*Her eyes flitted between my eyes and my penis.*

I was sliding two fingers in and out of my vagina and moaning softly as I read. I was really curious just how big his penis was. He didn't describe it as 'huge' or 'massive' or 'enormous' but I could read between the lines. Paul was big.

I resumed where I had left off.

*"You know we're being really bad, doing this?" She whispered.*

*"I know, but I'm hopelessly incorrigible." I said working up lather and gently began soaping up her stomach.*

*"Yes, but I love you anyway." She moved closer.*

*"I'm just...helping you shower, nothing more." I grinned evilly.*

*She laughed, "Yeah, sure buddy boy." She reached out and lightly gripped my erection, "Like you need this to help me shower."*

*"Well, I don't exactly have any control over it when you're around, Mom." I laughed evilly as I reached up and tenderly cradled her breasts. "Besides, I think you like it."*

*"Brat!" She giggled nervously, slapping my chest. "Come on, let's get you cleaned up."*

*She took the bar of Ivory from me and proceeded to soap me down thoroughly, going over my chest and arms and then reaching around to get my back.*

*I felt a rush of conflicting emotions between feeling more turned on than I had been in my entire life and a confusion that made thinking difficult.*

*Mom finished my back and pulled away, glancing at my face. I was looking at her breasts and I was breathing heavily. Mom knelt down to wash my legs and was nearly hit in the face with my stiff member. She quickly finished and stood up.*

*Without discussion, she soaped up her hands and reached down to grasp my cock in both hands. She slowly began massaging my rock-hard dick with a firm, caressing stroke.*

*"Uhhhhhhhhh!" I moaned as the firm strokes of her hands brought me closer to orgasm, "That feels so good, Mom."*

*"It sure does," she whispered, smirking up at me and looking directly in my eyes.*

*I laughed, "And I think I'm incorrigible?"*

*I was lightheaded and dizzy with a burning, aching need. The sensation of my erection in her hands caused a rush of powerful emotions to sweep over me and scramble logic.*

*"Mom?" I groaned.*

*"Huh?" she said, startled. She was flushed and trembling, her whole body was quivering.*

*"Tell me what you think of when you...masturbate." I said, looking at her through half-lidded eyes as she stroked me.*

*She shook her head, "Honey..."*

*"Let me hazard a guess." I breathed, "Do you think of you and me together?"*

*She just looked into my eyes and nodded miserably. "Lately."*

*I smiled at her as lovingly as I could under the circumstances. "Are we doing...bad things to each other?"*

*She increased the pace of her stroking and nodded again.*

*"You fantasize about making love to me, don't you?" I asked softly.*

*"Paul..." She whined plaintively, "I can't...think...I can't..."*

*I reached down and clasped her hands in mine, stopping the hand job. She looked at me with a question in her eyes when I slowly pulled her hands away from my erection and pushed them to her side.*

*"This is something I've been thinking about doing since our last shower." I murmured.*

*"Paul, no!" She was panicked. "We can't do...it..."*

*I grinned, "Relax, Mom, I'm not going to do 'that.' Not yet, at least. I just want to rub it against your belly...to feel it on your skin."*

*"Oooohhhh, honey," She moaned, "You are so baaaad."*

*I nodded in agreement and gripped my swollen appendage in my right fist and placed my left hand on her hip. She reached up and grabbed the door rail for support and bit her lip as I inched towards her. She cried out quietly when I pushed myself forward and slid my soapy erection slowly across her abdomen.*

*It was one of the most erotic moments of my life. My penis seemed to leave a trail of scalded flesh in its path as I rubbed it over Mom's stomach. Back and forth, slowly, seductively I caressed her with my*

*cock. It was hypnotic and lecherously exciting and I could feel myself getting close.*

Paul's words were so exciting. I could almost feel his warm flesh on mine. My fingers were plunging in and out of my drooling canal faster and deeper. I turned back to his fantasy.

*Mom dropped her hand from the shower door and placed her hands on my upper arms and shifted closer to me.*

*"We are so baaaad..." She choked, "You know we shouldn't b...be doing this?"*

*"Mmmm," I whispered as I slowly slid my engorged penis back and forth over her slippery tummy, "We're not nearly as b...bad as I wish we were."*

*She groaned deeply at the insinuation and bit her lip to keep from squealing like a little schoolgirl. I was on the brink of orgasm and was close to losing my mind with an almost painful lust. I struggled*

*to maintain some semblance of control over the emotions that were running amuck inside my head.*

*"Here, honey," She choked, "Let me." She unfastened my hand from my hard member and, moaning softly, began stroking her flesh with it while simultaneously squeezing and massaging it.*

*"Oh, Mom," I cried, "That feels really nice."*

*She just moaned in agreement.*

*"Mom?" I whimpered.*

*"Mmmm." She replied foggily. Her hands were firmly clasped around my erection, jerking and pulling at me, rubbing me vigorously against her wet flesh.*

*"Turn around."*



*"Paul..." She hissed.*

*"Turn around. P...Please." I pleaded. "I want to d...do what we did in the kitchen last night."*

*"Ohhhhh honey..." She breathed.*

*On wobbly legs she spun around and waited for me. She shuddered when I spread my legs to lower my hips and pressed myself against her. Her skin was warm on my cock as I wedged myself firmly into the crack of her ass.*

*"Oh, God..." I choked.*

*My arms slid around her waist and just held her. I slowly caressed her stomach and I lightly kissed her shoulder. I was out of control. She tilted her head to the side and moaned hard as I began raining open mouthed kisses over her neck and ear. She reached up with her right arm to circle my neck and turned her face to mine and captured*

*my mouth with hers. Our tongues danced and writhed together as we kissed deeply and passionately.*

*As we kissed, I subtly began grinding my cock against her ass. Mom moaned into my mouth and pushed her butt back against me. I almost bit down on her tongue when she found my left hand and raised it up to her tit.*

*She pulled her mouth from mine and, gasping for breath, braced herself against the fiberglass wall with her arms. She cried out and pushed her ass back against me as I began roughly thrusting myself against her.*

*Every fiber of my being was on fire. Every nerve was singing. I had never felt such animal cravings before.*

*"M...Mom..." I panted with exertion and desire, "This f...feels so good...so g...good..."*

*She reached down and behind me to grab my leg and began sliding her butt up and down my aching shaft. I could feel myself drawing close to the precipice.*

*She glanced over her shoulder at me and whispered huskily, "What you're d...doing with your penis makes Mommy feel so g...good, baby."*

*"I love rubbing it against your ass, Mom!" I cried out loudly as I stroked myself up and down the valley created by her butt cheeks.*

*She moaned agreement, "I love you rubbing it against my ass, honey. Don't stop. Please don't stop..."*

*"I'm c...coming, Mommmmm!" I yelled loudly as my cock jerked forcefully against her ass and I wrapped my arms around Mom's midsection and squeezed her tight.*

*The sensation of my come erupting from my jerking cock was incredible. I shuddered and jerked over and over as my load blasted out of my penis.*

*"Oooooohhhhhhhhh..." Mom cried as my warm semen boiled out of me and coated the small of her back.*

*The sensation of my ejaculate on her flesh triggered her own orgasm and as I held her she seemed to collapse inwardly as she reveled in her release.*

*Slowly, gradually we floated back to reality. I still held her tight. We quivered and trembled together as our release slowly faded.*

*"Oh wow..." I murmured against her ear. "That was incredible, Mom."*

*"It sure was, Darling." She smiled happily, "Your big ol' thing made Mommy feel really, really nice."*

*We rinsed off and I quickly dried myself off. I kissed her thoroughly before I slipped from the bathroom and made my way carefully back to my room. Dad apparently was still hard at work on his sermon.*

*I flopped onto my bed and lay there thinking that the next time I was going to try fucking her. The way Mom behaved towards me lately, I really didn't think she'd object.*

I came hard a minute or so after finishing Paul's story. I fell back on his bed and let my orgasm carry me to him. It was delicious and powerful and I could hear myself squealing like -- as Paul had put it -- a little school girl.

It was light and sound and fury and if Paul had entered in the room at that moment, I would have attacked him.

After my orgasm faded into the ether, I started to push the notebook back under the mattress but stopped. I wanted to see what Paul had written the night before.

I flipped to roughly the last quarter of the book and hunted for the last bit of writing.

*June 21, 1983*

*If I didn't know better, I'd swear that something has happened to Mom. Maybe she has finally had enough of being neglected. The way she acted tonight it was as though she was a completely different person.*

*When I held her in my arms, she seemed to almost be giving herself to me. I'm probably nuts.*

*Mom is so amazingly beautiful it makes my heart hurt to look at her. I melt inside when she smiles at me and I hate to see her unhappy. I wish I had the balls to tell her that I'm in love with her. She is the reason I can't be with any other woman. Being with another woman after just existing in Mom's world would be akin to living in an efficiency apartment after having lived in Buckingham Palace. I know, the analogy sucks, but it comes close.*

*I did tell her tonight she is the most beautiful woman in the world, but I think she thinks I was just playing with her. If she only knew. If*

*Mom felt my dick getting hard when I was holding her, she didn't say anything.*

*I'm going to have to move out. I can hardly stand to be near her without being able to love her the way she deserves to be loved. I'll start looking for an apartment tomorrow.*

*I can't do this anymore.*

# Chapter 9 A Need for Action

I had to find a way to stop him.

I was nervous wreck as the minutes ticked by so excruciatingly slowly I was going insane. I swear the hands on the clock in the kitchen were frozen. I actually checked to make sure the battery was still good.

I wasn't at all sure what I was going to do, but I couldn't stand by and let him leave only days after finding out how he felt about me. While I knew without doubt that it was wrong for a mother to be with her son, he offered me what I had so long craved, and I was going to have him, one way or another, right or wrong.

I couldn't focus on anything. There were butterflies in my stomach. I flitted from one chore to the next without completing any. I showered and masturbated and my orgasm was wonderful, but it didn't help settle my mind.



David wouldn't be home until shortly after eight as he used Wednesdays to make rounds at the hospital and the two nursing homes and then led bible study at the church. I was going to use his absence to get to Paul.

Somehow.

I made chicken cordon bleu, Paul's favorite. I dimmed the lights slightly. I put on Mozart, Paul's favorite. I dolled myself up as perfectly as I could manage and tied my hair back in a pony tail, a style Paul occasionally mentioned looked good on me, despite my ears. I dabbed perfume on my neck and behind my ears and in my cleavage. My dress was the nicest I owned.

If Paul was clueless, he should still be able to pick up my hints. I hoped.

My wait for him that evening was agonizing. I was beginning to think my plans were wasted. And then I heard his Ford pull up just before 5:30.

I met him at the door with a big smile and a hug.

"Hi, Mom," He hugged me enthusiastically and kissed my cheek, "What's the occasion?"

"No occasion," I led him into the dining room by his hand and took his briefcase. "I just wanted to spend this evening with you. We haven't really been able to spend much time together lately and I wanted to catch up."

I sounded a bit inane as we had spent the night before playing chess and talking about nothing and everything but I couldn't help notice his eyes light up.

Paul nodded, "I've been kind of missing you, too, Mom. By the way, you look really nice."

I smiled happily up at him and gestured for him to have a seat at the table. "Thank you, honey. I'll get your plate."

I was positively giddy as I raced to the kitchen and prepared his plate; chicken cordon bleu, steamed baby carrots with brown sugar and herbed rice. I knew he loved all three. I grabbed a small side salad and raced back to the table.

His eyes widened when he saw his plate. "It's not my birthday, is it?"

I laughed and rubbed his shoulder before taking my seat. "I just wanted to let you know I love you, honey."

Paul polished off his food like a Kirby vacuum cleaner. We talked about his job and school and Andy's plans to go to Europe in the fall. We talked easily and comfortably. I couldn't take my eyes off him. When his plate was cleaned, he

pushed back from the table, patted his stomach and thanked me profusely.

"I was famished, Mom," He smiled, "Thanks so much."

"You're welcome, honey." I replied as I cleared his dishes and retreated to deposit them in the sink.

When I got back, I paused in the kitchen door way to admire him. He was standing by the stereo looking so good my heart began pounding in my chest. He was lean and solid and beautiful. In profile, his features were perfect. They were almost feline. He looked like a Grecian god standing there. Like a Michelangelo's 'David' only wearing faded denim and a button down shirt.

'A Little Night Music' began playing and I slowly walked up to Paul. I extended my hand demurely and smiled, "May I have this dance, kind sir?"

He took my hand, smiled broadly and slipped his free arm around my waist. "It would be my distinct pleasure, ma'am."

We gently swayed to the music, our eyes never wavering from each others. Paul tightened his arm around me and pulled me closer. I was sure he had to be able to feel my body trembling.

"Can I ask you something?" I whispered softly.

He nodded. "Anything, Mom."

"Why don't you have a steady girlfriend?" I asked bluntly. I hoped my love shone from my eyes.

He started and tried to pull back. "Uh...um..." He stammered.

"I mean, you're such a good looking man and all muscular and physically fit, honey," I smiled up at him, "I would think the girls would be flinging themselves at you."

Paul relaxed a little. "I don't know, Mom. It is just so flipping hard talking to pretty girls. I get so nervous and flustered when I'm around them...tongue-tied."

"But, honey," I hugged him closer, "You told me last night you thought I was beautiful and you aren't nervous around me."

He grunted. "That's different, Mom. You're my mom. You never make me feel inadequate or nervous. In fact you make me feel quite the opposite."

"There is nothing inadequate about you, darling." I lifted my face and kissed his chin. "Let me ask you this...and you don't have to answer if you don't want to. You're not a virgin, are you?"

Paul looked uncomfortable. He blushed bright red and nodded, "Yeah, I am. I haven't even kissed a girl yet. Well, except for Carol, but I think I hurt her teeth when I tried."

I was genuinely shocked. "You're almost 21 and you haven't even kissed a..."

He looked miserable. We were still wrapped in each other's arms and still swayed to music neither of us could hear. My thoughts were racing as fast as my heart. I recognized, at that very moment, how I might be able to help him and maybe get to him at the same time.

"Honey," I smiled softly, "Being with a...girl...a woman can be difficult for a young man, especially one who learned from a man like your father. Your father isn't the most romantic of men."

Paul gazed down at me quizzically. "Um..."

"I think I can help, honey," I raised a hand to gently caress his cheek. "If you want me to, that is."

Confusion flooded his eyes. I could see him trying to decipher what I was saying.

I smiled kindly up at him and said, "I can help you 'practice' being with a girl so that when you do find one you like you won't be nervous."

"What do you mean, Mom?" He was flustered.

"Take kissing." I leaned back in the circle of his arms and looked up at him, "You can practice kissing me until you feel comfortable enough to try it with other girls. Or dating. You can take me out on dates and I can show you how to treat a lady. Who knows, it could even be fun."

I was starting to get excited about the prospect of 'helping' Paul. I was truly trying to help him, but if I could also get some loving from him, I wasn't going to gripe about it.



"I'm game, Mom." Paul said happily and hugged me tight, "When can we start?"

"There is nothing wrong with the present, honey," I winked at him, "Kiss me, Paul."

He froze for a long moment as I waited expectantly. Finally, he lowered his face to mine and lightly kissed me. He recoiled as if he thought I was going to slap him.

I giggled. "What the heck was that? Kiss me like you mean it; like I'm your favorite girl."

He laughed nervously and leaned down and kissed me again. Our lips were closed but I could feel him relax as he pressed his mouth firmly to mine. His lips were soft and warm and supple. I closed my eyes and kissed him back.

I don't recall how long our first real kiss lasted. It might have been a minute or five. When he pulled back he was flushed

and his delicate nostrils were flared. And I could feel the beginnings of an erection in his trousers.

I was in a similar state.

"Oh, honey," I whispered softly, "That was very nice."

Paul was beaming with happiness. Without an invite, he dipped his face again and covered my mouth with his. I reached up and wrapped my arms around his neck and held onto him. He moaned hard when I opened my mouth and pushed my tongue against his lips until they parted and my tongue slipped into his mouth.

His arms around me tightened as I sought for and found his tongue with my own. In seconds our tongues were coiling and dancing together. He was kissing me like we were old familiar lovers. I was in heaven. Paul's saliva was sweet and warm, his tongue was thick, his lips gentle and clinging.

My body was on fire. I had never been kissed so well or so passionately. Ever.

When we came up for air, we were both panting for oxygen. Paul's eyes were glazed over. He looked dazed. And his erection was creating a difficulty that he was unable to solve at the moment.

He squirmed in my arms, trying to adjust himself and to try preventing me from noticing.

I cupped the side of his face and smiled, "Wow! You sure kiss nice. I don't think you need practice, honey. And, honey," I added, slipping my hands down around his waist and pulling him snugly against me, "Don't worry about that. I am flattered, more than anything else." He felt enormous inside his pants.

Paul looked relieved when he finally connected the dots and knew I was talking about his arousal. "Oh my God, Mom! Kissing you is the most exciting thing I've ever experienced in

my life. Are you sure I can't practice it anymore. You know what they say, 'practice makes perfect.'"

He was grinning foolishly, no longer concerned about the condition of his penis. Evidently if I didn't mind, he sure didn't.

I brushed the hair from his forehead with one hand and held him at the waist with the other. "Honey, you can practice kissing with me anytime you like. I love you so much."

"I love you, too, Mom." He whispered as he lowered his mouth to mine and kissed me again.

Over the next hour, he practiced almost non-stop. He kissed me so many times my head was spinning. And he was very, very good. He could be gentle and delicate at times, his lips and tongue slowly building my excitement level, or he could be fierce and fiery, as if he were trying to devour me.

We moved to the couch and snuggled together, giggling and flirting playfully like lovers. I loved the sensation of his tongue in my mouth and his hands on my body. He occasionally nuzzled my neck, nibbling and sucking softly at my skin. He was driving me insane.

Apparently, I was going to have to coax him, because the entire time we were making out, he never once tried to touch my breasts or groin. The one time he reached behind me and gripped my butt through my dress I almost orgasmed on the spot.

I was more stimulated than I had ever been in my life, but eventually, all good things have to come to an end. The grandfather clock announced eight o'clock.

I pulled away from him and giggled at his pouting. "As much as I enjoyed this, honey, your father will be home soon and I don't think he'd appreciate my tutoring you." Disappointment flashed across his face, "Don't be upset, we'll have many opportunities for you to practice in the near future."

"I'm looking forward to the next time already, Mom." He grinned ruefully and pushed up from the couch.

It looked like he had a very long and very fat zucchini in his pants. Whatever it was he had between his legs looked colossal.

I managed to choke and pointed at his crotch, "You may want to take care of that, too. I'm not going to help you with it and it would be difficult to explain why you got all excited watching 'Newhart.'"

He blushed and nodded sluggishly but made no effort to hide it as he walked to the staircase. "Are you sure I can't talk you into taking care of it for me, Mom."

