

Thank You Dad

dinkleberry

"Mmm, that feels good," I agreed as my body quivered.

"Oh, yes," I trembled as pleasure coursed through my body. Nonetheless since it was originating from my groin it was running contrary to my dream.

Opening my eyes I saw an exquisite crown of adorable sandy blonde hair hovering over my groin and could feel how rock hard my cock was. It was stiffer than any morning hard-on could produce. Attached to the sandy blonde hair was the body of a goddess and she was the reason I was so stiff. From her position I couldn't see her upper body but was able to enjoy the sight of her lower back pleasantly leading up to the beautiful breadth of her hips that ultimately flowed to her magnificent ass. I could only see the start of it but that was enough for me to know from experience how gorgeous it is.

"Mmm," I moaned as another wave of ecstasy coursed through me. Reaching down I petted her silky soft hair. Combing my fingers through her hair, she looked up at me with those entrapping sky blue eyes of hers. From the devilish

look in her eyes I knew she was up to mischief and she proved it. Teasing me, she let her tongue hang out from her mouth swinging it behind an' forth. Extending it further she licked the full length of the underside of my cock. Starting at my sac she ran her tongue upwards and over the crown of my helmet. Tremors ran through my body and I sighed, "Ooooooooooh,"

Two more times she did this, the whole time those sapphire gems remained fixed on me and I knew she was grinning with amusement from the affect she was having on me. After her last lick she continued travelling forward. She kissed my lower abs. She kissed my navel. She kissed my stomach. She kissed the hollow at the bottom of my chest. She kissed my breastbone. She licked my throat upwards to my chin which she kissed.

"Good morning," she whispered greeting me before her lips were upon mine. Sometimes I think there is no greater pleasure than kissing my love. Her lips remained on mine and my hands reached out, from her mid-back they ran down her body enjoying her supple smoothness. Reaching her

wonderful ass each hand grabbed a handful of butt-cheek as if I needed to securely anchor my body.

I felt her silently chuckle before her tongue was on my lips demanding entrance. Opening my mouth her tongue hungrily licked my lips; by flexing certain muscles I was able to get my hard cock to spring up and slap at her pussy. My cock slapped at her pussy, her tongue entered my mouth to lick my teeth, my hands grasped at her luscious ass. My tongue reached out to hers and we kissed fully and passionately, my cock needily slapped at her pussy, my hands pulled at her trying to push her forward. My body screamed for me to fuck her.

With an amused chuckle at my hungry desire she broke our kiss. Reaching up she took hold of the headboard of my bed. Now her glorious tits hung teasingly above my face. Still I was focused on something I needed more. I flexed my cock up again, now with her hips raised and forward it hit upon her pussy lips. I concentrated on holding tight there. She felt the tip of my cock and with a slight shift of her hips she slowly slid down my cock.

To feel her pussy again was as staggering as that first time. I loved how wet she already was for me. I savored how tight she is. I treasured how velvety smooth her pussy feels. No pussy has ever felt as good as hers. As she completely sat upon me totally taking my cock fully inside her I loudly groaned, "Oh god, that's so fuckin' good."

Leaning forward she put one finger to my lips and whispered, "Sssh, the others are still home."

Day I

There are some events in your life that are hard to pin-point when they started. This isn't really one of those. While the snowflakes that are my life's experiences have been building up for 20 years it was on a Tuesday night a single snow flake started rolling down the mountain that would eventually become an avalanche.

I was downstairs in the living room watching TV. While I have a TV in my bedroom I had just gotten the Blu-Ray edition of the latest Sci-fi blockbuster and wanted to enjoy it on the big 60 inch plasma screen in there. Since it was past 11PM, the rest of my family had retired or retreated to their bedrooms meaning my 22 year old, older sister Norah was in her bedroom and my parents to theirs.

I was sitting on one of the big, plush over-stuffed black leather sofas facing directly at the TV, meaning my back was to the door and the stairs behind. Suddenly my mother appeared in the living room. Coming around my left-hand side she was carrying a pillow and blanket, which she tossed down on the sofa catty-corner to the sofa I was sitting on.

Surprised and startled by her sudden appearance, I quickly pulled my feet off the coffee table before she could yell at me. Grabbing the remote I paused the movie and looked at her curiously. This was completely out of the ordinary.

"I can't take your father's snoring anymore," she growled as she sat down and saw my look of confusion. This has been a source of irritation between my parents for as long as I can remember. While not exactly fat my father has always been a big man and now at 46, I'd guess he is about 6 foot and about 250 pounds. I simply shrugged as I figured my parent's problems aren't my concern. Instead I turned off the video and TV, making ready to leave the living room and finish watching the movie up in my bedroom.

"No, stay. There's no reason you have to leave on my account," my mother said as she stretched out on her claimed sofa with her facing towards the TV.

"Umm ok," I muttered awkwardly as I sat back down on my sofa and turned the TV back on. This was probably the first time in years that my mother and I had been alone together watching TV. My family while still together is not exactly close. In many ways we are four people who happen to be living together. While we all mostly get along, we're all living our own lives and going our own separate ways.

In the darkened living room I thought this was even more so between my Mom and I. To avoid the temptation of putting my feet back on the coffee table, I had turned and sat tucked into the corner of the sofa with my legs stretched out on it. I now faced my mother as much the TV. This allowed me to subtly glance over and admire her beauty. And that was why there was a distance between us. I found my Mom to be attractive and desirable. In fact to me she was THE most desirable woman I knew and so I was like an awkward teen around her. She was the hot chick that intimidated me and so I avoided her because of that.

Tonight she was simply laying there resting her head on her pillow watching the movie. She was wearing loose fitting black satin pajamas that shimmered in the reflecting light from the TV. Her pajamas had a soft pink piping and large white pearl buttons in the top that hid her luscious body but just knowing it was there was enough to get me hard.

I tried to split my attention 3 to 1 between watching the movie and slyly checking her out. I don't know if I've always been infatuated with my mother, but I do know when it kicked into

hyper-gear and became an obsession. A little over five years ago I was up in my room surfing the Internet for porn and stumbled upon a video of adult actress Sara Jay. I was shocked as she looked as if she could be my mother's twin sister and even more incredible is the fact that my mother's name is Sarah Jessica.

I was mesmerized and aroused like never before. It took only a few minutes for me to cum watching her video as I sat there at my desk. As I watched Sara Jay suck some guy's cock I came like a volcano and as I stared at my monitor I was still unsure if that wasn't my mother in the video. Instantly I watched the video a second time and while lasting longer this time I came a second time as fully and completely as the first time.

Since then I've confirmed the fact that they are two different women. I've become consumed with Sara Jay and her videos, especially loving her MILF ones where she bangs a younger lover. I've also become secretly obsessed with my Mom, Sarah Jessica. I've learned the slight differences between the two women. While Sara Jay is 5'4, Sarah Jessica is 5'7. Sara Jay claims to be 34, whereas I know my mother is 42. Sara Jay has

over the years gotten a series of tattoos, however to my knowledge Sarah Jessica has not. And while Sara Jay's boobs are enhanced my mother's fabulous tits are all hers.

My obsession with Sarah Jessica has led me to discover that my mother does have some secrets of her own. These include the fact that over 20 years ago she did some modeling, including doing girlie pics. From my fixation with Sara Jay, I once came upon a chat room where someone posted the question, 'Did Sara Jay ever pose as Susan James when she was young?'

The answer to that question is No, because to my amazed surprise Susan James is Sarah Jessica! I've successfully hunted down those pictures and know for a fact that they are my mother. Now remember that 20+ years ago girlie magazines were a lot tamer and way less raunchy than they are today. In my search I've discovered three photo spreads of Susan James, aka Sarah Jessica -- my mother.

The first one I was able to find was in one of the earliest editions of a start-up magazine called Fox. In the layout, Susan James is wearing a long white men's dress shirt while in a fancy shower. As the lay-out progresses her shirt becomes wetter revealing her fabulous tits until in the last two photos she removes the shirt first showing off her tight little ass and then the last one is a sorta full frontal where her boobs are fully exposed but her legs are at an angle where you only see a hint of her blonde pubic hair.

The next lay-out I was able to uncover was in a few months later edition of Cheri. In this one, Susan James is wearing a tight white tank top with the Cheri logo printed on it and white bikini bottoms with the matching logo on its backside. As the layout progresses she slowly strips, removing her top showing off her terrific tits and then her bottom finally gives way first showing off her tiny hiney before showing some full frontals. Unlike today, there's no spreading and 'showing pink' but instead she shows her trimmed blonde pubic hair and her pussy is tight and closed. Still to me it is one of the hottest photo sets I've ever seen and I've jerked-off to it maybe a thousand times.

To aid in the confirmation that Susan James is truly my mother -- beyond having matching features and hair as her pictures from that that time show -- is the fact that in our photo albums there is one picture of her at a party wearing that exact same Cheri tank top only she is wearing skin-tight black leather pants and tall heels. I've never had the nerve to ask her what the story is behind that picture.

The last lay-out was over a year later, which makes sense as my older sister would be by now born. This time the photo set appeared in the busty magazine Gent and in it she is bustier and a little thicker. While wearing a full set of lingerie including a luscious bra that squeezes her boobs tight, matching panties and a garter for her stockings she only strips down to being topless. Still that's been enough for me to enjoy, especially with knowing the age difference between my older sister and I there is the possibility that while posing for those pictures Susan James may have been carrying me. That fact has helped me cum to those pictures at least a million times.

Now as we lay on our individual couches I looked at my mother and thought that over the years her beauty has only increased. No longer tall, thin and busty her body has matured truly into a woman's physique. I would guess she is maybe 35 pounds heavier but it seems to have gone to all the right places as her body has thickened where her thighs have developed curves and shape. Her hips have widened and become fuller, thus giving her the true rear-end of woman -- full, shapely and calls your attention to it. Up top, her body has gotten some meat to it, softening it and giving her a more pronounced feminine shape and curves. While her waist is wider, her hips and shoulder girdle are more so thus giving her that feminine hour glass shape she was missing those 20+ years ago. Also her bosom has completely filled out to their current wonderment.

Being a lil deviant and my obsession with her I've, of course, snuck into her bedroom and inspected her lingerie. I've discovered she is a 36D (and sometimes a double D) while her waist seems to range between 28-30 and her hips are about a 38.

Since the beginning of time, or at least since before my birth, she has worked as an MT, Medical Transcriptionist. While I'm not 100% sure what that entails I do know she must be pretty good at it as she has multiple doctors' accounts while being able to work at home and set her own hours. What this means is that throughout my sister's and my childhood she was always home but also able to remain physically active. During our childhoods, Mom did her exercising at home except for her playing tennis which she would do 2 or 3 times a week. With my sister and I grown, Mom now trains at a women's only gym and still plays tennis a couple times a week.

Sitting in the darkness with the only light coming from the TV, I marveled at how strong my mother's and Sara Jay's facial resemblance is. I've often wondered if Mom is even aware of the resemblance as for years both her and Sara Jay wore their sandy blonde hair in an A-frame bob that they both parted on the left. Yet recently they've both begun to let their hair grow out while keeping that style. Sara Jay's is now midway down her back (although I suspect extensions) while my Mom's is now creeping past her shoulders. I personally enjoy the increased length with both ladies.

Both of their faces are a soft diamond anchored by a large Sephardic nose. While strong and prominent their nose is well shaped and serves as a foundation of an attractive, though more handsome than beautiful face. To complement their nose they have strong, prominent cheek bones that are softened by their full, fleshly cheeks. With that they seem to have deep set eyes. While Sara Jay has Hazel eyes my mother has pale light blue eyes. They both have the large mouth you would seem to expect and love to smile often. My mother often seems to stare into space daydreaming with a smile on her face and she is quick to laugh and show her bright white full teeth. They both have that small slightly square chin that truly gives their face that diamond shape.

I again noted all these attributes of my mother as I slyly checked her out as we watched the movie. I enjoyed seeing her smile and laugh while watching the movie more than I enjoyed watching the actual movie. Finally after about an hour and now past midnight the movie was over.

"Well okay Mom, have a good night," I muttered as I turned off the TV and made to leave. I guess I should mention now that in my house the stairs are in the middle of the house and right behind the front door so that when you open the door and enter the foyer it's right there. Hanging down from the open stairwell is a large pendent style lantern that's on 24/7. At night this provides enough light to navigate throughout the house, especially having lived there for 20 years. At that moment its light dimly shined into the living room enough to see without crashing into the furniture.

"Do I get a kiss good night?" my mother wondered and her question surprised me as the last time we exchanged kisses good night was 15 years ago when I was five. Still prudence said it would be easier to give her the requested kiss.

"Good Night," I mumbled as I air kissed her cheek and again made to leave.

"What kinda kiss is that? Get back here and give me a real kiss."

Since I had only taken two steps I quickly turned and bent down to kiss her cheek. Perhaps she didn't expect such a quick response as she had turned her head and my lips landed directly on her puckered lips. As if struck by electricity my lips seemed stuck to hers and the current ran directly to my groin. Instantly I had a raging hard-on. Then our lips broke free with the loud popping smack of a true kiss.

"Wow! Now I'll definitely sleep safe and sound," she giggled and I beat a soft retreat outta there.

