

# The Car Wash – Chapter 1

AndIDidIt

**F**all was coming, and with it came the rains. For a while, it seemed as if we were going to have to start building the Ark, but then came a morning with blue skies and the shining sun. It was early in the season so the sun was still strong enough to dry things out quickly.

I was waiting to return to my college classes in the neighbouring town and was enjoying my time off, having left my summer internship a couple of weeks ago. I would turn 21 in a month, was starting my junior year, and I could not wait to get back to school. Being an upper classman, being of legal drinking age - I didn't know how this year was going was going to be anything but spectacular.

I had no idea.

I was sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee while Mom pattered around the kitchen, and I took that opportunity to admire her body. Mom, Kate (or Catherine, or Katie, depending on her mood), looked particularly good that morning. I had had a crush on her for years. She had no idea that the cum-stained jockeys and socks she washed were the result of my lust for her, but there it was. I wanted to fuck her, and had for years. I was well-read enough (thank you, internet) to know that just about all guys wanted to fuck their Moms at some point in their lives. The rest, I figured, were either liars or in denial. None of that mattered, though. I wanted to fuck Mom. Of course, fucking Mom was as likely as discovering unobtainium in the kitchen sink, but that didn't put a damper on my lust.

As I said, she was looking good. She had her brown hair in a ponytail and had on loose-fitting khaki shorts and a white tank top. I guess she was determined to enjoy the last vestiges of warm weather as long as she could, and she would get no argument from me. I was lost in my reverie of wondering what her bush was like when I realized she had said something to me.

"Huh? What?"

"Lost in space, Kev? I asked you if you wanted to go to the grocery with me and then swing by that new car wash. You know, the one with the long tunnel and colored lights?"

"Sure, Mom. Whatever." I was no more excited at the prospect of shopping with Mom than any other guy would have been, but I didn't want to get on her bad side. Besides, I really didn't have much else going on that day, so why not? At a minimum, it would give me more opportunities to admire her legs and pert little butt.

"We'll leave in about thirty. Why don't you go brush your teeth, throw some clothes on, and we'll be ready."

I already had my shorts on, and all it would require was a tee shirt and my sandals, so I just grunted, "OK," and sat there to finish my coffee.

She clapped her hands. "Chop, chop, Buster. You might even think about jumping in the shower. You have time, you know."

There was no arguing with her, so I went up to my bathroom and did the necessaries. I wanted to rub one out but there wasn't time, and she was waiting in the mudroom when I came downstairs. She threw the keys at me. "You're driving. I expect to be squired around like the Queen."

I laughed, like I was expected to, and walked with her to the passenger side of the car, opening the door for her.

"As you wish, Milady," I said, bowing. It was a funny gesture, but it put me in a position where I could glance up the loose leg of her shorts as she sat in the car and swung her legs in. Purple. Mom was wearing purple panties that day. Maybe it's not much, but that put me in a much better mood. I didn't see much, just a glance, but seeing Mom's underwear is something that would put any guy in a good mood.

We got to the grocery store and I got a cart. My job was to follow her around the store while she comparison-shopped everything. Yep, before two minutes had passed I was bored to tears. There were some good-looking women shopping and I let my eyes linger over every one, but they always returned to Mom. I stayed behind her so I could admire

her ass and, after awhile, the shopping was not as boring as I had thought initially.

We were in paper products and Mom was deciding on the relative merits of two brands of paper towels, and whether the extra twenty cents for one over the other was worth it. A young Mother, hardly older than me, went by us with her baby in the cart. She was looking pretty good, so I admired her as she passed. When I returned my eyes to Mom, she was turned and watching me with a smirk on her face.

"Get a good look?"

"What?" I was pretty quick in the repartee, you see.

"You were eating her up with your eyes, lunkhead. Do you have to be so obvious?"

"Ha," I countered. "The only one I want to eat up with my eyes is you. Have you forgotten your Freud? I was just admiring the baby boy and wondering what his life will be like."

That got a laugh out of her. "I'll tell you what his life will be like. In twenty years he'll be a smart ass and a pain in his Mother's ass."

"I'd love to be," I replied, laughing with her. "A pain in your ass."

We had been bantering like we did a dozen times a day and, like usual, I pushed the envelope. I often joked with Mom like that. Nothing overtly or hard core sexual, but I often said things that she could interpret either way if she wanted. This time, though, there was no doubt how she had interpreted it because she blushed a bright red and turned to continue her shopping.

