BEST *Laid* PLANS

A SUMMER CAMP SWINGERS NOVEL

NICK SCIPIO

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Acknowledgments
More Summer Camp Swingers
Also by Nick Scipio

Best Laid Plans

Published by Free Dessert Publishing.

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PREFACE

Welcome to Camp!

If you've been here before, this book takes place in March 1984 and fits between Chapters 20–21 of *Kinky Confessions* (book 4 in the *Summer Camp Swingers: Christy* series). You can read them in order or not. I've tried to include enough details to make both storylines work independently.

This book is a revised and updated version of the one originally published in 2015. I rewrote a lot of the dialogue to reflect events in the main *Summer Camp Swingers* saga. I updated many of the existing scenes and wrote several new ones. I think the new version flows better, without a lot of the exposition that slowed down the first one.

Now, if you're new to Camp, let me give you a quick tour.

Summer Camp Swingers is a coming-of-age story originally set in the late '70s and early '80s, the golden years after the sexual revolution but before AIDS changed everything.

Paul and his family spend their summers at a nudist camp, where he learns about sex, love, relationships, and more. Then he goes off to college, makes new friends, and learns how to be a grown-up.

The story unfolds over the course of 26 books in 5 series: *Susan*, *Gina*, *Kendall*, *Wren*, and *Christy*. You can find a complete list at the end of this book.

You can also visit Free Dessert Publishing for links to these and other books in the *Summer Camp Swingers* Universe.

In the meantime, please enjoy *Best Laid Plans*.

Nick Scipio
June 12, 2021
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PART I

1

Being a grown-up is a lot of work. My life since the first of the year had been full of classes, projects, homework, and studying. The days changed but the amount of work never did. My free time never lived up to its name, either. I had dozens of ways to fill it, and the weekends were worse. Christy and I managed a few ski trips, but I still seemed to be busy all the time, so I was looking forward to spring break and a well-deserved vacation.

I finished my last exam and straightened the papers on my desk. Then I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and did absolutely nothing. It felt good to relax and clear my mind, if only for a few minutes. But eventually I had to get going, so I slung my backpack over my shoulder and turned in the exam. I'd probably never see the professor again, but I told her I'd enjoyed the course. She thanked me and said to enjoy my break.

I walked outside and turned my face to the sun to soak up the warmth. The weather had been beautiful for the past week, which had made it hard to focus and study. The mornings were still cold, but the afternoons were balmy and clear. I rolled up my sleeves and strolled toward home.

The house was empty when I arrived. I'd taken Christy to the airport the day before, and Trip and Wren had gone that morning, before I'd left for my exam. They were headed to Florida for a week in her family's condo on the beach. Christy and I had originally been supposed to fly down with them, but our plans had changed at the last minute. Instead, she'd flown to San Diego to see her best friend from high school, Brooke, while I was going to my parents' house for a few days before I flew out to join her.

I still had a three-hour drive ahead of me, though, and needed to get moving if I didn't want to hit Atlanta's notorious rush hour traffic. It wasn't Los Angeles, but it was bad enough. So I packed a suitcase and backpack, threw everything in the car, and hit the road.

I made it to my parents' house without too much hassle. Inside, I dropped my things in the kitchen and ventured into the living room.

"Hi, I'm home! Mom? Dad? Erin?"

"I'm on the phone," my mom called from the back.

I glanced into my old bedroom, now Erin's. I'd given it to her for Christmas, and she'd made it her own with posters, awards, and other knickknacks. She was a bit of a neat freak, like me, but the room was unusually clean. I stuck my head into her old room next. Mom had turned it into a combination office and craft room. It was less tidy but just as empty. Finally, I reached the master bedroom at the end of the hall. My mother was sitting cross-legged on the bed. She was talking on the phone, although she smiled and waved hello when she saw me.

"Paul just got home," she said into the cordless handset, "so I'd better go. Okay, I'll tell him. I love you too. Have a nice dinner with the crew. Call me in the morning. Bye." She pushed the button to hang up and collapsed the antenna. "Sorry about that," she said. "Your dad had a reverse seniority trip, so he's in Fort Wayne tonight. Shreveport tomorrow night."

"Oh. That sucks. I mean, good for him and all, but I was looking forward to seeing him."

"He'll be home Friday. What time're you leaving Saturday?"

"Nine in the morning. My flight leaves a little before eleven." I could fly standby for free—a perk of being a pilot's kid—but I tried to avoid stops and layovers, where I might get bumped by a paying passenger. I also had a dress code and code of conduct, so it wasn't as carefree as most people thought.

Mom's face fell, but she knew the realities of flying standby as well as I did.

"Sorry," I said. "If I leave later I'll have a couple of stops or a four-hour layover in Dallas. Not the *worst* place to spend a few hours, but still a thousand miles from anywhere I want to be."

"I understand."

I nodded toward the front of the house. "Where's Erin? I thought she was staying home for spring break. Her car's in the driveway, but she isn't

here.”

“She’s in Florida with Leah and friends.”

“Oh? She decide to spend some money after all?”

“No, your dad and I paid for it. She’s doing well in school and we’ve been getting along better, so…”

My eyebrows rose.

“We thought she deserved a vacation. It’s her senior year. She’s actually turning into a responsible adult. What can I say?” she added with a shrug. “Maybe we raised her right after all.”

“Yeah, after you made all those mistakes with me!” I laughed.

Mom rolled her eyes and stood. She wore a simple V-neck sweater and jeans, although she made them seem comfortable and attractive at the same time. She wasn’t a Playmate or anything, but she didn’t look forty-two either. And I privately admitted that she *might’ve* been the reason I was dating a blue-eyed blonde myself. Christy wasn’t a carbon copy, but they had enough in common to make me wonder about the old cliché that men marry women like their mothers.

“It’s great to see you,” she said as we hugged. Then she held me at arm’s length.

I couldn’t help but notice that her nipples were hard. They cast little shadows in the soft light from above, but I tried to ignore them.

“You look good,” she said.

“Thanks. You too.”

“You aren’t eating enough, though. Christy still doesn’t cook?”

“Don’t start, Mom. She cooks. Just not very often. Besides, we live with a semi-professional chef, so Wren does most of the cooking in the house.”

“Yes, but *you* do it when it’s Christy’s and your turn.”

“We do it together. I just do the planning. She’s a really good cook, Mom, I promise. And I’m eating enough. *Too* much, if you ask me, since I’m always making snacks for her, and I usually end up eating too.” Her metabolism was twice a normal person’s, and she *had* to eat five or six times a day or she’d lose weight. She struggled to maintain even a hundred pounds, so losing weight was officially a Bad Thing for her.

“But if it’ll make you happy,” I continued, “I’ll eat a snack. I skipped lunch anyway. I was trying to get here before rush hour.”

“We have milk and cookies.” She grinned and headed toward the kitchen.

I discreetly admired her figure as I followed her. My friends in high school had thought she was hot, and I had to agree with them. I smiled to myself at how they would've reacted if they'd known she was a nudist and swinger too. I hadn't known about the latter until I was fifteen, but I'd had a thorough education since then.

"The cookies are in the pantry," she said. "I'll pour the milk."

"Whoa, hold on. Cookies and milk? I didn't think you were serious. Mom, I'm not in kindergarten."

"Neither am I, but I like them. I can't eat them very often, but I thought since you're here…" She shrugged when I didn't take the bait. "That's all right. It's getting harder to keep weight off anyway. I even bought one of those aerobics workout tapes."

"Not Jane Fonda," I said immediately.

"Are you kidding? Your father would divorce me!"

Anything to do with Jane Fonda had been banned from our house since 1972, the year she'd gone on her "aid and comfort" tour of North Vietnam. She'd taken chummy pictures with an antiaircraft gun crew, the same nice folks who'd done their best to kill men like my father and who'd succeeded with many of his friends. I was nine years old at the time and vividly remembered his cold fury. He wouldn't divorce my mom for real, especially over something as trivial as a workout video, but "Hanoi Jane" was still *persona non grata* with us.

I changed the subject. "How 'bout an apple instead? Do we have any peanut butter?"

"Are you still on a health kick? Is that Christy's idea?"

"Mom! Relax about her. I'm just trying to eat healthier."

"I know, I'm sorry. I don't know why I'm fixated about her." She opened the pantry and scanned it. "How about graham crackers and peanut butter?"

"Perfect!"

We made our snack in silence and then I took the plates to the kitchen table. Mom poured two glasses of milk and brought them as well.

"Not quite milk and cookies," I said, "but close enough."

"And much better for my figure."

I rolled my eyes. "Your figure looks fine, Mom. Better than fine."

"Your dad teases me sometimes, says I'm getting pudgy. I know he's kidding, but still…"

“Don’t worry, you’re still a hot mom.”

Her eyebrows went up.

“That’s what all my friends used to call you.”

“Used to,” she echoed.

“Nonsense. My friends *now* think you’re hot.”

“And you? What do you think?”

“Are you kidding?” I said in surprise. I couldn’t tell her what I *really* thought—that I sometimes fantasized about her when I jerked off—but I said, “You’re the most beautiful mom in the world. I hope I’m half as lucky as Dad when I’m his age.”

“Now you’re just trying to flatter me.”

“Duh. But you asked for it. Still, I’m serious.”

“Thank you, honey.”

“What got you thinking about your looks?”

“I realized last week that we’re going to have an empty nest soon. My mother said she’d never felt old until the day I moved out. And now I’m about to face the same thing.”

“I thought you liked having your own space and time to do what you want.”

“The grass is always greener,” she said. “Besides, I get lonely sometimes without you and Erin here.”

“Well, I’m here now, so you aren’t lonely.”

She smiled and shifted gears. “Which reminds me… I hope you don’t mind, but it’s supposed to be sunny and warm tomorrow. Do you think you could help me in the yard?”

“Of course! I didn’t pack any work clothes, though. Only running clothes and everyday stuff.”

“Your dad probably has something you can borrow.”

“Cool. I figured. Thanks.”

“And… um… one other thing. Your bathroom is full of houseplants. Sorry.”

I laughed, more amused than annoyed.

“I’m in the middle of repotting them. I thought I’d have them done before you got home, but then your dad had this trip come up. So I… sort of forgot.”

“It’s okay.”

“You can still use the toilet and sink, but the tub is full, so you’ll have to shower in the master bathroom.”

“That’s fine.”

“Are you sure?”

“Absolutely. Besides, your shower’s bigger, so I’ll have more room.”

She laughed. “In case you want to dance?”

“Exactly!”

She smiled and rolled her eyes. Then she gathered our dishes and took them to the sink. “Anything special you want to do tonight?”

“I dunno. Read? Watch TV? I don’t really care. As long as I don’t have to build a model or do a project write-up, I’m cool with just about anything.”

“No models, no write-ups,” she agreed with a smile. “I promise.”

2

I called Christy's parents' house before dinner. Her mother answered and told me she was staying with Brooke instead. I wrote down the number, said thank you, and called her next. I introduced myself and asked to speak to Christy.

"Oh, hey!" Brooke said. "Nice to meet you. Sort of."

"Nice to meet you too."

"Christy's told me a ton about you. I can't wait to meet you for real. Oh, and about that… Thanks for letting her come out. I know you had plans and all."

"Nah. It's all right. You're more important."

"Tell that to Fletcher," she said, a touch bitterly. "No, don't. He's a loser anyway."

"That's the spirit."

"Thanks. But hey, I'd better let you talk to Christy before she hurts herself bouncing up and down. Nice talking to you. Here she is."

"Hello, Mr. Awesome," Christy said when she came on the line. "Brooke just rolled her eyes. She says I make her sick talking about you."

"Gag me with a spoon!" Brooke teased from the background.

"Well, it sounds like she's doing better," I said.

"She is. We're having fun. I hope you don't mind that I'm staying here instead of my parents'."

"I don't mind at all. I'm the one who told you to spend some time with her, remember?"

"I remember. I also remember the other thing I promised you."

Brooke shouted, “Just do it already!”

“Oh my gosh,” Christy said, “she’s as bad as you-know-who.” She covered the phone, but I could still hear when she told Brooke, “Be nice. You know how I am.” She slid her palm off the mouthpiece and said to me, “Sorry about that. Anyway, where was I?”

“Spending the night with Brooke.”

“Yeah, probably till you get here. Is that all right?”

“It’s fine. Have fun. But not *too* much.”

“Oh my gosh, Paul! Her parents are out of town, so we have the house to ourselves.”

“Totally gnarly,” Brooke yelled. “Party all the time!”

“We aren’t really,” Christy assured me. “But… um… I’ll probably have lots to tell you when you get here. I’ve been working on my tan—”

“Naked!” Brooke added.

“Oh my gosh, will you behave?” Christy said to her. Then to me, “Yeah, while she was in class today. She just got home. That’s why she’s so wild. And… um… speaking of naked—”

“We wanna go to a nude beach!” Brooke shouted.

My eyebrows shot up. “For real?”

“Yeah,” Christy said. “Black’s Beach. It’s right below where her dad works. But we don’t want to go by ourselves—”

“Good idea.”

“—so we’re going to wait till this weekend, when you’re here.”

“Sounds good to me,” I said.

“I kinda told her about you, last night.”

“Pillow talk?”

“Yes, Mr. Understanding.”

“Yeah,” Brooke said from closer to the phone, “thanks for being so understanding. I needed a friendly shoulder to cry on.”

“Oh?” I teased. “Is that what we’re calling it these days?”

“She can’t hear you,” Christy said. “She’s a total spazz. Sorry. And she’s trying to drag me out the door, so I’d better say goodbye. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

“Call me tomorrow?”

“I will.”

We said goodbye and hung up. Then I chuckled. Brooke sounded a lot like Wren, which made sense. Christy’s girlfriends fit a certain type, and I

was eager to meet this one.

3

Mom and I ate leftover pot roast for dinner and then watched *The Facts of Life* and *Night Court*. I rarely had time to watch TV at school, so it was nice to relax and enjoy something mindless. We chatted through the commercials, but she abruptly fell silent when *St. Elsewhere* came on. She had a crush on one of the doctors—she unconsciously moistened her lips whenever he was onscreen—and I could imagine what she must have been thinking.

When the show ended she asked me, “How come you never thought about becoming a doctor?”

Oh? I thought whimsically. *Do you wanna blow a guy in a lab coat?* I hid my amusement and said neutrally, “What do you mean?”

“Well, Gina and Kendall both want to be one. You dated them for a long time. I thought they might’ve talked you into it.”

“No. They never tried. Besides, I like architecture too much.”

“What about Christy?”

“What about her?”

“Does she support you?”

“Of course! She understands what it’s like. More than Gina or Kendall ever did, I think. It wasn’t their fault, though. They weren’t artists. And they never understood why I want to create things. I have this… *urge*. I know that sounds weird, but I want to make things beautiful.”

“Sounds very… New Age.” Mom didn’t *mean* it as an insult, but it came out that way. To her, “New Age” meant dirty hippies, lazy malcontents, or idle dreamers.

“It isn’t,” I said with a laugh. “I mean it literally, not figuratively. Too many buildings are ugly, purely utilitarian. They don’t have to be. They can be functional *and* beautiful. That’s what I want to do, and Christy understands that. She even helps with my designs.”

“How? She’s an artist, right? Not an architect?”

“What do you think architecture *is*, Mom? It’s art you live in, work in, relax in. It’s proportion and symmetry, color and space, mood and texture. It’s the same things art is, except it’s three-dimensional. Although… when it comes to that, Christy’s art is three-dimensional too. I think that’s why we both see things so clearly, especially about each other. Her art and mine go hand in hand.”

“I never thought of it that way.”

“Neither did Gina or Kendall.”

“Ah. Now I get it.”

“Right. Christy and I connect on an artistic level too.”

She paused and chose her next words carefully. “So you connect on other levels?”

“How do you mean?”

“Well, I know you’re getting serious with her.”

“Very.”

“But… how much does she know about your lifestyle?”

“*Our* lifestyle, you mean?”

“Mine and your father’s?”

“All of us,” I laughed. “Erin and I are swingers too. She has Leah and Mark. Others too, probably. I have Christy, Wren, and Trip.”

“So you and Christy…?”

I immediately shook my head. “Not yet. Trip and Wren are definitely in the lifestyle, though.”

“That’s what Susan said.”

“But not Christy. Not yet. She’s coming around, even though… it’s been slow.”

“Still, she knows about it?”

“She does. She figured out most of it and I confirmed the rest.”

“Seriously?” Mom said, surprised. “She seems like such a Catholic schoolgirl.”

“It’s an act. And please don’t call her that. It really bugs her. She didn’t have much choice in the matter, but she actually *liked* being a Catholic

schoolgirl.”

“So, how do you go from being a you-know-what to a swinger? Your dad and I started when it was fashionable, the Swinging Sixties,” she said with a laugh. Then she grew serious. “But these days it seems like Christy’s kind of people are taking over.”

My eyes narrowed automatically. “What do you mean?”

“Oral Roberts. Jerry Falwell. The Moral Majority.”

“Christy isn’t like them at all. Neither are her parents. They’re nice people.”

“But very… religious.”

“Mom, they didn’t try to convert me or anything. Religious people come in lots of varieties. Sure, there are televangelists and prigs like Falwell on one end, but people like Christy and her family are more in the middle.”

“With people like *us* at the other end of the spectrum?”

“We aren’t lepers!” I laughed.

“Sometimes it feels like it.” She wasn’t usually a sour person—my own general optimism came from her, after all—but she brooded about it for a moment. (My occasional moodiness came from her as well, but I digress.) She eventually took a deep breath and visibly relaxed. “You’ve changed so much lately.”

“Healthy living,” I said in an attempt to lighten the mood.

“That isn’t what I mean. You’ve grown up.”

I gave her my usual smart aleck reply, “Had to happen sooner or later.”

“Will you be serious for a minute.”

“About what?”

“You. Your life. Me. Mine.”

I suddenly grew concerned. “What’s the matter? Everything okay?”

“Yes, but I’m trying to have a serious conversation, and you keep trying to lighten the mood.”

“Okay,” I said slowly. “But for a while there it seemed like you were trying to darken it.”

“I guess I was,” she admitted. “I’m just… wondering where you think things are going with you and Christy.”

“And that put you in a dark mood?”

“No!” She stopped and thought about it. “Okay, maybe a little.”

“Why?”

“I guess I’m feeling old lately. Erin’s growing up and headed to college. You’re growing up and in a serious relationship, maybe an official one.”

“Don’t worry, we’re still a long way from the altar.”

“I know. But it sounds like that’s where you’re headed.”

“I think so.”

She nodded.

“That doesn’t make you old, though.”

“Tell that to my gray hairs.”

I laughed. “Mom, you’re more beautiful now than ever.”

She forced a smile.

“Seriously. Besides, guys are looking at… um… other things. Not gray hairs.”

“Well, *I* notice them.”

“You’re too critical,” I said, although I laughed at a sudden memory.

“What?”

“Christy, a couple of weeks ago. She was doing her nightly lotions and potions when she stopped and stared at herself in the mirror. She actually lifted her breasts to see how much they sagged.”

Mom’s eyebrows rose.

“Yeah,” I said aloud. “She’s twenty.”

“And a B-cup.”

“A *firm* B-cup at that. But still, she worries about her looks too. So I understand why you do. I guess most women do it. I mean, it’s a double standard. Society says men get more handsome as we get older. While women—”

“Turn haggard and gray.”

“Oh, please!” I rolled my eyes for effect. “You’re a beautiful woman, still in your prime.”

“*Middle-aged* prime.”

“I’d do you,” I said before I realized it. All of a sudden my cheeks flushed and I wanted to crawl into a hole.

“Oh, Paul!” she laughed. “You should see your face.”

“Fine,” I grumbled. “Make fun of me for a moment of weakness.”