I quickly made my way upstairs to my bedroom. Shutting the door I quickly grabbed my shot-rag, which happens to be an old sock with a hole in the toe. Sitting on the edge of my bed I jacked-off like a frenzied lunatic and came as hard as that first time I discovered Sara Jay. Finished I laid down and tried to sleep. After an hour of futility I again got familiar with myself and this time I was able to find sleep afterwards.

Day II

The next day flew by easily as it seemed as if I was walking on sunshine. I had two college classes that day and had basketball practice afterwards. I play for the local college, which isn't really a big deal as it's a Division III (the lowest-level) but it's fun and I'm the starting point guard. And so I got home a few minutes after 6PM.

Entering the house I could sense it was full. Walking around I discovered my Mom sitting in her home office doing whatever it is she does. Seeing me she smiled and gave me that twinkling hand wave women do where they curl their fingers in that erotic manner. As a thrill ran through me I probably returned a goofy smile.

Entering the kitchen I found my sister cooking dinner. After discovering what was for dinner she ordered me to go get our father as dinner would be ready in minutes. Dinner was the usual affair. As we ate, the whole family discussed and even debated current events and politics. Since the beginning of time my parents have expected my sister and I to be aware and informed, to have opinions and be able to contribute to the conversation.

After debating certain national policies and the affect a proposed hike in the local sales tax would have dinner came to an end. With my sister having cooked dinner it fell to me to do the dishes. By the time I was done everyone had retreated to doing their own thing. Thus my sister was probably holed up in her bedroom and my father who is a voracious reader was, I assumed, in my parent's bedroom. Mom was back in her home office. This was perfect as this was what I was hoping for.

I again took my post in the living room sitting in the same spot as yesterday and started watching the usual Wednesday night crime dramas. As the opening credits for the 9PM show played Mom showed up with pillow and blanket. Gracing me with a smile she again laid down on her sofa and I felt my heart rate increase.

For the next two hours we watched TV together. I, of course, was also watching her but tonight she happened to glance over at me while I was looking seeming to catch me ogling her. Without saying anything she just gave me a wry smile.

After a couple of repeats of Seinfeld and Everyone Loves Raymond at midnight, I shut off the TV and made to leave the room. As I made to walk by her she softly cleared her throat. I stopped and turned. As I was bending down I mumbled, "Good Night, Mom."

She was already looking up. Closing her eyes, she offered me her puckered lips. Our kiss lasted but a second but at that moment a second was a lifetime, and as I've discovered in sports a second can be a long time. Our second lasted long enough for me to reach down and rest my right hand on her shoulder. With a Mwah, our kiss ended and Mom softly laughed, "Good night sweetheart."

Day III

Thursday provided me with an interesting quandary to struggle with. In between my classes I work part-time at one of campus' coffee shops. During that and my classes I half paid attention as I tried to figure out this puzzle. Tonight there was a big college basketball double-header starting at

7:00PM with the big game between the #2 ranked team in the country against the #5 ranked team in the country starting at 9:30PM; and I wanted to watch both games. Last week I probably would've simply watched them on the TV in my room or ask my father if he'd like to watch them with me downstairs in the living room.

But now things had changed. I wanted to be in the living room alone as I assumed Mom would again show up. However I knew Mom would have no interest in watching basketball and may wait until I went to bed or not show up at all. I thought about maybe putting some other crap on the TV and streaming the games on my laptop but tossed that idea as I realized that would seem awfully strange. In fact I reasoned that I couldn't change my behavior patterns too drastically so as to not raise my mother's suspicions or anyone else's in the family. Ultimately I decided I'd watch the games downstairs after waiting for my father and sister to head upstairs and then just hope for the best.

That night I somehow got stuck doing the dishes again even though our Mom had cooked. I must've been spacing out

when suddenly my sister and father suddenly called out, "Not it." By the time I was done with the dishes everyone had retreated to their individual spaces. Again, my sister was probably holed up in her room and Dad doubtless also upstairs reading. Mom was back in her office but instead of working she had her feet kicked up on her desk and reading something on her Kindle. That meant the living room was mine.

I watched the early game by myself undisturbed and thought things might work out after all. Then less than a minute after the tip-off of the second game my father showed up. Since he had a beer in hand I knew he was here to stay. I usually enjoy watching sports with my father as he's knowledgeable and passionate about his sports. It's also the only bond we have. However tonight I wanted to shoot him. Instead as he sat down he said, "I got money on this game. I took #5 and the points."

"Really? Let me get in on this action. I'll take #2 but I'll only give you 4 ½," I said as I reached into my wallet and pulled a \$20 out. We haggled as the actual point spread was 6 points

and settled on 5 points. From there we spent the rest of the night watching the game, talking sports including how my own team was doing. After halftime Dad returned with two beers and as he handed me one I actually forgot about everything else as he and I watched the game as we've done a thousand times before.

At the end of the game my father scooped up my \$20 as not only had the #5 team covered the spread they had won straight-up by 12 points. Turning off the TV we both headed upstairs to bed. As the rest of the downstairs was dark, we were quiet assuming Mom and my sister had gone to sleep. Going down the hallway we passed my sister's bedroom door which was shut. Reaching the end of the hall my parent's bedroom is on the right and their door was open but the room was dark and empty.

On the left was my bedroom. While my door was also open and the room dark, it wasn't empty. Even from the dim light shining down the hallway from the staircase light you could see a form laying on the far side (or right hand side if facing the bed) of my queen size bed. Seeing my Mom curled up

under a light colored blanket but on top of my quilt my father simply laughed and said, "Well, that's your problem now."

He went in his room and shut the door leaving me wondering what to do. I usually sleep in just my boxers under my comforter and between the sheets. However that didn't seem right under the circumstances. Standing in the hallway, I ultimately decided to put on a sweatshirt and pajama bottoms on and sleep on top of my bed. I often do this when the entire Horde beats me to my bed. I tried to quietly grab a sweatshirt and pj bottoms from my dresser.

In the bathroom I got changed and thought about things. I wondered if my Mom had heard my father's final comment and decided that she probably did. Over the years my sister and I have occasionally tried to sneak into the house, or do something in the house, only to discover that our mother's maternal instincts includes being able to hear everything no matter how quiet or how loud the other sounds maybe. I remember her once hearing the striking of a match over the sound of blasting music. Thankfully it was my sister who was busted trying to smoke a cigarette.

Returning back to my room I closed the door halfway and laid down on the left-hand side of my bed (which is my usual side). As I laid there sleep was very reluctant to come and it wasn't because of my door being open and the sliver of light shining in. Let me go on a tangent for a moment:

At some point in time I somehow ended up being responsible for the Horde -- the housecats that we share our home with. Currently there are five of them and it is my job to clean their litterbox. I'm also tasked with at least serving them their breakfast. [Often someone else, whoever's home, will give them dinner.] As such some, or all of them, share my bed with me. Even though I often leave my door partly open we've also installed a tiny cat door at the bottom [a little 8 inch hole with a flap] so I can have some privacy because you never know if any of them may be under my bed, in the closet or anywhere else.

Tonight, the reason I couldn't sleep was for the same reason my bed was void of any cats. We were all very aware of the oddity of my Mom curled up and asleep on the other side of

my bed. After an hour of staring at my ceiling and darkened walls I was still awake when a large shape jumped on the bed and curled up by my feet. In the darkness I thought it was Tyrant, one of our large males. I guess he figured if I was there it was safe and he was reassured. In kind his presence reassured me and I finally dozed off.

Day IV

On Fridays I don't have class however the Horde doesn't understand this and so my feline alarm clock woke me as reliably as any real alarm clock. This involves five cats alternating between them telling me how much they love me and how much they are starving. Finally rolling outta bed they lead and chased me downstairs to the kitchen. I fed the beasts and waited for them to finish eating. When they were done I did my duties as doorman letting four of the five out in the backyard.

Finished I went back upstairs to get some Bonus Sleep. My bed was now empty except for Dinkleberry, our youngest

female cat who hadn't gone outside. Instead she curled up against me and enjoyed her own Bonus Sleep -- although do cats actually get Bonus Sleep since that's all they do?

That afternoon I went to school because we had an evening game against another local college. Before traveling there we were gonna have a shoot around and discuss tonight's game. We then loaded up into the team bus and headed for the game. With it being a Friday, to celebrate our victory we all went out to a local restaurant and enjoyed some food and laughs.

As such I got home after midnight and the house was dark and quiet, except for the staircase light. I looked in the living room and happily discovered it empty. Quietly I headed upstairs and somewhat as expected my sister's and parent's doors were closed with mine open. At my room I found Mom again asleep on the right side of my bed but tonight she had skipped the blanket. She also had company. Dinkleberry was stretched out in the bottom middle half of my bed laying parallel to Mom and another female, Sambuca was curled up

on the left outside half of my pillow. Both cats looked at me curiously.

Having planned for this possibly I scooped up my sweatshirt and pj bottoms I had left atop my dresser and got changed in the bathroom. Finished I laid down on the parts of my bed the females had left for me, meaning I got the inside half of my pillow and the left side of the bed that Dinkleberry and Mom had left for me. To get comfortable I rolled onto my left side, unintentionally facing towards my Mom. As I did she rolled over to face me and mumbled something, something, something and then a garbled, "Good Night,"

I somehow sensed she was expecting a good night kiss, right on her offered puckered lips. We kissed and my heart rate raced. Our kiss ended with a MWAH and she still laid there so I again leaned in and kissed her again, holding my lips to hers. I swear I could feel my blood pressure skyrocket as our lips stayed together and my right hand reached out and landed on her side. Again our kiss ended with an audible pop and she softly purred, "Mmm..."

Emboldened I kissed her again and I could feel her leaning towards me pressing her lips against mine as much as I was leaning in to hers. After a moment I felt her pull back and I did the same, then suddenly I blurted out, "I love you."

"I luv you, too," she said as she grabbed my right hand and holding tight she rolled back away from me but at the same time slid towards me so that now her back was pressed against my chest and my arm was draped over her waist which she still held. Settled she softly mumbled, "How was your game tonight?"

I was so dumbfounded that I was speechless especially as she snuggled tighter against me. This was the first time I had ever shared a bed and slept with someone else. I could feel every place her body was touching mine. I could feel my arm draped over her and resting just below her breasts. I was ultra-aware of my hard-on and mega-conscious of the fact it was now poking against her soft, yielding butt cheeks. Yet she said nothing and in a few minutes I could tell she was asleep again. However sleep didn't come for me. I laid there as confused as

Dinkleberry looked, who was now squeezed in between us and wondering what was going on.

Day V

Just like on Fridays, the Horde doesn't understand that Saturdays are a day off. So they woke their servant and I drudged downstairs half-awake and did my butler duties feeding them and my doorman routine letting those outside that wished. Afterwards I returned back upstairs for some much needed Bonus Sleep as I was exhausted. Beyond the late night I hadn't slept well between noticing every time Mom moved and her body rubbing against mine. At one point my arm was trapped beneath her yet I was afraid to move it and wake her. So I had to wait almost a half-hour until she moved and I was freed.

Returning back to my room I was surprised to discover my bed was still occupied. Mom was still there, laying on her right side -- meaning she'd be facing towards me. So I left the door

open and laid down on my back. Then she clearly said, "Close the door. I wanna try and sleep late, if possible."

Turning to look I discovered she was awake and looking at me. So I got up and shut my bedroom door and returned to my bed. I again laid down on my back and unexpectedly Mom slid over curling up against my side while looping my left arm beneath her head. Laying her left arm on my stomach I felt her softly twirl circles with her fingertips. She murmured, "It's so nice the way you take care of the cats."

I felt her shift and somehow I sensed she was rising up to kiss me. I lifted my head and her lips met mine and she quickly kissed me. "That's why they love you so much."

"Yeah well I love pussy," I off-handedly joked and with her still lifted up onto me I felt more than heard her softly laugh. She then kissed me again with this one lasting a moment longer. She released our kiss and settled back down

"Ok, let's get some sleep," and she snuggled her head against my chest. Not sure what to do I started stroking the back of her head with my left hand while my left arm was still beneath her head. Her fingertips twirled a few more times on my stomach and then stopped. A few minutes later I could tell she was asleep. Again it took longer for sleep to find me but this morning when it did it was a full, deep, peaceful sleep.

When I woke it was past 10:30AM and my bed was mostly empty. Two feline bums were curled up asleep and I guess my mother had left a while ago as they were where she had been. After doing my morning things I wandered downstairs for breakfast. I discovered Mom sitting at the kitchen table reading from her Kindle, from what she was wearing it looked like she was about to head off to the gym. She was wearing a loose fitting soft pink tank-top that sharply contrasted against her black with pink trim sports bra that was intentionally visible beneath, as it extended about two inches above the scoop of her tank top, and was working hard at containing her magnificent breasts. Over that she was wearing one of my printed black hooded sweatshirts that was unzipped. Looking up she smiled and announced, "Hey you're up. Your sister

cooked breakfast earlier. There's French toast and sausage for you in the microwave.

"What do you have planned for today?" she asked as I started the nuclear reactor.

"I got basketball practice at one and then may putz around for a while. Since I'll be on campus I may do some school work. Why?"