I bit off my first response and giggled, "Brat! I think that is a job you can take care of yourself."

Alone on the couch, I struggled to bring myself under control. I needed fresh panties and my hands shook my desire was so strong. I was being consumed by passion that was incinerating everything in its path.

I staged to my feet and drunkenly made my way to the second floor. Outside the hall bathroom, I heard a very distinctive rhythmic slapping sound and moaned inwardly as I wished I could watch Paul jerking off.

In my bedroom, I stripped off my clothing and got out my little vibrator. I mused that it sure seemed small as I staggered to the bathroom to douse the fire that was making rational thought difficult.

# Chapter 10 Frustration

The following morning, Paul delayed leaving for work as long as he could. I knew he wanted a little more practice and I could see he was as frustrated at David as I was. Would his father ever leave? But David was oblivious to everything as he was immersed in James Michener's 'Poland.'

Paul finally had no choice; if he waited any longer he would be late for work. I walked with him to the front door, checking that David couldn't see, I quickly rose up and kissed Paul firmly.

"I promise I'll make time for you to practice tonight, honey." I whispered in his ear as I reached down and pinched his butt.

He beamed happily at the prospect as he pushed open the screen door and bounced down the front steps.



-

David eventually did leave, but it was almost three hours later. I was so angry at him I could spit and he never even noticed. I wanted to read more of Paul's writing and I wanted to bring myself off. Again, David didn't kiss me when he left.

His car was still visible from the kitchen window when I raced to Paul's room and dug out his opus. Like the day before I was buck naked; unlike the day before, I slid to the middle of his bed and propped myself up on his pillows. I was so happy with how things had progressed with Paul the night before I hugged myself and squirmed with delight.

"I love you, Paul." I whispered to the empty room as I turned to the first entry in the book.

*An Early Birthday Gift Paul Slaten*

*I was asleep when she came to me.*

*I was dreaming, as I usually did, of Mom. She stopped me as I was on the way out the door for school.*

*"Just one minute, honey." She smirked, "I forgot to give you something?"*

*I looked at her in confusion. She had hugged me and kissed my cheek after breakfast.*

*"What is it, Mom?" I mentally scratched my noggin.*

*"This." She smiled simply as she sank to her knees and reached for my belt.*

*I moaned as she deftly unbuckled me and popped the buttons on my button fly jeans. She reached into my pants and slid her hand into my boxers to find my rapidly rising dick. I wasn't even hard when I felt her suck me into her mouth and begin bathing me with her tongue. I was iron hard in seconds.*

*She held my ass in both hands and began bobbing her head back and forth on my shaft.*

My hand was in my panties as I read of giving my son head. I was enthralled. David never let me do that. The one time I tried, he struck me on the side of the head so hard I smelled smoke. He told me that it was disgusting and I was never to try it again.

My son apparently didn't share his father's viewpoint. I resumed reading.

*My dream was rudely interrupted and I was drawn back to the land of the living by the most exquisite sensation. I felt a mouth on my penis and a warm hand cupping my ball sac.*

*"Mom!" I hissed in the darkness.*

*I heard and felt her murmur with my erection in her mouth. Like it was going to be Sarah?*

*Slowly, trying not to disturb her work, I stretched out my hand and turned the knob on my bedside lamp. The sight of my Mom sucking on my raging hard-on was mind blowing. She rolled her eyes to look at me and winked but didn't stop what she was doing.*

*"Oh my God!" I moaned as my hands clenched the comforter and every muscle in my body tightened at once.*

*A quick glance at my alarm clock said that it was 2:37 am. Dad was undoubtedly asleep down the hall and Sarah was only two or three feet away separated by a thin wall of plasterboard and two by fours. I wanted to scream with joy but new I couldn't.*

*Mom never stopped sucking on my cock. It was mesmerizing watching her gobble my thickness. Her mouth was stretched wide open as she mouthed me, my cock sliding in and out of her mouth. She pulled me out of her beautiful mouth and, winking at me, lovingly kissed me up one side and down the other before dipping her head and began mouthing my balls.*

*I did scream, but it was into one of my pillows. To The sheer joy of Mom's tongue lavishing my balls with her tongue was mind-blowing. It wasn't the first blowjob she'd given me, but under the circumstances, it was easily her best work to date. She was dedicated to her work and it showed.*

*I wriggled and squirmed and panted as she ministered to my sex. She next kissed her way up my phallus and, smiling down at me, pressed her pursed lips against my helmet and pushed her head down, allowing my knob to slowly spread her lips and sink into her mouth. She then gripped me with one hand and began bobbing her head in earnest, taking nearly five inches of me into her mouth before rising up until only my head was in her mouth.*

I stopped reading and closed the book, my thumb keeping place. His first effort, I assumed, was rough and unsophisticated. There were spelling and grammatical errors. It seemed a little disjointed in places. But it was still exciting to read his words of lust for me.

I gave him an 'A' for effort and opened the notebook again and found where I had paused reading.

*Occasionally I could feel her teeth on my dick, and it hurt, but Mom could have chewed off one of my nuts and I would have rejoiced in it.*

*And then it happened. I felt that old familiar feeling of my nuts tightening up and tried to warn Mom by tapping the top of her head. She only increased her pace.*

*I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from waking everyone in the house as a week's worth of semen boiled up from my balls and erupted into Mom's grasping, sucking mouth. I think the sheer volume of come surprised her but I have to give her credit. She pulled my jerking cock out almost all the way, tightened her lips around my head and tried to swallow as fast as she could.*

*Her cheeks puffed out with each convulsion of my jerking dick. She got most of it down, but dribbles of my come escaped the corners of*

*her mouth and dribbled on her hand. She did manage to gobble most of my load.*

*Afterward, she let my softening penis slip from her mouth, scooped the residue of my jism from her chin with her hooked fingers and slurped them clean. She smiled wickedly at me like a Cheshire cat who found the cream and as I quivered and shook on the bed beneath her, she slipped from my bed and turned to go.*

*"Happy birthday, darling." She whispered back at me by the door, "I have other gifts for you a little later when we can be alone."*

I was close to coming as I dreamed of sucking Paul's cock and swallowing his semen. My thumb, coated with my slippery syrup, rubbed my swollen clitoris as two digits slid in and out of my humid center.

As I idly played with my sex, I wondered what happened to make Paul want me so. I was good looking enough, I supposed, but there were other mothers who looked good whose sons didn't lust after them. Weren't there? The story of

'Oedipus' was created many centuries before so I was confident I wasn't the only mother who was desired by her son throughout history, but 'normal' people didn't go down these paths. Did they?

Did all sons want their mothers? I giggled when I thought of Norman Moody wanting his mother. Mary Moody was really sweet, and might have been pretty in the distant past, but in 1983 she was at least 350 pounds and several inches shorter than I was. She was a 'large Marge' as some of my son's more juvenile friends called her.

But the question remained; why did Paul want me? What happened to start his obsession? I had frequently hugged him, oftentimes for no particular reason as he was growing up, but so what? I recalled the one time I interrupted him while he was abusing himself. Was he thinking of me, even then? To my knowledge he never saw me in any compromising state of dress.



I laughed, then, as I extracted my hand from my sodden panties, my orgasm would wait for my shower. I grinned as I smeared a small amount of my syrup on the edge of the page of my son's notebook as smiled at the thought he would actually see it and then resumed wondering what happened to make Paul want me so.

To my way of thinking, it didn't really matter why it happened, just that it did. Paul lusted for me; I lusted for him. If he really wanted the things he wrote about, I was going to make them happen.

In the quiet safety of my shower Paul brought me off again and again in the guise of my dildo.

-

Like that morning, evening found David ever-present. For whatever reason he eschewed his normal routine of using Thursday evenings to begin work on his next sermon. I wanted to scream with frustration. I found myself snapping at

him for no good reason. Paul retreated to his room around 9:30 when it became apparent that his father wasn't going to disappear into his creative ether.

At shortly after 10, I headed to bed. I knocked lightly on Paul's door as I passed and poked my head in when he called out, "It's open."

"I'll come see you in a few hours, honey. As soon as your father is asleep." I whispered quietly.

Paul nodded energetically and smiled broadly. "I'll be waiting, Mom."

# Chapter 11 Crossing Boundaries

I was lying on my side of the bed, feigning sleep when David came to bed. Through slitted eyes I watched him strip down to his briefs in the gloom of the room and laughed to myself how ridiculous our son made him look. David was soft and doughy; Paul was lean and hard. David was good looking; Paul was a god. I didn't desire David anymore; I was a slave to the desires Paul's notebook had brought to life inside me.

I didn't respond when David nudged my shoulder and quietly asked, "Nellie, are you awake?"

What the heck? It had only been a day or two since he last wanted to couple with me. The thought of giving myself to him with Paul only a few feet away was ludicrous. David had lost me to our son and to emphasize the point I faked a few soft snores.

I bit my lip to keep from giggling when David rolled onto his side and quickly fell asleep.

I waited. A couple of hours later David only grunted when I bumped him with my knee. I waited some more. At around 1 in the morning I jumped up, trying hard to make my husband wake. He only rolled over onto his back, farted, and resumed snoring.

In my nightie and a pair of cotton panties and bra I padded silently to Paul's door, knocked softly and entered without waiting for an invite.

He was still seated at his desk, bare-chested, wearing only gym shorts. A typewritten page of an essay or story extended from his typewriter. I wondered briefly if it was about me.

I locked the door and walked slowly towards my dream lover.

He turned his chair as I approached him and smiled widely, his happiness evident. I touched his shoulder and slipped my arm around his neck and pulled his face against my tummy. Immediately I began trembling as his arms slipped around my bottom and tightened. For a long moment we just held each other. I could feel his warm breath through my nightgown on my stomach.

I softly caressed his shoulders with my hands.

"Kiss me, honey." I whispered.

I gently clasped a handful of his hair and tilted his head back and covered his mouth with mine. Paul's warm, thick tongue immediately slipped between my lips and probed deep into my mouth. I thrilled as I greeted it with my own and we gently sparred. I only groaned when Paul pulled me down onto his lap and wrapped his arms around me, holding me in a vice-like grip. I could feel his penis swelling against my hip.

"Oh my..." I gasped when we peeled our lips apart, "You sure know how to make a lady feel special."

He leaned in to me and traced his lips along the gentle slope of my neck, pausing at my earlobe where he took it between his teeth and gently nibbled on it. I squirmed in his arms, electricity racing up and down my spine.

"You feel so good, Mom." He murmured, "You make me feel like a man for the first time in my life."

"Mmmm..." I panted, "I'm so glad, honey."

He turned my face to his with his fingertips and our lips met and parted, our tongues lightly dancing. The kiss was so sweet and light and delicious the bottoms of my feet tingled. Sluing and sucking, we clung together with a simpleminded urgency. His erection was rock hard. The front gusset of my panties was so wet it felt like I had peed myself.

And then Paul pushed the envelope by sliding his right hand between our bodies and lightly cradled my left breast. My entire body seemed to burst into flame.

I immediately pulled away and stared down at him. His hand dropped to his side. He looked like a child who got caught with his hand in the cookie jar. My hand trembled as I reached down and gently clasped his wrist. I smiled softly at him as I raised his hand and placed it lightly on my boob.

"Mommmmm..." He sobbed rather loudly.

I placed my finger across his lips and whispered, "Shhhhhh honey, let's not wake your f...father just yet, okay."

For the longest moment Paul was frozen, his fingers resting softly on my breast. He looked like he was in shock. And then it was my turn to moan hard when he began squeezing it delicately. I could feel his warmth radiate through my night dress and brassiere. I closed my eyes and just let the feelings he was waking in me take control. The sheer illicit thrill of my

baby touching my tit again was so incredibly arousing I could hardly stand it.

I opened my eyes and smiled through trembling lips. "I love you so much, Paul."

I cut off his response with my mouth as I threw myself at him, wrapped my arms around his neck and tried to swallow him. I plunged my tongue into his mouth as deeply as I could and felt my body surge as he began enthusiastically sucking on it. I wriggled and squirmed on his lap.

Finally, more in self-preservation than anything else, we came up for air. I clung to him desperately, kissing the side of his neck and shoulder over and over. His hand still lightly manipulated my tit.

"Honey," I cooed in his ear. "Do you...um...want to go lay on your bed? I think we'll be more...comfortable. We can lie on top of the blanket..."



I pushed myself back and looked into his hooded eyes and saw him nod weakly.

I slid off his lap and stood on wobbly legs as he sluggishly pushed himself to his feet. My legs got even wobblier when I saw how his erection tented his shorts. He was too long and his large, bulbous knob was exposed. I was mesmerized by his sheer size. His helmet was nearly as large as my closed fist. It was dark red and looked angry.

Paul was not at all self-conscious about his condition. He slid his arm around my waist and guided me over to his bed.

He took me in his arms and kissed me again. All I could think about was the hard penis that pressed into my belly. For a wonderful eternity we just held each other, our mouths fused, our hearts beating as one. I felt as though I were in heaven. For maybe the first time in my life I knew what it truly felt like to be desired by a man.

Gasping for air, we broke our clinch and just held each other. And then I felt Paul gather hands full of my nightgown and lift it up. He was trying to remove it. I grabbed his hands.

"Paul..." I hissed.

He grinned but uncertainty was written all over his face. "I just thought you were...um...warm...I know I'm burning up."

I giggled and slapped his chest. "Brat. You just want me half-naked."

"No," He snorted, "I'd rather have you completely naked."

I laughed with him and decided to go for broke and crossed my arms in front of me and stripped off my gown in one fluid motion and tossed it aside.

Paul's eyes bugged out. He backed away to better see me and looked me up and down.

"Oh. My. God." He whimpered.

There was nothing 'sexy' about my cotton granny panties. High-waisted, they didn't even really cling to me. The front gusset was drenched and I'm sure he could clearly see how aroused I was. My bra, too, was plain and practical. Neither garment was designed for seduction, but Paul couldn't stop looking at me.

In response to his gesture, I pirouetted for his inspection and smiled when I saw his eyes glued to my ass.

He walked up behind me and slid his arms around my tummy and pulled me close. I could feel his hardness against my bottom and thrilled at the sensation.

"You are so incredibly beautiful, Mom," He whispered huskily, "So sexy."

"Thank y...you, honey." I leaned back against him and reveled in the licentious cravings that wracked my body at the sensation of his bare skin on mine.

My son guided me to the edge of the bed and I drunkenly clambered onto it, crawling towards the center. I rolled onto my back and looked back at him expectantly. He started to get into bed, paused, started again, stopped, and stood up. I moaned when he reached down and pushed his gym shorts and boxers off his hips and down his legs.

I don't know how long I stared at his equipment. I was riveted. I knew he was rather large in that area but I had no idea how big he was. He was truly massive. I bit my lip to keep from squealing.

Paul's erection was easily eight inches long and at least two inches across. It was ridged with thick, looping veins and rose majestically from a tangle of thick black pubic hair. His glans was shiny with pre-come. His testicles dangled low and looked like two chicken eggs in a velvet covered sac. His

manhood was the ugliest and most beautiful thing I had ever seen in my life.

I directed him to pose for me. He did and I just ogled him in all his naked glory. He was so beautiful he sucked the oxygen from my lungs; he was a golden Adonis. He was a living, breathing Grecian statue.

With his broad shoulders, muscular limbs, narrow hips and washboard abs, he was stunning. There wasn't an ounce of excess fat anywhere that I could see. He struck a pose and held it as I admired him. I couldn't tear my eyes from the rigid penis that jutted from his groin. He was spectacular.

"Oh my..." I whispered hoarsely. "You sure are going to make some girl really, really happy someday when we get you all practiced up."

He grinned sheepishly and climbed into bed with me. He crawled next to me and lay on his side, his upper body

propped up on his arm as he stared down at me. His hand lightly lit on my quivering stomach.

"I don't think babies should be naked in bed with their mothers, honey." I smirked up at him.

"Well, heck, it's not as though we're both naked." He wrinkled his nose. "I mean, what can happen if you keep your underwear on? Besides, my shorts weren't hiding anything anyway."

I nodded and laughed, "I suppose not. This is alright, honey, but my under things stay on."

He nodded and leaned his face down to mine and kissed me. His hand immediately gravitated to my breast and as we sucked at each other, I wriggled closer to him and slid my arms around his shoulders. My body surged when I felt his penis against my hip.

Paul gently pushed me back onto the bed and rolled onto me as we kissed. I grunted and kissed him harder. I spread my legs and sighed into his mouth as his weight settled on me, his rigid penis pressing into my vulva and belly.

On and on we kissed, our hands touching, caressing, exploring. I was out of my mind with carnal lust. Paul raised his head and our mouths peeled apart. For a long time we just stared into each other's eyes, our lips occasionally touching.

"You feel so good on top of me like this, Paul." I whispered, reaching up to kiss his eyelids and his nose. "You are so strong and hard. And your penis is soooo big..."

He smiled down at me and blushed. "You feel so soft and wonderful, Mom. I love being with you like this. Do you really think my...it's big."

"Oh my, yes," I kissed his chin. "I don't know where you got that thing but you sure didn't get it from your father."

Paul thanked me with his mouth and tongue, kissing me so thoroughly my entire body tingled. I felt him jerk when I slid my hand down and lightly squeezed his buttock for an instant.

The night had closed in on us. Nothing existed save Paul and me. Our hearts found a rhythm and our souls sang to each other. The bed itself floated through a sea of blissful luxury as Paul practiced with me.

Paul froze when he felt me push my left hand between our bodies and lightly grip his penis.

He pushed up on his elbows. His eyes blazing.

"Mom..." He choked as my fingertips explored his length.

I was hypnotized. Paul felt so warm and alive and oh so hard. I smiled when he winced as I slid my thumb over his swollen helmet.



I had long since crossed the line of propriety and there was no going back.

"Would you like me to give you a little...um...relief?" I winked up at him.

Paul was in shock but he managed to nod his approval of my suggestion.

I tittered, "Lift up and let Mommy take care of this for you."

Paul choked an unintelligible response and pushed up onto all fours and hunkered over me. He crawled upwards as I reached up with both hands and gripped his gigantic penis and began gently stroking it. He was rock-solid and warm as I used both hands to pull at him. The ridges and veins that covered him were raised in hard bias relief. He felt like warm velvet under my touch and as I stroked him he shuddered and moaned over me.

I loved it. I was trembling uncontrollably. I was on fire.

"I love how excited you get over little ol' me." I whispered softly.

"Mommmm..." He sobbed, his arms and legs shaking.

"Is baby going to come all over Mommy's tummy?" I choked.

Paul dropped his mouth and sucked my tongue into his mouth as I began jerking at him harder with my right hand and cradled his heavy balls with my left. Our breathing was ragged and harsh as we kissed. I pulled at his appendage faster and harder.