“Thank you, honey,” she said, although her eyes still crinkled with laughter. “That’s very kind of you. But we have rules about that sort of thing.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“Besides, you’re in a serious relationship now.”

“I know, but…”

“But…? It isn’t that serious?”

“Oh, it’s serious all right. And I think Christy will eventually be a swinger, but…”

She waited while I gathered my thoughts.

“I guess I’m a little frustrated. We still haven’t gone all the way.”

Her eyebrows flew up. “But… you live together. She moved in with you, right? So you sleep together every night.”

“She did and we do. But we still haven’t had sex.”

“Why not?”

“Long story. The short version is…” I took a deep breath and sighed. “She doesn’t have a lot of experience. Although… that isn’t true. She has experience, but not with sex. Well, not with intercourse. In other ways she’s pretty open-minded and even more open to… um… ‘experimentation.’”

Mom’s eyebrows rose again. “Which means…?”

“She’s pretty wild. In bed. Not swing-from-the-rafters wild, but a lot wilder than I originally gave her credit for. She and I… like a lot of the same things.”

“I think I understand.” She knew me a lot better than most mothers knew their sons. Not only from Susan—her best friend and my first lover—but also from personal experience.

“Right,” I agreed. “She really enjoys giving head.”

“And you enjoy receiving it.”

“Duh. Who doesn’t? But it’s more than that.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah. She understands some of my other… um… kinks.”

“We aren’t talking about swinging, are we?”

“No. A bit more… *taboo*.”

She knew the code word too.

I almost chuckled that neither of us would say “incest” aloud, but we both knew what we were talking about.

“And she’s okay with it?”

“Yeah, I know,” I said in disbelief. “It blew me away.” I let my words hang in the air. “This friend, Brooke—”

“The one she’s seeing in San Diego? Whose boyfriend broke up with her?”

“Right, her. She opened Christy’s eyes quite a bit, back in high school. They used to read letters in *Penthouse Variations* and talk about their own fantasies. Christy never admitted to *hers*, but Brooke did.”

“And they’re more than just friends?”

“Exactly. So I couldn’t really say no when Brooke asked her to come spend time with her.” I grimaced. “No matter *how* much I wanted to.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah. Christy finally decided she was ready to go all the way. Then Brooke called and messed things up. I shouldn’t say ‘messed up,’ but you know what I mean. I’ve been waiting patiently for months. Sure, we do other things, but not sex. *Real* sex, I mean, penis in vagina.” I took a deep breath and tried to relax. “Anyway, that’s why I’m here for a couple of days. And while Christy is ‘comforting’ her friend, I was hoping for a little attention myself.”

“Oh?”

I nodded. “I thought I’d give Leah a call, but I just realized I’m probably out of luck.”

“You are. She’s with Erin at the beach. But… Christy would be okay with that?”

“Believe it or not, yeah. We talked about it before we left. She sort of asked permission to fool around with Brooke.”

“And you gave it to her, of course.”

“More like I told her she didn’t need my permission. But still… I asked about Leah and me.”

“So Christy knows about your past? With Leah?”

“Knows and gets hot talking about it. She has a thing for exotic brunettes.”

Mom chuckled. “She really *is* more open-minded than I gave her credit for.”

“Mmm hmm. And it’s only a matter of time before she becomes a swinger too. She just has to get used to the idea of doing it herself.”

“In the meantime she doesn’t have a problem with *you* fooling around with someone else?”

“We’ll see. This is the first time it’s ever come up. But yeah, we talked about it, which was why I was looking forward to seeing Leah.”

“And then we messed things up when we paid for Erin’s trip.”

“Thanks, Mom,” I said with an edge of sarcasm.

She laughed, unconcerned. “You’ll just have to find someone else to fool around with.”

“Yeah, Rosy Palm,” I muttered.

“Oh, you poor thing.”

I looked at my watch and decided to take my pity party to bed. “It’s late,” I said as I stood, “and we have a full day tomorrow.”

Her expression fell at my sudden departure, although she recovered quickly. “You’re right,” she said. “We should probably go to bed.”

I bent to kiss her cheek. “G’night, Mom. See you in the morning.”

“See you in the morning,” she echoed. Then she grinned. “Don’t let Rosy wear you out.”

4

I woke up early the next morning and dressed in running clothes. I quietly let myself out the back door and began stretching on the patio. The morning was cold and damp, so I was glad I'd brought a windbreaker and would soon be jogging.

I started an easy pace, and the miles fell behind me as I toured my old neighborhood. I passed two of the houses that Trip and I had renovated the summer before. They both looked good, like their new owners were taking care of them, although the rancher needed some yard work. We'd sold it for an exorbitant price to a Yuppie couple who'd won a bidding war. They weren't the gardening types.

Mom was awake and making coffee when I returned to the house. Her light pink robe showed off her cleavage. I pretended not to notice but did a double-take when I realized how short it was too. She didn't normally wear clothes when she got up in the morning, but it was just cool enough that she'd put on the robe. Still, she'd chosen something that showed off her assets.

She caught me looking and arched an eyebrow, so I changed the subject.

"When did you start drinking coffee?"

"A couple of years ago. I still can't drink it black, but I like the caffeine in the morning." She stirred in cream and sugar and then gestured at a second mug. "Want some?"

"No, but thanks. What do we have for breakfast?"

"What're you in the mood for? Bacon and eggs?"

I chuckled at the word “bacon”—it was Christy’s safe word—but didn’t explain. “Maybe something healthier,” I said instead. “Fruit? Cereal?”

“We have some grapefruit.”

“Ugh. Anything else. A cantaloupe? A couple of oranges? I know you don’t have apples.”

She gave me an unapologetic eye-roll.

“Sorry. I’m sort of turning into her. Christy, I mean—”

“I knew who you meant.”

“Well, she’s turning into *me* in many ways, so it balances out.”

“If you say so. She still won’t have sex with you.”

“Don’t remind me,” I grumbled.

“You’re right. I’m sorry. I really like her. I only want you to be happy.”

“I am, Mom. I really am. I’m just frustrated at the moment. Even more ’cause I was hoping to spend some time with Leah.” *Or Erin*, I thought, but kept it to myself. “Let’s talk about something else.”

“Of course. Breakfast? I think I have a banana and some yogurt. Will that do?”

“Perfect! Thanks. And maybe some toast?”

“I think I can manage that.”

“I’ll help.”

She waved me away. “I can still fix breakfast for my son. Go sit down. I’ll bring it to you.”

We chatted while she worked, and a few minutes later she set a bowl and plate in front of me.

“Do you want me to peel the banana for you?” she teased.

“No, I think I can handle it.”

“So your hand isn’t too sore this morning?”

“Ha! No. Rosy and I called it an early night.” In reality I’d jerked off twice. Not surprisingly, my fantasies had mostly been about Mom, although Erin had made a cameo the second time. I decided to change the subject before Mr. Big got the wrong idea.

“I don’t see how you can eat that,” I said about her own breakfast, coffee and grapefruit, “much less together.”

“I’m watching my girlish figure.”

Her girlish figure looked fine from where I was sitting, but I didn’t say it aloud. We ate breakfast in relative silence until the phone rang. She stood and answered.

“Hello? Oh, hi! How was your night? Good dinner with the crew?” She sat down, crossed her legs, and mouthed, “Your dad.”

“I figured.” I deliberately avoided looking at the triangle formed by her thighs and the fabric of the robe, or how the top had parted enough to reveal the lower curve of one breast. Instead, I distracted myself by clearing dishes.

“Mmm hmm, we did,” she said into the phone. She glanced at me and then pretended to straighten the cloth placemat. “I think so… Well, we’ll see… I know… I am too.” She changed the subject to gardening plans and talked about them for a minute. Then she said, “I’d better let you go. I don’t want to make you late. Give me a call tonight when you get to the hotel. Okay, I love you too. Talk to you then.” She unwound the cord from her finger and returned the handset to the wall.

“So,” she said to me, “ready to get to work? We should start before it gets too hot.”

“No chance of that for a couple of hours. It was still pretty chilly when I finished my run. You’d better wear something warm. Does Dad have a sweatsuit I can borrow?”

“I can probably dig one up.”

She fetched it and then returned to her bedroom to change into her own gardening clothes. I stripped off my jogging shorts in the guest bedroom and put on the sweatpants. My father was three inches taller and thirty pounds heavier, so the pants felt like I was auditioning for clown college. The sweatshirt was almost as large, but I pulled it over my head and hoped I didn’t look too ridiculous.

Mom returned in a pair of jeans and a ratty old sweatshirt from my dad’s Navy days. She took one look at me and laughed. She covered her mouth, but her eyes danced with amusement.

“Is it *that* bad?”

“Not at all,” she lied.

“Gee, thanks.”

“You look fine. Just… *smaller* than I remembered.”

“Yeah, well, Dad’s a big guy. Now, if you’re done teasing me about my size,” I said, a little childishly, “do you mind if we get to work?”

“I’m sorry, Paul. I really am.”

I immediately felt guilty. “I know. It’s just that I’ve always been a little miffed that I’m not as big as him.”

“So? You’re bigger in some ways.” Her eyes flashed but then she blithely changed the subject. “Ready to get to work?”

I arched an eyebrow. She ignored me and pulled out her gardening gloves.

“Start out front?” she said. “Pull weeds and spread the mulch. Then I have several flats of pansies I want to plant. Sound like a plan?”

“Yeah, sure.” I tugged on a pair of my dad’s old work gloves.

Pulling weeds was dull work, so my mind wandered. I started off thinking about renovations at camp but quickly switched to the people instead. It wasn’t an overtly sexual environment—far from it, it was a family camp—but that wasn’t the case in the privacy of a cabin or the new Pines Retreat that Susan had built for the swinging crowd. Christy had only seen the family side of the camp. I was eager to introduce her to the hidden side as well.

“Wow,” Mom teased, “you must really love pulling weeds. You look so *excited*.”

“Treacherous organ,” I muttered to myself. Louder, “Must’ve been daydreaming.”

“That’s okay,” she said, “it’s natural.”

It isn’t *natural for my mother to notice*, I grumbled to myself. But it wasn’t the first time she’d seen me like that, and it probably wouldn’t be the last.

“Do you need to take a break and, ahem, visit Rosy?”

“No, but thanks.”

“I wouldn’t want you to turn blue. Certain parts of you, at least.”

“I’ll be fine, Mom,” I said through my embarrassment. “Just ignore it and it’ll go away.”

“But… it’s so *hard*. To ignore, I mean.” Her eyes practically danced with laughter.

“Oh boy, here we go.”

“I’m sorry, honey,” she laughed. “I’ll behave.”

The sun climbed higher in the sky, and we eventually finished weeding the front beds. I went around back to the tool shed and returned to the garage with the wheelbarrow. I loaded a couple of bags of mulch and wheeled them around front. We spread them and a dozen more. The morning had gone from chilly to warm to hot by the time the sun reached its zenith.

“Okay,” I said at last, “I’m officially roasting.” I tugged off my baggy sweatshirt. It was damp with perspiration, while my shirt underneath was soaked. I stripped it off and tossed them both into the grass.

Mom fluffed her own sweatshirt.

“Why don’t you just take it off?” I suggested.

“Because I’m not wearing a bra.”

“So? You’re wearing a T-shirt, aren’t you?”

“Yes, but…”

“I don’t mind if you don’t.”

“Oh, what the hell,” she said. She crossed her arms and lifted the sweatshirt over her head. Her T-shirt stuck to it and briefly exposed her breasts. She pulled it down over them and tossed the sweatshirt on top of mine.

I pretended I hadn’t noticed, but we both knew I had. Her nipples stiffened in the relative cool after the sweatshirt. I pretended not to notice *them* as well, but my dick didn’t get the message. I leaned on my rake and hoped my sweatpants were baggy enough to hide it.

“Let’s finish up and take a break for lunch,” I suggested. Then I shaded my eyes and looked up at the sun. “I’ll burn if I stay out too long without a shirt.”

“You want some sunscreen?”

“Nah. Let’s just finish up and head inside.”

We set to work with our rakes and spent about fifteen minutes knocking down lumps and filling in holes. Then we stood back and gave the beds a critical once-over.

“Looks good to me,” I said.

“Me too. Ready for lunch? Sandwiches okay?”

“Sounds good. Let’s wash up and I’ll help you fix.”

5

I dusted breadcrumbs from my hands and then nudged the plate away.

“You don’t want your chips?” Mom said.

“No thanks. Too greasy.”

“You *are* turning into a health nut.”

“My body is a temple,” I said flippantly.

“Your body’s fine. I still say you could stand to gain a few pounds.”

“And I say I work really hard *not* to. Besides, weren’t you the one who said she’s watching her girlish figure?”

“I’m supposed to be thin and lovely. You’re supposed to be big and manly.” She *almost* said it with a straight face.

I rolled my eyes. “C’mon, let’s get back to work.”

“Do you want me to get the sunscreen?”

“So you think I’m going to take off my shirt?” I teased.

“I will if you will.”

My eyebrows shot up.

“Why not? What’s the point of having a private backyard if you can’t enjoy it?”

“Fine by me.”

“I’ll grab the sunscreen and meet you outside,” she said.

I went out to the patio through the living room door. She emerged from the master bedroom door about a minute later. She brandished a tube of Bain de Soleil.

“You want me to do you?” She was talking about the sunscreen, but I didn’t miss the double entendre.

“Um… sure.” I pulled off my T-shirt and turned my back to her. She spread the cream over my shoulders first. Then she worked down my back.

“This makes me think of when you were a boy,” she said. “You always burned so easily.”

“I still do. It’s annoying. Why couldn’t I get *your* complexion instead of Dad’s?”

“Well, you inherited your Dad’s good looks too, so you can’t really complain. Turn around, I’ll do your front.”

I obeyed out of habit.

“You’re a lot bigger than you used to be,” she said as she covered my arms and chest. “More muscular too.”

“See? All that healthy food Christy makes me eat.”

“She doesn’t really ‘make’ you, does she?”

“No, but it’s easier to eat whatever she does. I mean, I’m not going to give up Coke or steak any time soon, but the rest is actually good for me. I tease her about eating ‘bunny food,’ but I don’t mind.”

“I still think you’re too thin.”

“And *I* think I don’t ever want to be pudgy again.”

“You weren’t pudgy. Besides, it was just baby fat.”

“On a fifteen-year old? Mom, that’s hardly a baby.”

“I thought you were cute.”

“And now?”

“Very handsome,” she said as she finished my stomach. Then she glanced at my sweatpants. “You going to take those off too?”

My eyebrows rose again. “Excuse me?”

“I’m kidding,” she said, although we both knew she wasn’t. All of a sudden she handed me the tube of sunscreen. “Here,” she said as she pulled off her own shirt, “you can do me.”

Her breasts sprang into view. I’d seen them hundreds of times, maybe thousands, but I never grew tired of looking at bare breasts, even if they were my mother’s. They’d sagged a little over the years, but they were still round and full, with medium-sized areolae and thick nipples. She paused for a moment, as if she wanted me to look, before she turned her back to me.

Her skin was pale from the winter, with a light dusting of freckles across her shoulders and upper chest. She swept her hair aside so I could cover her neck and shoulders. She tanned much easier than I did, so I wondered why she was bothering.

Then I realized that she *wanted* me to touch her. But we had rules about that. We were swingers, so we'd seen each other have sex, but that didn't extend to sex with each other. Sure, we'd fooled around before, but that had been years earlier.

I coated her back with sunscreen and then worked toward her waist. Then I covered her shoulders and arms. I deliberately came close to her breasts several times, although never enough to raise an eyebrow. Still, we were both aware that I was teasing her. Then I decided to continue the innuendo where she'd left off.

"Turn around. I'll do your front."

"Ha! No, that's all right. I can do it. The rules, you know."

"Rules were made to be broken," I shot back.

"Mmm, not yet." She accepted the tube of sunscreen, squirted a line of orangish cream into her palm, and casually coated her breasts. Then, just as casually, she asked, "How would you feel about going all the way?"

My eyes didn't *quite* pop out of their sockets, but not for lack of trying.

"You know," she added with a grin, "nude gardening."

"Oh! I thought—"

"Thought what?"

"Don't act innocent," I said.

"Who, me?"

I rolled my eyes. "Nude gardening, huh?"

"Sure. What did you think I meant?"

"You know," I said darkly.

"What if I did mean the other?"

I didn't think she was serious, but I played along anyway. "What about the rules?"

"Rules're made to be broken."

"Now you're just messing with me."

She paused for a moment but then laughed. "You're right. I'm sorry. I couldn't resist."

"Try harder."

"I'm serious about the nude gardening, though. We'll be much cooler."

"Fine by me," I said without thinking. "Um… although…"

She raised an eyebrow.

"Aw, what the heck." I untied the drawstring on my sweatpants. I shucked them and my boxers in the same motion. I sat on the edge of the

deck before Mom could say anything. Then I avoided her stare by concentrating on the sweatpants' elastic cuff around my ankle.

"That's a new look," she said when she recovered.

"Um, yeah." I tugged one leg free. "Christy likes me to shave."

"Completely?" Mom said, although it was obvious.

"Well, it's only fair. I like her to shave. So…" I pulled off the other leg and tossed the sweatpants onto a nearby chair. Then I stood in all my glory, hairless from the neck down. (I still had hair on my arms and legs, and a little patch around my navel, but that was it. My pubic hair was day-old stubble, no more.) "You look even bigger without hair," Mom said before she realized it.

I chuckled and decided not to tell her that I was semi-hard from all the innuendo and sexual tension.

"Sorry," she said at last. "I shouldn't stare. Especially at my son."

"Eh, it's okay. He kinda likes it."

"He?"

"Mr. Big."

She rolled her eyes and laughed. "Is that what Christy calls it?"

"Him. He's a him."

"Oh, he is, is he? Well, should I shake his hand or something?"

"Probably not," I deadpanned. "The rules."

"Oh, right." Her eyes glinted with laughter. "Those. Obnoxious things, rules. Always getting in the way when you don't want them to."

My eyebrows rose with mild disbelief.

She grinned. "Sorry. I'm still teasing you."

"Yeah. But turnabout's fair play, you know."

"Oh, I know. So I'll stop. For now." She shot me a grin. "I have a bit of a confession. You aren't the only one doing a bit of, ahem, creative gardening down below."

"Oh?"

"You'll see." She kicked off her shoes and unbuttoned her jeans. She shimmied and slid them over her hips.

Her jiggling breasts caught my eye, so I didn't notice her pubic hair at first.

"Your dad asked me to shave," she said, which drew my attention like a magnet. "Not completely, like Susan does, but 'just the undercarriage.'"

I couldn’t help but laugh at his choice of words. Then I took a good look at what she was talking about. Her bush was light brown and neatly groomed, as usual, but the triangle narrowed to a point above her slit. Her labia were bare, plump and pinkish-brown.

“Looks nice,” I said, the first thing that came to mind. “Not that… you know. I mean… the rules, right?”

“Right,” she agreed dryly. “The rules.”

“Well, I’d better put sunscreen on my legs,” I said as a distraction.

All of a sudden she laughed.

“What?”

“Better do your penis too. You don’t want it— Excuse me, *him* sunburned, especially without hair to protect him.” She couldn’t help but grin.

“Yeah, right.”

So I covered my legs and butt with cream. Then I self-consciously coated my dick as well. He reacted predictably.

“I wonder if I should do my lady parts?” Mom wondered. “You know,” she added, “just in case.”

“Better safe than sorry.” I handed over the tube and pretended not to watch as she delicately spread sunscreen on her labia and between her legs. “Might as well do the rest,” she said. “I may tan easier than you do, but I can still burn, especially the first couple of times until I start turning brown.”

She covered her thighs as well, and I did my best not to stare as she bent over to do her lower legs. We’d seen each other nude more times than I could count, but we hadn’t been joking and making sexual innuendos those other times. Not most of them, at least.