But that got me thinking. I knew she and Dad still had sex because I could hear them in their bedroom, and I knew the frequency had fallen off to about once every couple of weeks. I often thought Mom might like a long, lusty session, but now I had more grist for my brain's work. If she took what I had said one way, then it referred to being a pain to be around. But if she took it another way, it could have referred to fucking her ass. Based on her quick blush, seems to me like she took it the latter way, and that thrilled me no end. Mom? Taking it in her ass? Had she ever? Seems like, even if she had, they didn't do it that way now because, to be honest, she and Dad seemed to get it on and over pretty quickly.

We moved to the produce section and that is where the real fun began. Watch any woman, or man for that matter, as they pick produce. Every one has to be examined with great scrutiny. I never understood it. One onion is as good as another, isn't it? But no, Mom did what she always did, and sifted through every bin like there was a golden nugget of a vegetable, if she could only find it.

She was at the cucumber bin and I was leaning on the cart, idly watching her while thoughts of butt-fucking raced through my head. I was completely zoned out when I noticed that she was holding a long, fat cucumber in her left hand while she lightly stroked it with her other. At the moment I realized what she was doing my eyes popped wide and that was the moment she turned to say something to me. Seeing the look on my face, she let out with a loud laugh. I loved it when she laughed - her face lit up and she was really pretty, and laughing made her look much younger than her 52 years.

"Oh, my God, Kev. The look on your face. I don't want to know what you were thinking. You men are all alike." She continued laughing, and this time it was my turn to blush. She continued to stroke the cucumber with her hand, giving it a couple of pretty obvious strokes. Still laughing, she put it in a bag and then picked a couple of others.

"I thought I'd make that cucumber salad you like," she said, returning to normal. "Would you like that?"

"Sure," I said, while I was thinking of what her hand would look like if she was stroking my dick like she did that cucumber.

"Well, come on," she said. "Time's a-wasting, and I want to get the car washed and get home. I've got a lot to do today."

There was a long line when we got to the car wash and it seemed like everyone in town had the same idea at the same time, but the line moved fairly quickly. I started timing the process, and it seemed like a car moved through the automated car wash about every two and a half or three minutes. At \$20 a shot, it looked like a pretty lucrative operation to me. Mom could see the wheels turning in my head.

"So, you're thinking of quitting college and setting up a car wash, huh?"

I laughed. "Am I that easy to read?"

She laughed, too. "Oh, I've been reading you all morning. You're an open book."

"No, I'm not," I retorted. "I'm a man of deep and profound thoughts."

"Uh, huh. Like with the cucumber. You were thinking about the intricacies of vegetable propagation, I'm sure."

Damn. She went for the kill shot and was not shy about it.

"Well," I said. "Well,...."

"Like a book, just like I said." We were up to the cashier booth, and I chose the premium wash and gave them Mom's credit card to pay. We went through the pre-wash, and then it was our turn to enter the tunnel. After I had lined the wheels up to drive onto the rolling belt, the car wash took over and we proceeded slowly into the tunnel. It was dark anyway, and then the first spray of suds, colored purple by the lights, sprayed over the car. It was like we were in a cave.

I looked over at Mom and then my impish brain took charge and I stretched my right arm across to her shoulders. "Wanna make out?" I was just joking with her and thought she'd set me straight, but I was in for a surprise.

"Sure," she said, and leaned across the console to me.

Now what was I going to do? I had started the joke, and she had called my bluff. Well, if she thought I was going to collapse into a stammering surrender, she was in for her own surprise. In that quick moment, I decided I would push it as far as I could until she backed down. I wasn't going to lose this opportunity so quickly. I put my right hand on the back of her neck and pulled her to me, quickly kissing her lips. After I did, I pulled back, expecting her to give up on the joke and pull back.

"You call that making out?" She was still leaning on the console and she reached down and undid her safety belt so she could come even more

across the console onto my side. "That's not how we did it when I was your age. That was a peck on the lips for your maiden aunt."

The suds and hanging washer strips were still pelting the car and I figured we were about a quarter of the way through. If she wanted making out, I was the king of making out and I had a minute or more to show her. So, I tightened my hand on her neck and pulled her to me. This time, I met her lips with my open lips and I was shocked to feel her lips open in reply.

I didn't even think about it. I went into cruise control and gently probed her lips with my tongue. I squeezed her neck and moved my hand to cup the back of her head, and the race was on. We went from that tentative kiss to full-blown making out in about a nanosecond, and I gave her my best. A friend had once told me that you knew if a girl was going to give you a blowjob eventually by how she responded when you cupped the back of her head when you kissed her. His theory was that women, just about all women, had had their heads touched like that while giving a blowjob, and if her kiss became more passionate in response, she was really thinking - at least on a subconscious level - about sucking your cock.

