

A devoted son steps in for his absentee father.

## The Deacon's Wife

Angie Haskins was watching TV, listening for what she now felt was inevitable: the sound of her husband, Charles, exiting his study to come find her. The expected sound came, and there he was, in the doorway. His greying hair was uncharacteristically frazzled, as if he had been pulling at it, and he looked worried. Angie paused her show, knowing what he would ask her.

"I can't do it. I can't spare the time, Angie. This is too important, I have to get it right...can you fill in for me again?"

"Of course, dear. Do you want to let Nick know, or should I?"

"Uh, can you? I need to get back at it. Thank you, I'm sure you're doing fine, despite your inexperience."

Angie nodded in a 'you can count on me' way, and Charles returned to his study. She watched him go, worrying over how much pressure he was putting on himself. Sure, it was an important occasion, but he was new at it; no one expected perfection the first time.

Sighing, she went to inform their son that she would continue to fill in as Youth Group leader for his father. She knocked on his door, and then pushed in without waiting for an answer. He was at his computer, headphones on, playing some

game.

"Nick, when you have a moment," she said.

He nodded, continuing to work at his keyboard and mouse.

Angie waited patiently, eyes roaming over her son's form. He was like his dad in many ways, but his hair wasn't usually one of them. It was tousled, but she was sure it was on purpose, unlike Charles'. Seeing it made her want to take a brush to the messy mop, something her mother would do to her...which was why she held back.

Something apparently untoward happened in the game, and her son sighed with frustration. Tugging his headphones down around his neck, he turned to her with raised eyebrows, his piercing blue eyes fixed on hers. "What's up, Mom?"

"Your dad needs to work -" she started, but he interrupted her.

"On his sermon. Yeah, I figured. You're running Youth Group tonight?"

Angie nodded. "I know you were hoping he could go back to leading it, but right now isn't a good time..."

Nick shrugged. "It's never a good time anymore. Ever since he got set on 'his path', he hasn't had time for anything. It's fine." His tone said it clearly wasn't fine. He

turned back to his computer.

Angie wanted to say something, to reason with her son, but it was ground they'd already covered, so left his room instead. He was going to have to learn to live with his dad having different priorities. She went back to the living room, pondering her husband's newest obsession and how it had affected their lives for the millionth time.

His devotion to the church had always been strong, but his recent drive to become a Deacon had taken it to a whole new level. If that was all it was - devotion - it would be fine, but he'd had to drop many aspects of family life in order to study and pray before his ordination. Things like the Youth Group, or spending time with Angie, had been...put aside.

Angie didn't place herself above Charles' call from God, and did her best to be a good supportive wife, but it was a difficult adjustment. Even months later, it was still a daily challenge to stay patient, but Angie did her best to keep patience front and centre whenever she found herself tested.

She went down to the kitchen to pack up some muffins to take to the meeting, knowing they would have to leave soon. "Nick! The bus is leaving!" Angie called up the stairs, when she was done. "Get a move on!"

Banging and thumping followed, then footsteps crashing down the hardwood steps from the second floor. He careened around the corner, six feet of eighteen-year-old boy almost running into her.

"Slow down, you're going to cause an accident," she said, reaching out to steady him. She noted how big his arms had gotten, as she was no longer able to even curl her hand around his biceps.

"It sounded like you were leaving right away," he protested.

The blonde giggled. "Almost. If I didn't threaten to walk out the door, you'd still be dragging your feet. Now put your shoes on and take the muffins to the car."

Nick groaned at being manipulated and bent to pull his shoes on while Angie went to get her purse. By the time she was ready to go, Nick was out the door to the car.

Phone, purse, chapstick, check. On the way, she stopped at the hallway mirror and checked that her blonde waves were still in order; the same blonde that adorned her only offspring's head. She kept hers much neater.

"We're headed out, be back in a few hours!" she called out to the house, knowing her husband wouldn't hear her, but wanting to update him anyway.

The heels of her flats clapped the paving stones from the front door to the driveway, where her KIA Sorento was waiting, son inside. She could see him slumped in the front seat, a bored expression on his handsome face, which made her grin. He was doing it to get a rise out of her. Tsking, she popped the driver's door open and said her line, "Sit up, you'll ruin your posture."

"Moooom," Nick faux-protested, slowly pushing himself upright while Angie started the car. It was a well-worn exchange from when he was younger, one that had started as an instinctual parroting of her mother's nagging. Thankfully, Nick's teasing had turned it into a fun interaction, instead of an annoying one.

Taking the opportunity to do some real nagging on the short drive, Angie said, "Try to look enthusiastic at the meeting today, the youngsters look up to you to set a good example."

"Yeah, yeah," he said. "I can stop going after I graduate, right?"

"You know you can, but your father and I would appreciate it if you continued on in a leadership role. It'll look good on your resume; employers look for that kind of experience."

"Not if I hate it and yell at the kids," he mumbled.

Angie shook her head, reminding herself that he was young and wanting to stretch his wings. Her happy-go-lucky boy had turned into a wilful teenager with his own ideas when she wasn't looking. "We won't pressure you, but we trust you'll listen to God and do what's right."

He didn't reply, simply staring out the window at the clear skies.

It was a nice, warm late spring, and predicted to be an even warmer summer. Angie wasn't looking forward to the blistering heat inside the church on Sunday

mornings, when the old air conditioner predictably broke down. Last year had been torture, and Angie had had to rely on constant prayer and dreams of arctic winds to get through it.

The rest of the short drive to their church passed in silence, Angie using the time to sort out her week. Tonight was Youth Group, tomorrow was choir, Friday night was free, Saturday was the bake sale planning meeting, and then of course...Sunday.

Sunday: the big day when her husband, the newest Deacon, would present his inaugural sermon. Angie was nervous for him, but had faith he would do well. He'd practiced a few choice lines on her, and they'd been full of righteous zeal, his fine voice ringing through the house.

That voice was his finest feature, and to Angie's shame, she'd had to cross her legs to contain her tingling reaction to his performance. She'd hoped he would come to bed early that night, but she fell asleep waiting. Unfortunately not unusual nowadays.

Angie pulled into the Deacon's parking spot, hers to use when Charles wasn't there, and put the car into park. She looked over at Nick. "Remember, big smiles. You're happy to be here. Now, grab the muffins."

Mother and son made their way into the church hall, finding a chaos of youth from age 12 to 18. The older ones congregated in the corner while the young ones shouted and threw rubber balls at each other, creating a stunning din. Angie took the tray of muffins and let Nick go meet his friends, heading to the kitchen to set up the snacks and juice.

"Hi Janey," she sang. She placed the container down on a counter and put her purse aside, reaching for an apron.

Janey, another of the church parents who helped the Youth Group meetings, threw a smile her way. She was a cute brunette with happy eyes, heavy breasts and 'baby-making' hips on a thin frame. Her and Angie had been called twins many times, and apart from their hair, it was kind of true. They'd been friends for years, and did a lot of church activities together.

The younger woman was in the middle of pouring cups of the watered down 'juice' they served. It was more like coloured water, but the kids guzzled it after an evening playing games. "Hi Angie. The kids seem to be in high spirits today. Is it a full moon, do you think?"

"Full moon, or the good weather is giving them extra energy. Either way, let's hope we can work some of it out of them. I'll get Nick started on leading them through an opening prayer, okay?"

Janey nodded, still pouring.

Angie popped her head out of the door and managed to dodge a ball carelessly flung her way. "Watch your aim, Henry," she called, kicking the ball back to him. She waved to her son, who sauntered over, face not as cheery as she would like. She smiled brightly at him, trying to remind him without reprimanding, and said, "Can you get us started with a prayer, please?"

Nick grumbled but turned and raised his hand. The signal was quickly picked up by the other youth, and by magic the room quietened as each kid saw the hand in the air and stopped their play. Balls were tossed aside, and the group of twenty kids gathered around Nick.

Angie watched with satisfaction as her son lead the group through an opening prayer. He'd always been good with the younger kids, and she couldn't help thinking, for the millionth time, how he deserved some brothers and sisters. As always, the thought summoned the scowling face of her mother, and it was quickly discarded.

When the prayer was done, she stepped in and quickly divided them into groups by age, giving each one an activity. The last group were the oldest - Nick and three other boys who had grown up in the church together - a coincidental clutch of boys born to the parish in the same year.

"Well, boys. The time is yours, do with it as you will, but I suggest you keep brainstorming your end of year activity. You haven't got much time left, and your options are severely limited at this point, thanks to your lollygagging." Angie turned away, intending to see if Janey needed a hand, but was stopped by Nick's voice.

"Wait, Mom, we know what we're doing."

She turned back, arranging her face into a carefully neutral but interested expression. She'd been filling in as a Youth Leader for a few months now, and had heard this declaration before; each idea had been shot down for reasons of cost, practicality or appropriateness.

Nick said, "We want to go camping."

"Oh! Well, that's easy enough. Where do you want to go?"

Nick glanced at the other three, then said to her, "The Quarry."

She responded without even a moment's hesitation. "Nope, pick somewhere else."

Nick didn't back down. "The Quarry. We're eighteen, not little kids."

"The Quarry is where degenerates hang out. There's no way." Angie could feel her cheeks heating.

"You've vetoed every other idea we've had, Mrs Haskins," said Tom, the second oldest boy, who had an unfortunate acne problem.

"That's because every other idea was as bad," Angie explained. Their other ideas had involved trips to big cities, or overseas.

"It's not a bad place anymore, Mom. They cleaned it up, and it has actual camping spots now."

"So you're not going out there to party with a bunch of people?" Her tone suggested that's exactly what they were going to do.

"Just camp and swim," said Billy, the second most handsome boy behind Nick. He had wandering eyes that tended to drift below her neck. It wasn't anything she hadn't experienced before, but it was odd coming from a boy she'd watched grow up.

"What would it take to get you to say yes?" Nick asked.

Angie pondered the question. She looked between the four of them, practically pleading with their eyes. "When would this be?"

"This weekend," said Hal, the smallest boy with the biggest smile. It was reputed that his easy grin had helped him sidle up to more than a few girls. Angie didn't believe it; he looked too innocent, and church boys were nice boys.

"Your father wouldn't let you go, would he?" she asked with more than a hint of disbelief..

"He would..." Nick sighed, and then, begrudgingly, "But he would insist on coming along."

It did sound like something Charles would do. Give the boys what they thought they wanted, but twist it somehow. "Fine. If you want to go so bad, Janey and I will accompany you."

As if by magic, four faces adopted four different expressions. Billy looked interested, Hal positively beamed, and Tom pouted. The only face she was interested in was her son's, which was sceptical.

"There's no hotels nearby...where will you sleep?" he asked.

"Ha, ha, mister. I've camped before, and we have two tents. Janey and I can share one." It was her ace card. If these four 'men' had other plans than camping and swimming, they would definitely not want the two female youth leaders there.

"Okay," he said. "But you have to help with everything; no free rides."

"Uhhhh...deal. But we've got to be back on Sunday in time for your father's sermon."

Any further comments were cut short as Angie had to go stop an argument in one of the younger groups. The rest of the evening flew by, and she only had the occasional moment to check on the older youth, huddled in the corner and talking. Their focus was a bit unusual - they liked to mix it up with the other groups - but she figured they were planning the camp trip.

At the end of the night, she checked with Janey to make sure she was actually free to help chaperone the camping trip. As she suspected, the younger mom was more than happy to come along. She had two young boys and was always looking for an opportunity to get out of the house. That only left postponing the bake sale planning meeting, which was easy because she hosted it. After that, the trip was a

go, much to her chagrin. Her ace up her sleeve had turned into a joker.

On the ride home, determined to make the best of the trip, Angie said, "If you like, I can go shopping for food on Friday before we head out. Give me a list of anything you need, I can handle the rest."