---

Paul peeled his mouth from mine and pushed his head down between us and clamped his mouth over my left tit. I squealed

when I felt his teeth chewing at my erect nipple through the fabric of my bra.

I wrapped my left arm around his head and pulled him into me and as he clumsily slobbered over my chest I felt his cock jerk hard in my hand and a second later I felt the searing heat of his semen on my stomach. My entire body convulsed violently and I bit my lip as Paul forsook my boob and threw back his head and a cry of anguished bliss squeezed from his throat.

Over and over he spasmed in my hand. Wads of his scalding cream splashed down on me. A jet landed heavily on my bra. I felt some fill my navel. He sobbed and whimpered over me as I directed his ejaculate all over my body. I cried out as a thick rope of come hit the bottom of my chin.

Gradually, his orgasm petered out and his entire body seemed to slough, as if all the bolts that held him together were loosened a half turn, and as his keening moans ebbed with his climax, my own was just beginning.

The sheer eroticism of the moment was too much. As I pulled his swollen cock down to my quivering stomach and began smearing his seed around with his enormous knob I reached my own orgasm. Pure energy burst in my skull and every nerve ending in my body had their own orgasm at the same time.

I squeezed my eyes shut tight and cried out in exultation. I quivered and writhed beneath my panting son and held onto his cock like a life preserver as my joy ran its course. Electricity fired through my veins and I whined uncontrollably through clenched lips. Fucking Paul's father had never resulted in orgasm -- excepting our last session which had happened only because Paul filled my head as David and I coupled; Paul had brought me off by only coming on my bare skin. I was breathless at the thought of what he was going to do to me when he actually penetrated me in the very near future.

As slowly as a sunrise, my orgasm dissipated like a night mist. I felt elation like I'd never known.

Paul gently sank back onto me. We clung together, our lips touching often as we panted and gasped for oxygen. His erection had subsided and was semi-soft against my leg. We clutched at each other in our mutual joy, both of our abdomens covered in his warm, sticky come.

"Oh my," I breathed, "That was certainly exciting."

"Mom, that was so hot." Paul whispered as he rested his head on my chest.

I could feel his warm breath on the upper swell of my left tit and relished the sensation.

Kissing the top of his head, I smiled. "You're a bad, bad boy, biting my boob like that."

"I couldn't help myself, Mom." He responded, "Are you mad?"

"Don't be silly, darling. I couldn't be angry at you for something like that." I laughed, "It made me feel all squishy inside, though."

I pushed up on his chest and rolled out from beneath him. I found a dirty tee shirt and proceeded to clean Paul's spunk from my body. I handed the shirt to him and sat on the edge of the bed as he cleaned himself.

"Just in case there is any question, honey," I looked directly in his eyes, "Nobody, and I mean nobody hears about this, right?"

He grinned and nodded, "Of course, Mom. I'm not stupid. My room is like Vegas. What happens in Paul's room stays in Paul's room."

I giggled and leaned forward and kissed him softly. "That was so hot, honey. I thought you exploded when you started to come."

"You thought I exploded!" He laughed. "I've never felt anything like it, Mom."

I wrestled with the idea of telling him I had read his stories about us. I was sure he wouldn't mind but thought it might embarrass him. I walked over to the other side of the bed and before he could react, I pushed my hand between the mattress and box spring and pulled his notebook out.

He lurched out of bed. "Mom!"

I turned my back to him and held it away as he half-heartedly tried to take it from me.

"Please, Mom..." He pleaded with me.

I turned my face to his and giggled up at him. "I already read several of your stories, Paul."

He searched my eyes and seemed to collapse into himself.  
"You read them..."

I nodded and lifted my mouth to lightly kiss his cheek. "I think they're hot, honey. Do you really think I'd try some of the things we've been doing lately if I didn't already know you fantasize about...being with me?"

He managed a weak little laugh. "I don't freaking believe this. How bizarre."

Paul relaxed and stopped trying to get the book from me. I leaned back as he slipped his arms around my hips and pulled me against him. I could feel his flaccid penis against my bottom.

"So where does it leave us, Mom?" He kissed the nape of my neck, his hands slowly stroking my stomach.



"It leaves us in a sort of love affair that will go as far as you want it to go." My meaning was clear.

Paul started to say something but I cut him off. "Tonight was a mistake. Oh, stop that. Don't look at me like that. I mean it was a mistake for us to do...what we...did with your father just across the hall. As much as I loved it, we can never again do things like this when he's anywhere around."

He nodded and sighed, "I know, Mom. I guess it was kind of dangerous. You really liked my stories, Mom?"

"I think they are so hot, honey." I giggled, "Very creative."

"I got some of my material from the books you keep locked up in your closet." He grinned evilly.

It was my turn to blush. "Paul!"

"1-13-36." He said. "You should be more original. Actually, I thought it was kind of cool that you weren't a prude like Dad."

"I guess we're just a couple of perverts." I laughed. "I have to get back to bed, honey. Thank you for a wonderful time."

"Oh no, Mom, thank you!" He kissed me softly and released me, crawling back into bed.

"Why don't you take me out on a date tomorrow?" I asked as I pulled my nightgown over my head. "I'm sure we can find somewhere we can be alone so you can practice."

He nodded energetically. "I'd really like that, Mom."

As my nightie settled over my frame, I reached beneath it and rolled my soiled panties down my legs. I walked to the door twirling them around my finger at shoulder level.

At the door I turned and my smile died on my lips as I saw the picture he created. Lying back on his pillows, his legs splayed, his limp penis still thick and long dangling between his legs. He was a picture of virility and sex appeal. My heart leaped in my chest.

"Oh Lord." I whispered to myself.

I threw him my cotton briefs and giggled as I slipped through his doorway and saw him raise my panties to his nose and inhale deeply.

## Chapter 12 The Date

Norman came home from his job in Jackson Hole the next day so my plans to get in some hoped for 'practice' before our 'date' were ruined. When Norman left late that afternoon, Paul cornered me in the kitchen and despite my efforts to throw ice water on him, managed to cajole me into several minutes of 'practice.' David was just around the corner in the

living room watching the news. I threw caution to the wind and sucked on Paul's probing tongue for several minutes while he groped at my ass. My head was spinning and my heart was racing when I finally broke free.

He wheezed and panted, struggling to control himself. "Mom, I have to tell you, I want you. I want to make love to you. I want you in every way a man can want a woman. I want to make you my own."

His eyes were blazing.

I nodded, still feeling his lips on mine, his hands on my body. "I know, honey. I know. I want you, too, but it is so dangerous. You have to behave yourself. Your father is in the living room."

Reluctantly he nodded and let me slip from his grasp.

I retreated to my bathroom and masturbated to thoughts of Paul's cock in my mouth and his tongue in my pussy.

It was good.

-

I used my long-time friend Rachel's art show that evening as an excuse to get Paul alone. David passed on my unenthusiastic invitation to join me, as I knew he would -- he and Rachel never did get along. Paul was positively giddy. Paul enjoyed art for its own sake but I suspected he, too, was just attracted by the opportunity being alone with me presented.

When David was distracted by the television, I surreptitiously pinched Paul's butt and whispered, "I'm really looking forward to this evening with you, honey."

I spent an inordinate amount of time preening for my night out with Paul. I pulled my hair back into a ponytail. The black silk bra and matching panties I chose left little to the imagination. David had only seen them peripherally; it was the set -- minus the baby doll -- that had precipitated our first real fight. The black and grey dress I selected from my wardrobe accentuated and clung to my curves and raised my blood to the boiling point. A strand of pearls and a small grey clutch completed my ensemble.

I finished dressing a few minutes before six and walked downstairs to a low and exaggerated wolf whistle from Paul. I pirouetted for him and my dress whirled up a little, showing off smoothly shaved legs, sans nylons. I grinned at his immediate reaction.

"Wow, Mom, you look dynamite!" He said, admiring my dress and heels.

"Thank you, Paul," I smiled, "You clean up nice yourself."

He was wearing a suit and tie that wasn't too formal but certainly appropriate for the occasion.

I told David to not wait up and said goodbye.

In the car, Paul and I were silent as we drove towards the center of town. After several minutes he opened up.

"You know, I meant what I said...in the kitchen." He looked at me.

"I know, honey. I meant what I said, also." I squeezed his knee.

We rode in silence for a few minutes.

I reached out and squeezed his knee again. "I loved reading your stories, honey. I love that you think so highly of me to want to do...those sorts of things to...with me."

He grinned broadly at the idea I wasn't upset. "Did you really like them, Mom? They're sort of amateurish."

"They're not amateurish at all, darling." I breathed as I turned down the street towards the gallery. "They are all so creative and very exciting. Why do you think I've been trying to seduce you?"

"Hell, Mom," He laughed, "If I'd have known this could happen I'd have let you read them long ago."

I pulled into the parking lot and turned off the car. "Honey, no matter what else, you have to promise to behave yourself here. We can't give anybody any ideas."

He agreed and was good on his word.

To outside observers, Paul appeared to be a perfect gentleman for nearly the entire hour that we wandered through the exhibit. He opened my car door, offered me his



arm and deferred to me throughout our perusal of Rachel's art, most of which, in my estimation was crap. How she was able to obtain government grants that supported her work was beyond me. I liked her as a person, but, frankly, in my humble opinion as an artist she sucked. I truly felt I could poop better art.

Paul seemed to share my view. After about an hour, while looking at a surrealistic painting of a disemboweled puppy, Paul slid his arm around my waist and leaned close. "I want you so badly I can hardly stand it, Mom."

"Paul!" I hissed quietly, squeezing his hand. Inside my belly was stirring and my blood was running hot.

I turned my face to his and winked up at him. "Let's get out of here."

We quickly bade goodbye to Rachel who mouthed her thanks at our sincere congratulations on her showing. Paul was fairly

perceptive and noticed the way she looked me up and down and then leaned forward to kiss my cheek.

As we settled into the car he grinned at me and wrinkled his nose. "I think she wants you as badly as I do."

I giggled and nodded, blushing. "I have gotten that vibe from her on more than one occasion."

-

We stopped for a bite to eat at an out-of-the-way diner. The food and the service were lousy, but it was private and our booth was semi-secluded so we could talk in private.

There was little resistance from Paul when I steered the conversation to what was happening between us.

"Honey," I started, "The last few days have been..."

"Amazing, incredible, exciting, wonderful. Pick your adjective." He grinned easily, rolling his soda glass in his hands.

"Yes, of course, all of those and more!" I said in an undertone, looking over my shoulder to ensure we weren't being overheard. "But you know we shouldn't be..."

"Making each other feel good." He finished.

"Paul, don't put words in my mouth. Let me finish what I'm trying to say." I said, just a little exasperated.

"Mom, look at yourself. You're a beautiful, vibrant, sexy woman who has been neglected for years." He tipped my chin up and stared directly into my eyes, "All I can say is that if I were your...lover...you'd never have a good night's rest. I'd wear you out every chance I got."

I felt the tingle in my belly spreading at the implication.

"Mom," Paul continued quietly, "I know how crazy this is but everything about you and me just feels right."

"Oh Paul." I moaned softly.

He smiled conspiratorially and leaned across the table. "Come on, Mom! It's not like I'm asking you to let me fuck you on the couch while Dad is there in his recliner."

"Paul Matthew Slaton! You are so bad talking like that!" I feigned shock. I was on fire.

"Can I tell you something that might help, Mom?" Paul whispered, glancing at the waitress at the counter.

I looked at him expectantly and nodded.

"Norm says I should go for it." He grinned.

"Please tell me you didn't tell him anything...about us!" I blurted, panicking a little.

"Relax, Mom, of course not." He assured me, "But I had to talk to somebody and Norm is about the most closed-lipped person I know. I just told him that I was having fantasies about you."

"What did he say when you told him?" I asked, staring directly in his eyes.

"He commiserated with me." Paul grinned broadly. "In fact, he told me that he has fantasies about you, too."

I felt myself flush. I was never going to be able to look at Norman the same way again. I shyly cast my eyes to the table and giggled. "Your friend tells you he thinks about me...in a

bad way...and you didn't punch him in the mouth! What kind of son are you?"

Paul reached out and lifted my face with his fingertips under my chin. He stared directly into my eyes and kindly answered. "The kind that worships the ground his mother walks on. The kind that thinks his mother is the sexiest woman alive. The kind that wants to spend the rest of his life making up for the years of neglect his mother has had to put up with. The kind that believes he can make his mother happy in so many ways."

"Oh my!" I breathed.

"Norm advised me that so long as you felt the same, we should screw convention and be together." Paul grinned.

"Norman is a baaaad boy!" I smiled weakly. I vaguely remember thinking I'd rather Paul forgot convention and screwed me instead. My crotch was completely drenched.

Paul slurped an ice cube from his glass and mouthed. "Norm really is okay with it, trust me. I know you Mom and I know what you want."

I leaned my forehead against his and gazed into his eyes. I didn't answer. I didn't have to. He knew.

Paul's lower lip trembled slightly, giving away his nervous excitement. He tried to come across as confident and self-assured but I realized that it was a carefully constructed façade.

I held his hands. "Okay, lover, what happens if we get caught?"

"I don't know, Mom. I suppose we can pretend we weren't related -- just another May -- September romance -- unless it was Dad or Sarah that caught us, I guess. Then there's the fact that I look a lot like you..." He mouthed an ice cube.

"Do you want to get out of here?" I smiled weakly, "Maybe a long drive will cool your jets."

He nodded agreement and pulled me from the booth to pay our tab. I had to fight the trembling in my appendages to make myself walk normally.

Out on the highway we drove in silence, save for the classical music that filled the close confines of the car. I enjoyed the feeling of Paul's hand stroking my hair and reached over and squeezed his leg.

"I do love you, darling." I smiled.

"Me too, Mom, but I do know what I want and wasn't it you who always told me to go after what I want?" He laughed.

"You really are a rogue, aren't you?" I laughed with him.

"Yes, but I really do love you." Paul winked.



"What don't you love?"

"Lima beans, cold coffee, and rude people." He quipped.

I giggled.

We drove awhile longer, flirting shyly, dancing around the edges of the obvious. It was exciting and fun and it was exhilarating.

"Are you ready to go home, honey?" I asked. The clock on the radio read 8:43.

"Uh-uh. I could ride with you all night."

"Why don't we find somewhere to sit and...um...talk for a bit?"  
I murmured, suddenly shy and a little nervous.

"Sure, Mom, do you know somewhere of out of the way we can go?" He asked. Out of the corner of my eye I watched him squirm.

"Uh-uh, but I'm sure we can find somewhere out of the way."

'Somewhere out of the way' turned out to be harder to find than I would have imagined. We took several side roads to secluded clearings -- invariably, other amorous couples had already beaten us to them.

After about three or four unproductive side trips, we found a dirt strip that led to a small clearing above a natural overlook that was vacant. We looked at each other and grinned.

"Perfect." We exclaimed in unison.

I backed the Jeep under a copse of trees for added privacy and turned off the engine.

# Chapter 13 Making Out

For several minutes the only sound was the engine ticking as it cooled. Paul was still stroking my hair gently as we watched cars passing on the highway below.

"Mom?"

"Hmmm?" I sighed, leaning back in the bucket seat.

"What do you think of me?" He asked.

"Huh?" I asked, unsure of his meaning.

"I told you what I think of you a couple of days ago. What do you think of me? If you weren't my mom would you be...attracted to me?"

I stared at him in the dim light and smiled. "You're kidding, right?" I asked.

He shook his head.

I reached up and caressed his face with my fingers and said, "Honey, you are about the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in my life, and it doesn't make any difference that you're my son. You are about as perfect a person I have ever had the good fortune to know. I swell with pride when I look at you. You are, without question, the best thing I have ever done and I am very much attracted to you. Any other questions?"

His eyes were bright and he leaned his face into my palm. "Wow, Mom, you make me blush. If I didn't know better I'd say you were trying to seduce me."

I laughed. "Is it working?"

"Oh yeah..." He breathed.

For several minutes we just made eyes at each other, his fingers stroking my shoulder, my hand caressing his cheek.

"Can I practice with you, Mom?" He finally asked. He wasn't as sure and confident as he tried to portray.

'It's about time!' I thought, a burning sensation spreading through my body.

"Of course, honey, come here." I whispered.

I felt like a schoolgirl as our mouths slowly came together. The softness of his moist lips on mine made my head spin. Softly, delicately, our mouths clung together, yielding gently. I moaned softly as I parted my lips and accepted his warm, wet tongue into my mouth.

Leisurely we kissed, our mouths giving and taking, our tongues dancing and writhing together. My vagina was

positively drooling with need. My body was aching for him. I cupped his face with my hands as I sucked at his mouth.

I felt his hand slip around my waist and pull me toward him. The emergency brake dug sharply into my leg.

"Ow!" I blurted out, peeling my mouth from Paul's and recoiling from the console and rubbing my hip.

"Are you okay, M...Mom?" He asked, his breath a little ragged.

"Mmmm...I guess so," I answered, rubbing my hip and grinning. "I don't think this car was designed for making out in."

"Rats." Paul muttered, his disappointment evident.

My blood was boiling and I wasn't ready to give up. "How about we hop into the back seat? We'd have a little more room..."

Paul immediately brightened and removed his jacket and shoes. He slithered through the space between the buckets and waited for me. I turned the key backwards in the ignition, cracked the moon roof and adjusted the radio to a comfortable level. Kicking off my heels, I took his extended hand and squirmed my way into the back seat next to him.

For a moment we just looked at each other in the near darkness. Then his mouth found mine and we were engaged in a deep, wet, passionate kiss. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and pressed myself against him. I felt his arms circle my waist and moaned into his mouth as he sucked on my tongue.

I was on fire. My body was aching for him. I clung to him desperately, my mouth fused to his. My entire body convulsed violently when I felt Paul slip his hand between us and tentatively cup my breast. I raged with a burning hunger at the sensation of Paul's fingers pressing at me.

We kissed hungrily, ravenously, our mouths pulling and sucking at each other. The car was filled with moans of lust-filled hunger. I was in heaven. It was a high school grope session. It was young love. It was delicious.

Paul was intent on pushing the envelope. His hand abandoned my tit and caressed the curve of my ass and traveled down the back of my leg. I felt him bring his hand up and felt his fingertips on the inside of my knee, sliding upwards over my smooth skin. Almost instinctively my legs parted. I kissed him harder, my tongue thrusting deep into his mouth as I felt his fingers slip under my dress and caress the soft skin of my inner thigh.

My panties were completely soaked and I was being consumed, but when I felt a fingertip brush at my crotch I clamped my legs together. Ripping my mouth from his, I forcefully extricated his hand from between my legs.



Wheezing, gasping, gulping for oxygen, I leaned back on the leather seats and looked at him. I tried to put a stern look on my face.

"You are so b...baaaad," I panted, not sounding firm at all.

"I can't help myself, Mom." Paul defended himself. "I can't...think when I'm with you."