"I was hoping to see a movie today. Would you be willing to take me to see the new Jennifer Aniston movie later tonight?"

While I enjoy her comedies Jennifer Aniston's chick-flicks are sheer torture. To make this one even worse it had two other chick-flick drama queens whose names I thankfully couldn't recall. Yet as every one of my Y chromosomes screamed 'NO', I heard my mouth open and say, "Yeah sure. Okay."

Mom smiled her happy smile and said, "Great. We'll go to the last showing at 10:20PM. That'll give you plenty of time to do whatever you need to get done without being rushed." She scooped up her Kindle and left the kitchen. By heading off towards the garage I was able to enjoy the sight of watching her leave in her tight fitting black yoga pants that ended at her bared calves as she wore anklet socks with her white sneakers. Unfortunately my sweatshirt hung past her ass hiding it from my lecherous eyesight. After she was gone, I was left alone to wonder what I had just committed to.

I didn't get home, somewhat intentionally, until around 9PM. After practice I and some pals had gone to the campus library. There I worked on my research project and afterwards we all went out to dinner where we could get loud, rowdy and blow off some steam. So now I was relaxing in the living room waiting for Mom to get ready. After a bit I heard someone coming down the stairs, with the sound of the steps I knew it was my Mom coming. I turned to look and Whoa!

The first thing I took in were her new boots. I knew this as I happened to be the one who signed for the package from

Victoria's Secret. As a lil deviant I stuck around as she opened the package in the kitchen. I enjoyed watching her tear at her package like a little kid at Christmas. Finally getting the box open she pulled out a pair of Colin Stuart Embroidered Suede Boots. I knew this as I happened to pick up the shipping receipt and was stunned to see that her new boots cost \$228 dollars. Seeing my expression she had put her finger to my lips and said, "Don't tell you father."

Although not lingerie the sight still gave me wood and tonight reminded me why. Her boots were a muted dark grey suede with a tall thin four inch heel. Although the suede looked ultra-soft her boots rose up toweringly unadorned until crossing over the knee where there was an explosion of embroidered curlicues wrapping around the front half and reaching up almost to her mid-thigh.

Continuing her descend, I took in that tucked into her boots she was wearing an obviously ridiculously expensive pair of black jeans that had bright silver stitching running down the sides. [Why do women need \$100 jeans while I'm fine in Levi's?] While not an expert in the billion different styles of

jeans, I could see these jeans fit her perfectly as they were pleasantly snug to her delightful thighs without being as tight as stretch leggings would be that a younger girl would wear. Instead these formed to her physique while still being classy and sexy. They complemented her body and her age instead of denying it. I also took in that they molded quite nicely to her butt.

At the bottom of the stairs I saw that she was wearing a simple yet elegant sweater that was both fitted and loose. While it had a crew-neck it still proudly displayed her wonderful bosom by molding around her breasts before descending over her mid-section and then flaring out loosely to end on her hips; the sleeves matched the body by starting snugly atop of her shoulders before flaring out at the forearms to end in bells at her wrists. It was a shimmering black with silver stitching randomly woven in; from the look and obvious softness of the material it must've cost more than any man would wish to know. Seeing me admiring her she posed by cocking a hip and resting a hand on said hip. She asked, "You ready?"

My crotch was. Thankfully as I made to get up from the sofa she began heading towards the kitchen and the garage beyond; this allowed me to adjust in private before chasing after her. Catching up to her in the garage I was surprised to see her going around to the passenger side of her car. Seeing my look of surprised confusion as she opened the passenger side door she said in a casual no big deal kind of way, "You drive. I don't like driving at night."

She then climbed into the car leaving no room for discussion. I was silently stunned because as far as I knew my mother didn't let anyone drive her car including my father or sister, who sometimes seems the favored child. The reason for this was to celebrate her 40th birthday she had gone out and bought herself a new shiny dark red Audi S5 coupe, significantly upgrading from her former Ford Explorer.

"I'm done chauffeuring so it's time I have a car that's for me," she explained and while her Audi has backseats no one taller than four feet would wish to sit back there for more than five minutes. After the minute or three it took to regain my bearings I climbed into the driver's seat and went through the

process of adjusting everything to fit my full-size 6'2 frame instead of her diminutive 5'7 body. As I did this Mom said nothing but simply smiled at me and opened the garage door so that we wouldn't suffocate. Still inside the car I could smell her intoxicating perfume.

Finally set I pulled out of the garage and even in reverse I was impressed. You could tell there was a beast lurking beneath the hood of this car. Reaching the end of the driveway I asked, "Which theater are we going to anyway?"

"Oh, it's the one is Terryville," she off handedly replied and when I looked at her surprised she just laughed. Terryville is about 4 towns over and usually a 40 minute drive, which meant we'd get there just as the movie was starting. As I shifted into Drive Mom looking out the passenger window nonchalantly stated, "I'm sure you'll get us there with plenty of time."

Ok, I thought, you just gave me the green flag. Twenty-three minutes later we pulled into the parking lot of the Terryville

multiplex and Mom said nothing about the amazing time we made getting there. Instead she just simply bopped outta the car and waited for me to join her. Walking towards the ticket window I realized that with her heels she wasn't much shorter than I am.

Inside since neither of us are particularly candy or popcorn enthusiasts we got a couple of sodas and a bag of Twizzlers. Entering the small theater I saw it was maybe half-filled, populated with mostly couples none whom I recognized and all the men had the same 'Help me, Save me' expression. I followed Mom down the aisle and in the dim light appreciated how good her ass looked in her jeans.

Eventually she took a seat about halfway down and on the right hand side in the middle of the otherwise empty row. Sitting down I handed her her diet Coke and she silently mouthed 'Thank you.' After taking a sip of her drink she said, "It's so nice of you to take me to see this movie. Your father never does these things..."

"...You're so wonderful," and she leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. Before her lips left my cheek my erection was raging hard, and after her lips left I could feel her lipstick residue on my cheek. Mom giggled that oh so erotic feminine laugh and cried, "Oh my god, I'm sorry." Licking her fingers she attempted to rub off her lipstick and I wished she'd rub something else off. Even when she was done I could still feel her burning touch on my cheek and was glad when the lights went dark and hid the boner I was sporting.

Do not expect me to tell you what happened in the movie because I have no fuckin' clue. The movie opened with the three chick flick drama queens sitting in a bar kvetching about this, that and the other thing -- and before the scene ended I had successfully tuned out to it. From previous dates I've mastered the art of not watching chick-flicks. With one eye not watching the movie the other observes my date. When she smiles at whatever in the movie I smile a little bit. If she laughs I put on the amused smile look; basically mirroring her expression but one or two notches down the scale. The rest of the time I just have a blank expression which allows her to

project whatever emotion she expects to see. All this happens while I'm basically mentally unconscious.

After about 20 minutes, to get comfortable I somewhat slunked down in my chair and looped my arm onto the back of Mom's chair. I even split my fingers over the back with my thumb, fore and middle on the inside while my ring and pinkie finger where on the outside. I mention this detail because at some point there was a loud horror movie shriek and a crashing sound that shook me from my reverie. It was then that I discovered my arm was now hooked onto Mom's right shoulder and her head was resting on my shoulder. Feeling me jump she turned and looked up at me and I looked at her.

From there I watched as she leaned in and up. I saw her close her eyes. I watched as she puckered her lips and, I guess instinctually, I puckered mine and we kissed. With a Mwah, she pulled away and I felt her give a one ha chuckle before nestling her head back onto my shoulder/chest.

Now awakened from my trance I was aware of everything. I could feel her hair brushing against my cheek. I could smell her jasmine scented shampoo. I could feel her head resting against me. I could feel her jaw move as she occasionally ate a Twizzler. I could feel my arm resting across her shoulders and even sensed that some of her hair was in front of my arm while some was draped over my arm. I could smell her lively scented perfume. I could also feel how hard I was and the fact that my balls had started to ache.

Still I was left with a thousand questions. I didn't know what I should do. Could I move? If so, how? Can I squeeze her soft supple shoulder my hand was holding? I also had bigger questions. What exactly was going on here? Who was seducing whom? These questions and more ran through my brain and I didn't have an answer for any of them. As I pondered these imponderables, I felt her shift. I somehow knew she meant for me to kiss her and I did so gladly. As our lips touched and merged I thought of how really great kissing my Mom is. I've always enjoyed kissing, I mean I really enjoy it. Unlike some I like to keep kissing even during sex. Now I thought that kissing my mother was the best kissing ever.

"Why are you such a good kisser?" she softly questioned and not knowing the answer I just smirked which earned me a, "You're horrible."

"Which one is it? Am I good or horrible? Am I good at being horrible or horrible at being good?"

"Oh, shut up," she laughed and slapped me [hard!] on my hand but then rewarded me with another delightful kiss. She then rested her head on my shoulder and she returned back to watching the movie mostly ignoring me except to occasionally offer me a bite from her already bitten Twizzler. Finally the movie ended and as the credits rolled up she sat up. Turning to look at her she gave me three quick kisses before giggling like a guilty teenager. As the lights turned on she announced, "Come on let's get outta here."

Following her up the aisle I enjoyed watching as each of her butt cheeks bounced up an' then down in her jeans and my cock throbbed as the primitive part of my brain sent images

of me grabbing her right there -- I envisioned me grabbing her from behind, seizing her by her yearning for it hips; pressing her against a row of seats, her ample rear end calling for me to do it; she knows what's happening and allows me to bend her over; her glorious ass is now on, in, merging with my groin demanding satisfaction; pressing tightly upon her I pull her even tighter to me. As if an observer I could see us together as I dry-hump the living daylights outta her. I knew it would take less than a minute from start to finish and the primitive in me yelled at me that she would be willing.

Thankfully we exited the theater before I could succumb. In the parking lot she silently took my hand in hers and we pleasantly walked towards her car. After I got in the driver's seat and started the car she asked, "How 'bout getting some ice cream?"

While not much of a fan of cookies or candy I'm a sucker for ice cream. "Yeah sure that sounds great."

Thanks to the nav system, we headed for the nearby Friendlys. We were quickly seated in a booth where we faced each other. She ordered two scoops of frozen peach yogurt and I ordered a banana split. She started asking me about how school was going and I began talking about what my thesis for my research project was. While it was obvious that there was a huge white elephant sitting in the booth with us we both ignored it. Instead she continued to ask about school and started sharing stories from her own experience. Having never heard them before I was interested and asked her many questions. It was readily apparent that she was editing her stories and I started wondering just how much of a party girl my Mom may have been.

Finished with our ice creams we headed home. Getting there the house was quiet and dark. We silently entered the kitchen from the garage and as she turned on the light in there she jumped back crashing against me as a blur bolted from the kitchen. I couldn't help but laugh and laugh and laugh. Between my har, har, har's I was able to get out, "It was only Tyrant fleeing. He likes to come out when nobody is around and explore otherwise like a North Korean dictator he stays

hidden in his little territory, which is my closet." [He was a recent rescue and former dumpster driving refugee.]

"God he almost gave me a heart attack," she laughed while hugging me. "Now let's go get ready for bed." We silently headed upstairs. At the top of the stairs we found our oldest female Apple curled up in the corner. Seeing us she got up and stretched and I asked her, "What'cha doing?" For an answer she headed downstairs. As expected my sister's door was closed as was my parents. At the end of the hallway and with her hand in the doorknob but before opening her door Mom said with a wink, "I'll see you in a few minutes."

Entering my own bedroom I closed the door halfway and discovered three of the monsters on my bed. Sambuca was curled up on the far side of my bed eyeing me suspiciously, Dinkleberry was again laid out in the middle loosely resembling a stretched out Slinky, and now Mikey our oldest male (who maybe Mom's favorite) was in his usual spot covering the top half of my pillow. They watched me get changed into a t-shirt and pajama bottoms; feeling somewhat

embarrassed for the raging hard-on I was sporting I explained in a whisper, "Daddy is gonna get laid."

Laying on my back I waited for Mom to rejoin me. Perhaps not understanding me, or most likely not caring, Sambuca came over and jumped onto my chest and started her routine of head rubbing my jaw demanding attention and affection. As I started petting and talking to her, Dinkleberry came over to make sure she wasn't neglected by tucking herself against my left side and armpit. I alternated between the three by occasionally reaching over my head and petting Mikey while saying, "What? You think I forgot about you old man? Did you think I forgot about you? Huh? Huh?"

Finally Mom showed up and closed the door behind herself. However if this was her idea of sexy nightwear we needed to have a conversation about it. She was wearing full-length red plaid pajama bottoms with a matching top that had the three middle buttons closed. In my mind I thought, 'I could work around this.' Sambuca stopped her cuddling and eyed Mom nervously as she walked around to the right hand side of the

bed. As Mom climbed onto the bed Sambuca bolted off my chest to dash under the bed.

"God, I'm scaring them all tonight," Mom said in a wounded voice and started to slide over against me.

"No, it's that those two are idiots. They'll be back eventually. Those two just are in competition to see who can be scared of more. But see Mikey is here." With that Mom noticed her old friend. She smiled and petted him some and the old lion turned on the purring machine. "See Mikey loves ya."

With that she looked at me and then rewarded me with a loving kiss. "Have I told you how great it is you are with them?"