"Come on, Mom. Are you two really going to come?" His tone was approaching petulant. "I know you don't want to come, and we're not going to get in any trouble."

"It's being arranged as part of the youth group. If we let you go alone, it's on our heads if anything happens. It's not the same as if you'd decided to go on your own...although your father and I would still want to make sure you're safe."

They pulled into their drive and got out of the car, Nick with the empty muffin container. In the house, they split to their rooms, her to change and him to veg in front of a screen. Angie put on some light PJs and went to Charles' study. She found him with his head down, fingers tight in his thinning hair, gripping hard.

"How is it going in here?" she asked softly from the door.

Charles looked up. "Oh, you're back. That was quick. How did it go?" He looked tired.

Angie shrugged. "Fine. The boys picked their end of year activity. They want to go camping at the Quarry."

Her husband's eyebrows shot up. "The Quarry! I hope you put an end to that idea."

"Kind of. I said it was okay as long as Janey and I went with them. They said it's been cleaned up, there's normal campsites and everything." She didn't like how she seemed to be pleading their case for them. "In any case, they agreed, so we're going camping this weekend," she finished, in a 'tada' voice.

Charles shook his head. "You're no spring chicken anymore, Angie. Don't put yourself through this for their sake. Plus, wouldn't it be weird going there with Nick considering our history there?"

Angie didn't even hear the rest of his comment, still focused on the spring chicken bit. Maybe she was a bit old for camping. "Do you really think so? I'm still in good shape...I should be able to handle a weekend camping trip with some teenagers."

He got up from his desk and walked to her. "I'm teasing you, you're fine and fit for a woman your age. Go with them as a chaperone if it'll make you feel better." He leaned in to give her a hug, his deep voice soothing her as it always did.

"I don't need your permission," she grouched in a tone with no teeth, as she accepted his hug before turning to leave.

"Of course you don't." He swatted her rear, a light smack that shocked as much as it jiggled.

Angie turned back, a smile forming, hopes rising, but the smile soured when she saw he was moving to his desk.

"I think I've almost got it. A few more lines, and it'll be ready for the first edit!" he declared. "Don't wait up!"

"That's great, hon," she said, but she was already forgotten.

Angie whispered a prayer as she closed the door to the study, asking for help in quelling the effects of her husband's off-hand love tap. Despite her fervent prayer, the innocent little swat lingered for a long time. It had been...a while...since they'd been intimate, and her body was starting to protest by enhancing the little stuff. A kiss, a hug, a swat, it all got her body tingling, making her have to fight it off in silence. Or at least as silent as she could pray.

Her husband's other comment came back to her, about their history at the Quarry, which she was well-aware of. Nick had been conceived there after an evening of revelry and her first taste of alcohol. She remembered the trip to his tent, giggling and touching, clothing discarded in the warm evening. Her mother's warnings about the consequences of premarital sex were discarded just as easily, and in the space of two minutes her life had changed.

Angie knew that her mistake, which had lead to marriage and her beautiful baby boy, was part of why she didn't want Nick going to the Quarry unchaperoned to potentially suffer the same fate. She wouldn't give up her family for anything, but that night had been disastrous for eighteen-year-old Angie.

Shaking away the memories, she put her mind to what she would need to do over the next couple days to prepare for the camping trip. Thankfully, the task distracted her enough that when she was done brainstorming, her incipient desire had faded away.

She headed to bed, poking her head into Nick's room on the way. "Night, Nick."

He turned from what looked like homework and said, "Night...Mom...I was thinking about it, and I'm glad you're coming camping with us."

"Oh!" she said. "Why the change of heart?"

He shrugged a little. "We haven't gone on a trip or anything since Dad...well, I realized it'd be fun to get away. The guys just have to suck up having two women along."

"Well, I'm glad. I promise we won't get in your way, but we need to be there, to make sure you're safe...in every way."

"That makes no sense," he said, bemused.

"It doesn't have to. I'm your mom, and I know what's best. Get some sleep, you have school tomorrow, and you'll need to pack after."

"Okay. Love you, Mom," he said.

"Love you, too." She closed his door and went to bed.

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The next couple days went by in a whirlwind of new and routine tasks. Angie didn't work Thursday or Fridays, so had lots of time to pack for the weekend. She put together what she thought she'd need, then went through and removed a bunch of stuff...and then added it back in again. It had been a while since she'd been camping, and her instincts were off. The weather report expected clear skies but some cold nights, so she packed warm gear, then she packed rain gear, just in case. By the time Friday afternoon rolled around, she was looking forward to the mini trip.

The KIA was packed to the gills with food, gear and tents when they left the house, and by the time they'd picked up more boys, there wasn't room for anything else. Janey was coming in her car, bringing Tom.

"Ready, everyone?" Angie asked, looking in the rear view mirror at Bill and Hal. They nodded. They'd clearly been surprised to find their chaperones were still intent on going with them.

"Ready, Mrs Haskins," said Bill.

"Oh, call me Angie for the weekend, Bill. We don't want to cramp your weekend,

so act as you normally would."

"Sure thing, Angie," said Hal, grinning. He burped and rolled down the window to spit.

Angie rolled her eyes. She knew if she reacted it would only encourage him. The other boys laughed, and their weekend was kicked off on a high, if vulgar, note.

The old quarry wasn't too far away, but was at the end of a long dirt road, high up in the hills that surrounded the town. When they got to the Quarry itself, there were a few other cars parked in what amounted to a big rocky field. Angie pulled in, parking close to some picnic benches, Janey close behind.

The area had changed only a little since Angie's time. The picnic benches were new, as were a few signs warning of a lack of lifeguards around the medium sized pool, and some camping spots delineated by logs.

The boys ferried the gear to a couple nearby spaces, each with a picnic table and a fire ring. Angie and Janey chipped in, and soon there were five tents set up, scattered around with no clear eye for organization. The sun wouldn't go down for a few more hours, but the temperature was already dropping in the higher elevation, so Angie went to put on a sweater.

To her amazement, when she emerged from her tent, the boys were changed into swimsuits already, and running towards the body of water that used to be the quarry. She was surprised to see they'd even grabbed towels.

"That water's got to be freezing. They're going to be super cold," said Janey, who was also wearing a warm sweater.

Shaking her head, Angie went to start a fire. The boys would need something warm when they emerged from the pool. "Did you bring your suit?" she asked, stacking kindling.

"No way. I couldn't handle the cold. Did you?"

"I did, but now that I'm here...maybe if it's super warm tomorrow I'll go in."

Janey set up the stove to boil water, and it had barely started bubbling when all four boys came stumbling back to the fire, towels wrapped around their shoulders. She handed out mugs of hot chocolate to the shivering boys.

"Thanks, Mrs Nolan," said Nick, taking his mug.

"Oh, go ahead and call me Janey. At least for the weekend."

"Thanks, Janey!" said Hal, holding up his mug from his spot by the fire, his charmingly cheeky grin still in place.

When the hot chocolate was done, the boys disappeared into their tents to get changed, before coming back to the fire to keep warming up. Angie couldn't sit still with nothing to do, so started getting dinner ready. She'd brought more food

than they probably needed, but they'd eat well.

As the evening wound down, the other cars started to disappear until they were the only ones left. Nick and Billy dragged some logs to the fire ring to sit on, and Angie brought out the makings of s'mores.

"Thanks again, Angie! I'm glad you two came along, you thought of everything," said Tom. "The last time I went camping with my brother, we had to live on cold hot dogs for the entire weekend."

"Yeah, thanks!" echoed Billy and Hal.

"Thanks, Angie," said Nick, last of all, and her name sounded funny coming from him.

Angie smiled, happy she hadn't ruined their weekend entirely with her insistence on them being chaperoned.

The evening wore on with idle talk about sports. Tom mentioned a girl he was interested in, and all four looked in the women's direction. When Angie simply smiled and shared a look with Janey, they continued on, but she noted they were very respectful of the girl in question.

The long day of packing and setting up, and the warmth of the fire, soon had Angie's eyes drooping. She fought off going to bed until she couldn't anymore. "I'm done. Have a good night, boys."

"I'll be in a bit," Janey said.

The boys bid her good night, and soon Angie was in her tent, slipping off her sweater. It had been years since she'd last camped, when Nick was much younger, and she didn't miss this bit at all. She hated sleeping in her clothes, so had to change into PJs, exposing herself to the cold air.

Shirt, then bra, were discarded, thrown to the corners of the tent in her haste, and it brought back the memory from years ago, of a much warmer night when her clothes went flying. She glanced down reflexively at her body, so different and yet the same as that night all those years ago.

Her breasts, large nipples erect from the cold, were heavier and sagged some, nothing like the perky set she'd had back then. Her middle wasn't as narrow, her hips and butt slightly more padded, but her proportions were the same. She might not be as thin as she was at 18, but she felt she looked good. If only Charles could reinforce that with some affection...

Angie put on her flannel PJs and scrambled to get into her sleeping bag, rubbing her hands over her arms and legs to warm up. It was a good quality bag, and she was soon comfy. The flashlight she'd brought into the tent wasn't convenient enough to read her book by, so she turned it off and closed her eyes.

She wished Charles was there with her, so they could recreate the moment that brought their son into the world...hopefully lasting longer this time, she thought, stifling a giggle. The thought warmed her insides, and she was forced to pray it away. Janey joined her a few minutes later, going through her preparation, and

then silence fell over the campground.

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The morning was as cold as sin, and Angie stayed in her sleeping bag as long as she could, until her bladder forced her to get up. She moved quietly to avoid waking Janey, but the other woman still shifted in her bag. Emerging from her tent, Angie went straight to the outhouse, and then to the stove to start heating water for coffee.

Coffee was followed by breakfast, and soon the sounds of stirring campers joined the crackle of cooking bacon. First out of his tent was Hal, his easy smile leading the way to the pan full of meat. When he went to snag a small chunk that was off to the side, he looked at Angie first.

She shrugged. "I'm not your mom," she said.

He smiled wider and yanked the cooked bit out of the pool of fat it was in, quickly blowing on it before popping it in his mouth. He crunched away happily. "Thanks Angie...we seem to be saying that a lot. We'll have to find something to make you say thank you."

It was casually said, but Angie detected a slightly cheeky undertone. She chose to ignore the comment, turning away to hide the rush of heat she felt in her cheeks.

"What is she thanking us for?" came a new voice. It was Nick, and he also went

hunting for a nugget of cooked bacon.

"Nothing yet. I was saying we need to find something to do for her so she does."

"Like what?"

"I dunno. We could make lunch? Build a fire for when she goes swimming? Pull a thorn from her paw?"

"She's not a lion, dumbass," Nick said, thumping his friend on the shoulder.

"Lioness, maybe? Tiger? Cougar?"

This last was said when Nick was at the bacon pan again, and Angie didn't miss the twinkle in Hal's eye when he said it. Her estimation on how many girls he might have gotten a kiss from went up a notch. It wasn't what he was saying, more how he said it, inviting her to laugh with his cheekiness.

The other two boys joined them, and finally Janey, and Angie had to shoo them all away to finish cooking. By the time everyone was fed and the dishes done, the group was clearly ready for something to do. Angie went for her book, making clear her intent to stick in the camp. Janey pulled her phone out. The boys grabbed water bottles and snacks, promising to be back for lunch.

"We'll be here. Don't fall off any cliffs," Angie said, getting sarcastic laughter in

response.

She read her book, snacked and had more coffee until the morning warmed up enough for her to take off her outer layer. It was peaceful with the two of them, and she had time to reminisce about the last time she'd been up here.

The place truly didn't seem to have changed much. She could still imagine where the tent had been...over by that rocky outcropping. They'd set it up away from the group, for privacy, but it hadn't prevented everyone from hearing the short bout of activity within the thin cloth walls that fateful night.