"Me either, my darling," I assured him, snuggling closer to him, "And I'm sure I'll be spending eternity in Hell for this, but I love the way you touch me."

"You're not mad?" He asked, one arm around my shoulder, his other hand resting on my stomach.

"Oh no!" I exclaimed, "I'm just...frightened...nervous."

"Me too, Mom." He grinned.

"Are you fully aware of possible...consequences if we keep to the path we're on?" I asked, looking up into his eyes.

"Mom, I love you. That is all I am aware of. I can't stop thinking about you. You are so beautiful and so sexy and so wonderful. I don't care about consequences. Consequences be damned!"

I felt myself responding as his words made love to me.

"Honey, I love you, too, and lately you're all I can think about, but I need to...know..."

"Mom, shut up." He whispered as his mouth fell on mine and took me to heaven.

We kissed with deep emotion and desire. Our tongues alternated slowly thrusting in and out of each other's mouth. I only moaned into his mouth when he again lifted his hand

to gently cradle my breast. Lightly, almost imperceptibly, I felt him moving his fingers on me. I wondered if he could feel my erect nipple through my dress.

He was taking me to places I had only imagined and I was being devoured by an insatiable lust. Paul took encouragement when I didn't stop his advance and became bolder. His hand massaged my tit clumsily through my clothing, pulling at me with the excitement of inexperienced youth.

I pulled away from him and, catching my breath, I leaned forward. "Wait, honey." I reached behind me and unzipped my dress. He looked at me wide-eyed when he realized what I was doing. I simply smiled at him as I unhooked my bra. I didn't push my dress down or remove my bra as I leaned back next to him and lifted my face to his. Paul was going to have to take some initiative.

He didn't disappoint.

Lightly, delicately, he kissed my eyes and nose and mouth. His lips burned like fire on my skin and as he rained kisses over my face, I felt him caressing my shoulder with his fingertips. I groaned deeply when I felt his hand dip into my bra and palm my left breast.

"Ohhhh, M...Mom," Paul sighed heavily, "It's so soft...and heavy...and so warm. It feels wonderful."

"Mmmm," I agreed, my body reacting intensely to his touch, "Be gentle, honey, my nipples are v...very, very sensitive."

I was on fire, my body was being consumed by desire as my son's trembling hand covered my breast and gently manipulated it. Paul's mouth hovered near mine, brushing my lips gently, carefully stroking my swollen lips with the tip of his tongue as he explored me.

I was experiencing lust in a whole new light.. I moaned softly against his mouth when he began teasing my aching nipple with his thumb and forefinger. I reached up and pressed my

lips to his as he played with my breast. I thrust my tongue deep into his mouth and sighed inwardly when he began to suck on it.

Deeply, passionately, we kissed, our mouths fused together desperately. I felt him push my dress and bra down around my waist and quivered as the cool night air caressed my bare flesh. I was losing control.

Slowly, carefully, Paul peeled his mouth from mine and traced his mouth along my jaw line, licking and sucking at my earlobe before dipping his head and nuzzling my throat. I was moaning faintly, my entire body was on fire. I cried out quietly as his fingers teased my erect nipples.

"Oh honey," I sighed, "You make me feel wonderful."

"Mmmph..." He breathed heavily, his lips caressing my neck, "I love making you feel wonderful."

I leaned into him and offered encouragement by pushing my tit up into his hand. Paul slowly lifted his head up and, in the semi-darkness, stared into my eyes for a long moment. He groaned deeply and, dipping his head, he fastened his mouth around a nipple.

"Ughn!" I grunted, my body reacting fiercely, "Oh yessss!" I ran my fingers through his hair and pulled him into me. I was being eaten alive by the fire that raged inside my body. The sensation of his warm, wet tongue stroking and lashing at my aching nub was delicious. Ferociously he sucked at me, his hand squeezing and manhandling my flesh. My pussy was completely saturated and my body was humming like a high-tension wire. I wrapped my arms around his head and let him do what he wanted.

"Oh honey!" I moaned deeply, "That feels so n...nice...so good." I felt my orgasm building as he chewed and suckled at me. When I felt his hands slip between my knees I surrendered to the desire that raged inside me.

I felt his hand clumsily stroking at my inner thigh and I slowly parted my legs to allow him freer access. When I felt his fingers brush the front panel of my panties I squealed long and loud.

Paul was slobbering all over my heaving breasts, chewing and sucking at my throbbing, aching nipples and I was pleading with him not to stop.

I splayed my legs as far as I could and just leaned back into the leather seat and let my son molest me. I was close to coming when Paul began stroking my pussy through my panties. When he pushed aside the gusset with his thumb and started roughly pawing at my vagina I clamped my legs together and pushed him away.

"Easy there, tiger." I heaved, struggling for breath. "It isn't a plaything. You have to be gentle."

Paul looked sincerely chagrined. "I'm s...sorry, Mom. I...I just get so excited."

I smiled up at him and took his hand, "It's okay, honey. It's just that I'm really, really...sensitive down there. If you want to touch me there you have to be gentle."

He nodded frantically. "Can I try again?"

I lifted my dress up around my hips and smiled up at him. I brought his trembling hand back to my sodden crotch and whispered, "Be very gentle, honey."

Paul took my words to heart. I spread my legs and sighed as he gently cupped my vagina with his hand and delicately began to knead and massage me through my panties. He learned well. His fingers floated and fluttered over my drooling pussy, stroking me carefully through the drenched fabric.

I groaned deeply as he fingered me and cried out loudly when he once again pushed aside the front panel of my panties with



his thumb and delicately ran his fingers over my slippery labia. I felt myself drawing closer to the edge when he cautiously slipped two fingers into me.

"Oh honey!" I yelped, my vagina convulsing on his digits "You are so bad...touching me this way!"

"That's why you love me, M...Mom." He answered, sawing his fingers leisurely in and out of my salivating pussy. Paul lowered his mouth to my heaving bosom again and sucked a nipple into his mouth.

He was inexperienced and clumsy and so unbelievably exciting. I had never felt the kind of emotions that were ripping through my body as my son finger-fucked me. My orgasm was drawing near and as he thrust his fingers in and out of my sloppy pussy and suckled at my nipples, I wrapped my arms around him and held on for dear life.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh hhhhhhhhhoney I'm cominnnnnnnnng!" I yelled frantically as I felt the first spasm fire through me.

My climax was incredibly intense. I clamped my legs together on his hand and cried out sharply as I came with a force that frightened me. I felt myself lift off the seat as bolts of pure energy fired through me, separating me from reality, and as convulsions wracked through my body I held onto him desperately.

I heard myself cry out loudly as every nerve ending in my body fired simultaneously. My entire body contracted violently over and over as delicious bolts of energy fired through me.

Gradually I floated back to the faux leather seat of the Subaru and Paul's embrace. I trembled and quivered in his arms as my orgasm slowly receded. I was weak and winded and flush.

"Oh, my darling," I panted, "That was wonderful!"

Paul looked down into my eyes and beamed. "God, Mom! Wow!"

I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and just held him as the last electric jolts passed through me. When my climax finally receded, I lifted my mouth to his and kissed him deeply, pushing my tongue into his mouth, saying 'thank you' the best way I knew how.

As we kissed I blindly ran my hand up his leg to his groin. That he was aroused was an understatement.

I could feel his enormous erection through his trousers. He was straining the zipper and seams of his pants. I pulled my mouth from his and leaned away from him.

"Lean back, honey, and let me take care of this." I whispered, squeezing him through his pants.

He leaned back into the seat and groaned deeply as I fumbled with his belt and popped the hook of his slacks.

"Just relax, honey." I whispered as I slowly unzipped his fly, releasing him from his confinement.

I smiled weakly up at him and slipped my hand under the elastic of his shorts and latched onto his heated flesh with my fingers.

He was rock solid and so hot in my hand. I pushed his shorts down and pulled him out for inspection. He was beautiful. Long and thick, Paul rose out of my hand. His penis looked angry, his knob shiny with pre-come, and he actually seemed to be throbbing. His cock was so solid and heavy and as I began to lightly stroke it I tried to imagine what it would feel like penetrating me.

"It's so beautiful, honey." I murmured quietly as I fondled his length.

"Ughn...do you really think so, Mom." He grunted, slowly bucking his hips against my hand.

"Oh yes!" I hissed excitedly, "It's soooo long and soooo thick."

"Is it really bigger than D...Dad's?" He asked directly, staring into my eyes.

I bit down a laugh and merely smiled at him weakly. "Oooohhhh yes! You might say that, honey."

He was beaming with obvious pride. "Really, Mom?"

"Oh please!" I laughed as I stroked his flesh, "Honey, it's like comparing a foot-long hot dog to a cocktail wienie."

"Oh Mom!" Paul whimpered, "Your hand feels so good!"

"Mmmm." I murmured, biting my lower lip to keep from sobbing, "I'm glad."

"You are b...baaaad, Mom!" He cried, bucking his hips up into my hand.

"Uh-huh," I agreed, pulling on his penis, "But you make me this way! I love you so much, b...baby."

"I want to fuck you, Mom." Paul hissed excitedly, his orgasm imminent.

"I know, baby!" I cried, jerking at him fervently, "I want you to fuck me, too, b...but we..."

"Well...ughn...can I wish you were using s...something other than your hand on...it?" He cried loudly.

I grinned, "Beggars shouldn't be choosers."

I could tell he was close. He stared at me wide-eyed, and began thrusting his hips up against my hand.

"Mom! I'm going to make a mess all over your car!" He whimpered, his face twisted in pure lust.

I pulled at him harder, rotating my hand on his rigid cock, "B...Baby, just tell me when you're about to c...come...I'll take care of it."

Paul looked at me through lust filled eyes as if not believing what he was hearing. "Mom..."

I just nodded feebly and began jerking at him harder and faster. He seemed to freeze momentarily and cried out sharply. I felt his cock spasm in my hand and as he started to come he yelled, "Mom!"

I bent sharply at the waist and tried to stuff the enormous head of his penis in my mouth to catch his ejaculate. I was just a second too slow and his first jet of warm semen splattered against my upper lip and cheek. I moaned inwardly as I scrambled to wrap my lips around his engorged knob. Stream after stream of thick, warm come boiled up out of his balls and filled my mouth. I swallowed as fast as I could as a river of thick, warm semen poured from his lurching penis.

My head was spinning as I hungrily gobbled his warm, salty come and I was conscious of his tortured moans of pleasure filling the car and echoing inside me. I felt his hands on the back of my head urging me not to stop. I had never tasted semen before. It was delicious.

"Mommmmm!" Paul cried, pushing my head onto him, "It feels so good! Please don't stop Mom! Oh God!"

All I could do was moan against his warm thickness. My hand was pulling at him at his base, squeezing and yanking at him



vigorously. Only a small portion of his dick was in my mouth but it felt like it was stuffed.

He came so hard and so heavy I was unable to swallow fast enough. Over and over he convulsed in my mouth, flooding it to overflowing. Trickle of his slippery syrup escaped the corners of my mouth and ran down his length.

"Oooooohhhhhhhh Mmmmm!" He sobbed as his orgasm gradually slowed to a stop. I could feel his entire body trembling beneath me as I ran my fingers up the underside of his massive organ and squeezed the last of his delicious come into my mouth.

I was on fire again. My body was aching with need. I gently nursed on his slowly softening penis, cleaning him off with my mouth and tongue. I was losing my mind. It felt so good to have a cock in my mouth I didn't want to relinquish it.

Paul didn't appear eager to have me stop either. As he shrank and softened, I sucked him deeper into my mouth. I could

hear muffled moans emanating from deep inside me. I lovingly sucked on his softening penis and dipped my hand in his pants to cradle Paul's balls in my fingers. I felt his hand groping my ass through my dress. I was going insane.

Reluctantly I pulled him from between my lips and straightened up to look into his eyes. I didn't recognize him. He looked at me in amazement and awe.

"Mom," He whispered, "That was amazing...it felt so g...good"

I scooped his semen from my cheek with a hooked finger and sucked it off. He squirmed as he watched me and I smiled at him gently, "I'm so glad you liked it, darling. I was a little afraid you wouldn't. I've never done it before."

"My God, Mom, I've dreamed of you doing that to me for so long but I never dared dream it would feel so...good." He said earnestly, pulling me close.

"Mmmmm." I murmured as I watched his mouth close on mine. Our lips fused together and we kissed deeply, urgently. I wondered if he could taste his come on my tongue. I wrapped my arms around him and molded myself to him. I loved the sensation of his fingertips stroking my bare flesh.

Paul was excited and energized. He broke the kiss and grinned at me. "Mom, I love you."

"Mmmm, I know," I smiled gently, "But what don't you love?"

"Flat Coke, summer colds, and tourists."

I giggled nervously.

"Did you like doing...that?" Paul whispered, nuzzling my neck.

"Huh? Oh, you mean that? You can say it, honey: blowjob, fellatio, oral sex. You won't offend my delicate sensibilities,

silly. And yes I did." I grinned up at him and giggled. "Besides, it wasn't really a blowjob. I just... prevented a...mess."

He grinned broadly, "Well whatever it was, it was amazing." I shivered when he lifted a hand to a breast and began lightly teasing a nipple with his fingers.

"Ughn...maybe someday...if you're really...lucky and are a really, really good boy I'll give you a real blowjob." I'd never given anybody a 'real' blowjob before in my life.

"I'll be especially good, Mom." Paul whispered.

A deep, guttural groan emanated from inside his chest when I took his flaccid penis in my hand and began gently kneading it. Even soft and limp he was almost too thick to wrap my fingers completely around.

"Oh, Mom..." He breathed, "D...Dad doesn't let you...go down on him?"

I grimaced at the mention of David, "Uh-uh. He thinks it is...dirty or something."

"He's a grade-A moron, then."

I just smiled up at him.

"So come on lady, 'fess up. When was the last time you and Dad did it?" Paul asked, a strange glint in his eye.

"I don't know...I'm not supposed to...ughn...talk to my son about...ooooh!" Paul pinched my nipple firmly.

"Come on, Mom. You had my dick in your mouth a minute ago; don't tell me you can't talk to me." He grinned lewdly.

"When was the last time you got laid, Mom?"

"A few days ago...but he doesn't do it for me. He never did. He always leaves me wanting...more." I blushed, looking down at my knees.

"What is wrong with him?" Paul exclaimed, a little animated.

"I don't know," I answered, "But I don't want to talk about your father. Tonight is about you and me."

Suddenly, headlights illuminated the small clearing. We froze. A car stopped twenty yards from the station wagon and for an eternity I thought it was the police. Ice water ran through my veins as I tried to imagine how I was going to explain what we were doing.

# Chapter 14 The Last Step

A rush of adrenaline poured over me. I pulled my hand from Paul's penis and scrambled to get my bra back on. I could feel panic setting in.

"Mom, wait." Paul said.

"Huh..." I frantically pulled my dress back up and reached behind me to zip myself up.

"It's alright, Mom. You can relax. They're leaving, look." He pointed out the window. A small pickup was backing away from our clearing.

I sagged back in the seat and laughed with relief. "Wow! That was close!"

"Yes," Paul grinned, "But you have to admit it was exciting."

I laughed and looked up into his eyes, "You might say that. My heart is racing like crazy."

"Do you want to go home, Mom?" He asked expectantly.

I leaned toward the front of the car. The clock on the dash read 9:38.

"It's still early, honey," I said, "But we can go if you want to."

I thrilled when I felt him slip his arm around my shoulder and pull me back into his warm embrace. "Um, no...I think I'd like to stay just a little bit longer."

He turned my head with his fingers and tipped my face up to his. Gently, deliciously, his lips brushed mine.

I moaned long and low, "Whatever my baby wants."



We kissed sweetly, lightly, our tongues dancing fluidly. Our lips clung together softly and delicately. His arm was wrapped around my shoulders and mine was wrapped around his chest. I could feel my body responding and my blood beginning to boil again.

Throwing my inhibitions and rational thought to the wind, I threw my left leg over him and straddled his hips. He moaned into my mouth and his hands immediately gravitated to my ass. I could feel his semi-hard penis pressing against my groin. The bottom of my dress covered our midsections like a tent.

I was going insane. His strong hands were clamped on my ass, massaging my cheeks roughly through my dress and panties, and I felt myself involuntarily grinding my crotch against him.

"Ooooh my God!" I gasped, tearing my mouth from his and raising up, I stared down at him through lust filled eyes. "You make me so crazy, honey."

"Ughn...what do you think...ughn...you're doing to me?" He whimpered, biting his lip and staring up at me in abject wonder. He reached up and pulled my dress back down from my chest and flipped my brassiere onto the seat.

I loosened his tie and pulled it from around his neck. Smiling gently down at him I unbuttoned his shirt and pushed it back off his shoulders. He pulled his arms from the sleeves and I lifted his tee shirt up over his head. His skin seemed to glow in the dim light.

I thrilled when I felt him slip his hands under my dress and reach around me to clasp my ass in his hands again. The heat from his hands radiated through the silky fabric of my underwear and stoked my fires. He stared at my breasts as they slowly rose and fell on my chest.

"They are so beautiful...perfect, Mom." He whispered huskily.

"Thank you, honey." I smiled, continuing to rub myself against him deliberately. I could feel him hardening under me. "I'm kind of proud of them myself. I'm glad that they don't...ughn...hang down around my navel like some of my friend's boobs."

"They are exquisite, Mom...ohhhh...perky...proud. And I love how perfect your nipples are."

"You sure are earning some brownie points, honey." I grinned at him evilly, "How do you plan on spending them?"

"How many points does it take to let me suck on them again?" He responded, kneading my ass firmly.

I giggled weakly and breathed, "You don't need to spend your points on that, honey. I think I'd like that very much. Save your points for something...bigger."

I pressed my right hand to the sides of my right tit and slowly leaned forward. His mouth opened and I guided a hard, rubbery nipple to it. I cried out happily as his lips sucked it in and his tongue curled around it.

"Oh yessss, honey!" I sighed, resting my face on the top of his head. "That feels sooooooooo nice!"

I wrapped my arms around his head and rejoiced at the sensation of my son nursing at my breast again. I continued to grind my sodden, swollen vagina slowly and firmly against his penis. I could tell he was almost fully erect. His hands were mauling my asscheeks, roughly pulling at my panties.

I just cried out softly when I felt his hands slip beneath the waistband of my panties and begin stroking and squeezing my bare ass.

"Ohhhh! You are getting bold, aren't you, sweetheart?" I whimpered against the top of his head. He just continued suckling on my nipples and building my inferno hotter.

I could feel his arousal against mine. I was pressing my pussy against his hard thickness, sliding my salivating gash along his length, driving myself crazy. The silk of my panties was the only thing that prevented our groins from being in direct contact.

We were moaning and crying, clutching at each other. In my over-heated state I felt Paul pulling at my panties, trying to tug them over my hips. I thought for a second he was going to just tear them off.