I guiltily lied by shaking my head no. She laughed amused and kissed me again.

"Why are you such a good kisser?" she again wondered and I simply gave her an 'I don't know' shrug. She laughed and gave

me another delicious kiss. She moved to snuggle up against me crushing the hidden and mostly black Dinkleberry against me. Turning on my side to face her, I pried Dinkleberry out and as I lifted her I told her, "Come here Dum-Dum,"

"Oh don't call her names," Mom said after I deposited the cat on the other side of me and I felt the beast already pressing up against my back.

"Listen, her name is Dinkleberry. How much worse is it calling her Dum-Dum?" and she laughed and gave me a quick kiss. I reached over and pulled her closer to me and left my hand on her lower back. As she gave me an Eskimo kiss rubbing our noses I added, "Plus she may be the dumbest cat we've ever had," and Mom laughed. "Honestly she is really dumb," and now Mom was laughing hard. "I often wonder if we jinxed her naming her that or did we pick the perfect name."

"Oh my god, you are so horrible," and she kissed me again and again and again. On the last one her lips stayed on mine. After an eternal moment I felt her lips open and mine matched

hers. Slowly our tongues touched in the middle and it was like getting jolted with electricity. We both responded but stayed merged as if the electricity bonded us together. Pulling her closer to me our bodies danced against each other's as our tongues danced upon each other. Slowly my hand drifted down her back until my hand ran over the luxurious ass I'd be admiring all night. I felt her momentarily stiffen then relax as my hand began to palm her butt-cheek like it was a basketball, yet no basketball ever felt so warm, soft and yielding.

I felt her silently chuckle and our kiss ended. In what sounded like a reluctant voice she whispered, "Ok, that's it for tonight."

With that she turned over and pressed tighter against me. As she did this she had taken hold of my arm that was laying over her. After rolling onto her side she pulled it up and seemingly deliberately rested my hand on the bottom side of her breast. I was stunned stupid and motionless. My hand simply held there resting on the tits I've dreamed so many times of touching. While I've heard people say 'More than a handful is a waste' these people never had a chance to hold my Mom's

boobs because I was holding/cupping only the bottom half and nothing was ever sweeter.

Perhaps she was trying to get comfortable but as she softly shook her body and burrowed against me her ass rubbed more and more on my aching for release cock. It took all my will-power and self-control to not shoot off as her caboose danced against my rod. I had to stare at the corner of my room where the ceiling and two walls met while begging God for me not to cum. Finally she stopped wiggling and rested her body on mine and went to sleep. It, of course, took me much longer to find Dreamland and as I waited I realized my balls were actually throbbing.

Sometime in the middle of the night I woke up. Quietly I left my bedroom and headed into the bathroom to take care of some much needed business. Within minutes I was exploding harder than a 4th of July celebration and actually overwhelmed the wad of toilet paper I had for it. So clean-up take a little longer than expected. Climbing back into bed I thought I heard Mom softly laugh although it may have been my guilty conscious.

Day VI

Sunday started the way it usually does with the Masters of Their Domain demanding breakfast. In a way with so much else unsettled in my life this daily routine was somewhat reassuring. Operating on Auto-pilot, I made my way downstairs and I fed the Monsters of Mettleton. In my usual mindless fog I waited for them to finish and then let them all outside. Still operating on Auto-pilot I scooped up their bowls, washed them and then drudged back upstairs and into my room for some Bonus Sleep.

Closing the door behind me my brain woke up as I realized, remembered my Mom was also in my bedroom. As my eyes took in the sight testosterone surged through my body. My dream was laying atop of my bed. She was laying on her left so her back was to me. Her left leg was stretched out straight while her right was bent and resting over her left. The result was that her butt was pointing at me like one aims a cannon before firing. And like how one would just dumbly stand there staring at the cannon that's what I did. To make it even more

mesmerizing her top had ridden up some exposing her silky lower back. I took in the soft pillowiness yet admired how you could see the valley that is her spine and the muscles that create the ridges.

Finally the testosterone reached peak capacity and in a Bizarro sense I watched myself:

I climbed onto my bed and snuggled up close to her. Rising my body I gazed down at my angelic dream. My right arm reached over her and at first rested just below her breasts. I leaned down and softly began to nibble on the tip of her luscious and oh so tempting earlobe.

"Mmm... Good morning," she whispered as she partially turned to look at me. I greeted her with a kiss, then another and another. On the last one our lips stayed together and her body shifted pressing our bodies together, her ass pushing hard against my rigid cock. Perhaps feeling how aroused I was I felt her softly chuckle. Then my hand drifted upwards and

dreamily began mapping her beautiful breast. She gently murmured, "Mmmm..."

We kissed again. I felt her lips open and I matched hers. As my hand squeezed and caressed her tremendous bosom, her tongue delicately licked the edges of my lips and trembles ran through me. Her tongue ventured further and touched the edges of my upper teeth; I quivered with excitement and my hand palmed her more than a handful boobs. She gently purred, "Mmmm..."

Her tongue ran along the bottom edges of my upper teeth and my body coursed with pleasure; in large sweeping circles my hand roamed over her wonderfully large and fantastically supple tits. She traced her tongue across the fronts of my upper teeth and I was entranced; I rubbed her tits and they were the biggest and most magnificent set of boobs I'd ever touched before. One, or perhaps both of us sighed, "Ohhhhhh..."

Her tongue slithered forward and touched that sensitive tender upper plate behind my upper row of teeth; as if transmitting her needs my hand left her bosom and journeyed south. I treasured the feeling as my hand ran over her soft midsection. Then as my tongue reached out to hers, her hand took hold of my wrist. As my tongue pressed against hers she pushed my hand down between her legs. My tongue pushed on hers and her legs squeezed my hand tight. Even so I could feel the steamy heat coming from her.

Releasing the tension on her tongue her legs released theirs. I now palmed her pussy and was in Nirvana. I was rubbing my mother's pussy! Her ass was pressed tight on my member! And now her tongue began to wrestle with mine. Pressing down harder I started humping her with my hand. Breaking our kiss she strongly sighed, "Ohhhhggghhh..."

"Oh god Jacob, oh god Jake, Oh god," she moaned as she started pushing hard upon my hand and I was stunned how aroused she was.

"Ohh... [sharp intake of breath]... ohh... [sharp intake of breath]... ohh... [sharp intake of breath]... ohh... [sharp intake of breath]... ohh..." she repeated as she worked feverishly at humping my hand. I was astounded by the strength and intensity she worked at it. It took all my might to force my hand against her groin. I was sweaty by the effort as was she.

"Oh god Jake... [sharp intake of breath]... ohh... Oh god... [sharp intake of breath]... oh god Jake... [sharp intake of breath]... ohh... ohh... ohh... oh god babe," she whined. I was amazed at how determined, how shameless she sought her own pleasure.

"[sharp intake of breath]... ohh... [sharp intake of breath]... ohh... [sharp intake of breath]... ohh..." she panted as her pace increased. I was dazed to see my Mom fuck my hand. I speechless as I could smell her arousal.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god Jake, that's it, that's it," she now rapidly chanted and she frantically bucked her hips; her pussy slamming on my hand, her ass ramming upon my cock.

"aaah, aah, aah, aah, aah," she panted then released a loud long moaning sigh, "Aaaargh..." I was bowled over; I was stupefied by how quickly, how easily my Mom had just achieved orgasm. Within minutes my mother had just cum! She had just climaxed as fast as some of my best jack-off sessions. As her body melted I pulled my hand from her and thought I'd never wash that hand again.

After a few seconds she pushed against me and I allowed her to lay on her back as I matched her. We both laid there listening to her heavy exhausted breaths. She shifted and snuggled against me with her left arm over my chest. Rising up she quickly kissed me, "Thank you Jacob,"

Kissing me again quickly, she settled into her now seemingly familiar spot with her head nestled in that nook between my chest and shoulder. I, still astonished, absently began petting the back of her head and by dragging my fingers through her hair scratched her scalp. Without moving, she softly purred her appreciation then started whispering almost as much to herself as to me.

"My god, I haven't cum that hard in so long. I don't know what overcame me. I hope you're not embarrassed, but god I needed that. I can't believe how good that felt, I can't believe how easy that was do, I can't believe how [inaudible]... I can't believe I just [inaudible]... I can't believe..." Then she was silent and I listened as her breathing softened, slowed and relaxed; and I was asleep.

When I awoke, I was somewhat surprised to find Mom still asleep. I gently extracted myself from her grasp and headed downstairs. After eating some breakfast I went outside and practiced my shooting. After a couple of hours of shooting hoops and working up a good sweat I went back inside. After showering I found my bedroom empty, except for some feline occupation, so as per usual I left my door half open. I sat down at my desk and started working on some school work. Unlike some I don't like listening to music. [I get distracted easily, which is why I like working at the college library.]

After a while I heard my parents arguing in their bedroom. Maybe from all my feline companionship, I was curious what was going on. Heading over to my door I tried to listen to what was happening. Standing behind my door I was able to hear my father's deeper voice clearly, and figured he was standing near their bedroom door. My mother's voice was muffled so I figured she was on the far side of their bedroom.

"No, I will not get surgery or take some kind of medication for my snoring," my father barked. (Pause)

"No," he again stated. (Pause)

"It's not that; and I don't see what the big deal is. I don't see why this is suddenly such a big deal now." (Pause)

"Actually to be honest with you, no. I've actually been sleeping great the last few nights." (Pause)

"So what? I don't have a problem with you sleeping with Jacob. I'm sure he doesn't mind. Shit, you make him sleep with all YOUR cats. So problem solved."

Then I did hear my Mom yell, "Fuck you," and heard her storming towards the door. Ducking behind mine, I heard their door open and slam shut. In a somewhat practiced routine she stormed down the stairs. After a minute I heard the predicted garage door open. Another few minutes and my sister appeared from her bedroom and headed downstairs [from past experience I knew she had just gotten a text message from our Mom]. After another minute or two I heard Mom's car pull out and the garage door close. From experience I knew that Mom and my sister were going out shopping.

From my bed Apple was looking at me. I asked her, "What do you think: Millennium Mall, Twin Pines Mall or the Villages?"

Apple's answer was to look out the window. I agreed with her, "Yeah you're right, it is kinda cloudy and cool outside so they

won't go to the boutiques at the Villages. So it's either Twin Pines or Millennium. I'm guessing this is gonna cost Dad so I say, Millennium." Apple bored with this conversation just simply yawned.

"Ok, I'll let you go back to sleep." Distracted and having lost interest in doing homework I went downstairs to watch some Sunday college basketball. Not surprisingly after a while my father showed up. He plunked down in the other corner of the couch and with Mom out of the house it was safe so he propped his feet up on the coffee table. We silently sat there and watched the game. During a set of commercials I asked, "Everything alright with you and Mom?"

"Yeah. You know how she gets," he predictably answered. Then a couple more 30 second commercials played and he asked, "You don't mind your mother sleeping with you, do you?"

From his tone and from experience I knew what the answer was supposed to be. I just silently shrugged, answering his

question with a 'Whatever' gesture. Finished with our family discussion we returned back to the game which now included cheering and talking sports. During the second game he ordered a pizza and a 6 pack of beer to be delivered. So we now watched basketball, ate pizza and drank beer. After the second college game we flipped over to an NBA game.

Sometime after 7 o'clock my sister and Mom returned home. They walked by carrying an assortment of different shopping bags. My father didn't even bother to turn back to look even when Mom paused at the doorway to look in at us. Instead she just looked at me with a cryptic smile as she took in the empty pizza box on the table holding four empty beer bottles and two open ones sitting on the table before each of us. She then followed my sister upstairs and I thought to myself that I was right, they had gone shopping at the Millennium Mall.

After the NBA game was over, Dad and I watched our local NBA team play and lose again! They suck so bad they rarely, if ever, get to play on the nationally televised games. In a way it was nice, after yelling at the TV for the past six hours we now just wound down and let the beers wear off. When your

hometown team has sucked as bad and for as long as ours has you no longer get worked up by their bad play, sloppy mistakes and stupid fouls. You just accept the misery. After that game Dad went off to bed. It was only 10PM and I normally go to bed around midnight so I put on some crime drama bullshit in case Mom showed up. She didn't so at midnight I called it a night.

Before heading upstairs I scooped up Dinkleberry, who likes to hang out in the room I'm in. She was stretched out like an uncoiled Slinky on one of the other sofas. I just draped her over my shoulder and she didn't even wake! Checking downstairs, it was deserted except for Mikey sitting on the bench in the front foyer. Tapping on my thigh I told him, "Bedtime. C'mon it's Bedtime. Daddy's going to bed."

He stood up and stretched. As I headed upstairs he followed me acting if it was his idea. About halfway up he zipped past me and darted down the hallway. At the top of the stairs I found Apple and Sambuca now sitting up after Mikey bolted by them. I told them the same thing, "Bedtime. C'mon it's Bedtime. Daddy's going to bed."

Apple merrily followed behind me and Sambuca decided to follow her mom. In my bedroom I found Mom in my bed, however tonight she was under the covers. She was either already asleep or ignoring my presence. I sorta expected that so I simply dumped Dinkleberry off my shoulder on to my bed. Pointing at the top of my bed I told Apple and Sambuca, "Up." Sambuca jumped up first, followed by Apple. Mikey was already in his place atop my pillow.