She could still remember the fumbling in the dark, his shocking hardness that had felt so good in her softness. The brief pain, the briefer pleasure, and then the grunting as Charles finished. She hadn't even known what happened at first; why he'd stopped, why there was so much wetness. Sleep had followed soon after, in a drunken tumble of limbs.

The next morning was the worst. A headache to never forget. Awkward silences as they packed up. The looks from their friends. Eventually the rumours reached her mom, and Angie was called every name in the book, until she ended up pregnant and it got even worse. She'd never seen her mother so angry, and Angie thought her mother never really stopped being angry until the day she died.

Every day of her pregnancy was accompanied by her mother's admonishments, and even a rushed marriage hadn't been enough to placate her. When Nick was two, and Angie was thinking about having another child to work towards the big family she always wanted, the memory of the abuse she'd suffered was enough to put the idea to rest. Charles didn't protest. To this day, the thought of getting

pregnant was enough to make her break out in a cold sweat.

"What do you think they're getting up to?" Janey asked.

"Um, probably something dangerous that we don't want to know about," Angie said, shaking off the memories.

In an effort to lighten her mood, Angie went for a walk around the Quarry. She stood by the pool for a bit, testing the water. It was frigid, but if the day continued to warm up, it might be bearable in the afternoon. Down to the last of her layers, she was forced to pop open the top two buttons of her shirt to cool down. She made sure the boys weren't around to see.

Jane put together some sandwiches for lunch, with veggies and Coke, and it was ready in time for the four dusty, tired boys that tramped into camp. They took their plates of food, sat in chairs around the cold fire pits, and ate enthusiastically.

"Have a good walk?" Angie asked, taking a bite of carrot.

"Yeah it was," enthused Billy. "We saw an eagle grab a rabbit, and scared some grouse."

"There was a great view over the valley behind us," said Hal. "I could take you to see it."

Angie knew of the view. "That's ok, I've seen it," she said, realizing her mistake too late.

The boys exchanged glances. "You've seen it?" asked Nick. "I thought the Quarry was for degenerates."

"It is. Was. I came here when I was your age, and it was much different back then. Well...," she looked around. "Not much different, but the people who came here are. Were. I just mean, this place has had a bad reputation, so I'm glad to see it's back to the wholesome family space it used to be." It had never been a wholesome family place, unless you counted teenagers getting in the family way, but they didn't need to know that.

More looks exchanged. "Okay, if you say so," her son said, clearly not believing her.

Janey stuck up for Angie. "No, it's true. We were warned away from the Quarry in our senior year due to homeless people squatting."

After lunch and cleanup, the boys put their suits on again and went to the pool, taking turns jumping in. As the afternoon advanced the heat continued to rise, until Angie finally decided it was hot enough to brave the cold water.

In her tent, she changed into her one piece suit, doing her best to block out the fact she was heading to swim with four teenage boys. The suit was a modest one which covered her entire torso, but she knew that wouldn't matter to a teenage boy.

Grabbing her towel, she walked over the stony ground to the pool, pretending not to notice when the divers went silent at her approach. Taking a deep breath to prepare herself for the shock, she threw herself forward, hands arched over her head and cut into the water.

Instant regret. Angie plunged down into the depths, body registering the cold as a hammer. She frantically swam to the surface and then to the sheer rock edge, quickly pulling herself out of the frigid pool.

Warmth returned with the sun, and she blew water from her nose. Hal was nearby and held out her towel, which she gratefully took. Her legs and arms, bare of her suit, were freezing, so she rubbed the cloth over them to return circulation before wrapping it around her shoulders.

"Jeepers, that was colder than I thought!" she said, spitting water from her face where it dripped from her hair. The rock under her was cold, so she walked to a dirt patch where it was warmer and stood shivering in her towel.

"We've been sticking to the shallow bit. The deep part is too cold," Hal said. He was standing nearby, seemingly solicitous.

It seemed to take forever to soak in enough warmth from the sun to stop shivering, but once she did, she noticed that Hal was glancing at her chest more than he was anything else. She shuffled her towel a bit to close it up around her torso, and Hal gave her his best grin, as if they'd shared a moment. He was entirely non-threatening, and good looking enough to get away with the light flirting, but she still gestured for him to go swim. He did, with a holler as he

jumped in the water.

"He's not going to stop unless you tell him to," Nick said, from her other side.

"Pardon?" she asked, looking up at her son. She had to squint because the sun was right behind his head, giving his drying blonde hair a halo effect, which made him look like an angel.

"He won't stop flirting. He does it with all the girls. If you tell him to stop, he will, but otherwise will keep on making silly comments."

"Really? Even older women?"

"He was moved to another English class after spending too much time around Mrs. Jacobs."

"Well...some women are lonelier than others, and enjoy the attention, even if it's not appropriate," she said. Immediately, she regretted it. What did it say about her, that she wasn't reprimanding Hal? Was she lonely?

"Don't worry, I'll tell him," Nick said.

"Well...if he's that persistent, then thank you. I think he's sweet, so don't be harsh."

Nick smiled, shaking his head. "That's what they all say. Mrs. Jacobs called him 'her sweetie'."

"Wow. Okay, well thank you for looking out for me." Angie shook her head at the idea of a teacher humouring a student even a little.

"Of course. We have to stick together, with dad busy all the time. And, uh, you look really nice in your suit."

Angie blushed, shocked at the compliment. "Thank you, that's sweet of you to say," she replied politely, as he walked back to the pool.

She watched the boys frolic in the water, the scene reminding her of that day almost 19 years ago, of her friends doing the same thing, of Charles leaping into the water in the most ridiculous way to get her attention. He'd had it already, but she enjoyed the attempts anyway.

At that moment, Hal did a backflip into the water, waving to her as he did, and she realized that Nick was right: he'd keep doing it, just like Charles had done. Angie felt a flutter of pleasure that someone still found her attractive, before she cut it down. Hal was a walking hormone factory, willing to get cozy with any woman who had a pulse, and it would be better if she went and changed out of her swimsuit.

Walking back to the camp, she was half way there when she looked back and saw the boys had paused to watch her go. Even Nick was looking her way, a funny thoughtful expression on his face. She shivered, unsure if it was the intensity of his

gaze, or her cold suit.

Angie pondered her son's comment about his father, and the hint of acid behind it. Their lives had changed the day Charles had declared he was going to become a deacon. He said it was a revelation from God, and had pursued it doggedly since, but it had taken Angie a lot of prayer and patience to wrap her head around the sacrifices needed for her husband to achieve his goal. Clearly Nick was still struggling.

Angie spent the rest of the afternoon lounging in the shade with her book, and Janey did the same on her phone. They chatted now and then, keeping an eye on the boys. She felt silly for insisting on coming with them - the Quarry wasn't like it was when she was a girl. No groups of coeds coming together to frolic and flirt. No tents pitched away from the crowd in a bid for privacy. No vans pulling up with blasting stereos, packed with alcohol. Wherever the kids partied nowadays, it wasn't here.

For dinner, Janey made them all steak and potatoes, a magical feat on the small camping stove. The sun slowly sank to the horizon, and the fire was lit again. Hal produced a guitar from his tent, and started strumming and humming.

This was a scene that was familiar to Angie. If they had a bottle to pass around, it would look exactly as it did all those years ago. Thank goodness they didn't. At one point Hal tried to sit next to Angie on her log, but Nick good-naturedly waved him off, saying it was his spot.

Angie gave her son a warm smile to thank him. She knew Hal was harmless in this setting, but it was sweet that Nick was looking out for her.

The shadows got long and the cold settled in, so they built up the fire as high as it could go in the ring. Another round of s'mores and hot chocolate kept energy high but the long day took its toll. Tom knocked off first, yawning and rubbing his eyes. Billy followed, and then Janey. Hal finished whatever song he was strumming and then wandered off to his tent.

Nick and Angie sat on their log, watching the dying fire. She'd have to put some water on it before heading to bed, but wasn't quite ready yet.

"You know your dad hasn't abandoned us, right?" she asked quietly.

He took a bit to answer, poking at the fire with a stick. "Yeah, I know. I see a lot less of him, though. Why is he so set on this?"

"He felt a calling, and listened to what God was asking of him. It's all we can ever do, is pray and listen. One day you'll feel a call from God, and I hope you pursue it."

Nick didn't comment, jabbing at the fire some more. They sat in silence until Angie happened to look up and gasped. The night sky was alive with stars, clearer than she'd seen in years. "Look," she urged, pointing up.

Nick looked, and murmured, "Wow..."

Angie stood and walked away from the fire and its yellow, flickering light to help

her vision, goggling at the thousands of lights staring back at her. She looked for the constellations she knew, pointing them out to Nick, who had come to stand next to her. As they watched, a shooting star flew by overhead, streaking through the sky.

"Make a wish!" she said, pointing. Her regrets about forcing the boys to take her and Janey along vanished in the magical moment. "I wish your dad was here," she said.

"I do too. Is he gone from us forever, do you think? Or will he come back?" Nick asked quietly.

Angie didn't answer right away. She didn't want to lie, but the truth hurt to say out loud. "I...don't know. We've got to give him our support so he can pursue his calling. If we start pressuring him to do what we want, it'll be that much harder."

"But what about us? We basically don't have a dad or a husband."

"We do," she stressed. "He's busy right now, and while he's busy, we can be here for each other, okay? Like me filling in as Youth leader, you can help fill in for your dad while he's on his path."

They were standing very close, and Nick's height meant she had to look up at him. He turned to her, face hidden in shadow, outlined by the light of the fire behind him.

"Really?" he asked.

"Of course." Angie was about to suggest some ways he could help when he leaned down and kissed her.

Angie was 19 years younger when Charles had kissed her in the dark, under the stars. They'd kissed before, a few times, but not like that time. It was romantic, and sweet, and she'd wanted it to go on forever. He'd looped his arms around her, pulling her close, and she'd pressed back, the start of what later led to a baby named Nick.

Angie was caught up in the same moment, except instead of her husband, it was her son. She pulled back, startled, unsure how long the kiss had gone on for. "Nick!" she blurted, taking a step back and wiping her mouth.

Her night time kisser closed the distance between them, reaching out to her, and she took another step.

"Stop!" Her lips were buzzing pleasantly, so she wiped them again. "Why did you do that?"

His shadowy figure shrugged a little. "I couldn't help it. You're so pretty in the moonlight. Like at the pool today. I never noticed...anyway, it's what Dad would do."

"I didn't mean for you to fill in that way," she complained, keeping her voice low.

Needing light to see his face, she stomped back to the fire.

"Why not? Weren't you missing him just then? Kissing under the stars is pretty romantic, I think." He followed her to the fire.

Angie shivered at how close his words echoed Charles' from all those years ago. For the first time, she heard his voice without a mother's ear, and noticed he had the same tones and timbres as his father. "Well, it's not right," she said, sitting back down at the fire.

"It felt right," he said, simply, sitting next to her.

Angie wanted to edge away from him, but she was at the end of the log. She stared into the low flames, unable to meet his eyes, which she knew were on her. Her lips still tingled, and she kept wiping at them to make them stop.

"If Dad was here, he'd kiss you again, but he's not. I am," he said, his voice low and close.

Shivers ran down her back and up her neck. Angie stood, going for the bucket of water. "Time for bed," she announced, dousing the fire. The hiss and whoosh of steam rising in the air punctuating her words.

"Mom, come on, it's me," Nick said, standing as well. He wrapped his arms around her.

Angie stood frozen for a moment, before returning the hug. She clutched at her son, mind a muddle, but knowing she couldn't let a silly kiss get between them.

Nick spoke, his voice coming from over her head. "I'm, uh, sorry I surprised you. I've known for a while that I was going to kiss you, it was just a matter of when. You're the most beautiful, awesomest woman I know, and it's been eating me up that dad is ignoring you for this Deacon thing. You deserve affection and attention and love, and I want to give that to you, to take over the duties he dropped. The kiss was, like, my way of saying it," he said, his voice an eerie echo of his father's.