Pushing on Paul's shoulders, I pulled my throbbing nipple from his mouth and moved into a sitting position. I slid back slightly onto his legs and for the longest time we just stared at each other. My breathing was labored and harsh. Every fiber of my being was screaming for release, pleading with me to just get it over with. My body was in complete control.

Paul's hands rested on my thighs and I could see several inches of his immense penis protruding from beneath the

hem of my dress. He looked up at me with sad puppy dog eyes and I felt my heart melting.

The anguished frustration on his face was heartbreaking. I felt the agony he was feeling. A tiny tear leaked from my eye when I took the final step.

"Honey," I whispered hoarsely, "If we do this and you stop loving me I'm going to kill you. You know that, don't you?"

He just looked at me wide-eyed and nodded. "Mom, I will never stop loving you, whether we do it, or not."

I watched him bite his lower lip as I lifted up on my knees and, staring into his wide eyes, slid my panties down my legs. I wriggled onto the seat and frantically peeled them completely off. His eyes followed them as they floated to the seat next to my bra. I quickly straddled his legs again.

For an eternity we just stared at each other. His fingers caressed my legs just above my knees. I was trembling and so unbelievably excited.

I slowly settled back onto him and cried out at the sensation of his hard, thick penis touching my naked sex for the first time. I leaned forward and kissed him hard, thrusting my tongue into his mouth

As we kissed, I began rubbing my slippery labia along the length of his rock-hard organ. I was being consumed by my lust and I wasn't thinking rationally. I loved the feeling of just being wanted. It was so exciting to be desired. I was being manhandled and I loved it.

I loved the sheer erotic joy of feeling Paul's strong hands squeezing my bare ass, spreading my cheeks and pulling me against him. There was no going back.

"Ooooh baby," I rasped, peeling my mouth from his and staring down at him, "Are you absolutely sure about...this?"

He nodded up at me feebly.

"Tell me, darling. Tell me what you want." I said softly, a quaver in my voice.

"You know what I want, Mom?" He choked.

"Say it. It's very important. I need you to say the words, I need you to ask me." I urged.

"Oh, Mom," He moaned, "Could I please fuck you?"

I smiled down at him and whispered hoarsely, "Yes, my darling. I think...I think I would like that...very much."

A shiver of anticipation ran through me. I lifted myself up a little and choked, "Slide down just a s...smidgen, Honey." He



slid down the seat slightly and moaned when I reach down between us and took his erection in my hands.

I stroked and pulled at his magnificent penis for a few moments and smiled at his reaction.

I pushed up with my knees and, bunching my dress, I raised his swollen penis and rubbed his engorged head up and down my drooling labia. I was operating on pure instinct and unable to think. My blood was boiling and the enormity of what I was about to do only increased my excitement.

I wasn't smiling when I positioned him beneath me and eased myself down onto him.

My body was so hot and I was so well lubricated his hardness slid into me easily. I was wracked with a delicious combination of unimaginable pleasure and exquisite pain as his crown spread my labia and eased slowly into my weeping canal. Our eyes were locked, our mouths gaping, as inch by inch my vagina engulfed him.

The enclosed space of the car was filled with low moaning grunts and cries as we finally consummated our love.

I had never experienced anything so gloriously erotic. I felt like I was being ripped in two. Paul was considerably longer and thicker than his father was and his penetration seemed to go on forever.

I bit my bottom lip to keep from crying out and, arching my back, I thrust myself down onto him as hard as I could manage and came to rest with his magnificent penis buried to the hilt inside my vagina. I felt him pressing against my cervix as he bottomed out. Mini orgasms ripped through my body, setting me ablaze. I was delirious and so consumed with wanton lust I couldn't think.

The massive penis that filled my pussy made me feel bloated. I was unable to move and for several long moments I just sat there impaled, trying to adjust to his size. We just stared at each other as if unable to believe we were really doing what

we were doing. We were both trembling uncontrollably and we were having trouble breathing.

"Ooooh Mommmm..." He whimpered softly. "You're so...t...tight...so hot..."

"Wait B...Baby!" I sobbed, "You're too...ughn...big. Give me a minute to g...get used t...to it."

"I love you, M...Mom." Paul cried softly.

"Oh, Honey, I love you soooo m...much." I moaned as I leaned down and claimed his mouth with mine.

We kissed desperately, our tongues writhing together. I wrapped my arms around his neck and clung to him with a feverish urgency. Paul's arms were wrapped around me like bands of steel. As we kissed I could feel the muscles in my vagina gradually relaxing around him.

Leisurely I peeled my lips from his mouth and pushed myself up. I stared down at him and smiled softly as I adjusted to his thickness inside me. My body was being consumed with passions that I had never felt before. My sole aim was to quench the fires burning inside me.

I placed my hands on his shoulders and, biting my lower lip, I lifted myself up and groaned deeply as three or four inches of his erection pulled from my long-neglected pussy.

"Oh Mommmmm..." He whimpered softly.

I paused for a few seconds before sliding back down to engulf his rigid organ again.

"Oooooooooooh yessssssssss..." I moaned deeply, spasms of erotic joy ripping through me as I settled on him. My whole being was covered in gooseflesh. I was shaking uncontrollably. My entire body was wracked with bolts of electricity that raised the hair on the back of my neck.

"Ooooooooooooh G...God Mom! It feels soooo g...good." Paul cried, his entire body flexing. His hands held my knees in a vice-like grip.

I was overcome by the pure, erotic happiness of having his penis inside me.

I was unable to think; I could only feel. I could feel his immense penis stretching me. I could feel my hyper-stimulated clitoris rubbing hard against him on each down thrust. I could feel an excitement I had never felt before.

We locked eyes and stared into the depths of each other's souls and as I began to slowly move up and down on him, I felt myself falling in love.

It didn't take long. The excitement of our first time was overwhelming -- Paul was a virgin and I had been neglected

far too long. I slid up and down his colossus a few times and it was enough to push us both over the edge.

Paul was mewling like a kitten, crying and whimpering as I rode him. He was inexperienced and his excitement was too great and, even though he had ejaculated only minutes before, he was unable to contain himself. He began jerking under me as he lost control and I felt him swell inside me in prelude to orgasm.

"Oooooohhhhhh sweet Jesus Mommmmm!" He cried gutturally, clamping his arms around my waist, holding me impaled on his majestic cock. He spasmed violently as he came and I felt his hot semen pumping out of him into my ravenous pussy. Over and over he lurched under me as he discharged his thick, hot come deep into my belly. I bit my lip and whimpered as I felt the warmth of his come spread through me.

His orgasm triggered my own.

When I came I felt like I had been hit in the head with a baseball bat. My climax was stunning in its intensity. Fireworks burst in my head and convulsions of pure, unadulterated power wracked through my body. Erotic ecstasy threatened to separate me from reality.

"Oooooohhhhhh Paul!" I yelled loudly, wrapping my arms around his head and convulsing uncontrollably. The power of my orgasm was mind-bending and as I clung to him and rode the waves of erotic joy that washed over me I felt my pussy contracting on his erection, milking him of his heavy cream.

I had never experienced such a powerful orgasm in my life and as he jerked and spasmed inside me, I shuddered and quivered uncontrollably over him. As I rode the waves of euphoria I whimpered with a joy I'd never known.

Slowly, deliciously, our orgasms waned to a soft, warm afterglow. We didn't speak. We just held fast to each other and relished the aftermath of our union. Our breathing gradually returned to normal, our panting cries of ecstasy slowly faded.

A parade of delicious emotions marched through me at that moment: elation, ecstasy, incredible joy, and complete satisfaction. The extraordinary feeling of being filled with Paul's warm come was beyond anything I had ever dreamed possible. My mind and my body were still reacting to the erotic thrill of the realization that I had actually just fucked my son. I leaned back and looked into his eyes.

He seemed to be in a state of shock. His eyes were wide open and had a glazed appearance. His nostrils were flared and his lips trembled. His penis had softened a bit inside me, but I could still feel his pulse against my vaginal walls.

I smiled down at him gently and caressed his face with my fingers. "That was wonderful, my darling."

"Oh Mom," He sobbed with uncontrolled passion, "You have no idea...so amazing..."



The car seemed to be filled with a soft, golden cloud that surrounded us. Small, warm electric tingles fired through my extremities at random. I had never felt such complete sexual happiness before and as we clung to each other and luxuriated in the afterglow of our lovemaking I knew that he was exactly where I needed to be.

"I love you so much, Mom." Paul whispered huskily, his fingers nervously stroking my legs.

I smiled at him lovingly, "I love you, too, honey."

We leaned into each other and our mouths came together in a deliciously wet kiss. I wrapped my arms around his neck and sucked his tongue into my mouth. We held each other desperately, as if trying to become one.

Finally, panting and heaving, we peeled our lips apart and, staring at each other, burst into a fit of spontaneous happy laughter.

"Was it what you expected, honey?" I asked hopefully.

"God, Mom! It was so much better than I ever dreamed it would be." Paul answered earnestly. "You're so tight...and hot and so wet. It was unbelievable, Mom."

"Thank you, sweetheart." I grinned, flexing my vaginal muscles on his softening penis, "I'll give you the hot and wet part -- you get me that way -- but I'm only tight because you're so...big. I felt like a virgin when you first entered me."

"Ughn...Mom..." He moaned at my ministrations, "I'm sorry I didn't...uh...last very long."

"Sweetheart, I would have been shocked if you had. Just the fact that you were able to get it in me without ejaculating was a little surprising." I smiled down at him and winked suggestively. "You'll develop stamina and staying power as you gain...um...experience."

He squirmed a little and grinned happily, "We'll get to do this again?"

I laughed. "Honey, if you think I'm going to let you pull a 'wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am-see-you-later' kind of thing with me you're crazy. Don't tell me that you've spent all this time and energy writing about getting into my panties for just one quick fuck."

He grinned, "Mom, you sound so...hot...when you swear like that. You have no idea what you're asking for. If you let me I'll be making lo...fucking you every chance I get."

"Mmmm...I don't know, honey. I've got a pretty strong sex drive...I'm not sure you'll be able to keep up with my demands." I grinned at him lewdly.

"Please!" He snorted, leaning forward and brushing my nipples with his lips, "I'm going to wear you out."

"Oooooohhh yessss." I shuddered at the feeling of his warm breath on my skin, "I'll gladly give you the... opportunity to try, lover."

I felt my body responding and quickly pushed him back against the seat. "Darling, as much as I like the idea of seeing if you can wear me out right now, we need to get home."

His disappointment was evident but he nodded in agreement. I looked around the car for something to catch our discharge. I grabbed his tee shirt from the seat and, bunching up my dress, I slowly pushed up with my legs.

I grimaced as his penis slipped deliciously from my pussy and slapped wetly against his stomach. I quickly wadded up his cotton tee and stuffed it between my legs, damming the rush of our mingled fluids. I sopped up an amazing amount of come as it drained from my vagina.

"Oh my, "I breathed heavily, "You sure had a lot to give, baby."

He grinned broadly and gestured to the shirt. "Can I use that when you're finished with it?"

I slowly shook my head, "Let me. I always wanted to do this..."

## Chapter 15 Passion Unleashed

I pushed myself off of his legs and knelt on the floor of the car. It was cramped but I managed to maneuver into position. I set one knee in each foot well and crossed my lower legs up behind me. It was a little uncomfortable but not terribly so. I grinned up at him and spread his knees with my hands and leaned forward.

Paul's softening penis was dark red and angry looking. Coated with our fluids, it shone in the dim light of the car. His pubic hair was matted and tangled. Spent and limp, he was still longer and thicker than his Father was fully erect. His penis

lay heavily against his abdomen and extended nearly to his navel.

I reached up and gently took him in my hand. He was sticky and heavy and his scent was intoxicating.

"Just relax, honey," I smiled, "I'll have this cleaned up in no time."

Paul just whimpered as he watched me pull his cock toward my mouth and wrap my lips around his crown.

The taste and odor of our drying juices filled my head and was incredibly arousing. The sensation of having his soft, warm penis in my mouth was astonishing. I slurped him into my mouth as deeply as I could and proceeded to use my tongue to clean him off. Flaccid and limp, I was able to suck his spent organ almost entirely into my mouth.

Paul was resting his hands on the top of my head and watching me nurse on his dick in dazed amazement. I tried to smile with my eyes as I slurped and sucked at him, cleansing him. It was erotic and carnal and as I cleaned him I savored the taste of our come.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhhh m...Mommmmmmmmm!" Paul whimpered softly as I felt his pubic hair tickle my nose. "I love you soooooooooo much!"

Slowly I relinquished him and tenderly lay his freshly cleansed penis against his stomach. "Almost finished, darling."

I dipped my head and began tonguing his testicles delicately, deliberately massaging and probing at them. As I tongued him I felt evil and lewd and lecherous. I felt finally free.

Paul squealed loudly and rose up off the seat when I gently sucked one of his testes into my hungry mouth and rolled it across my tongue. I thought I was losing my mind. For several minutes I alternated from one heavy testicle to the other,

sucking and licking and slurping. Paul writhed and bucked over me as I mouthed him.

When I lifted my mouth from his groin I could feel my body crying again in hunger. My pussy was weeping and my fluids were running down my leg and I was trembling uncontrollably.

"See, honey," I whispered, "Wasn't that better than a tee shirt?"

"God, Mom, that was awesome!" Paul breathed.

I climbed up on the seat next to him and held his hand.

"Mom, you have no idea how long I've dreamed about being with you." He groaned deeply.

"Mmmm lately it's all I've been able to think about, too." I responded, softly. The cool seat felt strange on my bare ass and I made a mental note to be sure to wipe it off.



I rolled down the window and tossed Paul's tee shirt into the shrubbery.

I was so energized and excited and nervous I felt like a little schoolgirl. We took our time getting our clothes back on, pausing frequently to hug and kiss and touch each other.

As I slipped my panties back on Paul pulled me back and pinned me against the seat. He kissed me so deeply and fervently I was unable to breathe. I gave in when I felt his hand slip into my panties. I moaned heavily and frantically sucked on his mouth for a moment before tearing my mouth from his and pushing him away.

I stared at him with desire welling up inside me.

In answer to the question in my eyes, he pushed up off the seat and unzipped his fly. Paul pushed his slacks and boxers down around his knees, freeing himself. His penis was swollen and hard again and swayed heavily in front of me.

I frantically peeled off my panties and lay back against the door. Paul hunched forward and waited as I lifted my right leg and squirmed down onto the seat and waited for him. He climbed between my legs, one hand on the driver's side headrest and one on the rear window ledge.

We were both trembling with excited anticipation as he lowered himself over me. I took his weighty erection in my hand and positioned it at the entrance to my drooling vagina.

"Ohhhh yessssssssssss..." I sobbed as Paul leaned into me and his rock-hard cock parted my labia and slowly inched into me, making me whole. He roughly thrust his hips downward over and over until his thickness was completely inside me.

I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and my left leg over his hips and just clung to him as the walls of my pussy stretched to accommodate him. I pulled his face down to mine and kissed him with a frenzied hunger, chewing and sucking at his mouth with a desperate urgency.

Gasping, wild with lust, we ripped our mouths apart. I was being consumed by an erotic craving; an unbelievable hunger that made me feel more animal than human. And as Paul began to work his granite penis in and out of me in a clumsy, uncoordinated assault, I surrendered to my base instincts.

"Oh honey!" I exclaimed, completely lost in my lust, "It feels soooooooo good...sooooo hard!"

In the cramped quarters of my Subaru, it was difficult to do more than react to Paul's onslaught. I was pinned against the door and back seat, unable to move.

"Your pussy feels so good, M...Mom!" Paul cried as he sawed his cock in and out of me. "So wet...so tight...oh god!"

The car was filled with our crying moans of pleasure and unintelligible grunts as he fucked me. I could feel his balls

slapping heavily against my ass with each forward thrust of his hips. I could sense my orgasm approaching.

"H...Honey, I love the way you fuck me!" I managed to choke, encouraging him, "I love how you feel inside me!"

As he clumsily pushed himself in and out of me, Paul stared down at me through the darkness, his face shiny with perspiration, his eyes twisted with lust. "God Mom...I love fucking you!"

Having already come twice that evening, Paul had stamina. He was inexperienced and amateurish and clumsy and so unbelievably wonderful. Every time he pushed into my sloppy cunt his cock rubbed hard against my clit, pushing me closer to the brink.

It felt so incredible to finally be ravaged -- to be wanted. Paul's cock was taking me to places I'd only dreamed of. My body was on fire and I couldn't think clearly. I was focused solely

on my pussy and Paul's magnificent penis. My orgasm was imminent.

"I love you...ohhhh...my d...darling!" I cried, my vagina slurping and sucking at his cock, "I'm so c...close...don't stop...ughn...please don't s...stop!"

"Me too M...Mom...I'm going to come!" He groaned deeply, "I can't help it...I can't hold it b...back!"

I tried to reach down and grip his ass but couldn't reach. "Faster baby! Fuck me faster... harder...make me come!"

Paul picked up the pace with his hips and began slamming himself into me. The top of my head was pounding against the door handle and my heart felt like it was breaking. As my son fucked me I felt lecherous and depraved. I felt free. I felt alive.

"Mom I'm coming! I can't stop!" Paul yelled loudly as he began to lose motor control.

"Me, too ba..." I started. "OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH FFFFUCK!"

The force of my orgasm was incredible. It was as though a bomb exploded in my head. Fireworks crashed and burst inside me as every nerve ending in my body fired simultaneously and pure electricity blasted through me. I could feel my pussy contracting hard on Paul's dick.

Paul pushed himself into me one last time and froze.

"AAAAUUUUUUURRRGHHHHHHHHHHH!" He grunted loudly as his penis swelled slightly and his molten come erupted from his testicles and blasted deep into my belly. Over and over he jerked and shuddered over me as his thick semen flooded my vagina. As he came, my convulsing pussy clamped down on him hard.

Gradually, our mutual climaxes receded leaving a warm, mist that seemed to shimmer in the dim car. The windows were fogged and we were drenched with perspiration.

I reached up and pulled Paul's mouth down to mine and kissed him fiercely, thrusting my tongue deep into his mouth. He had made me complete. My entire body was singing with happiness and my mind was whirling with the knowledge that I was fucking my own son.

I could feel his cock softening inside me as we kissed. I pulled my mouth from Paul's and stared up at him with love and adoration.

"Oh sweetheart," I sobbed passionately, "You are so good...amazing. You make me feel like a woman for the first time in my life."

"M...Mom," He whimpered, "You've made me a man. I love you so much."

Paul rose up and his spent cock slipped from my sloppy vagina. I grimaced and clamped down with my vaginal muscles to keep our fluids from draining out of me.

"Quick, honey, get your tee shirt again or we're going to have a problem." I laughed.