“Ready to get back to work?” I said at last.

“Let’s do it.”

I shot her a look, but she hadn’t meant anything by it. I told myself I was imagining things and pulled on my gloves.

The cool morning was a distant memory, replaced by a hot and humid afternoon. I could already feel beads of perspiration forming, so I was glad I’d shed the last of the sweatsuit, which would’ve lived up to its name.

I followed as Mom headed toward the corner of the yard. The flower beds in back were much smaller than the front ones, but they were more crowded with shrubs and trees. We worked around them for more than an

hour before we cleared all the weeds and loose brush that had accumulated over the winter.

“I think we’re ready for mulch,” I said at last.

“I think so. We’ll have to be careful, though.”

“Oh? Why?”

“We’ll have shovels and rakes and implements of destruction,” she said, “with all our tender parts exposed.”

“Nude gardening isn’t what it’s cracked up to be?”

“Oh, I didn’t say that. It’s much cooler.”

“It is,” I agreed.

“And the view’s nicer.”

My eyebrows shot up.

“You aren’t the only one who likes to look.”

“Well, look but don’t touch.”

“Says who?” she teased.

“The rules.”

“The ones you said are made to be broken?”

“Yes, *those* rules. Now, quit teasing me if you aren’t going to do anything about it.”

“I’m sorry,” she said with a grin. “I know I shouldn’t. But… you’re so much fun to tease.”

“Well, I’m also a man who hasn’t had sex—real sex—in months.”

“But Christy takes care of you in other ways, right? I mean— I thought —”

“She does, but it isn’t the same.”

“I know, honey. And I’m sorry. I’ll quit teasing you.”

“Thanks. I’ll survive till I see her, but still… Let’s not tempt fate.”

“Um… no.”

The garage had a side door that opened onto the backyard, so I didn’t have to put on clothes and leave the privacy of the fence to fetch more mulch. I loaded the wheelbarrow and trundled it toward the back fence.

We set to work dumping and spreading bags. It wasn’t difficult, but it took concentration, especially if we wanted to avoid cuts and scrapes from the vegetation. Still, I managed to enjoy the sight of Mom working nude, and I caught her stealing glances at me every once in a while. My dick never grew to its full length, but I was semi-aroused the entire time, which she must have noticed.

“I don’t know about you,” she said as she raked a last bit of mulch around a shrub, “but I’m done. The new plants will keep until tomorrow.”

“Are you sure?” I glanced at my watch. “We still have a couple of hours of daylight.”

She shook her head. “I’m bushed. I want a shower and a cold drink, in that order.”

I wiped sweat from my brow and didn’t care if I left a smudge. “Sounds good to me.”

She started to take off her gloves, but then stopped and looked guilty.

“What?”

“Your shower. It’s still full of houseplants. I can move them and clean the potting soil—”

I waved away the offer. “I’ll shower in your bathroom, if that’s okay.”

“You want to go first?”

“Nah. You go ahead. I’ll have a drink and *then* a shower.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

6

I grabbed a Coke and held the cold can against my forehead. It felt good for a moment, but I wanted the liquid more than the cool, so I popped the top and drained half of it in one long pull. The fizzy cola bit the back of my throat, but I emptied the rest in a few gulps. Then I crushed the can and covered a belch. I took another from the fridge and drank more slowly.

I hadn't bothered to put on clothes, since I was going to shower in a few minutes. I'd taken off my shoes and socks, though, and my feet were shockingly white below the grime on my legs. The rest of me was covered in a mixture of dirt, sweat, and sunscreen. Even my penis had a smudge of dirt on it, although I couldn't remember touching it.

I replayed the afternoon and tried to decide if Mom had been flirting for real. Teasing was one thing—we'd both done plenty of that—but I kept telling myself I was reading too much into her innuendos and suggestions. Our family had long-established rules about no contact between parents and children, although Erin and I weren't kids anymore. We were both grown-ups, and my mom knew it.

So, why was she flirting with me if she couldn't—or *wouldn't*—follow through? I pondered the question and then asked myself another: what if she wanted to change the rules? A fantasy was fun, but it didn't affect anyone else. Reality could get messy. That had always been her main objection to us having sex: it would change our relationship.

But our relationship has *changed*, I reminded myself.

I'd been living on my own for a while. I still came home to visit, but that was all it was, a *visit*. I didn't even think of it as "home" most of the

time, especially since I didn't have my own bedroom anymore. But while the sleeping arrangements had changed, our relationship hadn't, and she was still my mother. Yet I couldn't shake the feeling that she'd been flirting with me for real.

So, what if I were right? What then? Would I break the rules? Would she? Or would we just bend them? And if we did, how far would we go?

"This is crazy," I said aloud. I was overthinking things, especially about something that probably wouldn't happen anyway.

Still… what if it did?

"Yeah, right." I laughed at my own wishful thinking.

After a moment I crumpled my empty can and threw it in the trash. Then I ducked into the guest bedroom to grab my toiletry kit before I headed to the back. The master bedroom door was open as well as the one to the bathroom.

Mom smiled when she saw me. She had a towel wrapped around her torso and another around her head. Part of me sighed with relief. If she really wanted to do more than flirt, she'd have been nude. Still, I couldn't help but feel a little disappointed, although I shook it off and smiled in reply.

"My turn?" I said.

"Sure." Her face and shoulders were still pink from the shower. "Although… you might want to wait for more hot water. I used it all. Sorry."

"Christy does the same thing, so I'm used to it. Still, I don't see how you can do it. Take such a hot shower, I mean, especially after being so hot outside."

"Some like it hot." Her eyes flashed before she motioned me in.

The bathroom wasn't exactly small, but the entry was narrow enough that I had to be careful as I moved behind her. A single layer of terrycloth wasn't enough to keep us honest if I brushed against her. I was already thinking about sex, and I felt like I might explode if I touched a soft, feminine body.

I tried to focus on the shower instead. The water was barely lukewarm, even with the tap turned all the way to hot. I couldn't do anything about it, though, so I stepped into the shower and closed the frosted glass door. I let the spray wash over me and tried to forget my earlier thoughts. After a

moment I began to scrub away the dirt and grime. The water at my feet ran brown from my efforts.

I had to wash twice, but eventually decided that I was clean enough. Then I shook the can of shaving cream and squirted a dollop into my palm. I spread it around my penis and over my testicles. I shaved away the stubble and tested my work with my fingertips. On a whim I decided to shave again, just to be extra-smooth. Then I rinsed away the remnants of shaving cream, turned off the shower, and sluiced water down my arms and torso.

I tugged my limp manhood a couple of times and felt it fill with blood. I wanted to jerk off, but Mom was on the other side of the shower door. She couldn't see clearly, but the motion would be obvious enough, so I reluctantly let go and slid the door open.

I grabbed the fresh towel from the hook by the door. I dried my face and hoped it wasn't *too* obvious that I'd been playing with myself. I'd just started to dry the rest of my body when I realized that Mom wasn't wearing either towel anymore. Her damp hair hung around her bare shoulders, but my eyes were drawn to the rest of her. Then I noticed the can of shaving cream on the counter and the razor in her hand.

She saw me look. "Just touching up," she said. "You're actually the first to see it."

"What? You mean, Dad hasn't…?"

"No."

"I only decided to do it yesterday morning. It's a lot of work, isn't it?"

"It's easier the more you do it. I hardly notice anymore. It's just something I do."

"Well, it still feels odd to me, but I'm getting used to it. I'm not sure I'm doing a good job, though."

My eyebrows rose.

"I could use a second opinion."

"Excuse me?"

"You know, to tell me if it's smooth enough."

"I'm sure it's fine," I said automatically.

"Well, I'm not. I want to do a good job. I have plenty of experience with Susan's, but none on this side of the operation."

My dick had gotten the message already, but my brain was struggling to process it.

"Someone thinks it's a good idea," Mom said.

I glanced down at my joint, which was already at half-mast. “He doesn’t understand the rules,” I said. “Besides, he thinks you’re asking us— *me* to check your… um… handiwork.”

“That’s exactly what I’m asking.”

My eyebrows tried to hit the ceiling.

“I really want your opinion,” she pressed.

“You’re serious. You want me to—?”

“Feel my pussy and tell me if I did a good job, yes.”

“Are you sure?” I asked through a suddenly dry throat. My hard-on didn’t have any doubts.

Mom grinned at my reaction and leaned back against the counter. Then she lifted a foot to her dressing stool. I watched her smooth labia part. My body moved on its own, and I shuffled toward her. She took my hand and deliberately placed my fingers on her pussy. She closed her eyes with a shiver of desire. When she opened them again, she gazed at me calmly.

We stood like that for a long moment, neither of us moving.

A dozen thoughts raced through my mind, but my dick only had one. I knew I should ignore it, but I didn’t *want* to. I wanted to fuck her. She wanted it too, unless I’d misread every signal since breakfast.

My resistance lasted another heartbeat. Then I pressed my fingers into her shaved cleft. Her labia parted easily, and I felt heat and moisture on my fingertips. A *lot* of moisture. My erection strained toward her. She must have felt the tremors of my desire—she reached out and gripped me gently. Her fingers were soft and warm as she stroked my shaft.

“It’s bigger than I remember.” Her voice had gone husky with desire.

I cleared my own throat. “It’s been a while.”

“Mmm hmm. And now you’re a grown man.” Her eyes never left mine, but we both knew what she was talking about. “*Full*-grown.”

“Are you sure we should…?”

She used her free hand to press mine against her pussy. “You tell me.”

“I—” I moistened my mouth but couldn’t find any words.

She pulled me toward her. I didn’t resist. I lifted her to the counter instead. She spread her legs and set the tip of my cock at her channel. She pressed it up and in, and I felt the head penetrate. Then she wrapped one leg around me and urged me forward. My cock slid into her warm depths and kept going until my hips met her thighs.

“Oh, God,” she gasped, “that’s it.” Her eyes held mine. Neither of us moved for a long moment. Then she smiled. “Isn’t this what you wanted? What we *both* wanted?”

I swallowed hard and nodded.

“Mmm, good.” She closed her eyes, and her nostrils flared as she inhaled. “Now, fuck me.”

I gripped her thighs and began thrusting. She supported herself with an arm around my neck. She moaned softly each time I plowed into her and withdrew for another thrust. I picked up the tempo, and her breasts bounced in time with her gasps of pleasure.

Her pussy was the first I’d felt in months, as smooth and hot as I remembered. It gripped my shaft and caressed me with velvet heat. Her expression reflected my own lust, so I pounded into her with a renewed intensity.

“Come in my mouth,” she said breathlessly. “I want to taste you.”

I pulled out.

She immediately sank to her knees and began sucking. She gripped my shaft with one hand and caressed my balls with the other.

I came almost without warning. One moment I was still trying to hold back and the next I was crying out with the force of release. My entire body tensed as a geyser of semen coated her tongue. She sucked greedily and kept pumping my shaft as the next spurt filled her mouth. She swallowed a third and fourth before the spurts slowed to gushes.

When my orgasm finally subsided, I shuddered and had to brace myself with a hand on the counter. I slowly regained my equilibrium and looked down at my cock, to where my mother’s lips surrounded the thick shaft. She opened her eyes and gazed up at me. My dick softened a bit, but remained fairly hard as she planted kisses along its length.

She was clearly enjoying herself as she licked and sucked and nuzzled my scrotum. She grinned to herself and lavished attention on my smooth balls. I had to grip the counter to keep from falling. She eventually let me slip from her mouth. Then she delicately wiped semen and saliva from her lips.

“That was nice,” she said.

“No kidding.”

“My turn.”

“Oh?”

She stood and led me into the bedroom. I watched her ass move as she crawled onto the bed and lay on her back. She spread her legs and gave me a come-hither gesture. Her shaved labia glistened with moisture and arousal. Her inner lips protruded, plump with desire, as she spread her legs further.

A sudden realization hit me. “So *that’s* why you wanted me to come in your mouth.”

“Mmm hmm. I want you to eat my pussy…”

“Well, I *do* need to give it that inspection you asked for.”

Her eyes flashed with desire. “Indeed.”

I climbed between her legs and settled to my stomach.

“You also need a few minutes before you can come again. But first”—she ran her fingers through my hair—“I’ve been waiting for this for years.” She gently pulled my face toward her pussy.

I planted a couple of kisses and gently nuzzled her hooded clit. She’d done a good job with the razor, and I couldn’t feel any stubble. I said so, but she ignored me and put her hand on the back of my head. I began licking in earnest.

The tangy flavor of pussy filled my mouth, mixed with a hint of sweat and my own pre-come. I gently sucked her inner lips and flicked them with my tongue. She gasped and bucked her hips against me, trying to get more of my mouth on her pussy.

I palmed her buttocks to lift her toward me. Then I released her fleshy labia and teased her clit. The stiff little bead practically vibrated under my attention. Mom hissed and used her fingers to spread herself open. I took the hint and circled the pink pearl with my tongue.

I spent the next ten minutes between her legs, licking, sucking, and nuzzling her half-shaved pussy. When I felt her climax approaching, I concentrated on her clit and jammed two fingers inside her. She arched her back and came with a muffled scream and a rush of moisture. I rode out her spasms and kept licking until she couldn’t stand it anymore.

She pushed me away. “Fuck me,” she panted. “I want to feel you inside me.”

I knelt between her legs and teased her pussy with the head of my cock. “Do you remember the *last* time we were in this position?”

“How could I forget? I made you stop.”

“Uh-huh. Do you regret it?”

She shook her head.

“Seriously?”

“You were too young,” she said.

“So? I was pretty mature for my age.”

“No. Not like now.”

She was probably right, so I didn’t argue the point. I changed the subject instead. “For the record,” I said, “this is one of the main reasons I like a shaved pussy.”

“Which is…?”

“I like watching my dick spread it open, and it’s easier to see without all the hair.” I fitted my swollen glans to her pussy and gently pushed. The head of my cock disappeared into her well-lubricated opening. I thrust about halfway in and then pulled back so I could watch her inner lips cling to my shaft.

“See?” I said. “That’s awesome.”

“I’ll take your word for it.”

I pushed into her again and watched her pussy stretch to accommodate my girth. This time I buried myself to the hilt, and made a mental snapshot of her smooth pussy lips as they gripped the equally smooth base of my cock. “I could watch this all day.”

“Please don’t.”

“Hmm?”

“I never should have introduced you to Susan.”

“Oh? Why?”

“*She* did this to you.”

“What?”

“Made you a tease.”

“What? You don’t like teasing?”

She shook her head.

“You want me to fuck you instead?”

She nodded.

I slammed into her.

She cried out and arched her back. “Yes!” she hissed. “Like that.”

I pulled back and plowed into her again.

“Fuck me,” she gasped. “Hard!”

I couldn’t resist one more tease. “Well, since you asked so nicely…”

Her pussy was even hotter and wetter than before, courtesy of my tongue. I enjoyed the sensations as my shaft slid into her and then hit bottom. I'd already had an orgasm, so I didn't feel the need to rush toward another one. I pulled out and paused.

She gripped my ass with both hands. "Fuck me," she pleaded. "Ride me hard and put me away wet."

I snorted a laugh. I couldn't help myself.

"Okay," she admitted, "it sounded better in my head."

"I bet." Then I grinned. "You still want me to 'ride you hard and put you away wet'?"

"For the love of God, if you don't fuck me, I'm going to screa—"

I buried my shaft in one powerful lunge. My hips pinned her to the bed. "Like that?"

She moistened her lips and nodded. "*Just* like that."

I began fucking her with a slow, steady rhythm. "Have you been thinking about this since the last time?"

"God, yes."

"Playing with yourself as you imagined what it'd be like?"

She nodded and gripped the bedspread.

"Is the real thing better?"

"So much better." She arched her back. "Oh, God. Fuck me."

"Isn't that what I'm doing?"

She nodded and fell silent, except for soft moans as I buried my cock and then slid out for the next thrust.

I fell silent and concentrated on not coming too soon. I wanted her to feel every inch of what she'd been missing for all those years, so I focused on anything but how good her pussy felt. I gazed at her breasts as they bounced each time our hips met. I watched her face as it contorted with pleasure. I stared at her lips as she breathed and moaned with each thrust.

She came again, a little orgasm this time, and urged me to fuck her harder. I began pounding into her, driving her hips into the bed and making her breasts bounce. She panted with exertion and met each thrust. Her hands rested on my arms as she urged me toward my own orgasm.

"Come inside me," she panted. "I want— to feel— you come."

I answered with a groan of pleasure at the smooth, slippery heat of her pussy. Orgasmic pressure steadily grew within me, and I stopped trying to

hold back. I buried myself as deep as I could, and the muscles in my back and butt strained with the effort to hold myself still.

White light erupted behind my eyes as I unleashed a torrent of semen. She felt it and cried out. Her own climax peaked a moment later. A wave of heat and moisture washed over my cock. I held still and felt the last pulsing gushes as I emptied my balls deep inside her.

Time had passed when I finally opened my eyes. I felt a small jolt of surprise and satisfaction when I realized that I'd just fucked my mother, and that my cock was slowly softening inside her.

I looked down to where our bodies met and joined. Then I let my gaze travel upward, slowly. My eyes lingered on her soft stomach before moving higher, to her breasts and stiff nipples. Her chest was red, flushed with arousal and coated with a light sheen of sweat. I finally met her eyes, deep and blue and intense, filled with a mixture of desire and anxiety.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Mmm hmm. Give me time to recover and I'll do it again."

PART II

7

We didn’t have sex again. Not right away, at least. Instead, we showered and went out for dinner.

“What do you feel like?” I asked as I backed out of the driveway.

“I don’t care,” Mom said. “Anything. I’m starving.”

“Steak? Chicken? Seafood? Pizza? A burger? ”

She laughed. “Pizza. You remember Johnny’s?”

“Of course. Johnny’s it is.”

The restaurant was just as I remembered, a hole-in-the-wall place with fantastic pizza, a hidden gem that only the locals knew about. We ordered salads and a medium special and then chatted about everything but what I *wanted* to talk about. I knew why, of course. We were in public, surrounded by people who might casually overhear, and words like “incest” cut right through the background chatter. I bided my time but was ready to burst at the seams by the time we left.

“This whole thing was a setup,” I said when we reached the relative privacy of the car, “wasn’t it?”

Mom tried to look innocent as she buckled her seatbelt. “What do you mean?”

“Dad’s last-minute trip. Nude gardening. Plants in my shower. You shaving. The whole thing. It was a setup.”

She glanced at me sideways.

“Well?”

“Your dad didn’t think you’d figure it out. I thought you would, but he said you’d be too busy.”

“Too busy?” I pulled out of the parking lot and turned toward the house. “Too busy doing what?”

“Fucking me,” she said frankly.

“Seriously? He doesn’t give me enough credit.”

“It’s not that. He just doesn’t think like you do.”

“How so?”

“Sex isn’t very emotional for him. Not that he isn’t emotional—he *is*—but sex is more physical for him.”

“It’s pretty physical for me too.”

“True, but you’re more like me. You want an emotional connection. Not always, but most of the time. Blowjobs are a different story—sometimes I enjoy them even more when I don’t know the guy’s name—but I need to like a man before I’ll have sex with him. That’s how you are with women. At least, from everything *I’ve* seen.”

“I am.”

“You also want to know how the pieces of a puzzle fit together.”

“Mostly I do it with buildings,” I agreed, “but I guess people too.”

“Mmm hmm. Which is why you realized that today was a setup. We arranged for Erin to be in Florida so we could have some privacy. Then your dad traded with a friend to get the reverse seniority trip. The weather today was a bonus, so the nude gardening was my idea at the last minute.”

“And the houseplants? The shaving?”

“I had to get you into my bathroom somehow,” she said with a grin. “And the shaving? That was Susan’s idea, but I know what you like.”