Love and relief washed over Angie. He was looking out for her, trying to be there for her, in his idiotic way. "You could have said that, instead of something really inappropriate," she said, still hugging him.

"I know, but it wouldn't have felt the same. Now you know what it felt like, and you know I'm here for you. We're here for each other. Next time it won't be so shocking."

"Next time?" she bleated, her voice cracking. "There won't be a next time."

"Sure there will. You need this, and because Dad won't, I will."

"Won't what? What doesn't your dad do?" she asked, afraid of the answer.

"I know, Mom. I know when he disappears in the study and closes the door, and you start whispering that prayer. I know when he practices his sermon for you,

and runs off, you stare after him and pray. What are you praying for?"

"Patience," she whispered. It felt so liberating to say it out loud to another person, to share her burden even if it was her son. She loved her husband, but she was being tested right now, more than ever before.

"Patience for what?"

"Patience to wait until he comes back to me," she lied. The truth wasn't for her son.

"Exactly. I know you go to bed much earlier than he does. You don't disappear into your room together anymore. He doesn't do Youth Group anymore. He doesn't ask me about school. He's dropped out of our lives, for the church."

Angie didn't respond, just hugged him. Without the fire, the night was only lit by the stars. She pulled away, abandoning his warmth for the cold darkness. "I'm going to bed. We have an early morning, and we need to be at church in time for your father's sermon."

"Yeah, okay. I mean it, Mom. I'm here for you. Have a good sleep. I love you."

"I love you, too," she said automatically.

Angie peed and went to her tent, changing into her PJs as quietly as she could. Her

mind was numb and she let it be that way, using it to drop off to sleep without unending questions. Her final waking act was to yet again try and rub the tingling from her lips.

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The morning was a whirlwind of activity. Angie's alarm woke her in time to get everyone up and packed. After a quick cold breakfast, the gear was thrown into the cars and they set off down the dirt road.

She did her best to keep a normal facade, even while fretting over the events of the night before. Nick's surprising kiss, and his even more surprising knowledge of his parents' relationship. In the cold reality of the morning, she was inclined to chalk it up as an innocent mistake borne of magical stars and an intimate fire, but there was still a part of her afraid he'd been serious.

One by one they dropped the other campers off before heading home to unload, quickly dumping camping stuff into the garage and house to be dealt with later.

Charles greeted them, looking fresh, dressed in a suit, his salt-and-pepper hair carefully combed in the swept-back style that Angie liked so much. He beamed at his wife and son and said, "There you are! Just in time, I want to get there early. Go get cleaned up!"

Needing something - validation, reassurance, whatever it might be - Angie went to hug her husband but he backed away hastily, holding up his hands. "Woah, woah! You're filthy, go shower, I don't want to get messed up before church." He smiled

when he said it, but was serious.

Angie smiled wearily and nodded, lowering her arms. Glancing at Nick, she pursed her lips and stalked off down the hall. Behind her, she heard her husband ask, "What's gotten into her?"

The bathroom door slamming cut off whatever else might have been said. Angie stripped off her clothes while the shower heated up, feelings hurt. Yes, she hadn't showered in a day, but she hadn't been rolling in the dirt. Charles' rejection hurt more than anything in a long while, reinforced by what Nick had said last night about her being neglected.

Hurt and frustrated, Angie stepped under the warm water, but it only stripped away dirt, not feelings. Quickly scrubbing away at her body, Angie couldn't help catalogue other frustrations in her marriage. She'd always done what Charles wanted, kept him in mind when she made decisions, doing what she thought he'd want. She'd always been looking to please him, and he'd thrown her aside for the church. What was wrong with her? Was it true, she was too old now? No spring chicken?

Soapy hands slicked over the curves of her hips and down her legs, then back up to her breasts, coating them. As usual, her nipples woke up under the stimulation, testament to how responsive they were. Knowing time was short, she put her thoughts away and hurried through her shower. She still had to put on some makeup, find an outfit, and arrange her hair into something that wouldn't offend the older parishioners.

Out of the shower, she heard Charles practicing his sermon, his stentorian tones

echoing through the house. As ever, they sent a little thread of desire through her. She whispered her prayer, knowing she would need the help, not caring if Nick could hear her.

When she emerged from her room, ready to go, she found Nick waiting for her in the hall. He was wearing a button-down shirt and crisp jeans. "You look nice," she said, automatically.

"You do too," he said, gesturing at the long yellow dress she'd chosen. "Dad's in the car already. I told him I'd make sure you didn't 'dawdle'." He used air quotes, so she knew it was Charles' word.

"Well, let's go then. I just need a shawl for my shoulders until it warms up."

"Mom," Nick said, stepping close.

"Yes?" she asked. In her rush she'd managed to forget the night before, and didn't register his intent.

"You look very nice," he murmured, and leaned in to kiss her, a quick but full-lipped kiss, such as her husband might have given.

Angie blinked once, mind blank. He'd done it again.

"We should go," he said, gesturing to the door.

Angie stepped past him, taking her shawl from the back of the door as she went. She didn't have time to figure out the Nick situation; she had to support her husband. Keeping her face as still as she could, she walked to the car while trying to banish the tingling on her lips and the heat brewing...elsewhere.

Church was church. Angie had attended thousands of services in her life, and could navigate them in her sleep. She was a good Christian, she knew that, but the observance could get a little dry at times. A little too routine. This week was no different than any other - greeting friends, finding her pew, sitting, standing, singing, praying - until it was time for the sermon.

Angie had kept an eye on her husband at his spot up front with the Reverend, noting his extra loud singing, and exuberant praying. He was on fire. When it was time for him to step up and deliver his carefully crafted sermon, she was all ears, fully present for whatever message he had for the congregation; the bits she'd heard hadn't given it away.

Family. His sermon was about family, and the importance of it. The message he had spent so much time on, abandoning his wife and son, was about the sanctity of family. It was so hypocritical she might have laughed out loud, except he delivered it so sincerely. He truly thought he was doing the right thing ignoring them in order to preach to others.

Angie felt Nick stir next to her on the pew, and she knew she wasn't the only one noting the clash between message and reality.

The rest of the service was a blur of routine.

The parishioners gathered in the church hall after the service each week to have tea and coffee and catch up, and this week many of them approached Angie to offer their congratulations to her, as if she had been the one up there preaching about family. She smiled and thanked them, the perfect Deacon's wife.

When Charles appeared, changed from his robes, he gave her the hug he'd denied her earlier, beaming from ear to ear. "How fantastic was that?" he asked, his enthusiasm reaching others nearby.

"You were great, dear," she murmured, smiling.

"Thanks! I couldn't have done it without you two, especially this weekend, giving me the space to finish it up."

"Happy to help," she said.

"I'll need more of that help. Reverend Jones asked me to fill in for the Wednesday services. I can lead the prayers and give sermons!"

His joy was infectious, and Angie's smile turned genuine, despite her feelings. "That is an honour!" she gushed, able to recognize it as such.

"I'm going to spread the word, try and get as many people to attend on Wednesdays as I can." He left her then, moving to the different clusters of people standing in the hall.

The most urgent bit of business - the sermon - had gone well, but Angie still had a problem.

Nick kissed me last night, and again this morning, she thought, trying out the words.

They felt wrong. After his sermon about family, it felt wrong to shine a light on issues in theirs. Better to keep quiet, and deal with Nick on her own.

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The rest of Sunday passed in a haze of worry and preoccupation for Angie. Charles didn't notice, still on his high from the successful reception of his sermon. Nick stayed in his room.

The worried mom pattered around the house, doing chores, unable to properly articulate her feelings but pushing forward anyways; there were things to get done, and the activity helped keep her thoughts at bay.

Monday was a bit better. She made sure she was in her room when Nick left for school. Work that day went well, and then she was home making dinner, Charles in his study and Nick in his room. A glimmer of hope rose in her that maybe she could just forget the kisses ever happened.

That hope was dashed after dinner when Charles had went to his study, saying he

only had two evenings to write his next sermon. Angie was at the sink, arms deep in the water, scrubbing at a dish.

"Hey, Mom," Nick said, coming up behind her. His voice seemed deeper than normal, sending chills down her back. "Thanks for dinner, it was delicious."

Angie turned to smile and Nick leaned in and kissed her, exactly as he'd done before church. Intimate, soft, and much longer than a son should kiss his mother. She pulled away, eyes wide with anger. "You have to stop doing that," she husked, looking behind her to make sure they were alone.

"Why? I love you, and want to show it. Dad's too busy to do it." He looked excited, his cheeks pink. His tongue flicked along his lips, as if tasting where her lips had been.

Angie suppressed the urge to taste her own lips. She said, "Whether he's busy or not, sons don't kiss their mothers...like that." She lifted a wet hand to push a stray lock of hair from her face, where it had pulled from her ponytail. The water made it stick to her face, and she tried to blow it away.

Nick moved it with one finger, tucking it away behind her ear. His touch tickled and tingled as he traced down to her lobe.

She shivered at the goosebumps that drifted down her neck. "Stop," she said quietly. "Why are you doing this stuff?"

"It's what Dad used to do," he said. "Like this." Nick stepped behind her, putting his hands on the swell of her hips, and leaning down to kiss her neck.

Angie tried to shrink away, to deny him his goal, but had nowhere to go, and he easily planted a series of kisses on her neck, each one sending a new wave of goosebumps down her back. She managed to turn and push him away with a wet hand. "Stop! This is not okay, Nick!"

"Not okay? Mom, your body doesn't agree with you." He pointed at her chest, and she looked down to see the outline of her ever-responsive nipples on her shirt. "Mom, it is okay. We're in this together, remember? Dad might be missing out, but you don't have to."

She turned back to the sink, flustered and embarrassed, entire body alive from the burning impression of his lips on her neck. "Enough. Go to your room, please."

He left without a reply.

Angie finished the dishes, trying to banish the voice of her mother chastising her for having erect nipples. 'This is why you got pregnant - those displays of sin.'

Instead of her dead mother, she tried to think of a way to get it through Nick's head that he needed to stop, for both of their sakes. The problem was, he was just as stubborn as his father; when he found a purpose, he pursued it.

She went to the living room intending to read, but instead kept the lights down

and sat on the couch, head back and eyes closed. Nick's dogged pursuit of filling in for his father was...admirable...if misguided. The problem was, he had the body of a man now, and was affecting her the same way a man would.

What could she do? Tell Charles? It would break him to find out his call from God had resulted in his son's inappropriate behaviour. Go nuclear, and punish? Nick didn't have bad intentions, just bad methods, and Angie was intent on not becoming her mother. Maybe an honest heart to heart would get through to him?

With Charles sequestered in his study, now was the perfect time. Angie went to her son's room, and after a brief knock, she opened his door to find him on his bed, on his phone.

"Hi, can we talk?" she said, sitting in the chair at his desk.

"Of course," he said, putting his phone down.

Angie met his eyes, and put all of her compassion and love into her message. "I know your intentions are good, but how you're going about it is not. I'm not your wife, and you're not my husband. It's not your job to make me feel better. My relationship with your father is none of your business; we're doing fine. I need you to stop with the inappropriate stuff and be my son again. Does that make sense? I love you, and love that you have my happiness in mind, but this is not the way."

He at least seemed to consider it, his eyes on hers, before saying, "Mom, you're being silly. Dad is not there for you. I know you love him, I do too, but there's no reason for you to suffer when I can fill in for him. When was the last time you

made love?"

"Nick! That is none of your business!" she blurted, shocked.

"That's what I thought. You have needs, and Dad isn't able to meet them. I can. Think about it: Dad can have his calling, and you can stay happily married because I'll take over the physical stuff."