After laying down I tapped my chest a couple of times and Sambuca jumped up and started her head rubbing "I love you and need attention" routine but when Apple tried to climb up too she turned around and sat on my chest like the Sphinx. Apple trying to find some room simply draped herself over her daughter. While I hate to admit it I do love these two former dumpster divers but with Apple weighing 18 pounds and Sambuca 13, it was a load on my chest. Making sure not to be neglected Dinkleberry burrowed up against my side. As I petted this ferocious foursome Mom peeked her head out from under her covers. Seeing me surrounded and buried

under pussy she just gave me an amused smile before disappearing back under her covers.

As I dozed off I thought about how in deep sea fishing when you get a trophy worthy fish to bite on your line you'll reel in it at first; however instead of fighting it you'll let it run back out while still on the line before reeling her back in again. This prevents her from breaking the line or tearing free from the hook.

Day VII

Monday basically proceeded as a normal Monday would proceed. After basketball practice I got home and found my sister in the kitchen cooking. After sitting at the island counter I asked her, "Hey, what's the deal?"

"With what?" she wondered as she stood at the stove.

"With Mom sleeping in my room?" I asked knowing that my sister would know what the scoop was.

"She says she can't deal with Dad's snoring anymore and that the sofa hurts her back."

"Yeah but why my room? You're the favorite. Why doesn't she sleep with you then?" I asked and as I said she's the favorite Norah smiled proudly like the bitchy brat she is.

"She says I move around too much and kick. She says you sleep like a rock, once you're asleep you don't move. That's why all the cats sleep in there. Which doesn't surprise me since you're as dumb as a box of rocks."

"Fuck you,"

Laughing she was able to get out, "Why you got a problem with it?"

Knowing she is the biggest snitch in the world I just shrugged noncommittally and the bitch laughed even more, "Oh my god! You like sleeping with your mommy. You lil deviant. Do you like sleeping with your mommy?"

I came around the counter and as she tried to hide by squeezing into the corner she cackled, "You lil deviant, you like sleeping with your mommy. You lil deviant, you like sleeping with your mommy. You lil deviant, you like sleeping with your mommy..."

I grabbed her and we somewhat playfully started wrestling as I'm much bigger and stronger than her. Still I got her to the ground and bopped her forehead off the floor a few times before she cried, "Ok, ok, I'll stop."

I let her up and to change the topic I asked, "Hey you wanna play Need for Speed later?"

"How 'bout we play Gran Turismo? I just got the new one." She replied.

"And of course you've already been practicing," and as she stirred her cooking she smiled snidely at me. I continued, "Well, you need to because you suck."

"If I suck then you must take it up the ass," she shot back and we continued this back an' forth going from video games to other topics until it was time to eat.

After dinner Norah and I invaded the living room. For the next four hours we played Gran Turismo and insulted each other as these two things are our only real bonds. In fact it's become a running joke where we buy the video game we most want and give it to the other for Christmas. Of course this started with her buying me The Sims 2 for Christmas years ago. What 12 year old boy wants to play the Sims?

At some point Mom finished with her work and was heading upstairs. Beforehand she paused at the doorway and looked in on us. I noticed her out the corner of my eye standing there. Resigned to the fact of us calling each other names she

just watched us act like young kids instead of the 22 and 20 year olds we are. I was able to turn my head quickly and was rewarded with a smile. I very quickly raised my hand to her before my sister crashed into me and her car did the same to mine. The Golden Girl mimicked my father by never noticing Mom's presence. After a bit Mom headed upstairs.

Finished I somehow got stuck having to clean-up, meaning putting the glasses and bowls in the dishwasher and straightening up. Needing a shower I, somewhat operating on auto-pilot, simply ducked into the bathroom and took a shower. It was afterwards I realized I may have a problem. I always just wrap a towel around my waist and then get dressed in my bedroom. But now Mom was probably in there. Part of me was concerned while part of me was excited about this idea... and it was my bottom half that was excited about it. Ultimately I figured, Fuck it.

Closing my bedroom door there was enough light shining in from the windows to see clear enough. Mom was again beneath the covers but seemed to be laying on her right-side, which would have her facing towards me. It was kinda hard to

tell because she had the top sheet pulled mostly over her head where only a golden crown showed.

Standing before my dresser and its mirror I smirked to myself because I cannot sleep like that. If my head is covered I feel like I'm suffocating yet I know my mother has been sleeping like that since forever. So I shrugged and pulled off my towel and standing butt naked finished drying off even as I was sporting a $\frac{3}{4}$ quarter woodie. After pulling my pj bottoms and a tank top from my dresser and standing back up I noticed Mom's head was now exposed and she seemed to be watching me, however if she was she quickly closed her eyes before I could make eye contact with her in the mirror.

I finished getting dressed and laid down on top of my bed when Mom mumbled, "It's cold outside, get under the covers."

While that may be true we enjoy heat indoors but I wasn't gonna argue with her. I got up and pulled back the covers and climbed in. Laying on my back Mom slid over against me and I hooked my left arm under her head. She gave me a quick

kiss on the cheek. I turned my head and mentally demanded another kiss. She gave me a very quick peck on the lips. Stroking the back of her head while looking at her and hoping, wanting some more she said, "That's it."

She burrowed her head against my chest and went back to sleep. Laying there I reasoned with myself, "Hey that's pretty good for today and damn she feels really good against me..." Inhaling I thought, "... and she smells really good... and" ... my list kept going.

Day VIII

On Tuesday after dinner I was upstairs in my bedroom. I had an essay that needed to be finished. I was mostly alone. Tyrant was ruling over his fiefdom (my bedroom closet) and Sambuca was in her office (under my bed). Dinkleberry was being a nood-nick by hanging out with me on my desk. She likes to be right in the middle of things but I faked her out by opening a textbook I didn't need. So she sat on that and I was free to use my laptop.

A few minutes after nine my door opened and Mom walked in carrying her Kindle. I turned to look. She smiled at me and said more than asked, "Do you mind if I read a little bit."

As I watched, she went around to what has now become her side of my bed. She turned on the lamp on her side nightstand. (If you are thinking, 'It's mighty convenient that he happens to have nightstand lamps on both sides of his bed.' It is because I inherited my parent's old ones a few years ago when they got a new set.) She climbed onto my bed and in that half sitting, half laying down position started reading. She did all this in an effortless routine as if it was an everyday occurrence.

If that wasn't distracting enough there was the Whoa factor. She was again wearing pajamas but there was a difference to these. Similar to her others these were a shimmering pink and white striped that I figured were probably satin. No the difference was that her top was short-sleeved with what seemed a scalloped effect. Her top seemed to fit her closer than her others. Because of her wonderful boobs her top

bulged outward over them and then hung loosely beneath them. At the bottom of her top was where the major difference was. Instead of wearing pajama pants tonight her pj's were shorts and what delicious shorts they were!

They matched her top with the pink and white stripes. I could tell they were held by a drawstring as I could see the tips hanging down from beneath her top. Her shorts were women's shorts length meaning they only extended barely to her mid-thigh. Like her top her shorts seemed tighter than her other pajama sets, so when she had to lean forward to reach under the lamp shade to turn on the light her shorts tightened and molded to her mighty ass causing me to rise to the occasion.

When she was the bed, her head was propped up by a couple of pillows while her legs were together and bent so that her feet rested flat on the mattress and her Kindle rested on her thighs which she read from. This caused her shorts to slide up further basically showing me the full-length of her glorious legs. For some odd reason I've always found women's hamstrings very sexy especially when full and well developed.

Tonight it was obvious that my mother works-out. Her legs displayed her thickness while also showing she is toned. Her legs were smooth and void of any cottage cheese. From my sister I knew that they go together and get waxed; and now I truly appreciated that fact.

I've mentioned that I get distracted easily and I was definitely distracted. To sit at my desk and face an' focus on my laptop meant having to turn my back to her. I was seriously tempted to prop up my cellphone and use the camera to run a video feed to my laptop. But I felt that was too pervy and knew I'd get nothing done. Instead I strenuously tried to remain focused, although my erect cock didn't help. Thankfully I was done with the writing and was just doing the final proofing and formatting. By 10PM, I was finally 'done, done' and saved my essay as a PDF and emailed it to my professor.

Now it was time to share some bedtime with the sexy lady sitting on it. Getting up from my desk I took the two steps needed to reach my bed and asked, "Mind if I watch some TV?"

"Sure go right ahead. It is your room after all," she answered with a smile and an ironic laugh. I sat down on my side of the bed with my back propped up against the headboard and my legs fully stretched out. Grabbing the remote I started flipping through the channels until I found a show just starting about Greek Mythology. I've always been interested in mythology and even used all my humanities credits on it. Mom continued to read at first but after a half hour or so she put her Kindle on her nightstand and leaning over turned off her lamp. (I, of course, watched her do this and enjoyed seeing her lean over and show me a hint of her butt.) Finished she remained on her side of the bed in her slumped down position watching the program.

Then Apple showed up to hang out with her Daddy. Apple is one of the coolest cats I've ever known and while she's probably 12 years old, we've had her and her daughter for the last seven. Apple has one interesting quirk. She loves to get spanked on her ass! Not really, she'll face away from you and if you pat/hit at the base of her tail and lower back she'll stand there for as long as you're willing to bounce your hand up an' down. Over the years I've learned that if I playfully talk

grimey to her she'll lean forward raising her ass high and even start drooling so...

"Look at you you dirty ho', you're supposed to be out there making Daddy his money but instead you're in here getting spanked and you like it don't you, you dirty ho'" and Apple was in her joy. Mom was flabbergasted.

"You like when Daddy spanks your ass don't you? You like it even with your daughter under the bed, you don't care. You just raise your ass higher and say 'Daddy beat my ass, Daddy beat my ass because I'm a dirty ho'. I'm a filthy little dirty ho who should be making her Daddy his money..."

"Oh my god, I can't believe you talk to her like that," Mom laughed. She could see Apple was in her glory and was astounded by it. She then slid over next to me and sat up matching my posture.

"Here you do it," I told her and she started lightly tapping Apple's back. Apple turned and looked at her with a, What the Fuck? look. Laughing I told her, "You gotta hit her harder."

"I can't believe she likes that," Mom exclaimed completely amazed as she found a rhythm, however without talking all grimey to her Apple had straightened up and stopped drooling. Without really realizing it I had hooked my arm over her shoulders and she leaned against me while still focused on smacking Apple's ass. Laughing, I told her, "You gotta talk grimey to her; tell her what a dirty little girl she is."

"I can't do that!" she cried and was rescued as Dinkleberry proved what a putz she is. Sensing something was happening that she wasn't in the middle of she had jumped up on the bed and started squeezing herself in on the action. Thankfully Apple has incredible maternal instincts and just welcomed the little idiot. (The other cats don't seem to like her.) Eventually I grabbed the putz and pulled her to me and Apple walked over to Mom's lap and sat down to get her chin scratched. I dealt with the squirming Dinkleberry. Mom watched the little idiot climb up my chest walk behind my head only to realize

she was now out of petting range. I asked her, "What'cha gonna do now, huh Dum-Dum?"

Her response was to jump back down and Mom laughed. Looking at Dinkleberry I told her, "You may be the dumbest cat ever,"

Mom laughed some more and then told me, "It's really great to see how good you are with them. You call them names and act like they are a giant pain in the ass but you really love them." She then leaned in and kissed me. It was a short but not quick kiss and quite pleasant. With my hand on her shoulder I gently pulled her towards me and she willingly came to me. We kissed again, and again, and again with the last one lasting a moment. With a chuckle she gave me an Eskimo kiss rubbing our noses. Pulling back she softly said, "This is all we can do."

I wasn't gonna argue. As I've said before I really enjoy kissing and kissing this lovely pet is the best. I let her pull back and we both resumed watching the TV show and petting our cats.

The felines replied by purring. Mom leaned over and rested her head on my shoulder, and now I also started petting and scratching the back of her head too. She also softly purred in appreciation. After a few minutes Mom complained, "God this one weighs a ton." [As I've said Apple weighs 18 pounds and she's solid.]

"Here give me her and you take the Slinky," I said and lifted the bowling ball onto my lap. Before she could settle atop Dinkleberry as she was planning to do I scooped up the Slinky with one hand. Lifting her, both ends dangled down yet she didn't wake. Even when deposited on Mom's lap she didn't wake. Instead Mom shifted her into a ball on top of her legs, "I can't believe how this one doesn't wake for anything."

With the felines resettled Mom rewarded me with another series of delightfully yummy kisses. I was content only kissing her (for tonight) and I silently thought that it's like when you are on a first date and all you do is kiss because even just that is cool and wonderful. So anytime she lifted her head from my chest our lips would meet and I savored the feel of her lips

on mine. She again wondered aloud, "Why are you such a good kisser?"