“Okay,” I said slowly. “So… you were serious earlier when you said rules were made to be broken?”

“Well, *you* said it first, but I took it and ran with it.”

“But still… we broke the rules.” All of a sudden I realized the truth. “No, we didn’t. You changed them.”

“Ah, I knew you’d figure it out.”

“Okay, but why? And why now? Why not before?”

“Why change the rules? Isn’t that obvious?”

“Yeah, I guess. I’m not a kid anymore and can probably handle it. But why do it all of a sudden? Why not *talk* to me about it?”

“This was more fun, don’t you think?”

“Yeah, okay. But still… I spent most of dinner feeling a little guilty.”

“I’m sorry. I should’ve said something. But we’re talking about it now.”

I wanted to grumble but that would've seemed petty, so I took a deep breath and adjusted my attitude. "Okay," I said after a moment, "what're the new rules? Anything goes?"

"More or less."

"So it's all right to have sex again?"

"I was hoping to. That is, if you're in the mood."

My grin was answer enough.

"As far as the rules go," she continued, "we need to keep things all in the family, so to speak."

"Duh. But why now? Why not back when I turned eighteen?" I suspected the answer but wasn't sure.

"That's a longer story," she said.

"I have time." I parked in the driveway and turned off the engine. We unfastened our seatbelts, but neither of us made a move to get out.

"Mostly because of Erin."

"Oh, boy… what'd she do?"

"No, it's for a good reason," Mom said. "You know we've been getting along better—"

I nodded.

"—since Kara's wedding and that disastrous night at the club."

I vividly remembered. Erin had gone to a local hotspot with Leah and Mark after the wedding reception. Things had *not* gone well, and they'd almost been arrested. The police had scared them more than anything, but Erin had gained a visceral appreciation for our parents and the safety net they provided. It was almost like someone had flipped a switch: her relationship with Mom had improved overnight. Literally.

"And even since Christmas," Mom continued. "I think she realizes she'll be on her own soon. It's like she's saving up for when she moves out, not money but memories. She's always been more of a planner than you were. Not that you aren't now," she added quickly, "but you weren't always. You used to just *do* something and worry about the consequences later."

"Not anymore," I chuckled. "Too many of my own dumb, impulsive decisions came back to bite me in the ass."

"And you learned from them. That's what grown-ups do. And what Erin's been showing signs of lately."

"Had to happen sooner or later."

“Could’ve been sooner,” Mom griped. “But yes, it had to happen eventually. Although… I’m really not giving her enough credit. We started having grown-up conversations last summer, before she went on the cruise with Grandma and Grandpa. Then the thing at the nightclub happened. And finally, when you gave her your bedroom. I think moving her things made her start thinking about what happens when she moves out herself.

“It’s obvious now, in hindsight,” she continued, “but I didn’t see the signs at the time. These days she’s a pleasure to be around.” She smiled to herself and gathered her thoughts. “Anyway, you asked about why now. Well, because of something Erin said.”

“An actual grown-up conversation and everything?” I teased.

“I don’t think you understand just how difficult she was to live with,” she said peevishly. “For several years.”

“You probably weren’t a joy either, Mom. From Erin’s perspective, I mean. It takes two to tango.”

“I know,” she snapped. Then she flicked something invisible from her jeans. “You’re probably right,” she said at last. “No, I know you are. I started treating Erin more like a grown-up and she started acting like it. I don’t know which came first, but things sort of snowballed. Although… funny I should mention snow. We had a big discussion about the family rules over New Year’s, while we were skiing in Utah.”

“Ah, right. That makes sense. Big family orgy. Erin would want to participate.”

“Something like that,” she said semi-evasively. Then she plowed ahead, “She laid out all the reasons why the current rules don’t make sense anymore. She basically said they’re arbitrary and unnecessary. She made a fairly compelling argument. You know she wants to be a lawyer?”

“She’s mentioned it before, but I didn’t know how serious she was. I know she did Mock Trial in the fall.”

Mom nodded. “Her team won the district. She was lead counsel for the defense. She was… impressive.”

“I’m not surprised. She has Dad’s logic and reasoning skills and your intuition and people skills.”

“She does. And she put them all to good use when she talked to me about the rules.”

“I can imagine. So, what did you tell her?”

“That I’d think about it.”

“I bet *that* went over well,” I said with a touch of sarcasm.

“Believe it or not, it did. Yeah, I know,” she said to my reaction, “it surprised the hell outta me too! But that’s when I knew she was serious, not just trying to manipulate me for her own benefit. So your dad and I started talking about it.

“He knows about you and me,” she continued, “and some of my fantasies. I know about him and Erin and some of his. He has an itch he needs to scratch, which I completely understand. Erin is basically a younger version of me, only prettier and hornier.”

I scoffed. “Listen, I know you’re a little hung up about your age—”

She looked away but didn’t try to deny it.

“Don’t be.”

“I know. It’s just something I’m going through. That’s part of the reason I agreed to change the rules in the first place.”

“Oh?”

“I’m almost ashamed to admit it, but… I wanted to see if you still had the hots for me, if I could still attract a younger man.”

“You definitely can. But you know that sex isn’t physical; it’s mental. And it’s the taboo for you and me. Yeah, I’m physically attracted to you—I couldn’t get it up if I weren’t—but I really like the idea of breaking the rules. *Society’s* rules, I mean.”

“That’s the excitement for me too. I think you’re handsome, obviously, but it’s all so… illicit with you.”

“You and your words,” I chuckled. “I get that from you, you know?”

She smiled. “I know.”

“But yeah, it’s illicit. And that’s what makes it fun. Speaking of which…”

Her eyebrows rose.

“What would the neighbors say if they knew what we were up to?” The nearest house was dark, and none of the others on the street were close enough to see us.

“Oh?” she said with a grin. “You have something in mind?”

“You know. Our favorite pastime.” I unzipped my jeans and carefully withdrew my penis. It was soft but rapidly swelled as my thoughts turned to what we were about to do.

“What would they say if they knew I was about to blow my son, you mean?”

“Exactly, a taboo blowjob in the driveway, where anyone might see!”

She rolled her eyes but lowered her head to my lap. She kissed and caressed my hard-on for a couple of minutes before she engulfed it slowly. Then she adjusted her angle and took me deeper.

I groaned as the head of my cock touched the back of her tongue. She took a deep breath through her nose. Slowly, exquisitely, she swallowed another inch, and my glans slid past the muscles in her throat. She opened wider and slid her mouth down my shaft.

When her nose finally touched my jeans, she pressed her face into my lap. I strained to force more of my rod into her mouth. She swallowed the last inch and closed her lips around the base. Then she moaned softly, and the vibration set off a wave of pleasure and desire. I rested my hand on the back of her head and closed my eyes to focus on the sensations radiating from my cock.

She moaned again and began to withdraw. Her lips caressed my length until the head popped free. She took a deep breath and plunged again. She paused and opened wider and forced my cock down her throat until she swallowed it completely.

“Oh, God,” I groaned, “that’s *nice*.”

She raised her head and stroked my entire length with her lips. “Mmm,” she said at the top, “I think so too.” She swallowed me again, all the way, and moaned to emphasize her point. Then she came up for air and concentrated on the tip of my shaft.

After a moment she took me deep again. Her mouth tightened around the base, and she bobbed a couple of times to stroke me with her lips and tongue. I closed my eyes as she enjoyed herself with several minutes of hot, wet, noisy suction. The pressure increased in my balls, and she felt my impending orgasm. She concentrated on the head as I began thrusting my hips at her.

My muscles tensed and I came with a groan. Semen erupted from my shaft in hot geysers. She swallowed it all and continued milking my cock long after I stopped shooting. Then she took me deep again. It was easier now that my penis had begun to soften. My breathing slowly returned to normal as she sucked my shrinking manhood. It flopped sideways like an exhausted eel when she finally sat up.

“That was nice,” I said.

“But what would the neighbors say?”

“That you’re the best mom in the world.”

“Ha! Somehow, I doubt it.”

“Eh, what do they know?”

“You’re good for my ego,” she said with a smile.

“And you’re good for my libido.”

“Mine too. But if we want to do anything else, we really should head inside.”

“What? You aren’t in the mood for sex in the back of a Land Cruiser?”

“No, but thank you. Let’s go.”

8

We were both tired after the yard work and all our extracurricular activities, so we decided to soak in the hot tub. I moved the cover and started the pump while Mom went into the master bedroom to fetch towels.

“You want anything to drink?” she asked when she returned. “Beer? Wine? Something else?”

“This is gonna sound crazy,” I said, “but do you have any whiskey?”

“Probably.”

“A glass on ice?”

“Sure thing. My little boy is growing up,” she chuckled. “Whiskey on the rocks, coming up.”

I undressed and folded my clothes on one of the patio chairs. The night had turned chilly, so I welcomed the warmth of the hot tub as I sank up to my neck. Mom returned with a beer for herself and an acrylic cup filled with ice and amber liquid for me. She took off her clothes and left them on the deck as I sipped my drink.

The whiskey was Jack Daniels instead of Jameson, but I wasn’t about to complain. I took a longer drink and felt warmth spread through my insides as well. Then I watched as Mom descended the hot tub steps and settled on the bench across from me. The light from below highlighted her figure and accentuated her curves.

“You don’t have anything to worry about,” I said.

“About what?”

“Being able to attract younger men.”

“I know. But thank you for saying so. Being a woman is such a pain sometimes. Everything sags and stretches and isn’t where it used to be.”

“So? It’s what’s inside that counts.”

“But people don’t *notice* the inside. Not at first.”

“Mom, you’re a beautiful woman. Besides, everyone worries about their looks.” I chuckled. “Christy’s future sister-in-law is a model—like, that’s her actual job, modeling for magazines and swimsuit issues—and even *she* worries about her looks.”

“Well, I’m no model—”

“You are to me. And you’re the standard I judge other women by.”

“Really? I always thought you liked brunettes.”

I shrugged. “I liked brunettes because that’s who I was lucky enough to have sex with, starting with Susan. Gina, because she was my first real love. And Kendall…” I sighed. “Well, Kendall was a goddess.”

“Not according to Erin and Leah. They—”

“Don’t like her. I know.”

“That’s putting it mildly.”

“Kendall’s a good person,” I said defensively. “She has issues, but so does everyone. And our breakup was mostly my fault.”

Mom raised an eyebrow but didn’t contradict me.

“I didn’t understand what was wrong and wasn’t mature enough to fix things even if I had.”

She sipped her beer as an excuse to process what I’d just said. “That’s a surprisingly grown-up admission.”

“I’ve had a lot of time to think about it, especially now that I’m dating Christy.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah. They’re similar in lots of ways.”

“Not on the outside. They couldn’t be more different, looks-wise. That’s why I was surprised when I met her. But… are you sure about her? She’ll eventually decide to be a swinger?”

“Pretty sure,” I said. Then a thought occurred to me. “Ah, now I understand why you were interrogating me about her earlier.”

“Mmm hmm.”

“You didn’t want to throw a stick of dynamite into my relationship if I was serious.”

“No,” she agreed.

“We’re serious, but I’m still frustrated. I know I’m being selfish, although I’m also being realistic.”

“Sex is an important part of a relationship.”

“You’re preaching to the choir.”

“Speaking of choirs… her religion doesn’t get in the way of your relationship?”

“Yes and no. It’s her *upbringing* more than her religion. She goes to Mass, believes in God, and sleeps with me every night. So being Catholic isn’t the problem.”

“Then what is?”

“Shedding the idea that she has to be a ‘proper young lady.’” I shrugged. “She’s doing better—in lots of ways she’s even wilder than I imagined—but not the big one. Rome wasn’t built in a day, but still… I’m running out of patience.”

“You said she’s ready to go all the way.”

“Yeah.”

“Do you think she’s just saying that because she doesn’t want to lose you?”

“I… don’t think so. I think she’s really ready. But this thing with Brooke really messed up our plans.” I took a healthy drink of whiskey and tried to relax. I was equally annoyed that Christy didn’t want to use modern birth control, but I didn’t want to discuss it with Mom. I knew what she’d say, and I didn’t feel like making excuses.

Mom brought me back to the present when she asked, “Messed up or delayed?”

“The former,” I said heavily. “The dates’re kinda important.”

“Ah. I think I understand.” She took a drink to avoid saying anything else. She probably knew what was going through my head, and she knew I’d have to decide for myself.

I loved Christy and thought we had a future together, but that didn’t mean our relationship was all sunshine, lollipops, and rainbows.

“Are you okay with us?” Mom asked quietly. “You and me?”

“Yeah, absolutely,” I said automatically. Then I thought about it. “I really am. I mean, I’ve had fantasies since I was old enough to realize how sexy you were. But I guess I’m curious what happens next. I mean, short-term, we’re going to have sex again, probably here in the tub—”

Her grin was practically an invitation.

“—but what happens long-term?”

“I’ve been thinking about that myself, ever since Erin convinced me that the rules were outdated.”

“And what did you decide?”

“Well, part of it is easy. You and I have our tryst and then David and Erin do something similar. At first I thought that was why she was arguing with me about the rules. In a way, it *was*—she wants to finish what she started a few years ago—but she made some good points.”

“She also made it so you got something *you* wanted too.”

“Mmm hmm. Which is why I’m sitting here with my son, casually talking about having sex with him. Again. And again, as many times as we like.” She grinned. “That is, as many times as you can get it up.”

“Oh, I think I can manage a few more before you wear me out,” I said with a grin.

“I figured.”

“Okay, so what’s the other part of what happens next?”

“Between us? Long-term, I don’t think this is simply an itch we needed to scratch.”

“No.”

“So I want to do it again. But… Christy complicates things. You said she understands some of your taboo fantasies?”

“She does, especially about Erin.”

“Mmm. But not me.” It wasn’t a question.

“No. I don’t think she even has a clue.”

“Do you think you’ll tell her?”

“I’m… not sure.”

“Exactly. So our long-term prospects are vague at best, non-existent at worst.”

“We’ll have to gather our rosebuds now, then.”

“More or less. Are you okay with that?”

“I think so,” I said. “I mean, this doesn’t feel like cheating. It isn’t emotional.”

“That’s how I feel. It’s fun, a relief of tension, a fantasy we both wanted to live out.”

“Right.”

“And speaking of fantasies, I want to live out another when your dad gets home.”

“Oh?”

“You’ll see,” she said with a coy smile.

“Okay, but what about me? Do *I* get to live out any fantasies?”

“More than us having sex?”

“Of course! You think this is the only one I’ve had about you?”

She grinned.

“I *really* want you and Susan together.”

“That’s one of hers as well.”

“I’m sure I can think of others,” I said, “but that’s the first one that comes to mind.”

“Anything we can do immediately?” She set her empty beer on the side of the tub and floated toward me.

“Sit on my lap.”

She grinned. “And talk about the first thing that pops up?”

“Sort of, but not the way you’re thinking.” I stopped her when she turned to sit sideways. “Straddle me,” I said. “Spread that nice, shaved pussy so I can slide into it when I’m ready.”

She gave me an amused look but did as I asked.

I reached between us and touched the pussy in question. She gasped when I brushed her clit. I rubbed my fingers in a small circle and spread her open.

“Something else I want to do first,” I said as I withdrew my hand. I cupped her breasts and pushed them upward. “I didn’t get to play with these enough when I was a boy.”

“You didn’t know what to do with them.”

“Sure I did!” I circled her nipple with my tongue and then sucked it gently. After a moment I switched to the other one. “See?”

“But it’s not the same, is it?”

I shook my head and bit down gently.

“You did *that* when you were a boy.”

“But it isn’t the same, is it?”

It was her turn to shake her head.

“I had a lot of problems growing up in a nudist family,” I said philosophically. I teased her nipple again and then sucked it, harder this time. The alcohol was working its way through my system, so I decided to let my inner goofball have fun.

“My mother was a total babe,” I said, “but I couldn’t touch her. It was worse when we went to camp. I was surrounded by breasts, but I couldn’t touch ’em, couldn’t play with ’em. All I could do was look.” I jiggled her breasts and said to them directly, “There you were, right in front of me, but out of reach.”

She laughed.

“So I thought about you all the time,” I said, still to her nipples. “All I wanted was to play with you. Instead, I played with something else, if you know what I mean.” I made an exaggerated eye-roll toward my dick. “Yeah, him. Played with him all the time, but I *wanted* to play with you two. Too.”

I chuckled at my own joke. “Now, let’s talk about your lady-friend down there.” I gave another exaggerated look, just in case her breasts didn’t understand. “I wanted to play with her too, but I didn’t really know what to *do*. You know? It wasn’t obvious. And with all that hair, I couldn’t see how things worked. But that wasn’t the case with you two!

“You had knobs. You jiggled. You bounced. You swayed. You stood up or spread out. And every pair was different! Your lady-friend was just a triangle. Brown or black, sometimes blonde or red, but always a boring old triangle. Where’s the fun in that?”

Mom was fighting a losing battle not to grin.

“I eventually figured it out,” I told her breasts, “but it took me a while. And I had help. Like, *lots* of help. But that’s another story. Let’s get back to you two. Where was I? Oh, yes! You were all different. Big, small, round, flat, perky, saggy, you name it. And nipples? Red, brown, or pink. Flat or pointy, sometimes even puffy. Small, medium, large, and everything in between. Some aren’t even round!

“But I’ll let you in on a little secret,” I said confidentially. “I don’t really care about all that. ‘What *do* I care about?’ you ask.” I leaned closer to whisper to them, “The only thing that matters is… can I touch ’em?”

Mom lost it and burst out laughing.

I waited for her to quiet down before I continued, still to her chest. “Your owner thinks I’m nuts, but let me tell you… I’ve been staring at you since before I can remember. And now… finally… I get to play with you!”

I buried my face in her cleavage and made a motorboat sound.

Mom laughed even harder, until she finally had to push me away and wipe her eyes. “Oh, God,” she said at last, “that was funny.”

“It’s true,” I said, as though mortally offended. Then I grinned. “Seriously. I’ve been fantasizing about your tits since I was, like, twelve. And by God, now I can touch ’em.” I made another motorboat, which sent her over the edge again.

“I had no idea,” she said at last.

“Hey, I’m a breast man, and it’s your fault.” I nuzzled her left breast and then the right. “It’s your fault too,” I said to them. “If you hadn’t been so full and round, I might not have noticed you.” I laughed. “Who am I kidding? I’d’ve noticed no matter *what* you looked like.”

“So it’s not my fault?”

“Oh, it’s still your fault. You could’ve kept ’em covered. But *noooo*, you had to be a nudist, had to put ’em out there where I could see. Seriously, you can’t imagine the number of times I jerked off thinking about your tits.” I rolled my eyes. “Dozens… no, *hundreds* of times.”

She laughed.

“But I’m sorry to say, ladies,” I told her chest, “that I found something I like even more.”

“Oh, really?” Mom said, still smiling.

“Blowjobs,” I said solemnly. “I blame you for that too.”

“Me? What’d *I* do?”

“First— Hold on.” I focused on her breasts again. I kissed, licked, sucked, and squeezed them for nearly a minute before I said, “Don’t worry, dear ta-tas, I still love you. But now I have to explain to your owner why she’s responsible for *another* sexual preoccupation.”

“This is gonna be good.”

I released her breasts and held up my index finger. “First, you were the first person I ever saw have sex, not in a magazine or movie or anything, but live and in person.”

“When was that?”

“Dad had to fly a trip and was leaving camp. You were behind the cabin. You gave him a blowjob.”

She shrugged and turned sheepish. “I… um… do that a lot.” She bit her lip. “I have a weakness for men in uniform.”

“I’ll try to remember that,” I said flippantly.

“But… how did you see? I’d’ve noticed if you were hanging around.”

“I wasn’t ‘hanging around.’ I was hiding in the bushes!”

“Doing *what*?”