He opened the door and jumped out. I giggled as I watched him hunt for the shirt, his pants around his knees, his tight little ass shining in the moonlight. I heard his triumphant shout and watched him clean his flaccid penis before handing the shirt to me.

"Oh my God!" I breathed as I stuffed the shirt in my crotch and relaxed, allowing our mingled fluids to pour out of me. Afterward, I held up the tee shirt and giggled when I realized that it was almost completely saturated with our come.



I sat up and tossed the shirt back outside and turned to Paul.

He took me in his arms and for several minutes we just held each other, kissing and caressing each other, giggling and whispering.

I blindly found his limp penis and grinned at him. "See, I told you that you were going to make some girl really happy." He laughed and between kisses said, "Mom, I only ever wanted to make one girl happy with it -- you."

I blushed and stared up at him with wide eyes.

He began kissing my eyes and nose and mouth. "So beautiful...sexy...adorable..."

I caught his lips with mine and for a long eternity I thanked him with my lips and tongue.

I was starting to get flushed and heated again and could tell Paul was too.

I peeled my mouth from his and pushed back.

"Darling, as much as I would love to stay out here all night, we really do have to get home." I was gasping for breath and struggling for composure. He was turned on and flushed but he nodded heavily and retreated.

"Oh, don't look so downhearted, honey." I giggled, "You'll have plenty of chances to get into my panties later, but we can't take the chance of your dad -- or anyone else for that matter -- catching us and if he wakes up and we're not home he's going to start to wonder."

"Alright, Mom, but I'm going to wear you out tomorrow..." He threatened with a twinkle in his eye.

"I'm already looking forward to it, honey." I responded, "But we'll see who wears out whom."

We quickly kissed one last time and scrambled to finish dressing. Paul slipped into the front and started to sit in the passenger seat.

"Honey, why don't you drive?" I suggested, smiling. My baby was my man.

As we drove up the highway towards home I curled up on the passenger seat and watched him drive. We chatted easily and normally, as if our relationship had not just undergone a radical change. I heaved a sigh of relief that one of my initial concerns had proven groundless.

It was just before 11 PM and the house was dark except for the porch light when Paul pulled the Subaru into the garage. He asked me to wait and jumped out of the car and found a shop rag. He quickly cleaned the back seat of any incriminating

evidence and cracked the windows to allow the car to air overnight before gallantly opening my door for me.

"Thank you, darling." I smiled as I took his arm and he walked me to the entrance to the house.

He reached for the doorknob and I stopped him.

"Aren't you going to kiss your date goodnight?" I whispered huskily.

Paul took me in his arms and as I lifted my mouth up to his I felt the butterflies fluttering in my belly. We kissed softly, delicately, our tongues twisting and writhing. For several long minutes we clung together and kissed passionately, giving and taking.

Simultaneously we broke our kiss and gazed into each other's eyes. I loved that I was falling in love again.

"You're a really nice date, sweetheart. You can take me out anytime." I grinned.

"It's too bad we can't really...uh...date." He laughed softly.

I nodded in agreement and added, "Well, that can't happen but there is something...exciting about a clandestine love affair."

We kissed once more and opened the door.

## Chapter 16 A New Love Grows

Reluctantly leaving my lover at his bedroom door, I slipped into my room. David was asleep. I considered his form lying on the bed, half-expecting to feel guilt or shame. I felt nothing but real sexual satisfaction for the first time in my life.

I certainly didn't hate my husband, by any stretch of the imagination. He just couldn't do for me what our son could. I

shuddered at the thought of having sex with David again. How bland and unfulfilling -- it would have been like having to go back to burger after a taste of fillet mignon.

I wasn't foolish enough to think that Paul and I could be anything but a summer fling. Paul would eventually find someone else from his own generation and he'd leave me behind. That was the way it was supposed to be.

But until he did, I was going to enjoy him as long as possible.

In my bathroom, I removed my clothing and laid them carefully on the hamper. I examined myself in the mirror and looked for the accusation I was sure I'd see. My eyes were clear and my face didn't look troubled.

My groin was a little sore but it was a wonderful feeling, and there was what looked to be a small hickey on my left breast. I peed, washed my hands and pulled on fresh briefs and my well-used nightgown.

I carefully slipped into bed and lay there thinking about what I had done. I had seduced my son. Or he seduced me. Whatever. I was neck deep in a sexual affair that most of proper society would frown on. I stifled a snigger when I wondered what my prudish mother would have thought.

David farted loudly and rolled over and resumed snoring.

A short while later I heard Paul's bedroom door close and the stairs creak beneath his weight. The front door opened and closed and his Bronco fired up and drove off. I vaguely recall wondering where he was going as I drifted off.

-

Sleep claimed me and, surprisingly, I didn't dream. I swam up from an inky blackness to a grayish light that entered my bedroom via the windows on the south side of the room. I sensed David was already gone. I blinked and rose up on one

elbow. It was gloomy and raining. The bedside clock read 6:45.

Then I remembered the night before and my heart was filled with warm sunshine and bright happiness. I jumped out of bed and paused as my thigh muscles protested. 'Hey! Take it easy, lady, we aren't used to the kind of workouts you put us through last night.'

I hurriedly slipped off my nightie and pulled on a pair of faded jeans and a flannel shirt -- sans bra -- and went to look for Paul.

My happy frame of mind crumbled when I found him sitting at the kitchen table with his father. My disappointment was akin to a punch in the stomach. All the wind went out of my sails. I wanted to cry. I wanted Paul all to myself.

I looked at Paul on the opposite side of the table from David. He smiled, said "Good morning, Mom." and winked at me.



David just mumbled his greeting through a mouthful of oatmeal and continued reading the paper.

My instant bad mood vanished. Paul knew something I didn't. I forced myself to keep my chin up and try to appear normal.

The phone rang as I was pouring my coffee. It was Bonnie for David.

I handed him the moss green Bakelite handset and sat down at the table and tried to smile with my eyes at my new lover. I knew everything would be alright when I felt his bare foot touch mine beneath the table.

I wasn't paying any attention to David's conversation but caught a piece when he blurted, "Bloody hell!"

David never used profanity.

"Are you sure?" I could see he was flustered. "Can you stall them?"

He looked nervous and was beet red. I could hear Bonnie's tinny voice but couldn't make out her words. And besides, my attention was being distracted by Paul's foot playing footsie with my own.

"I'll be there in ten, honey." David was actually sweating.

It wasn't until much later that I realized he had slipped and called Bonnie 'honey.' Paul's foot was making concentration difficult.

David hung up the phone and scrambled to find his keys and raced upstairs to grab his briefcase. The door to the garage slammed behind him. He didn't say goodbye.

I didn't care.

The garage door closed as David backed his car down the drive and into on-rushing traffic. Tires squealed on wet pavement and an irate voice verbally flipped him off. I never noticed as my tongue got reacquainted with Paul's.

Immediately, my blood was boiling and my heart was flopping around in my chest cavity. Paul's kiss was insistent but gentle as he leaned over the table. His lips clung to mine sensuously, deliciously.

My warm sunshine and bright happiness flooded back and filled me with joy as Paul peeled his full lips from mine and simply stared into my eyes.

"How are you feeling, Mom?" He whispered, his fingers lacing with mine. "Any reservations or misgivings about...us...last night?"

I almost laughed. I could imagine he saw the bright happiness leaking from my eyes and the uncontrollable smile that

spread across my face as I extricated my fingers from his, leaned forward and wrapped my arms around his neck.

"Let me be perfectly clear, my love. Last night was the most special, exciting and fulfilling night of my life and I can't wait to have you again. I've longed for my soul mate for so long and now that I've found him -- and I don't care that he happens to be my own son -- I'm never going to let him go. If I'm not already head over heels in love with you, darling, I don't have far to fall. My only regret is that we didn't find each other sooner...the wasted years when we could have been together...as a man and woman...as lovers. You're everything I've ever dreamed of or wanted in a lover and I'll go to my grave loving you."

I kissed him then, slowly and thoroughly. My tongue danced with his as I tried hard to convey with my mouth what he meant to me.

I noticed a tiny tear at the corner of Paul's eyes when again we peeled our mouths apart and we just stared into the others soul.

"I've loved you as long as I understood what that meant, Mom. You have been my muse...my happy place...the only really good thing in my life for my whole life. I wish, also, that I could have found the courage to show you what I was feeling long ago...to show you my notebook."

"So what do we do now?" I kissed his chin. "Do I divorce your father? Do we run away to where nobody knows us? I can't go on without you now that I've found you. What we are is so dangerous, darling. That is the only thing that is confusing me; what do we do now?"

Paul smiled softly and rose to his feet and, taking my hand, he reassured me as only he could, "I promise you, lover, everything will be just fine. Just keep loving me and I promise you everything will turn out alright."

He gently pulled me to my feet and led me by the hand from the kitchen to my bedroom.

"I traded shifts with Stephanie so I could spend the day with you." Paul explained as he casually divested himself of his tee shirt and gym shorts and underwear.

My breath caught in my throat in admiration. He was perfect -- lean and hard with muscles on muscles. His broad, hairless chest fairly rippled with each movement. His areoles were oval shaped. His skin was flawless, save for two identical moles just above his navel. No acne for Nellie Slaten's not so little boy.

He almost seemed to glow in the gray morning light.

My eyes locked on Paul's semi-erect penis. Canted slightly to his left, it hung heavy and long, extending from his groin like a python. I froze, my jeans around my knees as I watched it rise in jerks and starts, growing and stiffening. By the time my

red and grey flannel shirt joined my pants in a heap at my feet, Paul was fully erect and actually seemed to be pulsing.

I hurriedly pushed my panties down my legs.

Paul just gaped for a long moment.

"So, do I look like Gail Stanton?" I smirked at him.

"Huh?" Paul muttered, his eyes glued to my crotch.

"Do you think I look like Gail Stanton?" I wrinkled my nose at him and struck a pose I thought approximated seduction.

"Who...what?" Paul raised his eyes to mine.

"Gail Stanton. The Playboy Playmate. I overheard you talking with Norman and Andrew some time ago. Andrew said I looked like Gail. What do you think?"

Paul stuttered and stammered and blushed, but then pulled himself together. "No, Mom. You look sort of similar from the neck up, but the resemblance stops there. You are so much hotter!"

I smiled happily and stepped towards him but stopped when he held up his hand. "Let me show you something." He raced from my room, leaving me standing naked and feeling a bit foolish.

In a minute or so, he was back. He clutched a magazine in his hands. He handed it to me. I couldn't help notice the magazine shook as he extended it to me.

It was a copy of Playboy from April of that year. A buxom brunette was poised on the front cover, feigning taking off what looked to be a white camisole. The bottom quarter of her pendulous boobs were exposed and she had on a pair of french-cut panties and matching leggings. She was certainly attractive, but looked nothing like me.



"Not the cover, Mom." Paul breathed, "Look at the centerfold."

I turned the periodical sideways and flipped open the book to approximately the center and held it open and let the folded insert float open. I was staring at a beautiful young woman who turned out to be someone named Christina Ferguson. She was stunningly beautiful, posed on what looked to be a set of steps leading down to a beach.

I didn't see any resemblance between the Playmate and me.

"Look at her body, Mom. Not her face or hair." Paul whispered, moving beside me, his hand slipping deliciously around my waist. "She has your body."

He was sort of right. I was softer and obviously older, but Ms. Ferguson's body was almost a perfect mirror of my own -- when I was in college. Her breasts were a perfect 'C' cup, symmetrical and sitting high up on her chest. Her skin

seemed unblemished, tawny and smooth. My pubic hair was much darker than Christina's, and maybe just a bit thicker. My waist was certainly as slim and trim as hers.

It was almost as if somebody took Christina's head and superimposed it on a photo of my body when I was in high school or college.

I shrugged my shoulders. "She looks hot, but I haven't looked that good in many, many years, honey."

Paul laughed, took the magazine from my hands, folded the centerfold into the periodical and tossed it aside and then spun me around to face him. I was acutely aware of his magnificent erection grazing across my belly.

"Mom, you sell yourself short." He dipped his head and lightly kissed my lips. "Given that she is probably 20 or 25 years younger than you, I'd say you compare very favorably." Paul grinned and raised his hands to cradle my boobs in his hands and added, "These look as good as hers, anyway."

I swooned at his touch. His fingers gently pressed my flesh, kneading gently and expertly. I felt myself shudder when my erect nipples scraped across his palms.

My hands slipped around Paul's waist and pulled him into me, his rigid penis pressing deliciously into my soft belly. As his hands abandoned my boobs and his arms slid around me, I trailed my hands up his back and raised my mouth to his. Paul kissed me long and sweetly, his tongue lightly sparring with my own, and as we kissed, he swept me into his arms and carried me to my marital bed.

Strong and sure, Paul eased me onto my back in the center of the bed, his mouth never wavering from mine. That I was lying on the bed David and I shared, stark naked with our equally stark naked son never crossed my mind.

I clung to him as if my life depended on him, my arms wrapped tightly around his shoulders, my heart beating in time with his.

He rolled onto me without breaking our kiss. I felt my body tremble as his rigid length pressed into my crotch, my labia parting as his penis' length pressed into me. Paul raised his hips; his mouth still fused with mine and repositioned himself at my portal. I moaned into his mouth as he sank into me.

My center was so ready for him and I was so wet he slid into me without exertion. Our mouths parted as he invaded my body. His penetration seemed endless and effortless. I was wide open for him and as he slid into me I rejoiced in the sheer carnal happiness I only had recently discovered.

For a long moment we were still, his cock buried inside my cunt, our eyes locked.

And then we were moving together.

Paul pushed up with his hips and withdrew almost completely from my sucking canal. He paused a moment and then slid

himself back home. We both gasped with pleasure as he sank himself into me. I was so totally enthralled by his penis in my vagina I wasn't able to think. He found a slow, rhythmic tempo that served to drive me temporarily insane.

Slowly and smoothly Paul gently slid himself in and out of me, his thickness spearing me, my flesh grasping and sucking at him. I clawed at his shoulders. I bit his neck hard as he rocked and rolled over me. All I could focus on was my son's cock sliding in and out of my pussy.

We were both drenched minutes after we began our coupling. Wet, slapping sounds filled my bedroom as our bodies came together again and again. A bead of perspiration dripped from Paul's chin and landed on my lip. I hungrily lapped it up with my tongue.

Nothing existed save Paul and I.

The universe ceased to be as we made love. The only thing that mattered was the penis that invaded my vagina and

spread me so well. My entire being was centered on my sex and his. I always knew sex could -- and should -- be enjoyable, two bodies giving and taking, but I had no clue how enjoyable it could really be.

David was worthless as a lover. His son was a maestro. A virtuoso. Paul was everything his father was not and as he smoothly stroked himself into his mother, his mother realized that her son was just like her.

My body arched beneath my son, my hips rising up to take him with every thrust. Over and over our wet flesh slapped together, our hands clutching and clinging. I relished the sensation of my tits pressed against his chest. I bit his shoulders and neck repeatedly as we coupled.

And then he was coming.

Paul pushed up on his arms and howled long and loud as his load boiled up from his testicles. He slammed himself home and arched his back as his penis swelled and he unloaded

himself into my ravenous pussy. Over and over he shuddered as stream after stream of his hot semen flooded my womb. I reveled in the sensation of his come filling me and waited for my own orgasm that didn't arrive.

I was close. My appendages were tingling. A raging maelstrom burned in my core as Paul pumped himself into me, but I didn't come.

I wasn't at all disappointed. Paul's orgasm was good enough for me. His pleasure was all I cared about. Not achieving orgasm with my beloved son was more enthralling and exciting than any sexual experience I had ever had with his pathetic father.

Sated, Paul slowly collapsed onto my body. He was weak and winded. His penis was rapidly shrinking inside me. I had only once experienced orgasm via vaginal intercourse, prior to my son, so I wasn't too concerned about it. And the one time David made me come, it was Paul who was in my head.

Paul seemed to know I hadn't achieved orgasm. He raised his head and looked into my eyes. He then pushed himself off of me, his limp appendage slipping from my vagina deliciously and sank down onto the bed next to me.

He whispered, "I'm sorry, Mom."

His right hand settled on my damp belly just above my sex and then slid down to cover my pussy. His thumb located my swollen clitoris and his forefinger slid between my slick labia. I reached out and pulled his face to mine as his fingers carried me closer to Nirvana. What his penis hadn't done, his fingers did.

Paul stroked me and rubbed me and loved me until my body exploded. His tongue in my mouth was as deft as his fingers at my crotch and in just a few minutes I was crying and sobbing with orgasmic release.

Paul rose up on his elbow and watched as I writhed and contorted on the bed. Lights burst in my head as I came.



Involuntarily, my legs clenched on Paul's fingers. I shuddered and shook and cried out happily as my orgasm ran its course.

"Oh my dear Lord," I wheezed as my climax faded deliciously into the morning air. "You make me c...come so hard, honey."

He grinned broadly. "You look so beautiful in your orgasm, Mom. You look like I feel when I come."

He extracted his fingers from my cauldron and licked them clean. It felt so good to be free and easy with my lover. Uninhibited and casual. As my body continued quivering softly, Paul gathered me in his arms and snuggled next to me.

For an hour or maybe two we just lay in the center of my bed, talking low and letting feelings show. I was smitten. We giggled and laughed as young lovers do and the minutes ticked by. And Paul rejuvenated.

Gradually, our kisses became more heated, our eyes more glazed with lust, and our blood began boiling. My heart near burst when Paul laced his fingers in mine and whispered, "You're my girl, Mom."

I pressed myself to him and let him know he was my man. I slipped my left hand down and lightly clasped his semi-hard penis. Paul moaned as I squeezed him softly, stroking and pulling at him as our tongues dueled vigorously, our lips fused. His hand lightly manipulated my titflesh as we kissed.

The fire in my belly spread to the point I wasn't able to think rationally. Paul's hard cock was all I could think about.

He pushed me onto my back and prepared to mount me missionary. I stopped him with a trembling hand on his chest.

"Honey," I whispered huskily, "Can you p...please do me from behind...doggy style? I've wanted to try it for so long but your dad wouldn't hear of it."

Paul only grunted and sluggishly rose up on his knees as he waited for me to push up onto my hands and knees. He clumsily crawled between my legs and I moaned softly as I felt his hands on my ass as he moved into position. I almost came when I felt his heavy penis resting in the valley of my butt cheeks.

I winced inwardly when his hand reached beneath me to finger my crotch. My very core shuddered as his digits slowly probed my center. My labia were swollen and slick and I couldn't help squealing as his first two fingers pushed deep into me.

I braced myself when I felt Paul's fingers withdraw and felt him rubbing his helmet back and forth against my vagina, lubricating himself.

"You're so fucking hot, Nellie. Your ass is so perfect...so sexy..." His vocalized appreciation for the shape of my butt didn't seem at all strange. What was strange was hearing my name

from his lips. To my knowledge it was the first time he ever called me by name.