"Nick Halston, you are making no sense at all! There is no way we are going to be 'physical'!" Angie's heart was pounding at the nonsense coming out of her son's mouth.

Nick stood up from his bed and walked over to her. He gently bent and took her elbows, raising her out of the chair. "Mom, let's start simple. Okay? Little stuff, like touching or kissing. We've already kissed, so it's nothing new, and you'll see that I can take over for Dad."

"I am not kissing my son, or letting him touch me!" she exclaimed. This whole heart to heart had not worked out at all. She turned to leave, and yelped when his hand landed on her bum, as casual a smack as his father might have done.

"Nick! That is enough!" Angie hastily retreated to her own bedroom. She stood by her bed, unsure of what to do, ignoring the warmth radiating from the cheek her son had so casually swatted. The warmth that threatened to go elsewhere...

Her sincere effort to get through to her son had gone nowhere, and his inability to

listen to her was beyond frustrating. She went to her vanity and sat down, staring at the woman in the mirror. Little wisps of blonde hair were floating around her head, and she looked haggard from stress. Knowing what she would see, she avoided looking...until she gave up and glanced at her chest to see the telltale nubs poking from her shirt, which were big enough to defy any bra or shirt.

The usual flush of shame hit her. It had originated eighteen years ago, about two months after the disastrous night at the quarry, when her relationship with Charles was hanging on by a thread. She'd been in front of this very vanity, no shirt or bra on, carefully examining her oddly tender breasts when her mother barged in and saw her performing 'self pleasure'. The resulting lecture had been intense, and it was what came to mind whenever she connected breasts with sexual pleasure.

Back then, her nipples had been small, easily hidden by her bra no matter their state, keeping her urges out of sight. When the pregnancy changed them, they became so thick they were impossible to hide and her mother made sure to always let her know it.

Now twice the age of that poor teenager, Angie's prayer for patience floated through the quiet room. It took three recitals of the prayer until she could no longer see the bumps in her shirt and no longer feel a pulse of pleasure when she squeezed her thighs together.

The prayer had calmed her mind as well, and Nick's suggestion came back to her. Kissing and touching. The kisses weren't so bad, all told, and not something that would be out of place in a slightly-more-friendly mother/son relationship. The butt swat was out of place, as was the neck kissing. She decided she could live with the kissing, if he let off the rest. Maybe it would satisfy his need to fill in for his father.

Unsure of the wisdom of compromising, she went to find her offspring again, barging into his room without knocking. "Okay. If you will swear not to touch me inappropriately, I will agree to a kiss now and then. Appropriate kisses."

He was at his desk, turning to her as if he'd expected her. "Kisses are a great start. I love kissing you, Mom. When you're ready for more, we can do more."

"That's not what I said," she pointed out, feeling her anger rising again. His calmness was so infuriating.

"Well, I'm not going to lie. I told you what I'm willing to do." His face was open and honest, the very opposite of threatening, which made it all the more frustrating.

"You're eighteen! How are you acting like this?"

"Because it's obviously what you need! Dad stopped paying attention to you, and you got all quiet and sad, praying all the time. When I kissed you at the Quarry, you smiled for the first time in months!"

Angie paused. "Smiled?" she said, confused and off track. "I didn't smile."

"Yeah, you did, Mom. Right after, in the starlight, you pulled away and had the biggest smile on your face."

"No, I..." Angie stopped, and thought back. Had she smiled? After a second, she shook the thought away. "So what? If I did smile, it was because the moment reminded me of a time when your father kissed me under the stars."

"When did he last do that?" Nick challenged. He stood up and walked to her.

"It doesn't -" was all she got out.

Nick took her by the arms and pressed his warm lips to hers. Angie's senses took in everything: his strength, his smell, his lips, his warmth. It all sent a surge of heat rushing from her cheeks to her breasts and then even lower. Thrown off by the rush of sensations,

Angie let the illicit kiss go on long enough to register her son's skill at it. Then the fog cleared to let in a single thought: 'Wrong'.

Angie pulled back, her lips buzzing, her body alive in a way she hadn't felt in months. "We can't," she complained, but there wasn't much force behind it. She had come to bargain for kisses, so why was she protesting?

Eyes shining, a satisfied look on his handsome face, he said, "You're smiling again."

Angie blinked, and let the smile she wasn't even aware of fall away. "I...I have to go," she said, and left his room.

Going to Charles didn't even occur to her. Instead she went right to her room and lay down, whispering her prayer the whole time. The little flares of desire she felt for her husband were nothing compared to the firestorm she'd felt just now.

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The next day, she tackled her routine with gusto, attempting to right the sinking ship of her life by acting as normal as possible. Her family was normal, and so was she. Everything was okay. Nothing weird had happened the night before.

It was her mantra all through the morning, all the way up to when she started making lunches at the kitchen island. Charles was eating breakfast at the table, reading his tablet, but Nick hadn't made an appearance yet. Angie could hear him elsewhere in the house, on his own routine before school. Her heart bumped once, for the routine included grabbing a granola bar from the kitchen before leaving.

When her son entered the kitchen, cheerfully greeting his parents, Angie smiled at the normality as he went to the cupboard behind her. The opening of the door was followed by what could have been an accidental brush across her bum...except the brush didn't end. In fact, the hand, for that's what it was, settled and came to rest comfortably on her hip.

Scream. Slap his hand away. Move! Angie wanted to do all of it, but did none of it, because it would spark off a firestorm in her family. The hand shifted slightly, and then the cupboard closed, and Nick stepped to her side. Angie looked up at him, dreading but knowing what was going to happen next. As if in slow motion, she watched her son lean in. Feeling like she had all the time in the world to stop him,

she didn't, instead silently surrendering to keep the peace. He kissed her, only feet from his father.

Like the night before, she got lost in it, his active lips capturing hers, sucking briefly at her bottom lip before pulling away. She watched him retreat, her cheeks glowing, her bum tingling, and for the first time, a definitive tingling in her privates. She blinked and returned to the world, time resuming.

Angie quickly checked on her husband, but knew that he hadn't turned. Hadn't rescued her by even looking up briefly. She wasn't sure if she was relieved or not.

"Bye, Mom, Dad," Nick said, walking to the door.

"Have a good day, son," called Charles, absently.

Angie went back to her lunch-making, letting out a long, careful breath, hyper aware of the trickle of heat that glowed between her legs. Prayer came next, more fervently delivered than ever before.

The rest of her day went well, her coworkers not seeming to suspect that she'd been kissed by her son multiple times. In the end, that's what it was, right? He was kissing her, she wasn't doing the kissing. She was on the receiving end, placating him, going along to get along. The thought kept her sane, despite a suspicion she wasn't being entirely honest with herself.

When she got home after work, Nick wasn't there, and neither was Charles, based

on their missing shoes by the door. She dropped her bag on the floor, heaving a big sigh of relief. An empty house was exactly what she needed, and she knew just what to do with it.

Heading to the bathroom, she unbuttoned her blouse along the way, letting the sides flap open. She deftly flicked the catch of her bra between her heavy breasts, the release of tension enough to make her sigh again. In the bathroom, she put the plug in the tub and started the water going. She hadn't had a bath in ages.

Candles, music, and wine all followed. Walking around the house with her shirt open made her feel like a hussy, but the freedom was part of the relaxation ritual. When she sank into the water, the heat wiping away random aches and melting tensions, she let out a third, bigger sigh.

She'd needed this.

Angie made a point of not indulging in alcohol too often - getting pregnant from a drunken night made her cautious of drinking too much - but the occasional glass of wine was pleasant.

The bathtub was big enough for her to sink down up to her chin and not have any other part exposed. She soaked until her wine was gone and she felt like a prune before getting out. Wrapping a towel around her hair, she put on her fluffy white robe before heading to her bedroom. She locked the door and quieted the ghostly recriminations in her head before pulling out the only thing keeping her sane these last many months: a slim rod, about 4 inches long, chosen because it reminded her of her husband.

The process of buying the little vibrator had been an eternity of baby steps. Admitting she needed it was only the first step, and the hardest as it went directly against her mother's teachings. Finding one to buy, browsing online stores because she was too shy to go into a sex shop, was next. Finally, clicking the 'buy' button, heart in her throat, sure that someone would burst into her bedroom and catch her, was the worst step of all.

In the days after she made her purchase she came home quickly to check the mail, nervous that someone's routine would change and her package would end up in curious hands. When the little toy arrived, she put it away deep in her closet, there to languish for another month.

Buying the toy, admitting she had to resort to it, was bad enough, but the first time she'd used it had been nerve-wracking. It must have been comical to watch. A grown woman walking to her closet and turning away over and over, never opening the door. In the end, her need had been too great, and she dug the box out, tearing the vibrator from the packaging and slipping under her blankets, still fully dressed.

Guilt lurked, making her feel bad for 'cheating' on Charles, and for even contemplating masturbation, against the teachings of her mother, but her prayers weren't enough to fend off her need. When she turned the little wand on, pressing it tentatively to her groin over her pants, she twitched hard, shocked at the sensation. But it felt good...very good. She tried again, pushing the little toy into her crotch, letting her inner coil wind up until it let loose in a little shiver.

The vibrator went deep into her drawers after, the guilt ramped up high, despite her released tension. It was weeks before she dared bring it out again, but she did eventually succumb to need, bringing herself another release.

The first time she tried pressing it against her bare labia was a revelation despite her shame, and she couldn't help exploring, even tentatively inserting the tip down into the entrance. It opened a new world, where she could make her own special shivers.

The guilt never really went away, but it did become more of a background murmur. In the days after she used the toy, she found herself able to focus on being a good wife and mother, instead of being distracted by an ache in her groin.

Now here she was again, a knot of pent up desire, needing relief. Deep inside, there was a hope that this would also banish the improper feelings she'd been having when Nick kissed her.

She sat on her bed, back against the headboard, and flipped her robe open, exposing herself to the room. Even this was something she'd have hesitated to do months ago, sure that her dead mother would barge through the door. Now, baring her body so brazenly was starting to feel different; instead of embarrassment, there was a hint of thrill at doing something naughty. Part of her wondered what would happen if Charles walked in on her like this, until his comment about 'spring chicken' came back to her.

Angie closed her eyes and dipped into her memories of the last time she'd been with her husband. They were lying in bed facing each other, under the covers, bare skin on skin, his hairy legs rubbing against her smooth ones. His hands were on her back as they kissed, his hard penis pressing against her hip. Lost in the memory, Angie placed the vibrator in the same spot on her hip and turned it on, running it along the same path his penis had gone: over the sleek blonde hair that covered her lower belly, and down.

This is where her memory and her actions diverged. At this point in her memory Charles was rolling onto her, hunching his lower body, trying to penetrate her, but in the present she spread her legs to make space for the vibrator.

Growing up, her mother had not told her anything about her body, except that men would want it, and it could lead to trouble. Any reference to her privates was exactly that: privates, an all-encompassing word that meant anything covered by underwear...and she wasn't to touch herself.

She'd had some sexual education at school until her mother found out and had her exempted. She'd managed to learn about the names of the parts of her privates, and it had always amazed her that the smallest part was also labelled. The clitoris. It was so small, why put a name to it? The first time she'd applied her toy to it, she'd found out why.

It was now her favourite part. She'd found that pressing the vibrator near but not on it would have her contorting on the bed in no time. Eventually, her experimentation had caused a new part of her to react: an inner muscle that squeezed inside when her special shiver arrived.

Angie knew the official term for her privates, the vagina, but she didn't like it. There was another word she'd heard friends use when she was a teenager, and she liked it very much. Like a cat, but much, much nicer. Her mother would never approve of her using that word.

She imagined Charles between her legs, rabbit-humping away, mashing his hips against hers in his usual way. She groaned as she moved the vibrator south,

stroking her gash until the tip nuzzled her entrance. She was close. With a delicious sense of anticipation, mind and body ramped up, she pushed the barest inch into her pussy.