“Watching you give Dad a blowjob, duh! But that’s beside the point.” I held up another finger. “Second, you introduced me to Susan, one of the world’s best fella… um… fellatrixes.”

“Fella*trices*.”

I feigned indignation. “Don’t interrupt. Where was I? Oh, yes. The first time I ever had sex with *her*, she gave me a blowjob. She gave me lots of blowjobs after that, but the first one was pretty memorable. So there!”

I held up a third finger. “Last but not least, you gave me a couple of unforgettable blowjobs yourself. I *still* think about the one in the lake, when I thought you were Susan.”

“We switched in the dark.” She smiled at the memory. “That was fun.”

“Mmm hmm. So you’re clearly responsible for my love of blowjobs.”

“Can I say anything in my own defense?”

“If you think it’ll help.”

“Well, first, I didn’t know you’d be watching while I gave your dad a blowjob that time. Second, I didn’t introduce you to Susan with the *intention* of her giving you a blowjob. And third… why the hell is it a problem that you like blowjobs?”

“It isn’t. I just want you to know it’s your fault I am the way I am.”

“I should hope so. I worked very hard to get you to this point.”

“And you did an *excellent* job.”

“Thank you,” she laughed.

“You’re welcome.”

“But I’m not surprised that you are the way you are,” she admitted. “I love giving head, so I guess it makes sense that you like getting it. I mean, you don’t think it’s a coincidence that my two best friends are expert cocksuckers.”

“Fellatrices,” I corrected.

“No, cocksuckers. A fellatrix is prim and proper. I suck cock.” Her eyes flashed and she grinned. “I *love* it too. I think about it all the time. Why do you think we became nudists in the first place?”

That stopped me in my tracks. “Uh… I guess I always thought it was ’cause of Susan. Or Dad, ’cause he wanted to look at the women.”

“That’s part of it,” Mom admitted, “but it wouldn’t’ve happened if I hadn’t said yes. And do you know why I did?”

“No, but I can probably guess.”

“So I could check out the guys. And speaking of which, that reminds me. How hard do you think it was for *me*, seeing all those dicks and not being able to ‘touch ’em’?” She reconsidered. “Okay, I’ve actually touched a lot of ’em, but that’s beside the point.”

“Hold on. What do you mean, you’ve touched a lot of ’em?”

“Who do you think recruits new swingers in camp?”

I blinked and stared.

“*Someone* has to. Usually I sound out the women, but I give a lot of discreet blowjobs too.”

“For real?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“But not until they’re swingers, right?”

“No, to regular guys.”

“Like who?”

“I don’t suck and tell.”

I looked at her in disbelief. I normally wasn’t a nosy type, but I felt a sudden need to *know* who she’d blown. I named a couple of men from camp who weren’t swingers.

She shook her head at each.

“Hold on,” I said. “Are you saying, ‘no, I didn’t blow him’ or ‘no, I’m not going to tell’?”

“The former.”

“Aha! So if I eventually name all the guys I can think of, I’ll know who you’ve sucked off and who you haven’t.”

“Correct.”

“So why not tell me?”

“Okay,” she said at last, “if it’s *that* important.” She tried to sound browbeaten, but her eyes danced with enjoyment. “John Eriksson.”

“Manfred’s dad?”

“Yep. They were thinking about becoming swingers, but Ingrid wasn’t sure she could handle it. So I gave him a blowjob while she watched. She let me finish, for his sake, but it didn’t work out.”

“Yeah, I can imagine.” Not everyone was cut out to be a swinger. “Who else?”

“Bob Nelson.”

“The jewelry guy?”

“Mmm hmm, although those are more of a friendly thing, not swinger recruiting.”

“‘Those,’” I repeated. “Plural?”

“Yes, plural. He’s a nice man. He needs some stress relief.”

I chuckled. “Okay, how about Adam Payton?”

“Not him, believe it or not. I tried, but…” She shrugged. “The guys *really* wanted to recruit Melissa for the group—”

Melissa Payton was Kendall’s mother, tall and busty and built like a wet dream.

“—but they weren’t interested.”

“Okay, who else?”

She named a few other men, but none that sparked my interest. “Most guys don’t think of a blowjob as cheating,” she explained. “Some *do*, though, and some like it. The cheating, that is. We screen out those guys pretty quickly.”

“Like who?”

“John Jordan.” She made a moue of distaste. “He heard about the swinging and approached us. He came to a party, but made some lame excuse about his wife having a headache. I don’t think he even told her what he was doing. He just wanted to screw around and had *no* intention of letting her join us. He was one of ‘those’ types,” she finished caustically, “a real double-standard asshole.”

“No kidding,” I said.

“Let’s change the subject to something more pleasant.”

“Such as?”

“Cocks?” Her lips quirked with a grin. “And why a nudist camp is the best meat market in the world.”

“Pun intended, I’m sure.”

“Of course.”

I rolled my eyes but had to admire her wit.

“But first,” she said, “let’s go back to your ‘problems growing up in a nudist family’ comment.”

“I was just kidding,” I said. “It really wasn’t that bad. Well, the part about having to look but not touch was, but we fixed that.” I tweaked one of her nipples just because I could.

“Mmm, nice. But that’s not the problem I mean.”

“Oh?”

“You said you fantasized about my tits since you were twelve? Well, you weren’t the only one.”

“What? Did someone…? Who…? Wait, how—?”

“I mean… you weren’t the only one with fantasies.”

“Of course not. But—?” Realization hit me like sucker punch. I felt my mouth go dry. “*You*?”

“Why not? I’ve always known you were going to be well-hung.” She nodded at my surprise. “Well, since you hit puberty. Most boys are the same before then. But your penis started to grow when your hormones kicked in. It was several inches long before you even sprouted pubic hair.”

I gulped. “You paid attention to that sort of thing?”

“Of course. Didn’t you pay attention when Erin started growing breasts?”

“Well, yeah, but…”

“I used to check on you at night, after you fell asleep. Well, I *always* did that. Every mother does. But I took a special interest when we started going to camp, because you slept nude and usually with only a sheet. My favorite nights were when you had an erection.”

My jaw dropped.

“It happens to most guys.”

“I know,” I said. “But you *looked*?”

“Of course. What’s good for the goose is good for the gander, remember? You looked at me. Why couldn’t I look at you? Besides, I was curious if you’d take after your dad or… my side. Sometimes I even pulled back the sheet to get a better look.”

“I had *no* idea.”

“Mmm hmm. Your dad got a lot of midnight blowjobs back then.” She laughed at a sudden memory. “Do you remember when you stopped bothering to hide your morning erections?”

I nodded and felt my face go hot.

“I pretended not to notice, but I loved seeing your cock like that, ramrod straight and begging for attention.” Her eyes flashed with heat. “And then you started having sex with Susan. She used to brag—*tease*, really—about how big you were, how good you felt inside her.”

“She did?”

“All the time,” she said matter-of-factly. “She knew how horny it made me. That’s why I started fooling around with you.” She gazed into the past

and smiled. “I couldn’t help myself. I wanted you so bad.”

My cock felt hard enough to cut steel, but it swelled at the sound of lust in her voice.

She came back to the present and gave me a smoldering look. “You’re the perfect combination: long and thick.”

“Uh, thanks.”

“For pure looks,” she said thoughtfully, “I like longer cocks, like your dad’s. For sucking, I prefer average. My jaw eventually gets tired with a really big one. But for fucking, I want a nice, thick cock.”

“Good to know,” I said, without a trace of sarcasm.

“Mmm hmm. That’s why I’ve been hot for you for years. You’re long enough to look good, even when you’re soft, but *especially* when you’re hard. You’re probably a bit thicker than I like for a blowjob marathon, but that isn’t going to stop me. And your size is absolutely perfect when you fuck me.”

“Like now,” I said huskily. “Sit up.”

She did, and I gripped my swollen rod. She steadied herself with a hand on my shoulder while I found her opening and set the tip against it. Then she sat back and impaled herself. She groaned as her pussy stretched to accommodate me. I echoed her groan when her molten heat enveloped my manhood.

“Perfect,” she whispered. Then she began riding me.

I squeezed her breasts and swirled my tongue around her nipples. We continued like that for several minutes. Neither of us spoke. We didn’t need to. Our bodies moved in an age-old rhythm. She finally broke the spell.

“Take me from behind.”

She climbed off my shaft, moved to the side, and put her hands on the edge of the tub. She looked at me expectantly as I moved behind her and admired her round ass. Then I aimed my hard-on at her pussy and eased into her. She reached down to play with her clit as I did.

I slid into her with little effort, and she groaned at the sensation of fullness. Then I put my hands on her hips and began thrusting, slowly at first, but with mounting speed and force. She braced herself against the brick coping with outstretched arms. She panted and begged me to fuck her harder, so I pounded until she cried out with a mini-orgasm.

My own orgasm felt like it was hours away, so I slowed down and settled into a rhythm. I fucked her for what seemed like a minute but was

probably more like five. She shivered as another little orgasm coursed through her. I cupped her breasts and twisted her nipples to add to her pleasure.

We switched positions again. She rolled to her back and supported herself with her elbows on the brick coping. I lifted her hips and spread her legs. Then I aimed my cock at her opening and eased into her.

I began fucking her with long, steady strokes. Unfortunately, she quickly grew tired of holding herself up with her arms, so I lifted her toward me. She gratefully wrapped her arms around my neck and supported herself with her legs around my hips. I turned and sank onto the bench.

We settled into the new position, and she rocked her hips to keep my cock moving inside her. I held her at the waist and looked into her eyes. She stared back at me intently, locked in a trance of impending climax. Her breasts rose and fell as she arched her back to fuck me. I clenched my buttocks to thrust into her each time our hips met. I felt the pressure building in my balls, but it still seemed far away.

A moment later she arched her back and leaned away from me. Her puckered nipples pointed at the dark sky, and her fingers dug into the cords of my neck. She cried out with pleasure as her pussy convulsed around my shaft. I held her ass and pulled her against me, burying myself even deeper inside her. She closed her eyes and rode the waves of orgasm.

She eventually came to her senses and sagged in my arms. I pulled her upright and paused to admire her cleavage. Then I met her eyes.

I grinned. “Good?”

“Perfect,” she said wearily. Then she realized that my cock was still hard and still inside her. “You didn’t come?”

“Not yet.”

“Give me a minute and I’ll—”

I shook my head. “I have an idea.”

“What?”

“I wanna come on your face.”

Her eyes flashed with excitement.

We slowly separated, and I sat on the edge of the tub. My cock felt harder than ever, ready to explode. Mom put her hand on my inner thigh and watched as I wrapped a fist around the base of my shaft. She caressed my smooth balls with her other hand. I began stroking, and she

unconsciously moistened her lips in anticipation. Her eyes stayed glued to my shaft.

I didn’t last long after that. She moved closer when she sensed my impending release. Then she closed her eyes and tilted her face up to receive my seed.

I came with a grunt and an explosion of jizz. The first spurt arced across her nose and mouth. She flinched but held steady as the next shot hit her cheek. I shifted my aim and coated her other cheek. The last spurt was more gush than geyser, and it oozed over her lips and down her chin. I released my hard-on and sat back, exhausted.

Mom carefully opened her eyes and blinked to make sure they were clear. Then she smiled up at me. “How do I look?”

“Perfect,” I said, and ran a finger along the line of her jaw. I offered it to her, and she sucked the semen. I spread my come over her lips and let her lick it off. Her eyes flashed with pleasure, so I slowly cleaned her face and offered my sperm-covered fingers to her. When we finished, her skin glistened with the remains of my orgasm.

She leaned forward to suck the last trickle of come from my slowly deflating cock. Then she made a noise deep in her throat and wrapped her lips around my glans. She nursed my cock for a minute or two before she finally let it slip from her lips. She smiled up at me and rested her head on my thigh.

“Night-night,” she said with a sigh.

I chuckled.

“Wake me up when you’re ready for another round.”

“Will do,” I said, and almost meant it.

9

We closed down the hot tub a little while later.

“Do you want to come in through the master bedroom?” Mom asked.

It was a question on the surface, but the subtext was the real message. She wasn’t inviting me to her bed. She was asking which door I’d like to use, *on the way to my own bed*. She didn’t want to sleep with me and didn’t want to hurt my feelings by saying so. Fortunately, I felt the same way, that sleeping with someone was more intimate than sex. I was intimate with Christy, *not* my mother.

“Nah, that’s okay,” I said. “The living room door is closer.”

She breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that I understood. “Okay. Sleep tight.”

“You too.”

She gave me a motherly kiss goodnight and then we went to our separate bedrooms.

I climbed into bed and lay awake for a while, thinking about what had happened and what I wanted to tell Christy, if anything. I still hadn’t decided, but I remembered that I’d promised to call, so I rose and went through the kitchen. I found the note where I’d written Brooke’s phone number and sank into a chair as I dialed. She answered on the fourth ring but shrieked before she could even say hello.

“Um, hello?” I said.

“Sorry,” Brooke answered, more composed. “Hello?”

“Hey, it’s Paul. Everything okay?”

“It’s Paul,” she said to Christy. To me, “Yeah, sorry. We’re just having a party. Don’t worry, it’s private.”

“And we aren’t drinking!” Christy shouted from the background.

I wondered if anyone ever had a phone conversation with just *one* of them. Then I listened to them wrestle for control of the phone. Christy eventually won.

“No fair,” Brooke complained in the distance. “And you spilled my drink!”

“Hello?” Christy said. She sounded winded but happy. “Sorry about that. Hold on.” She covered the mouthpiece and said something to Brooke that I didn’t hear. “Okay, I’m back,” she said. “Sorry. She’s going to open another bottle of wine. Oops! I said we weren’t drinking.”

“I kinda figured it out,” I said dryly.

“You caught me. We’re just having a silly girls’ night.”

“Sounds like it. And it sounds like you picked up right where you left off last summer.”

“Oh, we have, Paul. It’s wonderful. *Brooke’s* wonderful. Sometimes I wonder why I ever left San Diego. Don’t get me wrong, I’m glad I did—I’d’ve never met you if I hadn’t—but she’s so fun.”

“Well, good,” I chuckled. “You need to let your hair down sometimes.”

“And speaking of hair, you won’t believe what she did! Well, you’ll see for yourself when you get here. I’ll give you a hint, though: there’s less than there used to be.”

“Really?”

“Mmm hmm. That’s all I’ll say for now. Hold on a sec. She’s back with wine. Here, talk to her.”

“Hey,” Brooke said. “When’re you coming out here?”

“Saturday.”

“Oh, that’s right! We’re s’posed to pick you up at the airport. Christy showed me pictures. You’re cute.”

Christy herself squawked in the background.

“Thanks,” I said. “I haven’t seen pictures of you, but she said you’re a redhead?”

“Yeah. Up top, at least. Not down below.” She tried unsuccessfully to muffle a snicker. “Not anymore.”

“That’s what Christy said.” They both sounded like they’d had several glasses of wine already.

“I always wanted to do it,” Brooke continued, “so I thought, ‘What the hell?’”

“Exactly.”

“I can’t believe I’m telling you this, but I feel like I know you already. You’re all Christy talks about. You seem like such a cool guy, so I guess it’s okay that I told you about shaving my coochie. Hold on, she wants to talk to you.”

The phone changed hands again.

“Sorry about that,” Christy said. “She gave away the surprise.”

“I kinda figured it out.”

“Oh, Paul… I’ve missed her so much. Talking on the phone isn’t enough. I need to see her more often. Do you think we could fly out here one weekend? Maybe instead of West Virginia?”

“Sure, we could do that. It’s a much longer trip, though, so we’d have to plan it.”

“I know! For Easter.” She said something to Brooke that I couldn’t make out. “She says perfect!” All of a sudden she pouted. “When’re you coming? Saturday? That’s, like, a week from now!”

“It’s the day after tomorrow,” I chuckled.

“I miss you.”

“I miss you too.”

She whispered, “Especially Mr. Big.”

“He misses you.”

“I can’t wait to see him.”

Brooke said something.

“Oh my gosh, yes,” Christy said to her. “It’s perfect.” To me again, “Brooke wants to know if you’ll let her see your penis when you’re here.” She snickered. “Of course he will,” she said to her friend. “When we go to the beach. What? Before? No! I mean, yes! But only if you pour more wine. No, no, no! Stop! That’s enough!”

I rolled my eyes at their tipsy antics.

“I’m sorry,” Christy said at last. “She just spilled wine all over me. Good thing it’s white, but I’d better get out of these wet clothes. That’s probably what she wanted in the first place.”

“Probably,” I agreed.

“I’d better go. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Saturday,” I repeated.

“Whatever. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

“Okay, bye.”

I pressed the button to hang up and sat with the handset in my lap. Then I smiled at how happy she’d sounded. She’d needed a break as much as I had. I still didn’t know if I’d tell her about Mom, but I had a couple of days to decide.

Back in the guest bedroom, I fell asleep almost as soon as my head hit the pillow. Sometime later—two minutes or two hours, I wasn’t sure—I heard something and opened my eyes.

“Shh,” Mom said softly. “It’s only me.” She lifted the covers. “Slide over.”

I moved toward the center of the bed and she crawled in beside me. She was nude, and her skin felt smooth against mine.

“I couldn’t sleep,” she said quietly.

I mumbled something incoherent.

“I was thinking about midnight blowjobs.” She found my penis and stroked gently. “I hope you don’t mind.”

“I’m used to it,” I chuckled without explaining.

She scooted lower and draped one leg over mine. Her breasts felt soft and warm against my thigh. She kissed my stomach and then the area where my pubic hair would’ve been, if I’d had any. “This’ll take some getting used to,” she said, “but I think I like it. It looks good on you.”

“How can you tell?” I asked groggily. “It’s dark.”

“Not too dark for me to find *this*.” She kissed the tip of my slowly expanding cock. She swallowed half my length while I was still only semi-hard. Then she made a soft sound and closed her lips around the smooth base of my shaft. Her throat muscles contracted and sent a shiver through my groin.

My penis took a lot longer than usual to become fully erect, but that didn’t seem to bother her. She simply took her time and enjoyed my protracted arousal.

After several minutes she began sucking in earnest. Her hair brushed my abdomen as she moved her head in a circular rhythm. Then she cupped my balls with her free hand and kneaded them gently.

It was a slow, sensual blowjob. I was barely awake through most of it, which was partly why it took so long. The other reason was that Mom was

enjoying herself. I also realized, belatedly, that she was playing with herself with her other hand.

We came at the same time, or close enough. I groaned softly and filled her mouth, and about ten seconds later she tensed with her own climax. Afterward she breathed heavily through her nose as my cock slowly shrank in her mouth.

She eventually climbed out of bed, pulled the covers over me, and kissed me goodnight for the second time. She left quietly as I drifted back to sleep.

PART III

10

I woke up later than usual the next morning. Pale light streamed through the blinds and across the bed. I frowned at the leaden clouds and seriously thought about skipping my run. Then I had to laugh at myself as I started to get dressed and realized I was putting on my running clothes out of habit.

My skin immediately turned to gooseflesh when I stepped out the back door. The air was heavy with moisture, and fat raindrops began to splat into the patio roof as I stretched and tried to warm up. I wondered again whether or not I wanted to venture out, but I needed the time to myself, time to think.

After a few minutes I set out at an unhurried pace. A half-mile later the sporadic raindrops became a steady, cold rain. I zipped up my windbreaker to my chin and kept running, even as water seeped under the collar and soaked into my shirt. I ignored it and thought about Christy instead.

She'd sounded like she was having fun with Brooke, which was exactly what they'd both needed. And I had to admit that *I* was getting exactly what I needed as well. Part of me wished it had been with Christy instead of someone else, even someone I'd fantasized about for years. I understood the taboo better than anyone, though, and that was the real thrill. The sex was good, but sex was sex, Slot A and Tab B.