I looked at him over my shoulder and smiled shakily at him poised to mount me, "Thank you, darling. I'm so glad you think so."

I cried out softly as Paul placed himself at my entrance and gently leaned forward, his glans spreading my petals and sinking into me. It was exquisite. Paul's penetration was delicious and not at all painful. I felt stuffed before he was halfway inside me. I closed my eyes and tried to relax my vaginal muscles as he sank deeper inside me.

With one last gentle push he was completely inside me. I felt my butt flatten against his lower abs. I felt him subtly wriggle his hips trying to push himself further inside me.

For many long moments we were immobile, our bodies as one. Paul's hands lightly stroked my back and ass causing delightful shivers to race up and down my spine. I moaned

each time he reached beneath me to gently squeeze my quivering tits.

And then I felt his strong hands grip me at the hips.

I cried out again as he slowly withdrew from my sucking pussy and paused for what seemed an eternity with just his knob inside me. And then he slid himself back home with a grunt.

"Oooooohhhhhh..." I sobbed as he began fucking me with a long, slow tempo. His measured stroke was smooth and easy. After only four times, Paul was fucking like a seasoned professional.

"God, Mom..." He groaned as he plumbed my depths, "I always knew I'd l...love your pussy but I had no idea you'd be so tight...so hot..."

"Baby, I love your...oh...cock in me...it feels so good...so g...good..." I whimpered. "You're so much longer and fatter than your f...father..."

"I love hearing you say that, M...Mom." He said proudly, thrusting himself into me.

"Ughn...Baby, you are so much m...more than your father will...oh...ever be. You fuck me so good...so nice...don't stop baby, please don't stop. Fuck m...me harder, baby, f...faster. Oh Jesus! You're such a g...good m...motherfucker...don't stop...your cock...ughn...f...fuck your mommy...fuck me baby...fuck me harder...f...faster...I love your huge c...cock baby...don't stop...make me come...your m...mommy loves you so much..."

He tightened his grip on my waist and acquiesced to my request. Faster and harder is what he gave me. My crying, sobbing, moans grew louder as Paul began driving himself into me forcefully, his penis stabbing and spearing me. The bed began swaying back and forth, the brass headboard

slamming against the wall. The bedsprings squeaked and squealed in protest. I could feel his heavy ball sac literally slapping against me with every forward thrust.

I had fantasized about being fucked from behind so many times I thought I had a good understanding what it would be like. My fantasies weren't even close. It was so unbelievably exciting my entire being was being consumed by an inferno of raging desire. I felt my body surge even harder when Paul reached down with his right hand and began squeezing and pulling at my tit.

I was in Heaven. My body was singing with a carnal joy I'd never experienced but always longed for. I felt myself separate from my body and float above my bed and for a luscious eternity I watched a muscular young man servicing a nice looking but still middle-aged woman with determination and deep desire. I watched the woman's mouth hanging open and drool dripping onto the comforter beneath her. I heard the keening whine emanating from her throat and the guttural grunts that emphasized the young man's thrusting hips,

I reluctantly sank back into myself as my orgasm snuck up on me. It went off like a stick of dynamite. Every nerve ending in my body sang hosannas to the heavens as my body was wracked with purest pleasure. It radiated out from my center like waves washing over and through me.

I yelled loudly and unintelligibly. "Fffffuck! Dear Chrissst! Fffffffffffffffuck. Paullllllllllll! Oooooohhhhhh yessssss...I fucking love you soooo fucking m...much..."

My arms were wobbly but I managed to stay propped up as my orgasm flooded my senses and my son continued stroking himself in and out of my convulsing cunt.

The last wave washed over me and as I struggled to put myself back together, Paul slammed himself as deeply inside me as he could and began jerking. I felt his penis swell slightly and lurch as Paul's orgasm began. It was wonderful to feel his warm semen spurting into me, flooding me, and knowing that I was the reason for his joy.



He just howled with happiness as he held me impaled on his steely erection and gave me his semen.

With one final shudder, Paul slumped over me, panting and whispering his love for me.

For many minutes we just stayed in that position, unable and unwilling to move. I cherished the sensation of Paul's penis softening in my pussy and our mingled juices leaking from around his girth and oozing down my legs. I felt wrapped in a warm blanket, safe and secure and loved.

Then he withdrew, his sex-slicked penis sliding out of my channel. I clenched my groin and sank down onto the bed, completely sated. Paul flopped down next to me, spent.

I managed to turn my face to his and whispered, "Please don't call me 'Nellie' any more, sweetheart. I feel like I lose something important when you don't call me 'Mom.'"

## Chapter 17 Paul Takes Charge

The rain outside had intensified and was pouring down hard as my son and I regained our energy. We cuddled together, our arms and limbs tangled, our hearts beating as one. We kissed often and fiercely. We confessed our heart's truths with our lips and our tongues and our hands.

Hungry chased us from the bedroom to the kitchen just before noon. We did put on clothes, despite Paul's protestation. I wasn't about to be traipsing around my house nude with my equally nude son and have an acquaintance drop by or, worse, David. But we never could stop touching each other, or hugging, or kissing.

Screw the neighbors.

I felt 30 years younger. The way Paul looked at me made me feel positively giddy; it was like I was back in college. The

butterflies in my stomach never went away. It was fresh and invigorating. He made me feel alive and desirable.

I was head over heels in love with my own son. How bizarre.

I whipped up a light lunch and we ate with gusto, talking as though nothing had changed. In reality, everything had changed with the exception that Paul loved me and I loved him. Completely.

-

We took a quick shower that forever altered the way I would view personal hygiene -- we could never stop touching each other. It was like bathing with a very big and very sexy bath toy. By the time we were finished drying each other off my sex was humid and crying out for him and his phallus was semi erect and growing.

Paul gallantly scooped me into his arms and carried me to my marital bed and gently laid me in the center on my back atop the comforter. I watched him with ill-concealed hunger as he walked around and opened the curtains on all three windows to let in as much grayish light that the cloud cover would allow.

Finished, he walked to the foot of the bed and for many long minutes he just looked down at me where I lay spread eagle waiting for him. The look in his eye caused an illicit shiver to course through my extremities. I felt like a sexy woman under his gaze. And, oh my dear Lord did it feel good to be so desired.

"You are the hottest, sexiest creature on the planet." He breathed quietly, his penis fully erect and ready.

"Thank you, my darling." I smiled up at him as he crawled up onto the end of the bed, "But I disagree. I'm looking at the hottest, sexiest creature on the planet."

As far as I was concerned, Paul was exactly that. Tall and strong, he was a picture of youth and vitality with broad shoulders, muscular arms and legs, narrow hips, and clearly defined abs. His face was gorgeous to look at and the light that shown from his eyes held nothing but love for me.

And the prodigious erection that rose from his groin announced what he thought of me and caused me to shudder in delicious anticipation of his mounting me. Paul had other ideas.

I started to spread my legs to open myself up for him and extended my arms in invitation but he reached down to take my left ankle in his hand and lifted my leg up and lowered his face to kiss the inside of my calf. I seized hard as he began trailing his mouth up my leg kissing my flesh with heated, open mouth kisses that seared my very center. By the time he had progressed to my thigh above the knee I knew what was coming and tried to brace myself.

My fantasy life frequently involved cunnilingus but my day dreams about having my pussy eaten were nothing in comparison of having it done in real life. Paul's burning lips loving caressed the sensitive skin on my inner thigh and drew closer and closer to my womanhood. I was positively drooling by the time I felt his warm breath brush through my pubic hair and I was seizing and shuddering uncontrollably.

Paul looped his strong arms around my legs near my hips and tightened his grip as he extended his tongue and dragged it through my thatch of hair and delicately traced my labia lips.

He was remarkably prescient because when I felt his tongue on my sex for the first time I nearly rose completely off the bed at his touch and cried out loudly. I reached down with both hands and gripped his hair and violently pushed his face into my cunt. And then he went to work.

He split my petals with his tongue and thrust it as deeply as he was able into my vagina and began licking and sucking at my sugar walls while I was transformed into a demented, wild

crazy lady who screamed and wept and begged him not to stop.

He had no intention of stopping. Paul, like me, had absolutely no real experience in performing oral sex, but he was enthusiastic and energetic and seemed to love mouthing my pussy. I have no idea if he performed it correctly, but to me it didn't matter. What mattered was that he used his teeth and lips and tongue to drive me wild.

"Oh f...fuck...oh Christ...ughn...don't stop...so g...good, baby... so good...I love you, baby...oh...Jesus baby you're so good..." I cried and bucked my crotch up into his face and shook and shuddered on my back as he ate me.

My head was lolling back and forth on my pillow and I could feel my building explosion drawing closer. And when he found my swollen clitoris and began gently nibbling at it and lashing it with his tongue I lost control and came hard.

Every nerve in my body stood up and began singing hosannas as pure energy blasted through me in a maelstrom of lights and sound and fury. I clamped my legs together on Paul's head -- his death grip on my legs wasn't strong enough and if he had been less of a man I might have popped his head off his neck.

The screams that filled the room sounded like they came from someone else. They echoed in my head and blotted out my ability to think as my orgasm rolled on and on.

I floated through time and space on golden clouds of bliss as my baby continued lapping up my free flowing honey. I felt like I was being cradled in warm gossamer as lights burst in my head.

I don't know how long I floated. Time didn't matter. Nothing mattered. When I felt myself settling back into my body I opened my eyes and found Paul had extricated himself from between my legs and had crawled up to kneel over me on his hands and knees.



"Wow, Mom, you sure look like you enjoyed it." He grinned down at me. His cheeks were wet with my fluids and a stray pubic hair was pasted to his upper lip.

"*Oh* my dear, merciful heavens, baby, it was so much better than I ever dreamed it would be." I panted softly, lifting my mouth to kiss his chin. "You're going to have to do that to me again."

"I'm pretty sure that can be arranged." He nodded. "You taste delicious."

I still shivered delightfully from the force of my release but when Paul reached down to guide his erection to my portal I shook my head and pushed up on his chest.

"Uh uh. I want to be on top this time. I want to be in control."

Paul sluggishly rolled off me to my right and lay down on David's side of the bed and waited for me. "Whatever you want, Mom."

I managed to navigate onto my side and with my arms and legs still shaking I sort of oozed up onto him. His arms immediately circled my waist and held me tight as our mouths came together in a deep, illicit kiss. It was as though we were trying to consume each other. I would have swallowed him whole if that had been possible. I wanted to absorb him into my being; to become one with him.

I was single-minded but yet at the same time I was aware of every touch, every nuance. I could feel his fingertips lightly brushing my back and asscheeks. I could feel my breasts mashed against his muscular chest. I could feel his heart beating in time with my own and I, most of all, could feel his rigid cock pressing into the softness of my belly. Christ, it felt like it was chiseled from warm granite.

I pulled my mouth from his and lifted my face to look into his eyes. "I'm in love with you, darling."

He smiled broadly and nodded. "I know. I can see it in your eyes. I'm in love with you, too. I have been for years."

"So what do we do now?" I repeated my questions from earlier that morning. "Do I divorce your dad and move away from here? How can we be together for always? This is so dangerous...so many people know us...if we get caught...I can't imagine living without you now...I can't imagine not being able to fuck you..."

Paul raised his right hand to caress the side of my face with his forefinger and winked up at me and again he reassured me. "Don't worry, Mom. It'll all work out. Trust me."

He seemed so confident, so sure of himself. He shared none of my irrational fears and he helped ease mine. I pushed up onto my hands and knees and inched up until my tits dangled directly over his face. I cupped the side of my right globe with

my hand and guided my rubbery nipple to his waiting mouth. His lips immediately clamped around it and began sucking.

It was exquisite nursing my son again. The sensation of his tongue coiling around my nipple filled me with such warmth and fulfillment. My nipples were ultra sensitive and I was soon shivering with carnal joy. Paul abandoned the teat he was suckling on and my very real disappointment was immediately erased as his mouth gravitated to my left boob and resumed sucking at me. I lowered my right hand to the bed and braced my arms on either side of his head as he reached up to take my titflesh in both hands.

David had never viewed my breasts as anything more than a source of sustenance for our children. He had no interest in touching them and certainly had no desire to suck on them. To Paul's father, my breasts were purely practical, not designed to be used for hedonistic pleasure. Paul didn't share his father's viewpoint.

I think he would have been content to lay there the rest of his life alternating from breast to breast, suckling and licking and mouthing them until I was ready to explode. He squeezed them gently as he made love to my chest with his mouth. My son was doing things to me that I always knew I would adore but eventually, I had to stop him; he had sucked on my nipples so long they had begun to get sore.

I pushed up with a groan and extracted my nub from his greedy mouth with a loud popping sound. His evident displeasure was replaced with happiness as I pushed up on my legs and reached down to grip his erection and raise it up to my dripping pussy. I leaned back and down and we both whimpered as his helmet parted my delicate tissues and slid into me.

My vagina was so wet and slick his penetration was effortless. It was like he was made especially for me. I closed my eyes, arched my back and let my weight settle onto him and allow his magnificent cock to slide up into me. With a gentle little bump and grind of my hips, he was completely inside of me.

I opened my eyes to see him staring up at me in abject wonder. "Mom..."

"Oh honey..." I whispered huskily. "It feels so good...so nice."

He lifted his hands and we laced our fingers together and for the longest time we stayed in that position with his penis buried inside me.

"Who does your pussy belong to?" He asked.

I could feel his pulse through his cock. "Only you, darling."

"Who do your tits belong to?"

"Only you."

"Who's cock do you love?"

"Only yours" I sobbed.

"Who's come do you crave."

"Only yours."

"Oh God, Mom, I can't believe how amazing your pussy feels. I never dreamed it would feel so good. So hot and wet..."

"Your c...cock is what feels amazing in my pussy, honey. It is so b...big and hard. It fills me so good..."

"I don't want you to let Dad touch you ever again." Paul's eyes blazed with intensity.

"If I have anything to say about it, he won't. He has never satisfied me. Ever. No man but you will ever touch me again, m...my love! I promise you that!"

"I can't imagine how unbelievably fucking stupid he is!" Paul was practically yelling, "He has the hottest woman on the planet and he leaves her hanging on the vine. What a fucking moron!"

"Well, sweetheart," I grinned down at him and pointedly flexed my vaginal muscles on his dick. "If he hadn't neglected me in bed you and I probably aren't happening s...so maybe you should...ooohhhhh...thank him."

He laughed and nodded in agreement. "I guess you're right, Mom. I just can't understand anybody not wanting to fuck you all day and all night long if they had the opportunity. Hell, I can't even imagine having sex with any other woman after you."

"Darling, after I found your notebook and read some of the things you wrote I couldn't imagine wanting anybody else. The love shows in every word and your sexual appetite is very much like mine. I want to do everything with you. I want to try new things and explore everything a man and a woman



can do together. I want to be able to let myself go with you. And the fact that you're my own flesh and blood somehow makes it hotter."

"I know what you mean." He nodded vigorously, "The first time I fantasized about fucking you I got so excited I thought I was going crazy. Maybe I did go insane because after the first time I could never bring myself to fantasize about any other girl. As far as I'm concerned, Mom, you're the only woman for me."

I braced my arms against his and rose up on my knees allowing his erection to slide deliciously almost completely from my cunt. I paused at the apex and smiled down at him evilly. "You're it for me, too. I never want you to stop fucking me. You've made me feel like a real woman for the first time in my life."

I slammed myself back down on him and we both grunted as my pussy engulfed him.

"Mom..." He cried out as I began rocking up and down on him, using my pussy to drive him crazy. I went along for the ride.

I felt powerful and alive as I rode him, in complete control. Sliding in and out of me he felt incredible as I gave myself to him. His face was twisted with lust and love as I used him for my own selfish pleasure. The words that poured out of his mouth were as nasty and pornographic as those that poured out of mine.

"Fuck me, Mom. Your p...pussy...oh God...I want t...to die in your pussy...Oh God it feels so g...good."

"Your cock...you're so w...wonderful...oh... ..I wish you c...could...ughn...could get me pregnant...come for me, baby. Come for me...give me all your wonderful come. I want you to m...marry me, baby. I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I can't imagine w...wanting anyone m...more. Don't ever leave me, my love...ughn...I will spend the r...rest of my life making you see nobody will ever be better for you..."

"Oh Mom!" He whimpered as I rode him, "I want t...to marry you, too...I love you m...more than life itself...you're so b...beautiful...sexy...your pussy...oh f...fuck...fuck me, Mom...don't stop...I love w...watching...oh...you fuck me...I'm so close...nobody could ever be better for me, Mom...nobody..."

The noise we made was a rising crescendo. The bed was creaking and squealing, the headboard was slamming loudly against the wall and the wet splattering of our conjoined bodies echoed loudly in the close confines of my room.

The smell of sex permeated the air and our cries of love and lust and pure animal pleasure. I was close to orgasm. I could feel it building as I slid up and down on his steely erection but Paul came first.

I felt him jerk as I pushed up and he cried out and I felt his first spurt of semen shoot into me with just his knob inside me. I hurriedly slid him back home and froze as he seized over and over and his warm syrup pumped deep into my

belly. I collapsed my upper body onto him and just reveled in the feeling of him giving me his gift of love.

It felt like he would never stop coming. Paul gripped my ass with both hands and tried to push himself deeper inside me as he came. It was his ejaculating inside me that was the catalyst for my own orgasm and as his petered off, mine was just beginning. As his penis twitched inside me one last time, I felt myself falling over the cliff.

I cried out and bit his shoulder as I fell apart in his arms. It felt like a bomb was detonated in my belly. I tasted blood and smelled smoke as pure electricity raced through me in waves. I shook and convulsed on top of him and I could feel my vagina contracting on Paul's cock as I came.

We lay together as one for what seemed forever. Time lost all meaning as we clung together, rejoicing in our union. We were a hot, wet mess as we clung together, our bodies singing a joyful duet of love and lust.

The pleasures of being a woman had been hidden from me for so long and that it took my son to show me those pleasures wasn't lost on me. I didn't care about incest. I didn't care if what we were was illegal or immoral. The only thing that mattered to me was that he wanted me, I wanted him, and ne'er the twain shall meet, as they say, and as Paul's softening dick slithered delightfully from my opening and our mutual discharge began leaking from me, I knew that what we were wasn't wrong.

God and the law and most of proper society might have frowned on what we were, but I knew as my orgasm faded into the ether that the passion that had been a part of my life for so long couldn't be wrong. So long as we were adults and nobody was forced into anything they didn't want, how could it be wrong? How long Paul and I lasted together was a question Paul and I would answer together, but I knew as our mingled fluids leaked from my vagina and his fingertips caressed my damp skin, we weren't wrong. Nothing was going to change that, so far as I was concerned.