The taboo word hung in her mind for an instant and then was smashed apart by the sound of a door slamming elsewhere in the house. Someone was home.

Angie stifled a groan, one very different from the ones she'd been making, and quickly turned off the toy, stuffing it under her pillow. She scrambled to her dresser to grab clothes, the ache of her thwarted pleasure pulsing in her privates. In her haste, she pulled her panties on too forcefully, jamming them against her needy clitoris, pulling a third type of groan from her. She took a deep, calming breath and finished dressing, putting on chinos, thick bra and a blouse before hastily pulling her still damp hair back into a ponytail.

Presentable again, Angie took several more deep breaths to calm her thumping heart, feeling like she'd had a close call, despite the locked door. She wasn't sure who had come home, but either way, her comfort level didn't extend to abusing herself while someone else was in the house.

Not hearing any more noises, Angie went to clean up the bath paraphernalia, all the benefits of her bath relaxation completely wiped out...except for the gradually diminishing tingling left by her aborted shiver.

With the candle put away, she took the wine glass to the kitchen to rinse and put in the dishwasher. When she turned, she jumped, for Nick was standing in the door watching her. She was still on edge from the interruption, feeling exposed despite not being found out.

"Gosh, you scared me," she said, putting her hand to her chest.

"Are you okay? Your face is really red," he said, going to the fridge. He pulled out the milk and poured himself a glass.

"Yeah, I uh, had a hot bath." She turned and surveyed the kitchen, looking for something to do, to keep busy.

"Oh, okay. I'm going to study, I wanted to say hi. Did you have a good day?"

Surprised by the normal conversation, she blinked and said automatically, "Yeah, it was fine."

"That's good," he said. He stepped in and kissed her, as he had that morning.

Angie saw it coming, but was too mentally frazzled to do more than she had that morning. When he leaned in, she found herself actually lifting her head to accept his mouth on hers. If she thought last night's kiss was difficult to stop, this was one ten times worse. Her body still buzzed, and when Nick's open lips pressed to hers, she felt her mouth open as well, his saliva wetting her lips.

She would always remember the first time she tasted her son's tongue. The jolt of electricity that hit her body took her breath away and she leaned into him, squishing her breasts into his chest. She wanted more, and she got it when a large hand landed on her bum, squeezing lightly. It was exactly what she wanted, but

his touch woke her from the haze of need she'd been lost in.

"No," she gasped, pulling away, pushing his hand from her. She caught one final glimpse of him, hands reaching for her, and then she was gone. Angie fled to her room, tears in her eyes at how far she'd fallen, how much she'd caved to her base desires.

Prayers filled her room for what felt like hours. She skipped making dinner, and when Charles came to the door she begged him to leave her alone, that she wasn't feeling well.

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Angie managed to go two days avoiding Nick, unsure of what to do. When Wednesday evening arrived, she was happy to head to church to listen to Charles' second ever sermon, hoping it was about something different than family.

Nick stayed home, to her relief, and she was able to find an empty pew to sit and sing and pray along with the few others who attended Wednesday services.

Charles' sermon was fine, if less polished than the Sunday sermon. It was on the subject of forgiveness, which was safe, because there was always someone to forgive in one's life. Angie thought about who she needed to forgive, and top of her list was her family. Charles, for not being there for her, and Nick for being very there for her...and herself, for being tempted.

In their car ride home, she enthused about her husband's newest effort, thinking, hoping, he would be able to take a break for a bit. "Do you have any plans this weekend? I was hoping we could go out," she said.

"Oh, too bad, hon," he said, eyes on the road. "Reverend Jones invited me to pray with him Saturday night."

"What about Friday?"

"Mmm, maybe Friday. Can I get back to you? I was hoping to take a break from writing and then get back to it Friday, but for my dumpling, I might skip it."

"Ha! That's a new one," Angie said. "You've never called me dumpling before."

"Yeah? Huh. It's how I think of you, because you're so soft and plump."

"Oh."

The rest of the ride was silent. Angie twisted her brain to find a way that 'plump' could be a compliment. Then she tried to think of the last time Charles had paid her an actual compliment, and couldn't. He always seemed to find ways to praise himself, but never her. How long had that been going on? She looked over at him, studying his features, the ones echoed in their son, and wondered if she actually knew her husband.

At home, Angie drifted through the house, unable to find something to occupy herself. Charles was in the living room, relaxing in front of the TV. Nick was in his room, doing who knew what. She went to the kitchen, but wasn't hungry. Went to her room, but didn't want to sleep. Went to the bathroom, but didn't want a bath. What did she want?

She ended up in front of Nick's room, staring at his closed door. Part of her shied away, thinking of the last time they were in a room together. Part of her was drawn to his kind words, and attention. She knocked and entered, finding him at his desk. "Do you think I'm plump?" she asked.

"Um, hey," Nick said, turning to her. He laughed, clearly caught off guard, but when he saw she was serious, furrowed his brow. "Um, no. Plump to me is on the way to fat. You're not fat at all, you're...I dunno, perfect."

"Perfect? Perfect how?" she asked, moving to his bed to sit down but keeping distance between them.

"Like, your face is so pretty, your lips, your nose, your eyes, your hair, it's perfect. Your arms are soft, your legs and your awesome butt, and your hips, god, I want to grab onto them. I don't have all the right words to describe you, you're...perfect. And, well...I wouldn't call your breasts plump, but they are, um, big. I'd like to touch them." He shifted in his seat awkwardly.

Angie realized right away she shouldn't have asked, and her response was heated. "You can't, it's bad enough you touched my bum!"

"Why not? If Dad does it, I should too...?"

Angie's shaking head had cut him off. "He doesn't, not there," she said.

At that, Nick looked confused. "But, but, that's crazy! Why?"

Angie shrugged, and smiled wanly. "He used to, I guess, a long time ago. Before I breastfed you...it's not a big deal."

"Mom, that's a super big deal. I thought his neglect was recent, but now it sounds like it's been going on for years! Don't worry, I'm here for you."

Angie opened her mouth, to tell him again that it wasn't his job, but stopped - he wouldn't listen, anyways. Instead, she said, "Can't you see how much this upsets me? I'm begging you to stick to the kisses. No more touching."

"It upsets you now, yes, but when it's happening you're definitely not upset. Every time I kiss you, your face lights up, like it used to when Dad did it. I know you're conflicted in your mind, but your body...I can see your excitement plain as day, and I'm just following your cues. You press yourself against me, and you're such a good kisser, and before I know it, my hands are itching to do more than hug."

Angie found she couldn't refute her son's claims, and was getting flustered. "Okay, well then, what about your dad? What if he saw us?" A nightmare scenario.

Nick laughed. "I thought about that. I actually don't think he'd notice. He's so self absorbed, he'd look right past it."

"Oh, come on," Angie protested. "There's no way your father would fail to notice you kissing me. Especially if your hands..." She trailed off, overcome by a bolt of needy fear at the idea of him touching her breasts.

"I disagree, but I suppose we can't test it. Unless...?" He let the end hang with a grin.

"No! We're not testing anything, and you need to be careful in the mornings when your dad is having breakfast. It'd be so easy for him to glance up."

"He won't, Mom."

"Still." Angie found herself floundering to obtain a concession from her son, anything to make her feel like she was in control. She wanted her little boy back, but all she saw when she looked at him was a man, with a man's wants and needs...and a man's body. "I need you to control yourself when your Dad is around. Please?"

"I can try. I don't think you realize how it feels when you kiss me back."

"Do your best, please."

"Sure, Mom. You do your best not to get that sexy smile, and I'll do my best to not react to it. You do your best not to push into me, and I'll do my best to keep my hands to myself. I wonder if either of us will succeed?" he said with a cheeky smirk.

"Nick!" Angie protested, but the rush of heat to her cheeks belied her tone. Sexy? Her? Charles had never called her that, at least not that she could remember. "You don't know how this feels. I appreciate that you're doing this for me, but I'm...I'm struggling with it."

Nick stood and lifted her to her feet, hugging her close. He spoke over her shoulder, his rich voice rumbling through his chest and into hers. "I get it, Mom. I swear I do. The thing is, I love you way too much to ignore what's going on. I'm here for you."

Angie knew that they wouldn't agree on the core argument. He was intent on 'helping', and she didn't think she needed it. Trying to think of a graceful way to end the conversation while showing what she did need, she asked, "Can I give you a kiss, my way?"

She pulled back enough to look up at her son. He was looking down at her with a smile. He nodded, and for the first time she kissed him. It was nothing like the kiss in the kitchen, or under the stars, or the last time she was in his room. It was a simple kiss with closed lips; a kiss she felt comfortable giving her son, hoping he would see the difference.

At least, that's what she wanted to show him. Instead, she found herself lingering, and after a few brief seconds, her mouth softened, moulding to his, extending the

kiss far longer than she'd intended. When her tongue found his, she knew she'd gone too far and pulled back, embarrassed, wiping the big smile from her face.

"I like your way, but it seems an awful lot like my way," Nick said, eyes dancing.

Angie blushed and left before he could ask for another of her kisses.

## Chapter 2

Angie woke up the next morning feeling relaxed, knowing she had a calm morning ahead of her, as she didn't work on Thursdays and Fridays. Her menfolk went through their routine, and when Nick came to say goodbye, she accepted his kiss with only a brief glance at her husband. It felt odd to be kissing another man behind his back, but it was their son, so it was different, right?

The day went by quickly as she knocked off her chores. When Nick came home, she waited to see if he would seek her out. He did.

"Hi Mom. Have a good day?" he asked.

"I had a great day," she said, beaming up at him from the couch, heart trip-hammering at what she knew was coming.

As expected, Nick bent to kiss her, a longer kiss than that morning, and she let him, trying to keep aware of her reactions to him. When he pulled away, Nick

glanced down at her chest, and she knew her nipples were showing. She crossed her arms over her chest self-consciously.

"I like it when, well, I can see them," he said, before leaving.

Angie quickly uncrossed her arms, to relieve the pressure on her pleasantly tingling nipples.

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Later that evening, Angie headed to choir practice, which was a highlight of her week. She enjoyed the gathering as much for the social aspects as the singing; it was a fun evening, and she always left in an upbeat mood. Plus, there was a healthy amount of gossip that made the rounds. When she arrived at the church hall, about half of the choir members were already milling about.

Finding Janey, she stood with her friend and surveyed the rest of the group. Now and then she caught someone's eye raking over the two of them, until it became too obvious to ignore. "Why is everyone looking at us?" she asked Janey.

"Because we went camping with the boys," Janey answered immediately.

"Huh? What's wrong with that?"

"Apparently Hal has been bragging he spent the weekend with two 'hotties',"

Janey said, with finger quotes. Her husband was the principal of the local high school, and had an inside ear into the rumours that went through there.

Angie felt a rush of shame and anger run through her. "That little so-and-so," she said, using the worst profanity she felt comfortable with. "And I thought he was sweet."

"Apparently Mrs. Jacobs felt the same way."

"Yeah, Nick told me," Angie said.

"Did you know that she's pregnant?"

Angie stared at her friend, stunned at the implication. "You're. not. saying," she said, stressing every syllable.

Janey nodded, still looking around at the rest of the choir. "Her husband left her, and there's rumours of him having had a vasectomy. Ted says that there's no evidence of any 'wrong-doing', so she's still working at the school."

"I can't believe it. It has to be someone else. Or her husband left for another reason. Not Hal."

Janey shrugged. "Now you know why we're getting the looks. Everyone thinks we're another couple of conquests, but this time with four of them at once, not

just Hal."

"But one of them is my son," Angie stressed, feeling trapped and exposed and victimized all at the same time.

"How do you think I feel? I had to reassure Ted nothing happened, as if I would go to the Quarry to have an orgy with teenagers." The scorn in her voice could peel paint.