Still, I wondered if I wanted to tell Christy. She knew how I felt about Erin, but she didn't have a clue about Mom. How would I have felt if she'd had sex with an old boyfriend instead of Brooke? Would I have been upset?

That depends, I admitted as I turned onto the main road.

It depended on whether or not she still loved this hypothetical other guy. “Cheating” had always been emotional for me. But was it the same for Christy? Yes and no, probably. She didn’t see Brooke as a threat to *our* relationship, just like she didn’t see Leah as a threat. She’d even said I could fool around with “a certain family member,” although she’d meant Erin. Extending it to Mom was a stretch at best.

Still, I couldn’t shake the feeling that I wouldn’t have been so tempted if Christy and I were having sex. I didn’t resent her for waiting, but my patience had started to wear thin over the past few weeks, especially since she’d told me she was ready to go all the way but wanted to wait till her ridiculous Catholic “birth control” said the timing was right.

And if I were being honest, *that* irked me more than anything. The rhythm method wasn’t the worst form of birth control in the world, but it ignored human nature and relied on more self-control than most people had in the first place, much less in the heat of the moment.

I also had to admit that I probably would’ve been tempted by Mom even if Christy and I *were* having sex. So I would’ve been in the same situation no matter what, which didn’t make it any easier to decide whether or not to come clean. I reminded myself that confession was good for the soul but *bad* for a relationship.

I was still trying to decide what I wanted to do when reality hit me in the face. Literally. An oncoming car plowed through a huge puddle and drenched me from head to toe. I wiped gritty water from my eyes and shook it out of my hair. I was already soaked to the skin, but the road dirt added another level of annoyance.

I was warm enough as long as I kept running, but the air temperature had actually dropped a few degrees since I’d left the house, so I turned and headed back. I couldn’t do anything about my Christy dilemma, especially from two thousand miles away, so I focused on the road and the occasional passing car.

I eventually made it to the shelter of the patio. I hadn’t thought to set out a towel, so I kicked off my wet shoes and quickly peeled off my soaked outfit. My skin steamed in the cold air. I gathered the sodden pile of clothes and headed inside. The house was warm and mercifully dry, but then I remembered that my bathroom shower was still full of houseplants. I plopped my clothes on top of the washing machine and headed toward the master bedroom.

Mom was still asleep, so I crept past her to the bathroom. I turned on the shower and gave it a moment to heat up. My toiletry kit was still on the counter from the day before, so I grabbed my razor and shaving cream. Needles of hot water stung my skin as I stepped into the shower and luxuriated in the warmth. After a while I lathered my hair and body and then rinsed off. Finally, I shaved my pubic area and soaked up the last of the hot water.

Steam billowed out of the shower stall when I slid the door open. I dried off and used my towel to clear a section of the fogged mirror so I could shave my face. Then I quietly brushed my teeth and went about the rest of my morning routine.

The bed was empty when I cautiously opened the bathroom door and peered out. I found Mom in the kitchen, making coffee in her pink robe.

"Morning," I said.

She took one look at me and raised an eyebrow. "*Au naturel*, huh?"

"Fresh from the shower." In reality I was showing off, but I didn't want to admit it. "Besides, we're nudists, remember?"

"It's also winter, even though it feels like spring." She nodded through the blinds. "April showers, come early."

I shook my head. "Not today. It's a cold rain. Like, fifty degrees."

"Then why'd you go out?"

I shrugged. "Needed the time to think."

"About yesterday?"

"Yeah. And Christy."

"Mmm."

"My life's complicated."

"Whose isn't?"

"True." I walked around the peninsula and leaned against the counter.

Mom gave me an appraising look and then nodded at my freshly shaved pubic area. "You should go to camp like that."

"Seriously? You remember the uproar when the antediluvian types saw Leah and Susan for the first time."

"Antediluvian," Mom chuckled. "Nice word."

"It fits. Some of those people don't realize it's the Twentieth Century. Do you really think they're ready for shaved *men* too?"

"You never know. Susan has zero tolerance for anyone telling her how to run her own camp. Besides, I think she'd like it." Mom shrugged and

leaned against the counter to study me. “You’d certainly get more attention from the women.”

“Hold on, are you talking about the kind of attention I *think* you are?”

“Absolutely. Your dad gets it all the time.”

“What? Like, from regular women? Not swingers?”

“Mmm hmm. A few every year.”

“*Regular* women,” I repeated incredulously. “The kind with husbands and kids and normal sex lives?”

“Yes, that kind. They’re curious. Your dad’s almost six inches soft. You wouldn’t believe how many women ask if he’s a grower or a shower. And not just me; they ask *him* about half the time. Some do more than ask,” she added slyly.

I had to peel my eyebrows off the ceiling.

“Mmm hmm,” she assured me.

“Hold on, that’s a giant leap, from asking to… um…”

“To a blowjob, yes. But he’s surprisingly good at talking them into it.”

My jaw dropped.

“Most women don’t mind an erection. They’re married; they’ve seen them before. He shows them in private, of course, and he usually offers them the chance to do more than look.”

I closed my mouth but still couldn’t find any words for my astonishment.

“He never pushes it, but he’s willing to go as far as the woman wants, which is surprisingly far sometimes.”

“Who *are* these women?” I finally asked. “I mean, name names.”

“That’s the thing—I don’t *know*. He won’t tell me. It’s our little game. Sometimes I figure it out, based on body language, especially if the woman feels guilty afterward. Or if she enjoyed it and can’t keep her eyes off him. But most of the time they act like nothing happened, so I don’t have a clue.”

“And this happens on a regular basis?”

“Mmm hmm, every summer.”

“Two or three *different* women?”

“Yes, although it depends on how often he has to leave for work. Oh, and that doesn’t include his regular blowjob friend.”

My eyebrows rose. Again. I thought I’d known most of what went on behind the scenes at camp, but I was coming to realize that I didn’t have a clue.

“Mmm hmm. She’s been doing it for six or seven years,” Mom said. “He won’t tell me who it is, but he’s given me a couple of clues. She’s older than us, married, with grown kids. They’re not permanent residents, so she can’t be too much older. Her husband is average, a little on the small side. She likes something to ‘tickle her tonsils’ on occasion. That’s all I know for sure. I *think* I know who it is, but I won’t say since I don’t have proof.”

“What’ll you do if you get it?”

“Why would I do anything?” she asked, genuinely puzzled. “I don’t care if this woman wants a little fun on the side. It’s just a blowjob. Besides, he tells me about it. All the others too. Like I said, it’s sort of a game between us. And he’s very discreet. You’re the only one who knows besides me. And Susan, of course.”

“Of course,” I echoed.

“The women won’t say anything. Why *would* they? None of them are swingers. They don’t want to ruin their marriages, either. But that doesn’t mean they don’t have the same urges men do, for an occasional bit of strange.”

I blinked in disbelief.

“Mmm hmm. That’s why I said you should go to camp like that. You’ll get a lot of attention, probably from some of the same women. If you’re half as smooth as your dad, you’re practically guaranteed a blowjob or two. Probably more, since you’re younger and would seem like a conquest.”

“I had *no* idea.”

“Women like to fool around too. You know that. Besides, we don’t fit into neat little categories—normal, prude, swinger, slut—especially when it comes to sex. The same as men.”

“No kidding,” I said.

“You and me, for example.”

“How so?”

“Our… relationship.”

“Ah, right. I have sex with my mom, but I’m a pretty normal guy otherwise.”

“I used to think I was different, that something was wrong with me. But most people have ‘dark secrets.’ They’re not so dark or unusual once they see the light of day. And speaking of the light of day…” She gestured at my nudity. “Is there a reason you came out here like that?”

I grinned sheepishly. “What do you think?”

“My son, the exhibitionist.”

“The *horny* exhibitionist. I could say the same about you. I mean, why are you wearing that robe?”

“This old thing? Because it’s comfortable.”

“Not because it shows off your body?”

“Okay, you caught me. Sometimes showing a little is sexier than going nude.”

“Oh, I agree.” Christy had a whole drawer and an entire suitcase full of lingerie that did just that.

“Why?” Mom ventured. “See anything you like?”

“All of it.”

“What’re you going to do about it?”

“Tell you to get on your knees and blow me.”

Her eyebrow shot up. “And what if I’m not in the mood?”

“Then I’ll go jerk off a couple of times.” I nodded toward the guest bedroom and then glanced at my watch. “See you in half an hour.”

“Whoa, not so fast! Half an hour? I thought you said ‘a couple of times.’”

I smirked. “I’m quick when I wanna be.”

“Well, it’d be a shame to waste all that… energy.”

“Do you have a better idea?”

Mr. Coffee gurgled behind her and we shared a grin.

“Cream for your coffee?” I offered.

She pulled out the carafe and filled a mug, which she set on the counter to cool. Then she sank to her knees. I stepped forward and offered my nascent erection. She ran her hands along my thighs and continued up my torso before she leaned forward to kiss my semi-hard shaft.

After a moment she tilted her head and nuzzled my scrotum. She stroked my growing erection and held it out of the way as she concentrated on my balls. I closed my eyes to savor the feeling of her lips and tongue on the family jewels.

The phone rang.

She looked up at me and her eyes flashed with mischief. “Don’t go anywhere.”

I groaned as she stood and rushed to answer the phone.

“Hello? Hi! Good morning to you too.” She listened and then glanced at me. “Oh, nothing much. Just getting cream for my coffee.” She walked

toward me, and the long, curly phone cord stretched behind her. “Mmm hmm, how’d you guess? Yes, a very special cream. Paul’s.”

Dad said something.

“Of course I went through with it. Did you really doubt? But he figured it out in about two seconds. I *told* you he would.”

He said something else.

She made a show of pouting. “Oh, your poor thing,” she teased. “An early show time *and* you had to take care of yourself?” She covered the handset and said to me, “He doesn’t know any of the flight attendants on his crew, so he’s been alone for two nights.”

I chuckled but then decided to get some revenge on Dad’s part. I tugged the belt of Mom’s robe, and the knot came loose. I opened it to reveal her body. She rolled her eyes as I fondled her breast, although she one-upped me by wrapping her fingers around my erection.

“So you had to jerk off?” she said to Dad while she did the same to me. “What a coincidence!” Her expression changed when he said something else. “Now? Okay. I’ll hold on.” The seconds stretched into a minute.

He returned and said something.

“Okay, I understand.” She released my semi-hard manhood and covered the mouthpiece. “His first officer just came to the door. Weather problems. He has to go.”

I nodded.

“Have a safe flight,” she said into the phone. Then she arched an eyebrow. “Sure, I can do that. Okay, love you too. See you this afternoon.” She pressed the button to hang up and then looked at me. “Give me a sec to get back in the mood and I’ll pick up where we left off.”

“No problem.”

She rounded the peninsula to hang up the phone. Then she removed her robe and tossed it on a kitchen chair. After a moment she returned and sank to her knees in front of me. She started sucking before she was really ready, but “fake it till you make it” was good enough for the little head. His enthusiasm eventually spread to the rest of us, and we began to enjoy it for real.

I thought I’d last longer, but Mom was *really* good at giving head, especially once she got into it. She sensed my impending orgasm and searched the counter for her coffee mug. I helpfully slid it toward her. She held it under my cock and began stroking.

A minute later I groaned and emptied my balls into it. She milked my shaft until the final drops disappeared into the black liquid. Then she cleaned me off and stood. She added sugar and regular cream and then tasted it.

“Mmm, the best part of waking up—”

“Is semen in your cup.”

11

We spent the rest of the morning doing regular things around the house. We also cleared the houseplants out of my shower and cleaned up the artfully contrived “mess” of potting soil.

“Did you even replant these?” I said as we moved them to their usual spots.

“Some of them, yes. But a few days ago. These were pure subterfuge.”

“I thought so,” I laughed. “But hey, they did their job.”

We spent some time in the garage, cleaning up the real mess from the bags of mulch. We also moved the flats of pansies to a storage shelf by the door to the backyard.

“Anything else we need to do?” I asked.

She shook her head. “Now we wait… and try not to fool around in the meantime.”

I raised an eyebrow.

“I’m horny as hell. I can’t stop thinking about when your dad gets home. But I don’t want to wear ourselves out before then.”

We puttered around the garage for another few minutes.

“Okay,” she said at last, “I’m going crazy.”

“What time does he get home?”

“He lands at 3:12, but he won’t be home for at least an hour after that.”

“All right. So, what do you want to do for”—I looked at my watch—“the next five hours?”

“I’ll explode if I have to wait that long.”

I nodded.

“I know, let’s go shopping.”

“Okay, sure.”

We went to Lenox Square Mall and did more window shopping than anything, although I bought myself a couple of new shirts and ties. We ate lunch and chatted about mundane things before we meandered around the mall again. She bought a few things for the house and I splurged on a present for Christy, a pair of aquamarine earrings that matched her eyes. (Okay, maybe I was feeling guilty).

I checked my watch as we left the jewelry store.

Mom saw the gesture and did the same. “Two thirty! Oh my God, we have to go!”

We made it home before three, but Mom still rushed into the house and disappeared into her bedroom. When she emerged about an hour later, she looked like something out of a magazine. She’d curled and styled her hair and wore more makeup than usual, but the effect was sexy instead of garish.

Her outfit was the real surprise: a sexy flight attendant’s uniform. The blazer accentuated her curves, while the skirt barely reached the tops of her thighs. She wore a shelf bra that exposed her nipples through the sheer blouse, and she’d rounded out the costume with a garter belt, stockings, and fuck-me heels.

“Wow,” I said at last. “Just… wow.”

“Do I look okay?”

“You look amazing!”

She glanced at her watch and then looked panicked. “Will you put some beer in the fridge? I forgot.”

“Relax, Mom. Dad isn’t going to complain about warm beer. Not when he sees you like that.”

“Do I really look okay?”

“Look at it this way, if he’s a few minutes late, you won’t have to worry about your outfit.”

She wasn’t paying attention and didn’t catch my meaning. Her brow furrowed. “Why not?”

“Because it’ll be on the floor and *I’ll* be fucking you.”

She rolled her eyes but smiled nonetheless. Then she touched my cheek and sat on the couch. She crossed her legs demurely, but I caught a flash of light brown bush and pink lips as she did.

We made small talk as we waited, but she wasn't really paying attention. The minutes ticked by, and she checked her watch again at four thirty. I didn't think she'd make it to five o'clock, but she did, although she jumped when the phone rang. I answered it.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Paul, it's your dad. Is your mom there? Never mind. Of course she is. Just tell her that we landed okay. Bad thunderstorms from here to the Midwest. We're just getting the edge of it. Tennessee and Kentucky are getting hammered. But we're down safe, and I'll be home in about an hour."

"Okay. I'll tell her."

We said goodbye and I relayed the message.

Mom relaxed visibly. "I *hate* the weather," she said after a moment. "I never worry about anything else, not even other women. But the weather…" She stared out the window at the steady downpour and said absently, "At least it isn't the North Vietnamese." She took a deep breath and managed a smile.

We watched TV for a while and finally heard the sound of the garage door about six thirty. Mom leapt to her feet and checked her outfit.

"You look great," I said. Then I smoothed my own shirt and khakis. I wasn't trying to make the same impression that *she* was, but I wanted to look nice for my father.

He appeared in the kitchen a minute later. He'd ditched his raincoat in the garage, but his suitcase and bulky Jepps case were both wet. He set the bags on the linoleum and took off his peaked uniform cap.

"Hi," he said to Mom, who rushed into his arms like a scene from a movie.

"I was so worried," she said as she hugged him tight.

"Piece o' cake," he said. "Just a little rain." He nodded a greeting over her head, and I returned it before he shifted his attention back to her. "Let me take a look at you." He held her at arm's length and made a point of admiring her. Then he reached into her blazer and traced a finger over her nipple.

"You've been home five minutes," she said, "and that's all you can think about?"

"What've *you* been thinking about?"

"If you were okay!"

He laughed and lifted her chin. “Who’s the best pilot you know?”

“You.”

“See? Besides, nothing’s going to happen to me. Not with *you* to come home to. Seriously, babe, you’re a sight for sore eyes.” He chuckled. “And other parts.”

She rolled her eyes, but his attitude was infectious.

“But first,” he said, “what’s a guy have to do to get a cold beer around here?”

Mom jumped as though she’d been pinched. “Damn! I forgot again!” She fetched one from the fridge.

He popped the top and took a long pull. “That’s nice. Now, how’s about some hot action?” He set the beer on the counter and made a show of unzipping his fly. “After all, we know where this is going to end up.”

Mom tried to look demure but couldn’t manage it. Instead, she almost vibrated with desire and sexual tension. She’d been worried about him, true, but now he was home safe, and she’d been horny all day.

“Well,” she said at last, “if you insist.”

“That’s more like it.”

She reached into his trousers for his dick. It was already semi-hard when she pulled it out, and it quickly reached full length as she stroked it. She lifted her face for a kiss and leaned into him as he groped her breast. They separated after a breathless moment, and he gently pushed her to her knees.

She began teasing him but was too excited to hold back for long. He rested his hand on the back of her head as she sucked him deep. Then he gestured for me to join them. I suddenly felt a little awkward, although I couldn’t decide why.

“Help me out, son,” he said, more insistently. “Seriously. I’m gonna come if she keeps this up, and I’m not ready yet.”

Mom stopped sucking long enough to look over her shoulder. Our eyes met, and hers filled with heat and desire. “Mmm, my favorite men at the same time.”

Who was I to refuse? I stepped forward, opened my fly, and carefully extracted my erection.

Mom stroked it and pulled me closer. She took turns sucking us for a couple of minutes. Then she unbuckled his belt and let his trousers fall to the floor. She grasped his briefs and carefully pulled them over his erection.

His dick looked even bigger than I remembered. She kissed the tip and then smiled up at him.

"I love a man with his pants around his ankles. He can't run away."

She did the same to me, including the kiss at the end.

"That's new," Dad said as he surveyed my pubic area.

"Christy's idea. I kinda like it."

"Don't you feel a bit… naked? Or, I dunno, like a kid?"

"Have you ever seen a kid with a cock like his?" Mom asked.

"I guess not," he admitted. "Still… seems kinda weird."

"Don't knock it till you try it," I said.

"I don't think so. I'm a man, remember? No offense," he added hastily.

"None taken," I said, although I was privately grateful that I'd gotten my notions of equality from Mom and Susan. Dad could be a bit old-fashioned, obviously, even if he wasn't in the same league as the Moral Majority or the fossils at camp.

"Can we get back to blowjobs?" Mom said tartly. She didn't give him time to answer, and he grunted softly as she engulfed his cock. She bobbed a couple of times but eventually buried her nose in his dark pubic hair.

"God, that's good," he said. "My little blonde sucking machine."

"'M not a machine," she said as she released him and took a breath. She immediately swallowed him again.

"You're sort of little. You're definitely blonde. And you're sucking."

"Mmm hmm," she agreed as she pulled back. She let his dick pop free. "But I'm a flesh-and-blood woman."

"Right. So, is 'expert cocksucker' okay?"

"Of course." She turned to me and swirled her tongue around the tip of my cock. Then she took me into her mouth. She bobbed a couple of times before she swallowed me to the root. She held there for a long time before she came up for air. After a deep breath she told him, "You know I hate that LBFM thing. It's demeaning."

"Yes, dear," he agreed, faux-contritely. He winked at me. "Sorry I mentioned it."

I had *no* idea what they were talking about, but I didn't ask.

"You're not the least bit sorry," she told him as she tongued and kissed my shaft. Then she switched to his and said, "Lucky for you that I love your cock."

“Lucky for me,” he agreed. “Lucky, indeed.” He closed his eyes and held her head as she slowly bobbed on the end of his shaft.

She switched between us several times, and we both lasted longer because of it, but neither of us could hold out forever. Dad eventually groaned and held her head as he filled her mouth. She kept sucking long after he stopped shooting. When she finally released his limp penis, he leaned against the counter with a sigh.