Drained by the emotional and physical rollercoaster we had been riding that morning, as the last vestige of my climax faded, I rolled off him and snuggled into the crook of his arm and fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

Together we slept the sleep of the innocent. It was late afternoon when my eyelids fluttered open. Paul was propped up on an elbow looking down at me.

"Hi." I smiled sleepily.

"Hi yourself." He returned the smile.

"What are you doing?" I blinked away the cobwebs in my head.

"Just watching you sleep." He kissed my nose. "You look like an angel when you sleep."

"Thank you, I guess." I wrinkled my nose at him. "But I don't feel like an angel. My mouth tastes like a cat pooped in it, I gotta pee, and I'm starving."

He laughed at my indelicate language and nodded. "I'm famished, too. I can whip us up a quick dinner."

-

A few minutes later we were seated at the table downing simple grilled ham, cheese and tomato sandwiches and a thick tomato bisque. We couldn't stop looking at each other and frequently held hands. I felt like a school girl just learning the mysteries of the heart and full of the hopes and promises that lay ahead.

Paul finished the last of his sandwich and soup and pushed his dishes away and leaned towards me, taking my hand in his.

"Mom, I don't know if you heard Dad on the phone this morning, but don't you find it odd he called Mrs. Hardt 'honey.'"

I idly laced my fingers with Paul's and tried to recall. I nodded, my brow wrinkling. "He did say that, didn't he?"

Paul let me work it out on my own. "You don't think..."

Paul and Bonnie had been lifelong friends, attending school together from kindergarten through high school. They had been sweethearts as teenagers and everyone assumed they'd marry. But when Paul went off to seminary school, though, Bonnie met and married Eric Hardt. Eric had passed away from lung cancer five years before.

In nearly 24 years of marriage, Paul had never given me any indication that Bonnie was anything but a good friend. He wouldn't, I mused. Or would he?



Then I remembered the little cedar box on David's desk and the letters.

I pushed up from the table and gestured for Paul to follow me. I held his hand as we walked up the stairs to the small room at the end of the hallway.

I wondered at the wisdom of invading David's privacy, but then shrugged indifferently and entered his study.

The reddish box was in the same place. I picked it up and dropped it on the floor. It took dropping the box two times before the small lock popped open and the letters spilled out. Paul scooped them up and handed them to me. By my quick count there were around 30 of them, all addressed 'David' in the same female script.

I could smell a faint lavender scent and I knew, even before I opened the first one, what they were. Love letters.

Given the date of the first letter, David had been having an affair for over three years with Bonnie Hardt, my closest friend in Riverton and one of David's sheep.

I wasn't able to discern from the letters whether or not their relationship was sexual, but it was pretty clear that she wanted it to be. The date of the most recent letter was May 13th -- only a month before.

Strangely, I wasn't upset. In fact, I snickered. They were both nearly sixty. How sexual could they be?

While it was a betrayal of trust, it would have been hypocritical to be upset with David's indiscretion, given that I was involved in a torrid sexual affair with our son.

Each letter was essentially the same. Bonnie telling David in so many words that she deeply regretted her mistake in letting David go and that she wished she could turn back the hands of time. Blah, blah, blah.

I would have loved to have seen David's replies.

"I'm so sorry, Mom." Paul said sincerely, patting my shoulder.

I looked up into his eyes and smiled softly, "Don't be, darling. This just makes my life and choices a whole lot easier."

He gazed intently at me and slowly a broad smile spread across his face. His eyes lit up as he digested my reaction to his father's cheating and the meaning of my words. He swept me into his arms in an animated bear hug and kissed me long and sweetly.

My fingers opened and as Paul's tongue danced with mine David's letters fluttered to the floor like so many autumn leaves. I clung to Paul, my heart pounding and thrilled when I felt his penis growing in his shorts.

It was somewhat surprising how easily I cast away 24 years of a relationship, but in a little less than a week, Paul had given me more passion and love than his father ever had. I knew he worshipped me the way I always wanted to be worshipped by my husband. Right or wrong, my son made me whole. He completed me.

As our lips clung together deliciously, I slipped my hand between our bodies and lightly gripped his erection and gently squeezed. I giggled into his mouth when he grunted and his arms tightened around me like bands of steel.

I peeled my lips from his and leaned back in the circle of his arms, still lightly clutching his penis through his gym shorts. "You've been a very good boy, honey."

It took a moment for his light to come on but when it did it burned bright and his penis grew even harder, if that were possible.

"Mom!" He stammered, color rising on his cheeks. "I've been really, really good. Especially good!"

I nodded in agreement and slipped both my hands to his hips and slipped my thumbs beneath the elastic of his shorts and boxers and pushed them down his legs in one smooth motion. As his togs fell around his ankles, Paul's arms released me and I slowly sank to my knees on the small throw rug in David's study.

I was face to face with a magnificent specimen of manhood. It was beautiful and angry looking. I reached up with one hand and traced my forefinger the length of his urethra. Paul shuddered as my fingers delicately wrapped around him near his tip and slowly pulled him downward. I winked up at Paul and smiled seductively and turned back to the object of fascination in my hand. He felt like a warm iron bar covered in velvet.

Paul's erection was at least eight inches long and quite thick. Thick veins looped his appendage. He was too big around for

my fingers to touch my thumb. It wasn't even close. His blood engorged helmet was mere inches from my eyes as I examined him. I was mesmerized by the large slit at the end of his cock.

I had no experience with fellatio. The depth of my knowledge was derived entirely from my small library of blue novels, and they weren't explicit in the details. I imagined, though, that I just needed to take him in my mouth and suck. So I did.

I licked my lips, leaned towards Paul and nervously brought my lips to his hardness. He whimpered as I pressed forward and simultaneously parted my lips allowing him in. For a long moment I just mouthed his bulbous knob, sucking at it like it was an ice cream cone or a lollipop. I closed my eyes and extended my tongue and explored his glans. He was smooth and warm and my head was spinning as I mouthed him.

Paul let me have control. He just stood there on trembling pins as his mother inexpertly sucked more and more of his cock into her mouth. He was too fat for me to take more than

three or four inches and my jaw was open as wide as I could get it. When I tried taking more of him in, I gagged and briefly pulled him almost all the way out.

I could taste and smell our dried come from that morning still on his flesh. It made the experience even headier. I tightened my lips around his girth and slipped my hands up behind him to grip his tight little ass and began slowly bobbing my head back and forth on his cock. I thought I was losing my mind as I created a vacuum with my mouth and lashed at him with my tongue.

"Oh my God, Mom!" Paul hollered from somewhere above me, "It looks so fucking hot t...to see my dick slide in and out of your m...mouth."

I only increased my pace.

My fantasies about giving head were nothing close to the real thing. I felt powerful. I felt in control. My jaw immediately began to hurt but I wasn't about to stop blowing him.

I pulled him from my mouth and, pointing him upwards, rained kisses up one side and down the other. I nibbled and sucked and mouthed him, my lips clinging, my tongue stroking. Paul was sobbing loudly, his hands resting on the top of my head to keep steady.

Dipping my face, I kissed his furry ball sac before parting my lips and sucking a large testicle into my mouth. Paul screamed, his fingers clenched my hair. I rolled my tongue over and around his nut for a minute or so, and then switched to its twin. By the time I extracted his balls from my mouth and turned my attention back to his rigid cock a steady stream of pre-come was oozing from his slit. I opened my mouth and let it drip onto my tongue before engulfing it again.

---

I felt lecherous and hedonistic as I gobbled his penis. My pussy was drenched and my body was on fire. Nothing mattered save the penis in my mouth and the man attached to it. If David had swung open the door to his study at that moment I wouldn't have stopped blowing Paul.



I vaguely felt a tap on the top of my head. I kept sucking, oblivious.

"Mom!" I heard Paul yell, "I'm going to c...come! I can't hold it back!"

Drawing back, I slid his appendage most of the way out of my mouth and sealed my lips around him just aft of his knob. I gripped him with my left hand and pulled at him.

When he came with a scream and a convulsion I was prepared. His first jet coated the back of my throat and slid into my stomach. And then my mouth was filled with thick, salty semen. Jet after jet of warm, salty come bathed my tongue as I worked my throat as fast as possible and managed to swallow most of his discharge. A small amount seeped from between my lips and dribbled onto my chin.

When Paul's last seizure died away, I smiled inwardly that I had been able to take most of his load without losing much. I knew that I could very easily get used to oral sex and when I pulled his penis from my mouth and leaned my head back to look up at him I did so satisfied with a job well-done.

Paul looked like he was in shock. His face was red and his eyes were glazed. I rose unsteadily to my feet and hugged him close as he came back from his orgasm.

"That was incredible, Mom." He whispered softly a few minutes later, "Not only how it felt, but how it looked."

I raised my face to his and wrinkled my nose. "That was so exciting, finally getting to do it."

I looked into his eyes and pursed my lips expectantly. Paul used his thumb to clean some of his semen from my chin and turned and wiped it on some papers on David's desk. And then he kissed me.

-

Later on that afternoon, Paul and I sat on the living room couch and snuggled together, talking idly. The TV was on, but muted. As 5 o'clock passed, I tried to put some separation between us. David would be home soon, and though I planned to confront him about Bonnie over dinner, it wouldn't do to be caught in a compromising position with Paul.

Paul laughed and pulled me back against his side. He didn't seem concerned about being discovered at all.

By six, David still hadn't come home and I was beginning to wonder. David was always home on Saturday evenings because he wanted to be rested for the three sermons he conducted on Sunday.

Shortly after seven, the phone rang. I answered it on the third ring. It was Ken Fellows, the congregational president. David was the titular head of the church, but Ken saw to the day-to-day business side of things.

"Hi Nellie, is Dave home?" Ken sounded flustered.

"No he's not," I answered, "I was beginning to wonder where he was myself."

Ken paused and then said, "We seem to have a bit of a problem."

"A problem?" I was genuinely puzzled. "What sort of problem?"

"Last night I received an anonymous phone call about...um...irregularities that David and Bonnie are possibly involved in."

Bonnie was the long-time treasurer for the Zion Evangelical Church. I looked at Paul. I saw him smirk and roll his eyes. I knew without asking who the anonymous tipster was.

Ken continued, "Nellie, there are thousands missing. I haven't got to the bottom of it yet, but so far I think there is over \$50,000 missing from various accounts. Listen, I don't want to go to the police yet until we have a chance to talk to Dave and Bonnie, but we can't seem to locate either of them anywhere."

"I have no idea where he is, Ken. As soon as I see him I'll have him give you a call." I assured him.

"Don't have him wait too long, Nellie. I will be going to the authorities tomorrow at noon if I don't hear from Dave or Bonnie by then." He paused and almost sounded apologetic, "I'm sorry about this, Nellie. You don't deserve what I think they've done. Good night."

I stared at the receiver in the cradle for a long time before slowly turning to where Paul sat on the edge of the couch.

"Paul..." My mind was whirling.

He stood up and turned to face me. I could read it in his eyes. He had engineered his father's disappearance.

"Mom, it's going to be okay." He smiled through nervous lips.

"What have you done?"

"I only sped things up by a few years." His smile was gone and he looked troubled. He had guessed I'd react differently.

I sat down in the easy chair and looked at my knees. I wasn't sure what I felt. I couldn't think.

Paul ran to the kitchen to get me a drink of water. When he returned I drank the water gratefully and rolled the cool glass across my forehead. The room slowly stopped spinning.

"I'm not sure I understand." I murmured.

"Mom, Bonnie and Dad have been ripping off the church for years. They were planning on running off together to Rio or Bora Bora or somewhere. I overheard their plan when I was working late at the church a year or so ago. I had gone into the back room to get a new ledger book and was almost back when Dad and Mrs. Hardt came in. They must have thought they were alone because they were laughing and carrying on. I was about to enter the office when I heard Bonnie say, "Two more years and we'll have enough." Dad told her he thought they were ready then, but said maybe a bit more would make things easier."

I started to say something but Paul interrupted. "Mom, I wasn't sure what they were talking about at first, but when Bonnie wrapped her arms around Dad's neck and kissed him

I knew they were up to no good. I was so angry at Dad. How he could do that to you? I wanted to confront him and that whore, but I couldn't stand the thought of you being hurt. Anyway, Dad located some papers on his desk and they left. That night I started going over the books and found a paper trail as clear as I-80. Mom, they've been skimming almost \$1,000 a week from the receipts for the past two years. They started out small -- a few hundred here and there -- but have been getting greedy of late. From what I can tell they've taken at least \$75,000, maybe much more."

Paul walked over to my chair. "I knew Dad wasn't stupid enough to just dump it in a savings account, so it was either here or at Bonnie's. One day while you and dear old Dad were out, I searched his office and found it. Dad didn't even have it locked up. He was actually keeping it in a briefcase in his study."

"But honey," I held up my hand. I was starting to get the picture. "If you knew what they were planning why didn't you say something sooner?"



"Like I said, Mom," He smiled down at me, "I couldn't stand the thought of you being hurt. I've been in love with you for so long you were all I cared about. Dad and Bonnie could go screw each other and screw the church, too, for that matter. I was only concerned about you. Then when 'we' happened, I had all the reason I needed and called Mr. Fellows from a pay phone at the 7-11."

I was able to wrap my head around what had happened, and while I was shocked and discombobulated, I wasn't angry. I wasn't sure what I was, but I wasn't upset.

"By the way, Mom," Paul smirked, "You didn't find my notebook by 'accident.' I left it exposed like that hoping you'd find it. I had to tell you how I felt but didn't know how. I had to show you what I've been going through by letting you read my stupid stories. By the way, I never planned on moving out; I just wrote that so you'd take the next step. And it worked."

"You're evil!" I laughed. "I was so desperate to keep you with me I was frantic."

Paul took my hand as I stood up. He embraced me. "I'm sorry, Mom, but now thanks to Dad, we can be together always. We don't have to sneak around. He was going to leave you anyway. I just got him out of the way a little sooner. I'll bet anything they find Dad's car at Denver International in a week or so."

He dipped his head and kissed me then, softly and sweetly and I knew that somehow, someway, everything would turn out fine. I slipped from his embrace, took his hand and smiled demurely up at the love of my life and led him up the staircase to the rest of our future.

## Epilogue

That was over 20 years ago.

I'm pushing 70 now, and growing feeble. My joints ache with greater frequency and intensity. I need Paul to open jars for

me. Paul thinks I'm fragile and, although he doesn't need to be, he is extremely gentle when we make love anymore. I think he thinks he's going to hurt me. Silly man doesn't realize that my being with him is the one thing that remains in my life that makes life worth living.

It's a little bit surprising that he can still get aroused by me. My butt droops and my boobs look like fried eggs hanging on a nail. My muscle tone is gone and I look desiccated. Paul says he doesn't mind. All I know is that I still cherish his kisses, and the feeling of his hands on me and the sensation of him ejaculating inside me is just as wonderful today as it was 20 years ago. I am constantly aroused by him.

-

The authorities never did locate David and Bonnie. Paul would have lost his bet. David's car was found at Salt Lake City International Airport. A Mr. and Mrs. Slaten had purchased two one way tickets for Mexico City. From there they caught a flight to Indonesia.

After the investigation was concluded it was determined that David and Bonnie blew town with just over \$110,000 of the church's money. After a lawsuit to get back the money from me was tossed out, we never went back to the church because of the accusing stares. We found another good, non-denominational church to provide spiritual direction instead.

-

Sarah had found her own life. She came back to Wyoming for my father's funeral. She has mellowed considerably; I do believe she has been positively influenced by her girlfriend, Kathy. She is happy, and that's all I care about.

They live in San Diego. She calls now and again, and visits every so often. I think she suspects something about Paul and me but if she does, she hasn't vocalized it.

-

In April, 1984, my mother passed away, and then, heartbroken, my father followed her to his reward the following year. He left his house and small plot of land to me. A small inheritance and a small six figure life insurance policy with me as sole beneficiary would take care of Paul and me for quite a while.

In the spring of 1986 I sold the house in Riverton for a fairly tidy sum and Paul and I moved to Cody where we've been ever since. Paul was, in every sense except title, my husband. One winter night not long after relocating, Paul and I held our own private ceremony in front of the fireplace. We exchanged wedding rings and committed our lives to each other. While our union would never be recognized by the state, it was as strong as any sanctified by any church.

Paul and I had ups and downs like anyone else, but generally we lived and loved together as one and the last 20 years have been the best years of my life.

After Paul and I became lovers my world was transformed from a sedate kind of mundane routine into one of unimaginable erotic excitement and my life became a joy-filled journey of self-discovery. In a matter of weeks I learned more about myself than I had in the previous 47 years.

After we 'married' I learned so much more.

I learned that I was capable of things I had only dared dream of before, I found that my imagination and creativity were matched perfectly by Paul's, and I discovered my love for Paul was complete and unconditional and that I couldn't live without him. I needed him like a farmer needs rain or a kite needs wind -- he was helping me grow in so many ways and without him I couldn't get off the ground.

I celebrated the start of each new day that dawned and each setting sun that Paul would be taking me to paradise. If there was a better way to start or end the day than with a good, healthy fuck, I wasn't aware of what it could be.

He was always ready and I never turned him down. During the most passionate portion of our marriage, I was lucky to get laid by David two or three times a month. My real 'husband' and I were making love two or three times a day and burned for more.

I tried to fulfill every fantasy in Paul's notebook. I am confident that I succeeded, with the exception of one. I told him when he let me shove a watermelon up his butt, I'd let him have my ass. He never brought up the subject again, but I don't think he was too terribly disappointed.

-

Life with Paul is wonderful in every respect. He fell into a job as an accountant at a local bank and managed to work out a very nice career, rising to Assistant Vice President after only twelve years. My days were filled with the joy of being truly in love.

And at night, Paul and I author new stories of us together.

## Addendum

09/12/2007

My mother passed away two days ago. She was 71 years old - much too young. Nellie Anne Slaten fought the good fight with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma as long as she could, but in the end, it wasn't enough. I was holding her hand when she closed her eyes and slipped away. I cried like a baby. The nurses and Sarah and Kathy all tried to comfort me but their hugs and words were unable to help.

I drove back home and wandered around the house alternating between bouts of hysterics and nauseating pain.

I think I came close to losing my mind in my grief, until, near nightfall, I found Mom's 'Paul's Notebook.' I had read it before, of course. Many, many times. She wrote it over a long weekend in 2003 on a yellow legal pad in a shaky hand.

I poured myself a shot of whiskey, downed it and took her story and the bottle and went to the computer. I opened up Microsoft Word and began transcribing her story verbatim.

It took me most of two days. I forgot to eat. I forgot my bottle. I worked non-stop. My constant tears didn't aid in the process.



I finally finished it, added this addendum, and smiled warmly when I remembered Mom always saying, "Let's just be grateful for the time we have together, honey."

I am eternally grateful. We had the better part of 24 years together and I only hoped it wouldn't be another 24 years before I saw her again.

**THE END**