"I'm sorry, Janey, I had no idea this would happen. I only wanted the boys to be safe."

Janey shrugged. "I know. I wish everyone else would believe me. Ted is furious. I don't envy Hal's school life. Oh well. It'll blow over once something new comes along."

"Poor Mrs. Jacobs. Do you really think Hal...?" Angie knew the pain of an unexpected pregnancy, and could only imagine the shame and disappointment the woman was going through. Her mother's angry scowl flashed in her memory.

"I don't know, and Ted doesn't either. Teenagers like to brag, but he isn't bragging about her. My gut tells me there's nothing to it. She might have cheated on her husband, but I don't think it was with Hal."

At that point, the choir director clapped his hands, calling the group to order. They quickly made their way to their spots, and practice began. Choir never failed to

disappoint when it came to gossip, but Angie had never been the focus of it. It was an unsettling feeling, but not nearly as unsettling as the idea of Hal and Mrs. Jacobs.

When she got home, she went to find Nick. Her heart beat a little faster as she approached his door. She wasn't there for a kiss, but her body didn't know that. Taking a calming breath, she knocked and entered. Nick was on his phone at his desk, texting someone.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey. Give me a second." A few seconds later, he put his phone down and smiled at her. "How was choir?" he asked.

"Illuminating. Did you know Mrs. Jacobs is pregnant?"

Nick pointed at his phone. "Yeah, I just found out. Pretty crazy, right?"

"That's one way of putting it. I'm not sure how to say this. People are saying Hal might have had something...to do with it?"

Nick's eyes bugged out, and he laughed. "No way, Mom. Hal is the one who told me. If it was him, he'd never shut up about 'knocking up the English teacher'." He quickly sobered and changed topics. "You, uuuh, know he's bragging about camping with you and Mrs Nolan, right?"

Angie made a face. "I heard. I won't be thanking him for that."

"It's okay, I already told him to knock it off. He's ok, he talks first and thinks later, you know?"

"Well, reputations are at stake. Janey and I don't need teenagers mouthing off about stuff like that...especially since..." Angie didn't finish her sentence, unable to actually put what they were doing in words.

Nick had no problems, though. "Since we're kissing?"

Angie nodded, cheeks hot.

"Speaking of, I wouldn't mind one now," he said.

"I don't know," she said weakly. "Your father's here. He must know I'm home; he might come find me." Despite her protests, Angie found herself licking her lips.

"He's in his study," Nick said, stepping closer until he was towering over her, his much larger body invading her personal space.

Angie swallowed hard, her son's proximity stroking her nerves like a psychic caress. "Okay...a little one," she said. She pursed her lips, intending a chaste peck.

"Seriously? That's not a kiss," Nick said, not moving.

Angie rolled her eyes and looked to the hallway before closing the door behind her. "Okay, but keep an ear out for your dad," she said, her heart beating faster, anticipating the feel of his mouth on hers.

He leaned in, almost touching her, his mouth close to hers, and stopped. His breath mingled with hers, and then he touched her lips with his, a gentle brush. Angie huffed, impatient, and closed the distance, her lips open in her haste to feel his. Sweet saliva filled her mouth, the taste of her son's tongue thrilling her yet again. The world melted away.

Nick wrapped her up, squeezing her close, and she responded by clutching at his back, just as eager to press herself into him. Breasts squished between them, her nipples rubbed against the cups of her bra, little jolts of lightning sparking her lust. She felt his hands go lower, landing on her ass and pulling her middle to his.

Angie felt it for the first time: pressed into her middle was a lump that was impossible to miss.

"Mom," Nick said, talking between kisses. "I need you...you're so sexy..." He squeezed her sensitive bum firmly, pulling at her hard enough she felt it pull at her privates.

"Uhh...ohhh...ummm," Angie moaned, unable to say anything coherent. She was enjoying making out with her son, something she hadn't done in years.

One of Nick's hands left her butt, waking Angie up to what they were doing. He placed his hand on her breast, squeezing it, shocking Angie awake. Breathless, face flushed, she disengaged and danced back, evading her son's grasping hands. "No, we can't...I can't."

Terrified by her own need, Angie fled from her son, body humming with desire, prepped for sex like she hadn't been in months...maybe ever. Feeling like a failure of a mother, she ran from her only child, ducking into the bathroom to splash cold water on her face. She stared at herself in the mirror, seeing the lumps of her thick, erect nipples jutting from her shirt, begging for attention. It had been years...

Charles had never really paid any attention to her chest, arguably the most sensitive part of her body, once they changed to produce milk for Nick. His casual disregard had crushed her, and most nights, when they used to make love, she kept her shirt on. To have someone want to touch them was new, and she was afraid of how it made her feel.

She looked down to her lower belly, where she'd felt it. The feel of him lingered, like a brand, and she traced the length of it. Impossible. She imagined her toy, measuring it against the spot where she'd felt him. The tingling spot was longer, which told her that it had to have been something in his pocket digging into her, which was a relief.

It was late enough that Angie felt comfortable going to her room and getting ready for bed. Stripping her clothes off, she exposed her still rigid nubs, begging for attention. Staring at the neglected mammaries, she mustered up the nerve to touch one, ignoring her mother's voice for once. Her light touch tickled and tingled, the sensation enough to make her privates flex in sympathy. Maybe she

could use her toy...it'd be quick.

Staring at her drawer where the little vibrator was, she decided not to risk it; Charles might come to bed early. She'd be mortified if he came in and found her with it...like discovering her with a lover.

In bed, PJs on, Angie lay on her side, praying for her body to calm down, remembering how it had felt to kiss her son, remembering his hands on her. She found herself slipping into an imaginary world where she married another person, who ensured she was never wanting...but another person would have created a different child. Despite her current quandary, she was sure she didn't want a different son.

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Nick behaved himself over the next couple days. His kisses kept up, but they were more chaste, and his hands didn't wander. Friday's date night with Charles never came about, due to his work obligations, but Angie was glad not to have to spend time with her husband while pretending everything was normal.

It didn't take much thought to realize it was inevitable that Nick would want to escalate things. He was a teenager, like Hal, and must be bursting with male energy. Charles had been the same way when they were young, many times asking her to help him relieve his tension while pointing out that masturbation was a sin.

The thought of Nick feeling the same frustration and need as Charles filled her

with pity, but of course she couldn't give him the same relief. It occurred to Angie to wonder if her son masturbated. Given her upbringing, the thought should have filled her with shame, but it wasn't as taboo these days...and she was doing it too, despite her shame.

When he disappeared to his room, was he going to study, or to take the edge off of his tension? A cruel circle formed in her brain. Her toy was almost an inch across, and four long...the same as her husband. God's plan passed traits from father to son, which meant that Nick's would be the same size. Her toy, the one she was so intimate with, was therefore the same size as Nick's...equipment. Deep tension quickened in her belly, and heat blossomed in her nethers at the memory of what she'd done with her toy. Guilt followed, and then prayer.

For the first time, Angie pondered how far she was straying from God by kissing her son, and thereby causing him to masturbate. She'd justified it as a way to satisfy his sense of duty, and if she was honest with herself, she enjoyed it. Anything that felt so good couldn't be bad, could it? Wryly, she remembered when Nick was conceived, a night that started off good, and ended up being a nightmare. But the nightmare had eventually lead her to having Nick...who she was kissing. God certainly worked in mysterious ways.

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Saturday afternoon was the postponed bake sale planning meeting, which she held at the house. There were a few members of the planning committee, and they used the time to come up with advertising and contributors, but mostly it was an excuse to try out different baked goods and gossip. The sale itself was held several times a year, the next one being this weekend after the church service.

Janey was on the committee, as were three other women from church. They were set up in the living room, coffee and tea in hand, chatting amiably away while Angie brought out treats to sample. She was in the kitchen, pulling out a tray of cupcakes she'd made the day before, when Nick wandered in.

"Hey, Mom," he said. "Bake sale meeting?" He stayed by the door.

"Yep," she affirmed, cleaning up a glob of icing with her finger and sucking it into her mouth.

"Can I help?" he blurted, eyes intent on her.

"It's okay, this is the last of the treats, but thanks for offering," she said with a smile. They'd hardly been in the same room, or even exchanged more than a few words since she ran from him. Being able to talk normally to her son again was a relief.

"I meant cleaning the icing off your finger," he deadpanned, before winking.

"Oh..." Angie wrinkled her brow, unsure of what he meant, until it hit her. "Oh!" she gasped. "Hush, the ladies are through there." She glanced at the living room door to make sure they were still alone. "Besides...this is vanilla icing, you wouldn't like it."

"If it's on your body, anything would taste delicious."

"Nick!" she whispered. She was blushing now, she knew, but his words made her feel funny inside. Had anyone ever said anything like that to her before? She looked down, embarrassed, and noticed another misplaced glob of icing, quickly capturing it with her finger. Angie knew what she should do, but instead, with a glance at the living room, held her finger up silently.

With a few quick steps he was at her side, leaning down to put his mouth on her frosted digit, sucking hard, his wriggling tongue tickling her. She gasped at the sensual, naughty sensation, watching with fascination as he took more of her finger in his mouth before slowly pulling off, leaving it clean but wet.

"Delicious," he said with a grin.

Angie's heart beat fast as Nick reached for another glob, not caring that he'd mess up her icing job. He offered it up to her, and she checked the coast was clear before hesitantly licking the sweet treat from his finger with an extended tongue. His groan alarmed her, seeming loud enough to be heard in the next room.

"Shh," she warned, unable to stop smiling, swallowing the glob of sweetness. "I need to get back to the ladies," she said, staring at her son but not moving. He stared back, but didn't move either.

With another glance to the door, Angie moved, pushing Nick towards the back door where they couldn't be seen easily. Eyes dancing over his face, she stood on tiptoe and planted a little kiss on his lips, brief but open, tongues tasting the icing in each other's mouths. Just as she felt him reach for her, she danced back and grabbed the tray to whisk off to the living room. "That's for, um, running away the other day. I got freaked out." With that, she grabbed the tray and took it to the

living room.

"Is anyone else warm? I feel like I'm burning up," she said to the committee, heart pounding. "I'll open a window." She did it quickly, doing her best to get a breeze going to cool her face. The brazen kiss had her heart pounding.

"You took a while," said Janey. "Was that Nick? It's hard to tell sometimes, he sounds like Charles now."

"Oh, yeah, it was Nick. He wanted to, um, help. Er, volunteer. For the sale. You know, tomorrow, he wants to help out." Angie was babbling, so lifted her tea to take a sip and shut herself up.

"Oh great! We always need another pair of strong arms to set up tables," said another one of the ladies.

"Mmhmm," said Angie, still sipping at her tea, frantically hoping Nick wouldn't mind helping with the bake sale.

More talk followed, of other ways Nick could help out, and all Angie could think of was the taste of his finger, his lips, and his tongue. Eventually the talk petered out, and the meeting came to an end. Angie walked the ladies out before cleaning up the dishes left behind. She hummed as she did, and laughed at one point when she realized it had been a long time since she hummed as she worked.

Nick appeared again as she was cleaning up the last of the mess. "Any icing left?"

he asked.

"Nope," she said, walking past him to the kitchen with hands full. His hand landed on her rear, the shock of the sharp impact lost in the wave of electricity that ran through her body. "Nick!" she barked, skipping away from a follow up swat while balancing her load.

"What?" he asked, innocent.

"I might have dropped the dishes! Plus, your father is home, he could walk in at any moment. You know he hides when the ladies are over, but they're gone now, and I don't want him to see your wandering hands."

He didn't move, watching her from the door.

Unnerved by his rapt attention, Angie started talking. "I volunteered you for the bake sale tomorrow. It shouldn't be a big deal, we can use the extra set of hands in setting up. You don't mind, do you?"

Nick shook his head.