Mom turned to me and put her hands on my hips. She drew me close and flicked her tongue against the underside of my glans. I shivered and tried to force my cock into her mouth. She teased me for a minute or two before she finally started sucking in earnest. She knew I wouldn’t last long, so she concentrated on the head.

After several blissful minutes I rewarded her with a load of semen. She swallowed and kept sucking until my orgasm subsided. Then she wiped the corners of her mouth and looked up at us.

“My turn, gentlemen.”

Dad helped her to her feet and immediately lifted her to the counter. Her short skirt slid up her hips when he grasped one ankle and spread her legs. Her shaved labia were swollen with desire and already shiny with moisture.

Dad took his time examining her new bush before he ran a finger along her smooth slit. Her lips parted, and he teased her clit until it hardened into a pink button. Then he buried his finger to the second knuckle. She leaned back and closed her eyes. Her nostrils flared as she breathed deep through her nose.

I felt like a third wheel, so I kicked off my shoes and left my pants in a pile on the floor. Dad knelt between Mom’s spread legs and began licking her pussy. I slid past him and around the peninsula. She opened her eyes when she sensed me. I opened her uniform blazer and then unbuttoned the sheer blouse. Her shelf bra left her breasts completely exposed, so I tweaked one thick nipple.

She writhed on the counter, assaulted from two directions by two men. Dad was busy sucking her clit, so I did the same to her nipples. Her breathing grew shallow and ragged. I started biting and twisting. Dad thrust two fingers into her, and she came with an explosive release of tension.

We kept licking and sucking, and she came again after ten minutes. The second climax was longer and stronger, and she cried out with a rising moan of ecstasy. All of a sudden she pushed us away and clamped her legs

shut. She breathed hard and twitched from the aftershocks. Dad and I looked at each other with a mixture of amusement and satisfaction. He absentmindedly wiped his face clean of her juices.

"You all right, babe?" he said at last.

She nodded and tried to catch her breath. "Just give me… a minute." She shuddered again with the force of another aftershock. "God… that was a *really* big one." She tried to smile but closed her eyes and trembled. "It's still… going."

Dad and I shared a grin.

His stomach broke the mood with a surprisingly loud growl.

Mom started giggling, in fits and starts at first, but then with full-throated laughter. I didn't think it was *that* funny, but her reaction was infectious. Dad joined in a moment later.

"Hey," he said when he eventually calmed down, "I haven't eaten since breakfast, and that was twelve hours ago."

"It's all right," Mom said from the counter. She smoothed her skirt into place and pulled her blazer closed as she sat up. She looked more presentable but still radiated a freshly fucked glow. "Do you want me to fix dinner?"

"Not really. I want Chinese."

"Takeout?"

"Well, yeah."

I volunteered to pick it up.

The mood quickly turned domestic as Dad reached for his wallet from his discarded trousers. He handed me fifty dollars. He called the restaurant and placed what sounded like a regular order for the two of them. Then he looked at me expectantly.

"Anything," I said with a shrug. "Surprise me."

"Szechuan chicken," he told the person on the other end of the line. Then he nodded. "An order of egg rolls too. Oh, and steamed dumplings. The name's Hughes. Twenty minutes? Okay, thanks."

"Hungry?" Mom teased when he hung up.

"Starving." He helped her off the counter and suddenly kissed her. "God, I missed you!"

12

I returned later with the Chinese food, only to find my parents in a sixty-nine on the couch.

I watched as she took his cock into the back of her throat and then kept going. Part of me still couldn't believe that she could deep throat his entire length. True, he wasn't John Holmes, but he was pretty big. Then again, she'd had a *lot* of practice and clearly enjoyed it.

I set the food on the kitchen counter and cleared my throat. "Is this a private party?"

Mom didn't stop sucking, but Dad looked at me from between her thighs.

"No, come on." He patted her flank. "Hop off, babe."

He sat up and gestured for her to kneel between his legs. "We started without you," he said. "Hope you don't mind. She was telling me about yesterday and one thing led to another."

"I wasn't very hungry anyway," I said. "We had a late lunch."

I casually shed my clothes and tried not to laugh at the surreal situation. Not many people ever see their parents have sex, much less join them. But we were consenting adults and weren't hurting anyone. Besides, our private lives were just that, private and *ours*.

I knelt behind Mom and rested a hand on her bare ass. Then I reached between her legs and felt her pussy. She was already soaked, no surprise, so I used my lubricated finger to tease her clit. She groaned around Dad's cock.

I stroked myself a couple of times and then aimed my cock at her opening. The head slid into her easily. She sighed as my girth spread her open. My hips met her soft ass, and I held her waist to steady myself. Then I began thrusting slowly, more rocking my hips than anything. My shaft moved an inch or two back and forth.

"Never thought I'd see *that*," Dad said with a grin. "Pretty hot, huh?"

I nodded.

He must have been feeling philosophical—I could relate—because he said, "Son, if you ever find a woman like your mom, grab her and never let go. I mean it."

"I'll do my best," I said.

"Seriously," he went on, "she's smart, funny, beautiful, and sexy. She cooks and cleans and does everything else to keep the home fires burning. She raised two pretty good kids and did it all while I was deployed or training or on the road. She lets me live out my fantasies and has some pretty kinky ones of her own." He gestured to where I was buried deep inside her from behind. (I'd stopped thrusting when he'd started his monologue.) "She gives head like a pro, can deep throat, and swallows. She likes women and other men, and everything from a quickie to a full-blown orgy. I mean, what more could a guy ask for? Seriously, Paul, your mom's a great gal. The best!"

"Flattery will get you everything," she said before she swallowed him again.

"See what I mean?"

She took him deep.

"Fuckin' ay, Beth," he grunted, "that feels awesome. You're gonna make me come if you keep that up." He looked at me. "Oh, and before I forget… Don't come inside her, if you don't mind. Shoot on her ass or in her mouth."

"No problem."

"I want to go down on her again," he explained. "I don't mind a little pre-come, but I'm not a fan of tasting another guy's spunk."

"Me neither. It's kinda funny, though," I added. "I don't mind another guy's come if I get a little on me."

"Friendly fire," he said with a grin.

"Right. And I don't mind tasting my own if I kiss a girl after she swallows. But eating another guy's come?" I screwed up my face. "No

thanks.”

“Weird, isn’t it? Why you like some things and not others.”

“True.”

“Most guys would go apeshit if another guy fucked their wife or girlfriend, but I always thought it was hot.”

“Me too.”

“And most people, even swingers, wouldn’t *dream* of doing this.” He gestured at the two of us, with Mom in between.

“Which is… what?” she asked tartly. “A tête-à-tête in the middle of sex?”

He grinned, unrepentant. “Yes, dear.”

“Now, if you two are done…?” she prompted. She tried to sound annoyed, but we both heard the eagerness in her voice. “Do you mind getting on with it?”

“Oh?” Dad asked mildly. “What’s that?”

“Father-son bonding?” I suggested with a smirk.

“How about father-son *pounding*?” Mom said over her shoulder.

“Aye, aye, ma’am.” He glanced at me. “Hey, let’s switch positions.”

“Sure.” I settled on the couch a moment later, while he knelt behind her and spread saliva and pre-come over the head of his cock. He pushed an inch or two into her and gripped her hips. Then he sank balls-deep with a soft grunt.

“Better?” he asked.

“Much.” She grinned up at me. “He gets distracted in his old age, so I have to keep him focused.”

“I’ll show you distracted.” He began pounding her.

She rocked forward and held on to my erection for dear life. Her breath came in short gasps as slapping noises filled the room. Dad slowed a bit but continued pounding her. Shock waves rippled through her ass, and she cried out each time he slammed into her.

“How’s— that— for— focused?”

“I take it back!” she gasped.

He grinned and slowed to a more sedate pace.

Mom eventually caught her breath and stroked my cock. “Much better,” she said. “Now, my good man,” she added to me, “welcome to Lady Beth’s House of Carnal Delight.”

I raised an amused eyebrow.

“Would you like the usual, a blowjob?”

“Um… sure,” I laughed.

“The House Special or something more exotic?”

“The House Special is probably fine.”

“Excellent choice, fine sir. One House Special Blowjob, coming up.”

“I love it when she does Lady Beth,” Dad said with a chuckle.

She ignored us and began sucking my cock.

“One of your regular fantasies?”

He shrugged. “Variety. Spice o’ life.”

“Ain’t it, though,” I managed.

The conversation died at that point. Dad concentrated on fucking her, while I tried not to come too soon. She used one hand to stroke my shaft while she massaged my balls with the other. She tightened her lips as she bobbed rapidly.

I managed to hold out for nearly five minutes. I *wanted* to hold out forever—it felt that good—but I finally gave in when she began moaning as her own pleasure mounted. I held her head and felt the beginnings of a major eruption. My muscles tensed a moment later, and a jolt of pleasure surged through my whole body.

Mom jerked in surprise at the force of my orgasm, but she kept sucking and stroking until the spasms slowed and eventually stopped. I sagged against the cushions with post-orgasmic lethargy.

Dad continued fucking her from behind. He continued for another minute or two before he pulled out. He swatted her ass and stood. She sat up and turned to face him. Her mouth captured his cock and then she dipped a hand between her legs to play with herself.

Dad came a moment later and filled her mouth. She swallowed and continued sucking as his dick slowly grew soft. Her fingers vibrated over her clit until she tensed with her own orgasm. It was quick and intense, and she sat back afterward to catch her breath.

“So,” Dad said, “who’s ready for Chinese?”

13

“We flew through some pretty rough weather today,” Dad said after dinner. “Big line of thunderstorms, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. Atlanta had wind shear bad enough that they closed the airport for a while. ATC had us stacked up in a holding pattern about thirty miles south. Us and a dozen other flights, with more arriving every few minutes.

“Anyway,” he went on, “there we were, orbiting and waiting for a break in the weather. Then a voice comes over the radio, no callsign or anything.” He did his best to imitate a British accent, “‘I say, chaps, I don’t mean to sound impatient, but we’ve been in this bloody pattern a long time. If you don’t mind, we’ll just engage the autopilot and step out for a spot of tea. Back in a bit.’”

He laughed. “The controller was *not* amused. He figured it was this Speedbird heavy, so he threatened ’em with an incident report. Then someone did a John Wayne accent and said, ‘I dunno, pilgrim. It coulda been them Eastern guys.’”

I snorted.

“Eastern said not to drag them into it, that it was probably Delta. I said it couldn’t’ve been us, we were too busy with the flight attendants. The senior controller told everyone to pipe down, they’d land us as quick as they could when they reopened the airport.” He laughed again. “Poor guy sounded so frustrated that we cut him some slack.”

“All this in the middle of a thunderstorm?” Mom asked.

“Well, yeah. That’s what makes it so funny.”

“You’re crazy. You know that, right?”

“What can I say? I love my job.” He chuckled, but then his attitude changed. “Well, that’s not entirely true. I’m think I’m gonna get out of the ’27.”

“Why?” I asked.

“For starters, the cockpit is loud as hell. We wear earplugs and have to shout above 300 knots. It’s underpowered, a real pig during climb-out. And it’s a bitch to land smoothly. You can get a good one every once in a while, but you’re lucky if you get two in a row. You’re a liar if you get three. I could probably live with all that stuff, though. The real problem is crew scheduling.

“I’m not senior enough to hold the best lines, and they work us like dogs on the short routes. Sixteen-hour days,” he added bitterly. “Twenty-plus if we have four legs or more. And the layovers suck, ’cause it’s always some Podunk town with one airport hotel and two restaurants.”

Mom nodded. “All right, then what’re you going to do?”

“I’m thinking about going back to the L-1011. The lines are better and it’s less hassle. I’ll have to fly as a First Officer again, but I’m a lot more senior than when I hired on. I can hold a good line, and it’s a lot better than being junior in the left seat.”

“Whatever you want to do,” Mom agreed with a nod.

“Well, the Lockheed gets the European routes too.”

Her eyes lit up.

“Mmm hmm. London and Frankfurt.”

“Paris?”

“Not until next year, but yeah. And Honolulu by the end of *this* year.”

“We could go to Hawaii?”

“If I transfer now, sure.”

“Sounds good to me.” She grinned at him. “But… how much does your decision have to do with the flight attendants?”

“How so?”

“There are a lot more on an L-1011. What, seven or eight?”

“Ten, actually. But that’s not why I want to transfer.”

“You’re so full of it,” she teased. “And I’m sure the timing had nothing to do with going two whole days without nookie.”

“More like three,” he grumbled.

“Weren’t there *any* friendly flight attendants?”

“The senior one and another were Married Square types. The younger ones were cute, but one had just gotten engaged, and the other was a Bride of Christ.”

Mom chuckled. “Just because *you* couldn’t get anywhere doesn’t make her a nun.”

“I swear, Beth, she crossed herself, prayed before meals, the whole kit and caboodle.”

“I gotta agree with Dad on this one,” I said. “I’ve never had any luck with religious girls.”

“Christy’s religious,” Mom countered.

“And rational about it.”

“See?” Dad said. “This girl was married to her Bible. The Holy Spirit wasn’t gettin’ into *her* panties.”

“Aw, you poor thing,” Mom teased. “You had to take care of yourself the whole time?”

“Well, I had my wife to think about. And her kinky fantasies.”

“They’re not kinky. They’re just… different. Besides, you have the same ones!”

He flicked a questioning glance at me.

“He knows about you and Erin,” she said.

“Was he surprised?”

“Are you kidding? I told you, Paul figures things out. Besides, she wants to do it with him too.”

“Seriously?”

“God, yes. Haven’t you been paying attention?”

“I guess not. I mean, that’s always been your department, who the kids’re sleeping with.”

“You were pretty interested when Paul was dating Gina and Kendall.”

“Well, yeah. I hate to admit it, but I was a little jealous.”

“Jealous, huh?”

“Uh-huh. I’ve slept with two women at a time, but two *girlfriends*? Who knew about each other? That’s pretty impressive.”

“It was a lot harder than you think,” I said.

“I bet!”

“Not like that,” Mom chided.

“Yeah, I know,” Dad said after a moment. “I have trouble keeping one woman happy, much less two.”

“That’s a big fat lie. I’m very happy, thank you.” She made a show of studying her fingernails. “You let me do what I want. That makes me happy. It’s pretty simple.”

“Ha! See what I mean?”

“And speaking of what I want…,” she went on. “Have you had enough time to recover?”

“You’re insatiable, woman.”

“What can I say? I just love your big cock. But if you’re feeling too *old*, I’m sure Paul will, ahem, rise to the occasion.”

“There you go again with the ‘old’ crap,” he complained, albeit without heat. “I was bedding six women at a time when I was his age.”

“You were *not*,” she said with a laugh. “It was just me and you know it.”

“But it was six times a night. Same difference. And I can still do it.”

She snorted but then leveled a randy, challenging gaze. “Prove it.”

Dad looked at me and tried to appear long-suffering. “See what I have to deal with?”

“A smart, funny, beautiful, sexy woman? Who gives head like a pro, can deep throat, and swallows?”

His hands flew up, while Mom laughed with delight.

“Come on,” she said as she stood. Her tone was softer and more affectionate. “Here’s your chance to show the young stud what you can do.” She nodded at me. “You too, young stud.”

Dad stood and Mom pressed her body against him. She stroked his limp penis. “Ride me hard, baby, and put me away wet.”

I couldn’t suppress a snort of laughter.

“Yeah,” she agreed with a grimace, “still not sexy.”

“What are you talking about?” Dad said. “*I* thought it was sexy.”

She rolled her eyes but kissed him fondly. Then she used his dick to lead him around the couch. She reached for me and grabbed the obvious handle.

“Lead on, MacDuff,” he said.

“It’s ‘*Lay* on, MacDuff.’”

“Lay, lie, laid. Whatever works.”

Mom took her literature seriously—she’d been an English major, after all—so I tried to distract her with a pun.

“The best laid plans…,” I said with a grin.

“*Schemes*,” she said. “It’s ‘The best laid *schemes* o’ mice an’ men…’”

“That’s nice, but”—I failed to hide a grin—“do you wanna get laid or not?”

“Whose fantasy is this?” she shot back.

“I think it’s all of ours.”

“Hell yeah!” Dad agreed. “Now move your sweet ass. You have two studs ready and rarin’ to go. Ride us hard and put us away wet!”

Mom and I shared a look and did our best not to laugh.

“It *does* sound better when he says it,” she admitted.

“Yeah, it does.”

She rose on tiptoe to kiss his cheek. “You said something about going down on me again?”

“Sure, yeah. Get in there and spread ’em.”

We walked to the bedroom in a much better mood. Mom scooted to the center of the bed and gave Dad a scorching look as she lay back and deliberately spread her legs. Her pubic hair curled at the top of her slit, which parted to reveal her pink inner lips.

Dad grinned and dived in.

“Where am I in this fantasy of yours?” I asked.

“Up here.”

I knelt beside her, and she pulled my hard-on toward her mouth. She held my gaze and playfully kissed the tip. Then she began flicking it with her tongue. I returned the favor by teasing her nipples.

She eventually closed her eyes and began sucking. We continued like that for several minutes, until Dad pushed himself up and knelt between her thighs. He scooted forward and rubbed his cock through her channel. Then he pushed the head into her and eased forward.

“She always gets super wet when she gives head.” He grunted when he bottomed out. “Super hot too.”

“Tell me about it,” I agreed. Her mouth felt like a furnace around my shaft.

“It’s weird, but I like watching her do it,” he said. “It gets me worked up when she sucks another guy’s dick. Like now. I mean, I just started fucking her and I’m ready to explode.”

“I know the feeling.”

“And that’s another thing…,” he said a moment later. “I love all the words she uses to describe stuff. Most gals just call a penis ‘it’ or a ‘thing.’

But not Beth. She says ‘dick’ or ‘schlong’ or ‘trouser snake.’”

“I prefer ‘cock,’” she said, and resumed sucking mine.

“See what I mean? She even likes being called a cocksucker.”

“That’s ’cause I *am*,” she said. “I suck cock. I swallow come. I like it.” She proved it by taking my dick into the back of her throat.

I grunted. “Amen to that.”

“I forgot how big you are,” Dad said into the silence that followed. “Don’t get me wrong,” he added, “I’m packin’ a rocket in my pocket.” He grinned at something I didn’t understand. “But that’s the only thing I ever wished for: to be a little thicker.” He chuckled. “I’d trade an inch off the end for another inch around.”

“Don’t you dare,” Mom said. “I love your cock just the way it is.” She made a little frown. “I’d like it better if you were *moving* it, though.”

“Aye, aye, ma’am.” He began thrusting with a slow rhythm. “Better?”

“Yes, thank you.” She swallowed me again.

“Anyway,” Dad continued to me, “I’ve always been a little jealous of guys like you, who’re really thick. Crazy, I know. ’Specially ’cause I’m pretty damn big, if I do say so myself.”

“The grass is always greener,” I said. “I mean, I’ve always been jealous of *you*.”

“No kidding?”

“No kidding. But… I guess I’m happy with what I’ve got. The ladies seem to like it.”

“The shaving thing is weird, though.”

“I’m not doing it for *you*.”

“Well, *I* like it,” Mom said. “I don’t get hair in my mouth. Besides, it makes his schlong look even bigger.”

“Yeah, it does,” Dad agreed, “but I still don’t think it’s for me.”

“Then don’t do it.” She raised herself on her elbows. “And what *is* it with you two? All these long-winded conversations are driving me crazy.” She leveled an insistent gaze at him. “I want you to *fuck* me, not talk about it.”

He grinned and pulled out. “Can do. Roll over. On your hands and knees.”

“That’s more like it!”