I didn't answer and I felt her silently laugh before raising her head to me. Looking at each other we both smiled pleasantly amused. Then attraction took over and our lips met in the middle and held. My spirit soared as I felt her mouth open and her tongue pressed against my lips demanding entrance. I gladly allowed her entrance and her tongue deliciously rolled over my lips before slowly teasingly entering my mouth. Her tongue touched the edges of my upper teeth and I almost cried from ecstasy. Her tongue traced along my upper teeth and trembles ran through my body. Her tongue licked that soft, tender upper plate behind my teeth and I was so stimulated. My tongue lifted up and touched hers. Our tongues rolled over and around each other's and my mind felt dizzy. Then she pulled back from me. She whispered, "God, you're horrible."

Before I could respond she placed a finger on my lips for me to be silent. A second later her lips replaced her finger and we kissed and kissed and kissed. Even when we turned off the TV

and stretched out on the bed we kissed. Even when more cats climbed onto the bed we kissed. I hooked my right arm behind her back pulling her close to me and we kissed and kissed and kissed long into the night.

Day IX

On Wednesday night we had a home game, meaning my school's basketball team. As a D3 school we don't get huge crowds at our games. Instead we usually get a few hundred. However that night we had a special guest attending. During warm-ups I was surprised to see my mother show up. Not being particularly interested in sports she had long ago stopped attending my games. (If I had to guess I'd say the last time she was at one of my games was back in middle school. Since then I'd outgrown the need of having a parent cheering me on.) I noticed her standing next to the bleachers and took a break to head over and say Hi to her.

"Good luck tonight," she said and gave me a warm but motherly hug and I smiled goofily back.

"It's great to see you here," and I meant it as she was looking smoking. As always her hair was nicely styled and while she wore make-up it was understated and highlighted her natural beauty. She was dressed in her team colors. She was wearing a loose fitting jet black sweatshirt that proudly announced KNIGHTS in silver with gold stitching arching over the helm of a shining knight; because of how her sweatshirt had a wide scooped neckline I could see the edges of her black bra strap of her left shoulder. For some reason I found that extremely erotic and a bit teasing. As I watched her climb up the bleachers I enjoyed how fine her ass looked in her faded black school jeans; on each back pocket the initials for my school were stitched in bright silver with gold trim. Her jeans hugged her hips and ass tight then molded to her thighs before relaxing around her knees to end loosely at her sandaled feet.

Even though I scored 26 points that night we still lost. We had a chance to win at the end. With three seconds left and down by 1 our center was fouled hard. Standing on the edge of the three-point arc I watched him shoot and miss both! If he had made one we would've tied and headed into overtime; hit

both and we probably would've won. Instead his second shot hit the rim with that sickening Clang and fell almost straight down, right into the other team's hands. Game over.

After shaking hands and enduring listening to the other team talk smack [as local players, most of us have been playing with or against each other since middle school], we headed off towards our locker room. Standing at the bottom of the bleachers, along with other fans, was my Mom. She was shaking all our hands and awarding us with those empty platitudes of, "Good game" and "Nice try". Passing her she rewarded me with a tight, hard hug and told me, "I'm sorry sweetie," then ruffling my hair in a softer voice she whispered, "I'll see you at home."

In the locker room after showering and now getting dressed to head home we all started talking about this that and whatever. Then our starting center says, "Yo Jake, your Mom is bangin' hot! She looks just like that porn star Sara Jay."

The locker room suddenly became quiet and in the silence someone said, "Dude, not cool."

The center looked at me with a, 'I fucked up' look but I knew I still had to say something. "You know what's not cool? You missing those two free throws then talking about my Mom like that. If you hit those and we win it might be alright to talk about my Mom, BUT You Missed BOTH Of Them. Now, am I gonna have to kill you?"

Raising his hands up in a defensive manner, he said, "My Bad. Forgive me?"

"Yeah, you're just a big, dumb galoot. If you weren't, you'd be going to a real school," and tapping fists with him I announced loudly, "What 7-footer can't get a scholarship to a D1 school?"

Now the team was laughing and someone shouted, "One that can't make free throws." From there we kept wreckin' on him and all was forgiven.

Getting home around 10PM, I entered the front door and found Mikey sitting on his bench in the foyer. Like the terrible guard cat he is he just looked at me as I said, "Hey Mikey, have you moved since I saw you there last?"

Heading towards the kitchen to get some grub, I passed to living room and saw that my sister was in there playing some video game. From the kitchen I saw Mom was in her office, but if I had to guess it looked like she was playing solitaire. After making a sandwich I headed into the living room to mess with my sister some. "What's up shit-stain?"

"You guys lost tonight, huh? Figures. Any team you're on has to totally blow chucks."

"How do you know we lost?" I wondered.

"Because you're home now. If you had won, you losers woulda went out and tried to get laid. But of course you'd strike out anyway because you are such a loser."

"Whatever," I said dispirited. After taking a bite I lamely shot back, "And what about you? It's not like you got anything going on. How's that job at Wal-Mart going?"

Norah flipped me the bird before refocusing on her game. She actually works at Macys but it's more fun saying she works at Wal-Mart, especially since it pisses her off. Noticing she was playing Resident Evil I said, "Let me play,"

"No." "Yes." "No." "Yes!" "NO." "YES!" "Fuck Off," "Does that mean I can play?"

"God, I fuckin' hate you," she lovingly griped and paused the game to let me load my character into the game. For the next two hours we teamed up to slay vampires, while still calling each other names. At midnight she announced, "I gotta get

some sleep," and in an overly exaggerated voice, "I gotta go to Wal-Mart in the morning."

Following her I scooped up the sleeping Dinkleberry. At the bottom of the stairs I asked Mikey, "You know where the others are? Did you see Tyrant come downstairs?"

Not being a snitch he declined to answer. I asked, "You coming to bed, old man?" He silently declined so as I walked away I told, "Ok then, I'll see you later."

Upstairs I dumped the Slinky on my surprisingly empty bed, so I left my door half open. Mom was MIA and I assumed she must still be downstairs in her office. Apple and Sambuca were sitting on the extended window shelf looking out. Climbing atop my bed I called over, 'Anything interesting out there?' When they didn't say anything I called over, "I guess that means No."

Dozing off I opened my eyes when I sensed my door opening fully. Seeing me awake Mom announced, "Look who I found

downstairs?" and I saw she was carrying a surprisingly content Mikey. He was cradled in her arms and seemed quite pleased with the situation. I also noted that while still wearing her sweatshirt she had changed into a pair of silver basketball style shorts stenciled with my school's initials that were probably my sister's. Mom looked one hundred times better in them.

"Wow, I'm surprised. He usually doesn't like to be picked up. He even catches an attitude with me if I try," I commented.

As she deposited him on the bed she smiled beamingly and went back to close the door saying, "He knows who his Mommy is. You may be their Daddy but..." and by now she had returned back to my bed.

"...I'm their Mommy," she proudly announced as she slid over against me. As if to confirm this Mikey who was at his usual post atop the pillows started purring and kneading. I had already extended my left arm and Mom simply snuggled up

against me if she belonged there. Giving me a quick kiss she said, "I'm sorry about tonight's game."

"Why? It's not your fault we lost." She laughed hard and delightfully so kissed me again. Still laughing I felt her shift as if to rise up higher than me. To help her I reached over with my right arm and pulled/rolled her on top of me. She didn't really expect it and now suddenly was lying on top of me, chest to chest, face to face.

"Oh my god, you're so silly," she laughed and kissed me again. Then in a soft laughing whisper she added, "That's why I luv you." This time when she kissed me her lips stayed on mine. With my arms wrapped around her I joyfully squeezed her tight. I felt her tongue on my lips. Opening my mouth for her, she deliciously licked my lips and my mind swirled. My tongue reached out to hers and then we were united. Two spirits bonded by love. I felt her body shift, rub atop of mine and then spreading her legs she was straddling me, crouching atop me our bodies still pressed together. Our kiss ended and I pledged to her, "I luv you too."

With a laugh she told me, "I know, I can feel it." And she kissed me again, and again, and again. As we continued to kiss my hands travelled down her body, across her lower back. Reaching the end of her sweatshirt my hands continued going south. With her wearing those basketball shorts my hands inadvertently slipped under the waist band. I swear to God! [Basketball shorts have those wide elastic waistbands that hold them in place without them being held on super-tight. That's how stupid little boys can wear them half on their ass.]

I was surprised as my hands slid under the smooth nylon material and remarkably I only felt material on the top of my hands while my palms felt bare flesh. Palming her butt I realized that my Mom was wearing a thong. Having explored her lingerie drawer I knew she wore thongs but there's a difference between knowing and Knowing! As I squeezed her wonderful ass-cheeks in my hands I felt her laugh again and pull back. Raising her head she looked down at me.

"Really?" she asked. I smiled back at her and nodding my head grunted, 'Umm, mmph,' Laughing some more she again scolded me, "God, you are horrible." She then returned to

kissing me, and kissing me, and kissing me. I don't remember who fell asleep first.

Day X

When my feline alarm clock woke me up, I discovered we were still attached although she was no longer atop of me. I was on my right side and she was pressed against my back clutching me. Wishing it was Friday instead of Thursday I reluctantly got out of bed.

That night after dinner I again got stuck with the dishes. While I'll never admit it my sister is a good cook. Unfortunately tonight she had made baked ziti which meant I got stuck scrubbing the bee-jeebers out of the pan she used. When I was finally done it was a few minutes after 8PM. With the house quiet I assumed my father and sister were upstairs. Mom was in her office. Bored, I wandered over to see what she was doing and was surprised to find her on Facebook.

Walking behind her I started rubbing her shoulders and asked, "What c'ha doin'?"

"Oh, I'm just sending some emails out and messaging some friends and all that dumb stuff," she answered as she rolled her head and shoulders beneath my hands. I also noticed she was IM'ing an old friend of hers [Instant Messaging], as there was a little chat window in the bottom corner of her window. As I rubbed her shoulders I watched her post comments to friend's pictures, respond to other's comments and the other bullshit Facebook is about. In her chat window appeared the question, 'What's up with Martin?' [my father]

'You know how it is,' she typed and the response was, 'uh, oh... tell me what's going on.' Turning to look up at me Mom stated, "Listen sweetie, why don't you wait 'til later to give me a massage. This way I can get this stuff done and be up there sooner." [Translation: Go away so I can talk about your father in private.] Giving her a smile and a last squeeze I left.

Upstairs in my room I was still bored -- or more accurately restless and horny. Still with 200 channels there was crap to watch. Sitting at the foot of my bed I finally settled on a movie I've seen a few times before. Turning behind me I asked the bums on my bed, "You guys wanna chase the red dot?"

Dinkleberry looked at me as if I had just made a bunch of incoherent sounds but Apple's ears perked up. While Dinkleberry is young an' dumb and will play with anything, Apple has a solitary burning hatred for the red dot. Grabbing my keys and the attached laser pointer off my desk I shined the red dot and instantly the knuckle-heads were after it. I got them running around my room, jumping across furniture and crashing into each other -- which was really funny considering their size differences. At one point while Dinkleberry was catching her breath sitting on my dresser, Apple was on the floor jumping at the red dot when I'd lower it enough on the wall between my dresser and door. At about four or five feet she'd leap against the wall with a resounding Thump! Years ago my father would've yelled at me but Apple and I had Thumped him into submission.

After some more Thump, Thump, Thumps Mom showed up at my door. She stood there watching Thumper in action. I noted that she was wearing my black printed hooded sweatshirt she had apparently appropriated. Underneath that she had on a loose pink tee shirt with some kinda breast cancer message on it. [The sweatshirt hid the edges of the message.] She was also wearing some kind of hybrid style of yoga pants. Like most yoga pants they were black and made of that stretchy, hugging material which they deliciously did so up top with a wide pink waist band. However at the knee they hung down in a straight leg cut before flaring slightly more at her bare feet. I noticed her toe nails looked recently painted.

Apple jumped at the wall one more time and Mom laughed at her antics. Seeing she was about to enter my room I called over, "Hey do me a favor, can you check to see if their water bowl is full." [As the true masters of the residence, not only do they have their food and water bowls in the kitchen and a litter box in the laundry room but there is also an inserted shelf in the upstairs hallway next to the bathroom where

another water bowl is available for them!] Mom headed off and was back in two minutes.

"Ok, they're all set," she announced as she sat down next to me. I noted that she left the door about half open, but where we were seated we were hidden by it. By now Apple had tired out. Now it was time to exhausted Dinkleberry. Shining the dot on the dresser she chased it across that, down the floor and across the room to where she was in front of us. As we all watched I spun her around an' around in a tight circle; once tired I whipped her in the other direction; then back again; then the other way and the other way. (If she was a dog you'd swear she was chasing her tail.) Mom laughed and laughed and exclaimed, "If she stops the damn thing will swing around to her."

But Dinkleberry is too dumb to figure that out and eventually just gave up. When she did I reached down and started rubbing her head asking, "What happened? Did the red dot beat you?"

"Yeah Daddy but next time I'll catch that damn thing," I said my Dinkleberry voice. With her facing me I reached down and hooking my arm in front of her back hips scooped her up. She now dangled upside down facing away from me. She merrily hung there for a second before letting out squeak. At that point I reached behind her with my other hand swinging her up an' around until her front paws landed on my chest as I announced, "Up!"

I started rubbing her tiny chest which she allowed for a few seconds before she started squirming. I asked her, "Where you going Dum-Dum?"