I didn't know if Mom was thinking that, but she became a kissing maniac. Holy shit, that woman could kiss. She had her tongue halfway down my throat and then started to moan softly. Like I said, I didn't know what she was thinking, but I was in the zone. I wanted to fuck her before, with absolutely no expectations it would ever happen.

Now? Shit. She was kissing me more passionately than any of my girlfriends ever had, and many of them ended up fucking me.

We kissed like that for what seemed like an hour, although it really couldn't have been more than a couple of minutes. I was just getting ready to make the move. You know the move. You slide your hand down to her breast, give it a squeeze so she knows you're there, and then she determines how far and how fast you can proceed. Where you proceed is pre-determined, though, by how she responds. If she pulls back, you moved too fast. A gentleman always lets the woman set the pace. But if she lets you at her breast, the outcome is decided. So, I knew where I wanted it to go, and when I put my hand on her breast I'd know the outcome.

Of course, timing is everything. If I had started the move ten seconds before, I could have had an answer. But I didn't, and as my left hand started moving, the light in the tunnel became much brighter as we neared the end of the wash tunnel and people could have seen in. She quickly pulled away, sat back in her seat, and redid her safety belt. By that time the wash had ended and I sat there like a dope, lost in my thoughts.

"Go for it," Mom said.

"Huh?" I was still in left field. I had just kissed my Mom, more passionately than I had ever kissed anyone, and I had some experience in that arena. Now she was telling me to go for it?

"The light is green," she giggled. "You're going to jam up the whole works. You have to go."

I snapped out of it and put the car in drive, then pulled out of the car wash to head home. Neither of us spoke, but then we both started to say something at the same time.

"No, you go first," I said. "Ladies first."

She giggled. Damn, she was acting like a schoolgirl. "That was fun, wasn't it?" She put her hand across the console and patted my leg. "I have not gotten kissed like that for about 30 years, I think. Where did you learn that?"

I didn't know what to say. It seemed like, to me, the entire universe had shifted. That morning, even kissing my Mother like that was way beyond any realm of possibility, but now? Hell, I had been seconds from having my hand on her tits. How do you even process that? What could I say? I was way beyond any guile or strategy. Oh, yeah, with my dates I always had a strategy, and that was to get in their pants as soon and often as possible. In my own mind, at least, I could be a pretty smooth talker. But this was Mom. Okay, I figured. Maybe kissing was

a possibility - I'd have to see if she ever let it happen again - but going beyond that was the new impossible. But again, what to say? Well, with nothing else on the table, I just went with honest and open.

"Are you kidding me? Do you know how long I've wanted to kiss you like that? Do you know how much I've...."

She shut me off with a "Sssssh." I looked over at her beautiful face. She was always pretty in my eyes, but now her face glowed with an inner beauty I had not seen before. She giggled again. "What happens in the car wash stays in the car wash." Then she dug in her purse for her lipstick.

I started again, "Mom, I...." She shut me off again. "Kev, just cool down. You're not a boy anymore, are you?"

"No. I'm a man, or trying to be. I'll be 21 soon, you know."

"Oh, I know," she said. "My little boy is a man now. I've seen you looking at me and even at my age, I know what you're thinking. That can't happen, you know, but what's a harmless kiss between a Mother and her Son, as long as no one ever finds out? You tried to kiss me like that when you were ten, whether you remember or not, and I thought it was funny. I guess I've just always wondered what it would be like. Now I know. It's pretty damned good."

This time she let me talk. "Oh, Mom. I've wanted to kiss you like that forever. You are the hottest woman I've ever known."

That got another laugh out of her. "I'm hardly the hottest woman you've ever known, I'm sure. I did like that car wash, though, I have to say. What else do you think goes on in there?"

That was what we both needed, I think. She had defused what was a pretty emotion fraught moment and then we could both move on from a discussion that probably neither of us wanted.

"What do you think?" I answered. "I'll bet Joey could go from the first kiss to the cigarette after, and still have time for a long talk." Joey was a buddy of mine who had a reputation for moving pretty fast, but getting done pretty fast, too.

"Joey? You mean, sweet little Joey? Is he a one-and-done guy?"

"Well, let's just say he gets there fast but doesn't stay with it long, that's all."

She laughed. "Oh, I know all about that."

"TMI, Mom," I laughed with her. "Some things we just don't need to know."

Before I knew it, we were home again. I didn't know how things had changed, or if they had changed, and I didn't know how to proceed. Should I try to kiss her again, once we got in the house? Should I let her make the next move? What if she didn't? Should I just drop it, and consider what happened to be a one off and a dream I'd always cherish?