He climbed off the bed to give us room, and I sat with the headboard at my back. My erection stood straight up, so I stroked it idly while Mom

moved into position. Dad grabbed a small bottle from the nightstand drawer and then knelt behind her. He aimed his cock at her pussy and slid into her. Then he popped the top of the bottle and squirted clear liquid into the crack of her ass.

"Lube," he said when he saw me watching.

I couldn't imagine why he needed it, especially since his dick was already inside her. Then he started rubbing her asshole with his thumb, and my eyes widened in surprise. I didn't think she liked anal, but she groaned and swallowed my cock with new enthusiasm.

Dad fucked her slowly from behind as he worked his thumb into her anus. After a couple of minutes, he added a bit more lube and continued his gentle massage. She moaned around my shaft and took me into her throat.

Behind her, Dad squirted more lube and pushed his thumb all the way in. He eventually withdrew it and slid his cock from her pussy as well. He patted her flank and backed away.

"Slide down," he told me.

I scooted under her until I lay flat on my back. She straddled my hips and reached between us to steady my cock. She set it at her opening and slowly sat back. My shaft filled her completely, and she moaned as she began moving atop me. I took advantage of my position and played with her swaying breasts. Dad squirted more lube, which ran down the crack of her ass and dripped onto my balls.

"Spread your legs," he said.

"It's weird to hear you say that," I said, "especially when you're talking to *me*."

He laughed and swung his leg over mine. "No kidding. But hey, that's what I need." He knelt behind Mom and probed her anus for another minute before he set his cock at her back door.

She groaned when he pushed into her. He took his time and slowly worked the head inside. Her face turned red as he stretched her sphincter. Then he started moving within her, an inch at a time.

I felt his cock through the thin wall that separated us. I enjoyed it, although a part of me recoiled at the thought. The moment passed quickly as another surge of pleasure reached my brain.

Mom whimpered and held my sides. Dad buried another inch and then paused to let her adjust. He eventually started moving again, thrusting

slowly, until I felt his thighs touch mine. He gripped Mom's hips and leaned over her back.

"Where's my cock?" he whispered.

"Inside me," she panted.

"Where inside you?"

She clenched her teeth. "My ass."

"And what am I doing?"

"Asking too many questions."

He grinned. "What am I doing *with my cock*?"

"Fucking my ass," she said at last.

"That's right. And who's fucking your pussy?"

"Paul."

"Yeah," he agreed pleasantly. "You like fucking him, don't you?"

The temperature in her pussy rose another degree or two. She nodded.

"And you like me in your ass."

"Yes," she hissed. Then she bit her lip against the pain. "Fuck… me."

He moved slowly at first, careful not to hurt her, and she eventually began pushing back. He sped up, while I simply enjoyed the sensation of his cock moving within her.

"That's it," she said after a minute or two. "Harder."

He gripped her hips and began fucking her for real. She gasped and cried out as he thrust into her. At first I thought he'd hurt her. But then she shuddered and pressed her face into my shoulder. I felt a rush of heat and moisture around my cock. Her pussy squeezed so hard that I had to clench my jaw to keep from crying out myself.

Dad felt her orgasm and buried his cock deep in her ass. His balls rested on mine and added another layer of weirdness and pleasure. Mom moaned as a second wave of ecstasy surged through her. She clutched me tight, her breasts mashed against my chest.

After several long, quivering moments, she went limp and panted from the force of release. Dad gently rubbed her back. Then he leaned forward and planted a kiss on her shoulder.

She flinched as his hard-on moved inside her. "Give me a minute," she rasped. "Then you can finish."

"Uh-uh. I'm good. I know you don't like it after you come." He braced himself and slowly withdrew his cock.

She closed her eyes against the pressure and then relaxed when it was gone.

"You did great, babe," he said. "Be right back." He stood, and his shiny cock led the way as he headed toward the bathroom.

"So I guess it's *not* my turn next," I joked to Mom.

"God, no!" She managed a weak laugh. "You'd tear me a new one."

"That's okay," I said. "I'm pretty happy right where I am."

"Let me catch my breath and we can keep going."

"No rush. Really."

Dad returned from the bathroom with a washcloth. He cleaned her and then himself. The damp terrycloth brushed my scrotum, but he was careful not to touch me directly.

"Don't worry," he said to me, "I know what I'm doing. I used to change your diapers."

"Very reassuring," I said dryly.

"Okay," he said a moment later, "ready to keep going?"

"Let's take a break," Mom suggested. "I need a breather."

"No problem. You want a beer?"

"A glass of water would be nice."

"Coming right up." He glanced at me. "Beer? Water? Coke?"

"Coke, please."

"Roger that."

Mom slowly climbed off me, and my erection gave a wet slap as it rebounded from my stomach. She gingerly sat on the bed, but immediately shifted her weight.

"A little tender," she said.

I nodded and then waited as long as I could before curiosity overwhelmed me. "I didn't know you liked anal sex."

"I don't. Not really. It hurts… unless I'm really worked up. Like now. But I always come like gangbusters, so it's a mixed bag."

Dad returned and handed Mom a glass of ice water. Then he popped the top on a Coke and handed it to me. He opened his beer and drank deeply.

We made small talk as Mom recovered. Dad's erection softened completely, and even mine started to flag by the time Mom gave me a "let's go" wink and set her empty glass on the floor. Then she rose to all fours and crawled toward Dad. They began making out as she fondled his limp manhood.

I took the opportunity to move behind her. Her pussy was wet, so I scooted forward and stroked my cock. When I was hard enough, I lubricated the head with her juices and slid into her. She groaned and kissed her way down Dad's chest. Then she took his cock in her mouth and began sucking gently.

I fucked her doggie style until I couldn't hold back any longer. "Where do you want me to come?"

"Inside me."

I nodded and began pounding away. The pressure mounted in my balls until I slammed into her and closed my eyes. Intense, white-hot pleasure exploded in my loins and spread outward. When it was over I collapsed against her and breathed hard through my nose to catch my breath.

"My turn," Dad said cheerfully.

I nodded and pulled out.

Mom rolled to her back and spread her legs. He climbed between them as soon as I moved out of the way. He set his cock at her opening and plunged into her. Her breasts bounced in time with his thrusts. She twisted her own nipple and slid her other hand toward her pussy. She rubbed her clit as Dad pumped into her.

He didn't last long. After less than a minute, he arched his back and buried himself as deep as he could. Then he groaned and filled her with seed. He held himself above her, immobile, as the fog of orgasm slowly cleared.

"You ready to finish?" he said at last.

"Already did." She smiled up at him and stroked his cheek.

He nodded and sort of collapsed on top of her.

She wrapped her legs around him and hooked her ankles together. They held each other as their breathing slowly returned to normal.

I felt a little self-conscious, like an interloper, but Mom must have sensed my discomfort. She reached over and clasped my hand.

Dad eventually found his strength and climbed off her. He looked more tired than I'd ever seen him. I glanced at the clock radio and did some quick math—he'd been awake for twenty-one hours, minimum, and working for most of it.

"Yeah," he said when he saw my glance, "long day."

"But worth it," Mom said.

“Mmm hmm.” He took a deep breath and sat back. “The last part, at least. Still, I think I’m ready to call it a night.”

14

I took a shower in my restored bathroom and smiled at the traces of potting soil that washed down the drain. Afterward I wrapped a towel around my waist and headed to the kitchen, where I fixed a snack. I'd gotten in the habit of eating *something* before bedtime, although it was usually healthier than Oreos and milk. Still, I enjoyed every last bite. Then I dusted off my hands and dialed Brooke's number.

"O'Neill residence," Christy answered.

"Hello, sunshine."

"Hey! I was hoping you'd call. I've been sitting by the phone."

"You could've called me," I said, although I was glad she hadn't, especially while I'd been otherwise occupied.

"Nuh-uh! You're the man. It's your job to call me. It's in the Man Handbook."

"Oh? What page?"

"Um… two or three. I don't remember."

"Right," I chuckled. "So, how're you?"

"Good. Better now. You?"

"Pretty good. Tired, though. Been a long day. Hey, wait… Something's missing. I don't hear Brooke in the background."

"No. She's at a study session for an exam on Tuesday. This evening was the only time she and the others could do it."

"Ah, okay. So, what're you up to?"

"Drawing you."

"*All* of me?"

“No, not all of you,” she laughed. “But it isn’t what you’re thinking. From the chest up.”

“So, am I happy? Sad? Horny?”

“You’re *always* horny,” she said with an audible grin. “But here you’re relaxed. Happy, too. And maybe a little tired. You know, how you get when we’ve been skiing all day and your soaking in the tub afterward.”

“That’s me all right,” I said.

“Mmm hmm. I’ll show you when you get here. I’ve been sketching Brooke too. She asked if I’m going to show them to you. She really likes you.”

“I think she likes the effect I have on *you*,” I said.

“That makes two of us.”

“Three, if you count me.”

“So you think it’s that easy,” she teased, “to have a threesome with Brooke and me?”

“Ha! Not easy, but I’m hoping…”

“Mmm, that’d be fun. She’s starting to act like her old self again. I didn’t realize how much she’d changed since she started dating Fletcher. I liked him last summer, but I always got the feeling he was looking for the chance to put the moves on *me*. I should’ve said something at the time, but…” She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “Let’s talk about something else. What’ve you been up to? How’re your parents? How’s Erin? Did you have a chance to see Leah?”

“Whoa, slow down,” I laughed. “What’ve I been up to? Doing yard work and helping around the house. My parents’re fine. Erin’s in Florida. And no, I haven’t seen Leah, ’cause she’s in Florida too.”

“Okay,” Christy laughed, “that was easy. Hold on, why’s Erin in Florida? I thought she was staying home.”

“She was, but our parents paid for spring break after all. She and Leah went to Destin with friends.”

“Oh. So it was just you and your parents?”

“Sort of. Dad had a trip, so he was gone till this evening. It was just Mom and me, hence the yard work and things around the house, cleaning up and organizing and… um… other stuff.”

On the spur of the moment, I decided to tell her what had *really* happened, but not over the phone, not while she was thousands of miles away, where I couldn’t explain if she got upset and hung up.

She brought me back to the present. “Is your mom like you, all neat and tidy?”

“Actually, no. My dad’s the neat freak. You should see the garage and his workshop. Spotless, and every tool in its place. I used to drive him crazy when I was a kid, when I wouldn’t put things back where they belonged.” I chuckled at a memory. “I learned my lesson, though. One time, I had to change the battery in my Jeep, and…”

We talked for a while longer, but she could tell that I was tired.

“I should let you go,” she said. “I’ve had a pretty relaxing day, so I’m still fresh.” She laughed. “I didn’t get up till almost ten thirty. I missed my wakeup call from a certain special someone and his owner.”

“Yeah, I’ve missed our mornings together too.”

“I can’t wait to see you,” she said. She repeated my flight number and arrival time. Then she laughed. “Brooke wrote it on my hand in magic marker last night, so I wouldn’t forget.”

“Ha! Good for her.”

“Yeah, she’s really good for me. Not as good as you, but I needed this as much as she did.”

“I was thinking the same thing.”

“You know me so well.”

“I do.”

“Not till the wedding,” she teased.

“Nope.” I stifled another yawn.

“I’d better let you go. Brooke should be home soon anyway. We’re supposed to go to a party on the beach, but I think I’ll talk her into a quiet evening at home.”

“Good luck with that. She sounds like Wren, a force of nature.”

“Oh, no. She’s nothing like her. Well, she *is*, in some ways, but not the big ones. She isn’t so pushy. And she doesn’t try to run my life. Anyway, you’ll see when you meet her. But I’d better say goodnight before you fall asleep.”

“Yeah, sorry,” I agreed. “I’ve had a long day.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too. See you tomorrow.”

“I can’t wait.”

We said goodbye and hung up. I felt a *little* guilty for the half-truths and evasions, but I’d tell her everything eventually. In the meantime, I had a bed

with my name on it.

15

I couldn’t fall asleep, so I tossed and turned until I finally gave up. I thought about jerking off, if only to distract myself, but decided against it. I reached for the bedside light instead, and was sitting up and reading when I heard a sound at my door sometime later.

“C’mon in,” I said. “I’m still awake.”

Mom opened the door. “Am I that predictable?”

“Not really. But, I mean, who *else* is going to check on me in the middle of the night?”

“I saw your light on.”

“Couldn’t sleep,” I said without elaborating.

She slipped into the room and closed the door behind her. Her hair was damp from the shower, and she wore her pink robe but hadn’t belted it closed.

“You too?” I said.

“Mmm hmm.” She gestured at the bed beside me. “D’you mind…?”

“No, have a seat.” I scooted aside to give her room. “Lemme guess, you were horny. I dunno who’s worse,” I added with a laugh, “you or Dad.”

“How do you mean?”

“Your sex drive. I used to think I got it from him, but now I’m starting to think it was *you*.”

“Is that such a bad thing?”

“Having a mom who’s a total horndog? No, not really. Especially when she’s decided it’s okay to fool around with her son. That *is* why you’re here, isn’t it? A midnight blowjob?”

“Yes, damn you,” she laughed.

“And Dad wasn’t interested?”

“I didn’t want to wake him. Besides, I thought you and I could have a last hurrah. We may never get to do this again.”

“Oh, I think we will.”

“So you’re going to keep it secret? From Christy, I mean.”

My brow furrowed. “No, I’m going to tell her.”

“Seriously? You think that’s a good idea?”

“I’m not sure,” I admitted, “but I trust her.”

“That’s a *lot* of trust.”

“The same as you and Dad.”

“Touché.”

“So…,” I said into the ensuing silence, “did you come here to talk or suck?”

“Ha! Aren’t you direct!”

“Well, you went to all the trouble,” I said. “The best laid plans— Sorry, the best laid *schemes*…”

“Do you wanna get laid or not?” she shot back.

“For the record, I love this kind of wordplay.”

“It’s almost like foreplay.” She stood and let the robe fall to the floor, so I took the hint and admired her body. Then I flipped the covers back and revealed my nascent erection.

“He certainly thinks so,” I said.

Mom slid into bed beside me and got comfortable. Her hand immediately found my cock and began stroking. “What does Christy think?”

“About my cock? Or the wordplay?”

“The latter. You wouldn’t be with her if she didn’t love the former.”

“True, but she loves the wordplay too. She… gets me. My sense of humor, my moods, everything.”

“Is she as horny as me too?”

“Maybe more!”

“Uh-oh. You might be in trouble.”

“You can say that again.”

“You might be in trouble.”

“I deserved that,” I said dryly.

“But,” she said after a moment, “can Christy do this?” She swallowed half my length, paused, and then took me into the back of her throat. A moment later she closed her lips around the base of my shaft.

“Oh, God,” I gasped as pleasure exploded behind my eyes. “No… she can’t.”

Mom sucked gently and caressed me with her tongue as she pulled back. “My throat’s going to be sore tomorrow,” she said, “but it’s worth it.”

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be. I like deep throat.”

“Christy needs to learn,” I said. “Maybe you can give her some pointers.”

“Seriously?”

“Mmm hmm. And maybe a demonstration sometime.”

“You think she’d like that?” She kissed and licked while she waited for an answer.

“Yeah, I think so. She likes to watch.”

“Then I’d better practice if I’m going to put on a show.” She suited action to words and swallowed me to the root again.

I clutched the sheets as her mouth and throat caressed my length. We fell silent at that point, and I lost track of time as she expertly coaxed a load from my balls. She moaned and swallowed when I unloaded in her mouth.

“Keep sucking,” I said as I caught my breath. “Don’t let me go soft. I wanna fuck you.”

She massaged my balls and lowered her mouth to my semi-hard shaft. My dick eventually returned to its former glory, and she straddled my hips. She set the tip of my cock at her opening and sank onto it with a groan of her own. I ran my hands up her torso and cupped her soft, generous breasts.

“God, these’re nice.”

“You’re as bad as your father.”

“As bad or as good?” I said as I began moving my hips.

She closed her eyes and her nostrils flared as my dick moved inside her. After a moment she leaned forward and braced her hands on my shoulders. I played with her nipples while I fucked her slowly.

“It isn’t just the taboo,” she said eventually. “That feels nice.”

“Mmm, it does.”

“You’re going to make me come.”

“That’s my goal.”

“Somebody raised you right.”

“Who could that be?” I shot back with a grin.

“I don’t know, but I’ll have to thank her.” She fell silent and enjoyed the sensations building deep inside her.

Her pussy grew wetter as her orgasm approached. Her chest and neck flushed with heat, and she began rocking in time with my thrusts. I wasn’t in danger of coming any time soon, so I concentrated on her pleasure until she sat back hard and cried out in ecstasy. I held her hips and forced another half-inch inside her. She gasped and shuddered and eventually collapsed on top of me. I held her as the pleasure faded and her breathing slowly returned to normal.

“You’ll have to talk to the woman who raised me,” I said.

“Oh?”

“Yeah. Turns out I’m a motherfucker.”

She snorted a laugh and slowly pushed herself upright. “Better than a son of a bitch.”

“True.”

She shook her head in amusement and then turned serious. “Where do you want to finish? Inside me or in my mouth?”

“I’m fine with either. Which do *you* want?”

She thought for a moment. “Inside me, I think. Go out with a bang, so to speak.”

“Your wish is my command.”

“Why’re you grinning?”

“’Cause you aren’t Wren.”

“Oh?”

“Long story,” I said. “Some other time.” I patted her hip. “On your back.”

She rolled over and I climbed between her legs. Her pussy was shiny with juices and swollen from the pounding I’d already given her. I set my cock at her opening and slid into her easily. She held my sides and sighed when I hit bottom.

I fucked her slowly, languidly, and watched her breasts bounce as my hips met hers. She closed her eyes and enjoyed it as much as I did. After several minutes she urged me on with her body, and my tempo gradually increased until I buried my cock and unleashed a flood of semen deep

inside her. Then I held myself above her and enjoyed the warmth spreading outward from my groin.

“That was nice,” I said at last.

“Mmm.”

“We’ll have to do it again sometime. Maybe with Susan.”

“Can you handle two horny, middle-aged women?”

“That depends,” I laughed.

“On what?”

“Before or after I take on the two of *you*?”

The End

Sign up for the Summer Camp Gazette, the official newsletter of *Summer Camp Swingers*.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Hi, I'm Nick Scipio, the creator of the *Summer Camp Swingers* universe.

I started writing sex stories when I was a teenager, before I was legally old enough to read them. I wrote regular stories too, ones I could share with teachers, family, and friends, but I never stopped thinking about sex and all the "what if…?" scenarios.

Fortunately, I led a fairly adventurous life through my teens and early twenties, so I have plenty of personal experience to draw from. Many of the things in my books actually happened to me, although plenty of them are pure fantasy, the product of my overactive imagination.

I stopped writing in my twenties and into my thirties, especially while I was working nonstop at a small software company. The small company grew into a medium-sized one, which was bought by an even larger company. By then I was managing development teams and directing entire projects.

I eventually reached a point where I was happy with my software career, and I found that I wanted to start writing again. It wasn't really a conscious decision—it was just something I did. It was an easy transition, because I've always been a storyteller. These days I simply have a larger audience than my friends or a group of people at a party.

In any event, that's probably enough about me. You can join me on Patreon if you want to read more *Summer Camp Swingers* and be part of a fantastic group of people who love the story as much as I do. And if you want my free stories, you'll find everything on my website.

In the meantime, thanks for buying my books, and thanks for reading.

Sincerely,
Nick Scipio
NickScipio.com

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Special thanks to Big Ed Magusson.

And my team: J. Strickland • Craig • JRB • LordPerfectSteve • Miz Pattay • Orblover • Ramblin' Joe • Steve M • Terry • Turbo

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Erin's Dozen

The Next Level

Paris

Road Not Taken

A Good Neighbor Goose and Gander The Champ is Going Down Duke and Earl Wingwoman

Unexpected Treat Slow Ride

Only Fair

Unexpected

Hanging Out