"Oh she's not dumb, she's just misunderstand. Here give here to me," Mom defended, so I gave her the squirming Slinky. As she tried to pet her the idiot shifted about, pranced around, almost fell off her lap and was just dumb. She tried to get the monster to sit but the idiot wasn't hearing it. As this was happening I shifted behind and straddled her with my legs. I was a few inches from being able to hang my legs over the edge and told her, "Move forward a bit."

She did a little and by pressing up close, tight I was able to rest my feet on the floor and Mom laughed saying, "This one doesn't understand the concept of being petted does she?"

"I told you she ain't the brightest," I replied as I started massaging her shoulders and neck. Mom gently swayed beneath my hands. Eventually Dinkleberry finally settled down by curling up into a ball to start happily purring. Mom told me to hold up and she removed her sweatshirt. I read aloud what the back of her shirt said, "Save the Ta-Ta's."

"Huh?"

"I was just reading what the back of your shirt says," I told her. With a laugh she shot back, "Oh, you like that huh?"

In my mind General Ackbar yelled, 'It's a Trap!' Heeding his warning I didn't answer but just grinned. Mom turned back to look at me and I sensed she expected a kiss. I gave her a quick peck on the corner of her mouth and returned to rubbing her shoulders, neck and upper back. For a while we just watched

the movie as I gave her a massage and enjoyed each other's company. Then startled she exclaimed, "Oh my god, where'd she come from?"

"She was in her office," I answered simply nonplussed at seeing Sambuca now licking her mom, Apple's head.

"What?" Mom wondered.

"She was under the bed. That's her office, just like my closet is Tyrant's fiefdom. That's where those two like to hide. Dinkleberry will hide under the quilt when she gets scared because Sambuca won't let her under the bed."

"Oh, poor baby," she said and rubbed the poor baby. After a minute she asked, "What about the other two? Where do the others go when they get scared?"

"Apple goes under the bed but I think that's to be with Sambuca. I'm not really sure where Mikey goes."

"Oh! So you don't know everything about them then," she happily pronounced.

"No I just know 99% of everything about them, like that Sunday is the first of the month and they gotta get their Cooties medicine."

"Their what?" she laughingly wondered.

"You know that Frontline crap so they don't get Cooties." I patiently explained.

"You're so silly," she told me as she shook her head in amused good-humor. She then leaned back and we kissed. We kissed again and then again. We returned back to sorta watching the movie, in that in between kissing and cuddling we did watch the movie. As time went on I reached around her and hugging her waist pulled her tight to me. My hands slowly crawled up her body and then I was holding her spectacular breasts. I

couldn't believe how warm they felt. They were soft; they were full; they were malleable; they felt amazing in my hands but mostly they were warm. Mom seemed to enjoy it too as we continued kissing including frenching.

Then as we were watching the movie she softly stated, "You know this is wrong."

"What is?" I wondered.

"This," she said turning to look at me.

"Why?" I wondered as I let my hands drop back to her waist.

"What do you mean 'why'?"

"I mean you are the one who taught me to question things, not to simply accept things on face value but to examine their logic. What's wrong with what we are doing? No one is being coerced. There's no threat implied or overt of repercussions,

right?" and she shook her head in agreement. "We're both adults, we're both aware and making conscious decisions. We are simply expressing our love and affection for each other. So, how is that wrong?"

"Well..." she said half-heartily. I gave her a quick loving kiss and she smiled back at me.

"That's better. I like seeing you smile." She smiled more and I kissed her again. Pulling back she softly laughed, "You're so horrible,"

From there I returned to rubbing her back and we continued to kiss. When the movie was over, she got up and closed the door fully. We laid down and watched South Park and repeats of That 70's show. We were lying facing each other and kissed, cuddled an' enjoyed the company of the other.

Before we went to sleep I told her, "I love you Sarah." With a laugh and an Eskimo kiss she said, "I know" and kissed me deeply an' completely.

Day XI

Thank god it's Friday, I thought as the Horde woke me that morning. Barely half awake I operated mostly on auto-pilot as I wandered downstairs to feed them. Waiting for them to finish I chowed down on a breakfast protein bar. Afterwards they all decided to go outside as the sun was shining and it was hinting that it would be a nice day.

I didn't care. The only thing I cared about at that moment was returning to my bed for some Bonus Sleep. In fact, I felt the gravitational pull of it tugging at me and I obeyed. Returning to my bedroom I was somewhat surprised, and a bit disappointed, to find it completely empty. Still I crawled back atop my bed expecting the warm embrace of Bonus Sleep to come.

And it didn't. After tossing and turning I realized that within a week or so's time I'd gone from used to sleeping alone to needing another to sleep with. I missed having someone to

hold. I missed her company. Finally in my addled brain I decided to grab one of her pillows to hold. Grabbing her top pillow I clutched it to me and as I drifted off to sleep I realized I could smell her on it.

A few hours later I sensed a presence in my room. Opening my eyes I was greeted by an angel in white robes and a golden crown of hair. Looking at her she asked, "Are you done teasing me?"

I nodded my head mutely and she dropped her robe. Thankfully as my brain shouted, 'Oh My God' my mouth opened and said, "You are more beautiful than I ever imagined."

She wasn't an angel but a goddess. She was wearing black sheer thigh-high stockings that had an elegant band of lace that amplified the beauty of her full and thick legs. My eyes traveled upwards. I enjoyed the bareness of her uppermost thighs and at the top their mighty sweep worked to create an awe-inspiring deep V where the front of her black lace panties

rested. Following the upward stroke of her panties' waistband lead to the stunning sweep of her hips, which my eye appreciatively noted softly sank into her flesh. My eyes rolled over the luxurious expanse of her mid-section. I enjoyed seeing the gentleness of her hourglass. She had the body and beauty of a woman.

This included her staggering bust that her matching black lace bra was struggling to contain. The simple beauty of her bra was overwhelmed by the majesty of her mighty bosom. It seemed as if at least two-thirds of her boobs were exploding over the top and it was only the tension of her cleavage that held everything in place. My mouth watered and desire coursed through my veins. Lust consumed my mind and thought was evicted to be replaced with want.

Somehow my eyes travelled further up to take in the loveliness of my goddess' face and the splendor of her amused and approving smile. She seemed to be enjoying the fact that I had been transformed into a hungry wolf and was eyeing her as if she was my Little Red Riding Hood whom I was about to consume. With a chagrined laugh she asked, "You done?"

She didn't wait for an answer for which I was grateful. I do not think I would have been able to articulate a word. She climbed onto my bed and crawled over me. Wrapping my arms around her, she kissed me as only my mother can. Her lips were warm, soft and delightful. Our lips were by now synchronized. When her lips opened mine were there for her and our tongues meet in the middle. Our tongues wrestled along, atop, aside and her body writhed in ecstasy. As her body slid over my cock I thought I was in heaven.

Miraculously, my hands reached up her back and deftly opened the three hooks to her bra easier than I had ever opened another's before. When that final hook was released the back straps to her bra sprang free released from their tension. As her hands ran through the hair on the sides of my head, her shoulder straps slipped down onto her arms. Even with her tongue in my mouth I felt her gave an amused chuckle before pulling back. Rising up she asked me, "You've been waiting for this a long time?"

The best I could do was mutely nod my head as my eyes bulged and my smile was so big I could feel my cheeks stretching. She laughed at my stupidity. Rising up further and arching her back she let her bra fall off. With her right hand she pulled her bra out from between us and tossed it on the floor of her side of the bed. Her tits were as awesome as they were in those magazine pictures, only better!

They were big, they were fat, they were full and they appetizingly hung before me. Her areoles were oval shaped and tilted off-center so that each leaned outwards at 10 an' 2. As I remembered there were those oh so erotic niplets, known as Montgomery glands, circling around. Magically centered were her large darker nipples.

Craning my neck I licked'em and they tasted like Ambrosia. Squeezing her upper arms together she offered her tits to me and I joyfully licked their flesh. An urge, an impulse, a need ran through me and I buried my head in cleavage. I began yodeling and shaking my head, slapping my face against her mighty titties. Never before had I been with someone so well-equipped to motorboat that I was gonna pass up the

opportunity. With a great laugh she wrapped her arms around my head and cried out, "Oh My God, You're so silly!"

Buried in endless tit-flesh I wrapped my arms around her tightly and easily rolled her onto her back so that I was now on top. She joyfully laughed and I kissed her richly. As we kissed I felt her pulling and tugging at my shirt. Lifting my body I let her pull it to my shoulders. Ending our kiss I let her remove my shirt the rest of the way. Kissing her again I pledged to her, "I love you."

"I know," she laughed and kissed me before biting my lower lip. Pulling free from her I began my journey south. I kissed her chin. I kissed her neck. I licked the hollow at the base of her neck.

And then I was at the twin peaks of her mighty boobs. Drifting to my right I began licking her left tit and again was amazed how warm it was. I felt her holding her tit with one hand as the other ran through my hair. My tongue found its center and drew a circle around her areole, gingerly bouncing over

her nipples like I had imagined doing so many times. Only then did I take her nipple into my mouth and suck deeply. With her holding her breast my Mom feed me her tit and I hungrily accepted it.

I sucked her tit into my mouth. I sucked on my Mom's boob. I sucked upon my mother's breast. I had never been happier. I had never been more aroused.

Releasing my hold on her left breast I drifted over to taste the wonder of her right breast. To reach it and fully enjoy its wonderment I had to shift my body and slid off from atop of hers. However this had a serendipitous benefit. As my mouth treasured Mom's right breast, as my tongue mapped my mother's bountiful boob, as I cherished her great tit my right hand was now free to travel and explore the splendor of her fantastic body.

I sucked deeply upon Mom's tit and my hand caressed her flesh and traced over her lines. As my fingertip traced the

edges of her belly-button my tongue draw circles around Mom's nipple and she sighed, "Oh God..."

As my hand descended further I enjoyed how tender and soft her body was. Still sucking on her tit my hand caressed her lower abdomen and Mom moaned, "Oh god Jake,"

My hand continued its journey. Effortlessly, as if naturally, my hand slipped under the waist band of her panties and I touched my mother's pussy. She loudly cried, "Ooooooh..."

"Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes," she whimpered as my hand slid over her surprising smooth pussy and soon my hand was palming her.

I ran my hand up an' down her slicked and surprising wet pussy. I was dazed at how eager and responsive my Mom was. If either of us was feeling any trepidation at what was happened it was me.

"Oh god baby, oh god, oh god Jake," she softly shouted as my middle finger easily slid into my Mom's pussy. I was stunned as she began bucking against my hand.

"Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes," she whimpered as I fingered her pussy. I was fingering my Mom's pussy, I was sucking on my Mom's tit and she was absolutely loving it!

"Oh god Jake, Oh god Jake, Oh god Jake that feels so good," she cheered. My mother was writhing beneath me in complete sexual ecstasy. She, with startling strength, pulled my head from her breast to look me square in the face. My mother told me, "I need you inside of me. I need you to fuck me."

What do you say when your Mom says that to you? The last two weeks hadn't prepared me for that, the last twenty years hadn't prepared me for that. I was blown away and bowled over. Sensing her moving and realizing that she was pulling her panties off finally broke me from my paralysis. I asked, "Should I get a condom?"

"You let me worry about that," she said with an oddly amused and sly smile.

But I wasn't gonna argue. I climbed back atop her and kissed her with all of my love. As we kissed I started humping against her and only then did I realize I was still wearing my shorts and boxers. Frantically I hooked my thumbs into the waistbands of both pushing them down. Manically I kicked at the bundle working it down my legs. In a frenzied state I freed my legs from them, punting them off my ankle and across the room.

As if kindly, patiently waiting for me to be freed from my entrapping clothing Mom reached between us and took hold of my cock. To feel the tender caress of her hand on my raging cock was intense and I loudly moaned, "Oooh..."

"Oh god," I cheered as she guided me home. As I entered her pussy my body screamed, 'YES,' and my mind yelled, 'Oh No!' Her pussy felt so good, so enchanting, so perfect that I feared

I was about to cum before I even fully penetrated her. Pressing my lips to hers I kissed her deeply and held still. As her tongue ran over mine, I focused on that feeling and was able to slip fully into her. She whispered into my ear, "Oh god Jake you feel so good. Make love to me."

Kissing her again I withdrew and as slow as possible entered her. I say as slow as possible because she wasn't idly lying beneath me. She reached up and clawing at me pulled me towards her; she lifted her hips and thrust herself at me, before I pressed her down into the bed and she grunted, "Urgh..."

"Urgh... urgh... urgh... urgh... urgh...", we now both grunted as our bodies met. It only took us two or three strokes before our bodies were fully coordinated and synchronized. The whole time I could feel myself on the verge. My balls, my cock, the savage in me wanted to cum and cum now. I wanted this to last. I wanted to hold off. I was afraid of being a three pump chump.

"Oh, oh, oh god Jake," she cried as I lunged into her. I realized I was running a 100 meter dash and whether I walked or spirited I was gonna cover the same distance.

"Oh, oh, yes, yes, yes," she cheered as I drove my cock into my Mom's pussy. If she was demanding me to run full throttle, to fuck her with all I got then that's what I was gonna give my mother.