We carried the groceries into the house and sat them on the counter. Mom turned to me, opened her arms, and took the decision away from me. "Give me one more kiss, and then go and do whatever you were going to do. I kind of liked the first one. But your sister will be home soon, you know."

So I did. I put just as much in this kiss as I did in the car wash, and she responded just as passionately. This time, without the short window of opportunity at the car wash, I took my time. The goal was still to get her breast in my hand, but I could take my time and make sure the moment was right. That did not mean other ways to show her what I wanted were not available, though, and I slid my hands down her back to cup her ass. I pulled her against my cock and gave my kiss as much intensity as I could muster. Again, she moaned softly, and didn't push me away.

OK. That was a signal. Getting your hands on her ass is always a good start and since she didn't run screaming into the street, maybe more was possible. I kept my right hand on her butt, but slid my left one up her side, ever closer to the goal. I felt her tense a little, but she didn't stop me, and then...and then...I gently cupped her right breast with my hand. She pulled back, looked in my eyes with a dreamy, sexy look on her face, and came in for more kissing. That was it, then. I was in. I squeezed her breast, feeling the little pebble of her nipple pushing into my palm. I pinched her nipple lightly, and she moaned in my mouth again. I was getting ready to go in under her tee shirt when she pushed me back.

"Whew," she whispered. "You are trouble, young man. You are really trouble."

I didn't know what to say. Hell yes I was trouble, if that meant wanting to fuck her right there in the kitchen. But she wasn't having it and she was still Mom, which meant she called the shots. "You go play your video games and leave me to get my work done." She laughed softly as she reached up to caress my cheek. "What you want is not going to happen, Buster, so put that out of your mind."

"Oh, God, Mom. I just love kissing you. I don't want anything else."

That got a belly laugh out of her. "If you don't want anything else, then maybe I'd better start worrying about you. But it ain't gonna happen, so just enjoy what you've got. OK?"

That was good enough for me. I pulled her to me and kissed her again, but this time I kept my hands in the safe zone. I cupped her head to me, and she responded. "Hell," I thought. "You may think it's not going to happen, but there are two of us involved and I'm not backing down." But I didn't say that. Instead, I said, "Don't you worry about what I want to happen, Mom. I'm just happy kissing those beautiful lips."

"Like I said, Kev, you're dangerous. Now scoot," and she pushed me out of the kitchen.

The next couple of days were a blur to me. I don't know how many times I tried to kiss her, maybe a gazillion, but she wouldn't let me do it like we had. She'd just give me a peck on the lips and then push me away. There was always love in those pecks, but she wouldn't respond like I wanted. When Dad and my little sister, Joanie, were around, she seemed pretty cold and stern with me. I thought I had fucked it up pretty bad, but I didn't know how or why. I spent a lot of time in a complete fog, remembering what her kisses were like and the fullness of her breast in my hand.

One night, after supper when Mom, Joanie, and I were cleaning up the dishes, she sent Joanie out to get something. She turned to me, a serious

look on her face, and said, "You're going to have to control yourself." She was stern. "You're looking at me like a puppy looking for its momma, and your sister or your father are going to notice."

"I can't help it," I said.

"I know, Kev, but you're going to have to. Why do you think I haven't let you kiss me like that again? I'm trying to teach you self-control and discretion. Now buck up, and be a man. You said you were a man now, so be one."

So I did. I did my best to control myself around her, and it seemed to work. She softened, no longer treating me so sternly, and then at supper a couple of days later, she turned to Dad. "Have you seen that new car wash on Little Dale? It's a wonder. Very advanced. Kevin and I got the car washed the other day, and it was something. Colored bubbles and all. We liked it, didn't we, Kev?"

I practically spewed my water. "Oh, yeah. I really liked it. It's a money machine. I think people are probably paying for it even if they don't have a dirty car, just for the experience."

Dad laughed a little. "Maybe I'll have to take the truck through, if it's that good."

"Yeah," Mom said. "You should. I loved how clean it got the car. Maybe Kevin and I will have to get it washed again this weekend. What do you think, Kevin?"

"Sure," I exclaimed, trying to appear calm. "Sure."

At that point, Joanie piped up. "I want to go too, if it's that good. We don't have much else in this town for excitement."

Mom laughed at her. "We'll see. I thought you were going to Beth's house this weekend for a pool party. But if you'd rather go to the car wash,...." Mom turned to me and gave a subtle wink.

"Oh, no," Joanie said, and I let out a sigh of relief. "I'll go next time. After all, it's a car wash. It's not going anywhere."