"Oh god baby, oh god Jake, oh Fuck," Mom yelled as she thrust up to meet me. Our hips would collide with the slap of flesh in erotic ecstasy before I slammed her back down into the bed.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh fuck me," she cried out as our bodies danced, merged and separated. I began to imagine driving her into my bed. I imagined slamming her into and through my mattress. She urged me on.

"Oh god Jake, that's it. Oh fuck you are good," she shouted and that was it. I was at the finish line.

"Oh god Mom, I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna cum," I warned.

"Do It," she simply shouted and with a last heave I buried my cock into Mom's pussy and fired my load. I came hard. I came fully. I came like lightning. I came like thunder.

"Oh Gaaaaahd," Mom screamed out as I came and came and came. Breathless but not finished I rested atop her loving body with my cock still buried in her breathtaking pussy. I slammed my lips to hers until she gasped for breath.

"Oh my god Jake, that was... that was incredible, that was amazing..." she gasped between breaths. "...oh my god, are you still hard? Are you still ready to go?"

"For you, always," I promised. I thanked Dionysus, the Greek god of sex as yes I was still hard, I was still ready and was proving it by just softly humping her almost as an inchworm

crawls along. I kissed her again and again as I gently rocked in an' out of her loving pussy.

"Oh god Jake, you are so fuckin' good. Oh god, I can't believe how good you feel. Oh god Jake you feel so good in me," my Mom cheered. Now that my balls, my cock, the savage in me had gotten theirs and were sated it was now my turn to enjoy the wonderment that is my mother's pussy. I continued to just gently slip in an' out of her velvet glove in a smooth leisurely pace as we kissed like only a mother and her son can.

"Let me get on top. Please baby, let me get on top," she begged. How do you say no when your mother asks such a question? Still I had to reluctantly pull out of her pussy but did so. I rolled on my back next to her and got the pleasure of getting to watch her mount me. I got to gaze at this goddess as she climbed atop. I got to enjoy the sight of my mother's perfect nude form ascend my body with the sole intention of getting ready to fuck her son.

Sitting up, she turned her body and we made eye contact. She watched me watch her as she spread her thick legs to straddle my hips. Licking her lips she took my cock in her left hand and held it uptight. Stroking me a few times she told me with a laugh, "Well it's obvious you take after my side of the family,"

"Let's just say my family are well..." she answered to my confused expression and with her right hand ran it over her body as if to demonstrate that they are fully-developed. "...we are well-endowed."

"Ooooooh," she loudly sighed after having raised her hips and aligning my cock to her pussy she softly engulfed it. To feel my Mom's pussy on my cock was staggering, it was mesmerizing. To watch my cock disappear inside her was beyond belief yet it was happening.

"Oh god Jake," Mom purred as she settled down upon my cock and her mighty ass rested on my hips. To take in the sight of the swell of her hips as she straddled my hips was awe-

inspiring. Leaning forward slightly she braced her arms on my chest and began to gently rock upon my cock. In a way it felt as if she was shifting more forward an' back as to up an' down. I reached out and grabbed big handfuls of her ass and she commanded, "Yes! Grab my ass."

"Oh fuck yeah, oh fuck yeah, oh fuck yeah," Mom cheered as she shifted, getting her legs more under herself. Now she was lifting up, it was visible as my cock would momentarily appear before disappearing again.

"Yeah that's it, that's it, that's it. Give it to me, give it to me," she urged as she rode my cock. With me holding her ass, whenever I felt her lift up I'd give her a boost and soon we had an amazing rhythm as she fucked me. I could even see the muscles in my arms flexing and the veins bulging as we worked at her riding my pony.

"Oh fuck yeah, oh fuck yeah, oh fuck yeah..." my Mom now chanted as she worked hard sliding up an' down my pole. I loved being able to see my cock reappear from her pussy to

be only visible as a silhouette in this shaded triangle between her thighs and my hips.

"Yes, yes, yes. Oh god Jake, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me baby," she pleaded now leaning forward. At her urging I was lifting my hips thrusting into her as she was thrusting down upon me. The result was the sound of two highly sexually charged bodies coming together. You could hear the fap, fap, fap of our bodies meeting in carnal delight.

"Oh god baby, oh god Jake, oh god, oh you fuck me so good," she now gasped as she labored for breaths. I loved how Mom's body shined from her sheen of sweat. I loved watching Mom's tits shake, sway and swing. I loved the glow her face had. I knew she was enjoying fucking her son as much as I was enjoying fucking my Mom. Still I knew she was tiring and I still had a lot more loving left to give.

"Let me take you from behind. Please Mom, I wanna take you from behind."

"Really?" she questioned.

"With how great you look, how great your ass looks how could I not?"

"Ok," she said somewhat skeptically and I wondered how someone could not want to fuck this Aphrodite doggy style. She clambered off of me without much grace, which I found erotically amusing. As she got on to her hands and knees I got up to take her from behind.

"God, you are so beautiful. I love your body," I told her as I knelt behind her and ran my hands along the breadth of her back. I ran my hands upon her mighty ass and burned with lust.

"You should've seen how I looked when I was young," she replied.

"I have," I told her and as I caressed her magnificent derriere an urge took over me. Leaning down I kissed her left butt-cheek. I kissed her right butt-cheek. Then opening my mouth wide I clamped down upon her meaty ass as if I was biting into a huge chunk of ham. She jumped and shrieked as my teeth squeezed tight attempting to meet in the middle but there was too much flesh for that to happen. Still I bit down on her as I held her tight with my hands locked on her hips.

"Jesus Christ, you're a fucking savage," she yelled at me after I released my bite. Looking back at me I could tell she was shocked, angered and aroused. I just smiled back at her proud of the bright red teeth marks I had just branded into her ass. Her backside now proudly proclaimed that she was my property.

"Oh god, that's it babe," Mom purred as I guided my cock to her pussy and I penetrated her. Her pussy felt as fantastic as it did those first moments I touched it. I loved how her pussy was still sopping wet and flaming hot.

"Oh yeah, that's it, that's it, that's it... oh god I forgot how good this felt," she cheered.

"You don't have to worry about that ever happening again," I told my mother. "I'm gonna be fucking this pussy for a long time."

"Oh yeah? You like fucking your Mom? You wanna fuck your Mom more? Then prove it." And I did.

'Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, yeah, yeah, yeah," she called out as I increased my pace and intensity. Holding tight to her hips my fingers sank into her flesh. I loved how my hips were slapping upon her ass -- with both of us covered in sweat it produced a loud, wet erotic slap that would echo in the room fading just as my hips collided against my Mom's ass again.

"Oh god, oh fuck, that's it, fuck me, fuck me, goddamn Jake," she yelled as she was now down with the groove. She was thrusting back at me as hard as I was slamming my cock up my Mom's pussy.

my thrusts. I realized as I was busy pumping away, humping her pussy my Mom was busy humping my bed. Between my deep breaths I could smell that my bedroom was filled with the smell of our sex.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god," her machine gun chant changed to and I could tell she experiencing a series of orgasms as her body trembled, shaked and quivered.

"Oh god here it comes, here it comes," I was able to breathlessly grunt as I gasped for oxygen. With one last monumental heave I dove into my mother's pussy giving her all of my seed. I came as strong as if I hadn't cum in a week. My cum tore out my cock in an excited frenzy to swim in my Mom's pussy. My cum fired outta my cock like a missile firing from a submarine. I came so strong and powerful I could feel my cock swell with each pump and hear her grunt as Mom's pussy tried to take all of my semen but I could feel it oozing it outta her.

"Wow," she simply said when I was finally finished and empty. Drained, spent and sapped I just slumped my weary body atop hers. We were both gasping for air and I made to get off of her when she said, "No, stay. I love the feel of you on me.

"I love you," I told her after I was finally able to talk and leaning forward gave her a kiss. Then we kissed again and again before she giggled and told me, "I know."

"I love you too," she pledged between more kisses until in our exhausted and weary state we fall asleep still joined together, my room still perfumed with the smell of us.

When I awoke I was surprised. Feeling refreshed I discovered only an hour had passed. Also we were back in our usual places, meaning I was on my back with Mom snuggled up against my left side. She was already awake and was drawing circles on the fuzz that runs up the middle of my stomach. Sensing I was up she leaned up and lovingly gave me a kiss.

Smiling up at me she simply said, "Hey..." I smiled back at her and tried to pull her back up onto me. She resisted which unsettled me. "Before we go any further we have to set-up certain boundaries, okay?"

"What do you have in mind?" I wondered and prayed she didn't say we couldn't do this anymore.

"If we are gonna keep doing this and be like we are, you are gonna have to promise not to tell anyone." Relieved by her words I couldn't help but to laugh.

"Who am I gonna tell? Norah?" I joked as I knew I wasn't going to risk losing this by telling anyone I'm bangin' my Mom.

"I'm serious. You don't think so right now but the temptation will be there. It's only natural that you'll want to tell someone but when it happens you have to resist it."

From her tone I knew she was serious. Sobering up I pledged, "Ok, I promise. What else are you thinking?"

"From now on we can only be like this in here (I knew she meant my bedroom) and only when no one else is home. Again the temptation will be there for both of us but we have to resist. That means you'll have to remind me if I forget, alright?"

I nodded my head and she continued, "Finally you need to remember that even though things have obviously changed between us you have to remember that I am still your mother and you have respect that fact."

"Alright," I said nodding my head. It seemed obvious that Mom was my mother and always would be, so this was something easy to agree to. Mom smiled at me and now when I pulled her to me she came willingly to me. To feel her lips on mine was wonderful. To feel her nude body on my naked one was awesome. To feel her lips open and her tongue on my lips was instantly arousing. I was stiff and ready for some

more of this muffin. As her tongue probed my mouth and found my tongue I took hold of her left hand and brought it down to my crotch. I felt her laugh as she grasped my stiffie and jerk me a few times. With wonder she asked, "God, you're ready again? So soon?"

I just gave her the, 'I wanna fuck the daylights outta you' smile as I nodded my head. She laughed and said, "How 'bout I do this this for you instead."

I grasped what she meant when she brought her head down to my cock and with her hand holding my cock skyward she licked my crown. Tingles raced from my helmet through my cock and rocketed up to my brain. My eyes bulged open and I sighed, "Ooooooh..."

"Ooooh, wow," I moaned as she licked my cock and her hand gently pumped up an' down my shaft. My body danced beneath her touch.

"Ooooh, wow," I repeated as she took me in her mouth and her tongue swirled around my helmet. Still her hand stroked me. Almost instinctively I reached down and took her head in my hand by clutching a fistful of hair.

"Ooooh, wow," I again repeated as I watched my Mom lightly bob her head up an' down my cock. I'd dreamed this dream a billion times never thinking it would ever happen yet here it was -- my Mom was sucking my dick!

'Ptfff.' Lifting her head from my cock, I listened as she called up a lugie and then spit it onto my crown. Even after all that had happened already to see my mother being able to spit was startling and of course very arousing. She let her spit slide down my helmet before she was busy smearing it around with her tongue. As the tingles that coursed through me turned to jolts of electricity I gripped her head tighter moaning, "Oh my god."

I felt more than heard her laugh pleased with herself at the pleasure she was giving me and the control she was having

over her son. She wrapped her lips around my cock and was soon actually sucking on my cock. Her hand was still lightly stroking the base of my cock. I was in Paradise.

"Ooooh, WOW," I loudly groaned as she lifted her head and a thick cord of drool hung from her mouth to the tip of my cock. Twirling her head around, she made the glistening rope of spit dance entertaining herself and entrancing me.

"Oh yeah!" I called out as she engulfed my cock. As her mouth slid down my cock I could feel her actually blowing on my cock creating this amazing opposite sensation. Reversing directions she inhaled as she withdrew my cock from her mouth.

"Ooooh, WOW," I loudly groaned as she did this again. I was flabbergasted that my mother was so adept at giving a blow-job. While I basically knew she wasn't an innocent I also didn't think she was so skilled. Even as you're jerking off thinking about your Mom giving you head you don't really think she'd be a master at it.

"Mmmmmmm," I moaned as my Mom demonstrated how skilled she was at giving head. She only took about half my cock into her mouth but that's all she needed, what with her breathing, licking, milking my cock all while her hand worked the bottom half of my shaft.

"Ooooh, wow. Oh god Mom. Oh wow," I babbled as she sucked my cock better than all the bj's I'd ever gotten combined.

"Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah," I chanted as I was on verge of cumming. From her actions, her increasing pace, her tighter grasp on the base of my cock I knew she didn't want me holding off. She wanted me to cum and she wanted me to cum now.

"Oh YES!" I shouted as I gave her what she wanted. Having busted a nut twice already this morning I surprised I had anything left in the tank but I had some more of my man-juice for her. My first shot was thick and full, my second and

third were thinner, then the lava flow oozed out my crown into her mouth which she gladly gobbled. She ran her hand all the way up my shaft squeezing out the last bit, making sure the pipe was clean.

Standing up she dragged her forearm and hand across her mouth wiping away any cum that may have escaped. With a pleased smile she announced, "That should hold until tonight. Right? Now get washed up and we'll have lunch together before your sister gets home from Wal-Mart."

THE END