"Good. It'll make your day at church a little longer, but it all goes to a good cause. Did you know the proceeds go to charity?" she babbled.

Another shake of his head.

"Well it does, and it's important work, which is why we're all happy to keep baking. I'll be spending the rest of today on some more goodies, if you want to help, but it's okay if you don't...alright, enough, what are you staring at?" she demanded, upset at his odd behaviour.

"You're amazing, Mom. Doing all this work for charity, and the Youth Group, and choir, and supporting Dad. And you even look like an angel. The light from the window behind you is shining through your hair, giving you a halo. Plus you're...sexy." The final word came out quietly, almost reverent.

Anger gone, Angie smoothed her hair and moved away from the window. "That's, uh, very nice of you to say, but still inappropriate."

"Seriously, Mom. Dad is an idiot for ignoring you. You deserve to be worshipped."

Angie's throat tightened, prompting her to clear it nervously. "Worshipping false idols is blasphemy," she croaked.

"False idols. There's nothing false about your beauty. God made you this way, so that you could be admired. I'm doing what he intended, clearly."

Angie watched him approach, knowing he would insist on a kiss, but nervous about what else he might want. "Your father..."

"...is busy. I can still hear him preaching in the study," Nick said, close now.

Feeling like cornered prey, she backed away until she was up against the counter. Nick loomed over her, his eyes intent on her lips. With a little whimper, she gave up the chase and lifted her head to his.

Immediately upon his lips finding hers, Angie's fears dissipated and she lost herself in her son's kiss. She held onto his bicep, running her hand along his strength, unable to keep from admiring his form. He brushed his fingers along her belly, taking it slower than before, causing her to twitch but not run. She held back a protest, caught up in the sensual, taboo taste of his mouth, her mother's voice a distant shrill, easily ignored.

The fingers moved, first side to side, and then up...and up, tickling and tracing, until they grazed the underside of her breast. The gentle caress, fleeting and tentative, drew a moan from her.

"Don't," she whispered between kisses, but he didn't listen, and the touch returned, longer and firmer, a line of fire in its wake. A third touch, longer yet, moving close to her nipple, almost touching her sensitive bud. He couldn't, shouldn't, she knew that if he did...she grabbed his hand, halting his movement. "Stop," she husked, but didn't pull him away, unable to find the strength. Their kiss had ended, but they remained close, body heat mingling, joined hand in hand on her breast.

Angie's mind swam with confusion. She could feel the flesh of her breast pressed into her son's hand, and her own hand over top. Her heart pounded in her ears, sure that he could hear it. She looked down to see a bump in her shirt, near his thumb...which was shaking. Her perspective shifted, and instead of a confident teenager, Angie saw one willing to risk all to touch her breast despite her protests.

She also saw the situation with new eyes. A son with his hand on his mother's breast, and her holding it there. But she wasn't! Was she? As she decided to pull his hand from her, he moved, running his thumb over her erect nipple, sending a wave of pleasure through her breast and on south. She gasped, knees trembling, shocked at the intensity.

"Don't," she whined, but he did it again. She squeezed his hand, and he took it as encouragement...which maybe it was. Angie shifted in place, squeezing her thighs together, feeling her heartbeat in her clitoris. "Nick," she whispered. "Please."

She wasn't sure what she was asking of him - to continue, or to stop - but didn't get the chance to figure it out. Her son had leaned in for another kiss when the sound of footsteps reached her ears, and she pushed him away hard, putting as much space between them as she could while stepping to the sink.

Mere seconds later, Charles entered the kitchen to find his family. "There you are! Seems like the ladies have left. Was it a productive meeting?" he asked.

Without turning around, sure that her arousal was written on her face, Angie answered, "Yes, very productive. We have a new volunteer for tomorrow."

"Oh, yes? Who is it?" Nick must have gestured, for Charles continued, "You? Good job, son. I've always said your mother needs to get more men involved in the planning."

"He's just a pair of hands," Angie said, annoyed. She closed her mouth quickly,

shocked at her sass.

"Well, that's okay too. You'll show them how to do it, maybe get some better organization in the table setup. When's dinner? I'm going to head over to the church and talk to Reverend Jones."

Angie was still surprised at her reaction to Charles' condescension, something she'd never paid any mind to before. It took her a moment to think. "Um, I've got steak and baked potatoes, probably a couple of hours."

"Great. You come with me, Nick. You can check out the hall and the tables, see if you can't plan a table arrangement that makes sense."

The sound of Charles' heavier footsteps left the room, and Angie glanced behind her to see her son still there. "You'd better go," she said. "Let me know if you come up with the perfect table setup." They'd been holding bake sales the same way for years, and Charles had never commented on the setup before.

"You know I won't be able to," Nick said, his face a picture of concern.

"Go. I need to be alone right now," she said, turning back to the empty sink. She realized she was furious, hands shaking. She'd never felt this angry before, and certainly not towards her husband. Nick's footsteps came close, and she felt him hug her from behind briefly, the hug of a son, before he left and his footsteps followed his father's.

It took a while for Angie to stop shaking. She'd been close to snapping, she knew it. Close to saying what was on her mind, instead of sweeping her hurt away like she always did. Years of comments came back to her then; years of casual cruelty that she had ignored or hand-waved away in the interest of maintaining a happy family. Intentionally or not, Charles had a knack for making her feel like she was never quite good enough.

From her mother raising her, to her sudden pregnancy and rushed wedding, to her years of being married, Angie did what she was told. Always the one to bend, to step aside, to give in to the demands of her husband or her mother. It was instinctual, done without a second thought.

For whatever reason, tonight she'd come close to bucking that instinct and lashing out with anger. It frightened her, but at the same time was exhilarating and made her feel powerful. What would he do if she talked back? What would her mother have done?

Her mother had passed almost two years ago, a sudden heart attack taking her in the night. Angie had done her due diligence in mourning and organizing the funeral as she was the only member of the family left to do so, but a generous portion of her was actually relieved. The old woman was a constant thorn in her daughter's side, berating Angie for any and all perceived complaints.

Only days after she'd caught Angie topless in her room, she'd had to endure the trauma of finding out her daughter was about to have a child out of wedlock. After that, there was hardly a day that went by that she didn't inflict her sharp tongue on Angie, and the dutiful daughter was terrified of coming up pregnant and experiencing it all over again. Even now, with her mother passed, it was still a real fear.

At some point, Angie realized she needed to focus on dinner and muffins instead of her surprising anger. Sinking into the routine helped calm her more, until she was able to think beyond her reaction to Charles' words, and instead think about her reaction to her son, and his hand on her breast, thumb on her nipple. Nick's touch, taboo as it was, was new and exciting and had frazzled her naturally calm demeanour. Was that the reason behind her near loss of control with Charles?

Mood soured, she finished up dinner quickly and put it in the oven to warm, leaving a note for Charles and Nick before going to her room. She intended to spend her evening reading in bed and get to sleep early; the muffins could wait. Tomorrow was going to be busy.

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Angie's prediction came true: she was busy. Unfortunately, she was having one of those days. What could go wrong, seemed to, even stuff she was ready for. It was little stuff, but it added up. Running out of shampoo and having to grab her reserve bottle. Her favourite church dress with a rip in the hem. The muffins not up to her normal standards. One of the bake sale ladies couldn't attend, which meant Angie would need to get Nick helping more, and he would need guidance. Minor stuff, but annoying.

She found an older dress she hadn't worn in a while, a blue cotton one that fell to her knees. The material was smooth over her bust, stretched out by her breasts which had grown since the last time she wore it.

The church service was standard, apart from Charles' overly-enthusiastic reactions

to Reverend Jones' sermon. After the benediction, Angie rushed Nick to the hall to start their setup, to maximize the amount of time the after-church folks had to browse and buy.

"Okay, unless you've come up with a fantastic alternative, the tables are arranged in one long line along this wall." Angie gave her son the eye, daring him to suggest he did have a better idea.

"Got it," he said, avoiding her gaze. He'd been doing that all morning, sensing her lingering anger.

Instead of the anger dissipating overnight, which is what she expected, Angie had found it still there in the morning. This was new for her, and she wasn't sure what to do about it, so she went about her day. Charles made a comment about her being prickly, but she ignored him.

As each table was set up, Angie and Janey laid out treats brought in by parishioners. They labelled them with a hand-written price tag, along with an ingredient list. At the last table they set up the cash box to collect payments, finishing in time for the first purchase, which happened to be several of Angie's muffins. She hoped the buyer, a long-time parishioner, wouldn't be too disappointed.

The plates started to empty, and Angie directed Nick to remove them, rearranging the rest to not have gaps, occasionally removing a table. She watched him work, admiring the way his arms tensed, easily lifting each table and carrying it to the storage space. "Make sure to pick out something for yourself, and I'll pay for it," she said, suddenly aware she'd been staring.

"Okay, thanks Mom."

When the crowd thinned a bit, he chose a cupcake and some chocolate chip cookies, and Angie dutifully put her cash in the box. "You can go eat, I can handle the rest. There won't be many people coming now."

He went to a chair and lounged back in it, his lithe body displayed well, and she recalled how he looked at the Quarry in his swimsuit. It felt so long ago now, she'd had no inkling that day what their relationship would be like a week later.

Someone cleared their throat in front of her, holding out some cash for the last of the cookies. She smiled and took the money, handing back some change. What was wrong with her?

After the remaining parishioners made their way out of the hall, there were only a couple of trays with anything left, on a single table. With so little remaining, Angie told Janey and the other lady that they could go; she had Nick to help her finish up.

"Thanks, Angie. It went well, didn't it? And Nick was a great help. I hope he's available every time." She said it to Angie, but the words were loud enough for Nick to hear.

Angie grinned and said, "We'll see. Teenage boys aren't too keen on spending time with their mothers."

With a wave and a shrug, Janey left with her sons in tow, leaving only Angie and Nick. Turning back to the last two tables, she closed up the cash box, locking it with the little key and setting it aside. Next came packing up the remaining treats, which would be offered to church hall renters that evening. Nick put away the last two tables, and they were done.

"Thanks for your help," Angie said, flashing a smile Nick's way as he approached.

He shrugged. "It wasn't hard moving stuff around. The hardest part was not drooling over some of the treats. Speaking of treats, I like that dress."

"Stop," she said, feeling a blush coming on. She dug into her purse to find her keys. Charles had left in his car already, as he had no interest in the bake sale despite his criticisms the night before.

"What? It looks pretty on you, and you fill it out well."

"Thank you," she muttered, still unable to find her keys. Dropping her purse onto the counter, she went in for a deeper dive.

"Do you like my outfit? I saw you admiring me during the sale."

"Oh? Yeah, it looks nice. I don't remember admiring it."

"Maybe it was staring then. You know what I was wondering? If anyone had ever made out in the church hall. You know, really went at it." As he spoke, his words got closer, and then he put his hands on the counter, on either side of his mother.

Angie froze, stopping her search long enough to register his words. "Nick, we can't," she pleaded softly.

"Sure we can. How is it any different than the kitchen last night?"

Angie slowly straightened up and turned around. His outfit really did look fine today. His crisp white button-up shirt rolled to his elbows for the work of moving tables. His dark, tight pants contrasted the white, drawing attention to his well-formed legs. "It just is," she said. "We're at church, the house of the Lord. It has to be blasphemy, or something. What if we got caught?"

"I don't intend to get caught," he murmured, leaning in.

Angie anticipated his move, readying her lips for a quick kiss, but got it wrong. He went past her chin, swooping in on her neck, bared by her pulled-back hair, and planted a wet kiss on her skin.

"No!" she gasped, too loud in the quiet hall. He'd found a very sensitive spot.

"Sshh," he said, nibbling at her neck, under her ear.

"Nick, I don't...ohhh...think this is a good...mmmm...idea."

He'd opened his mouth, and was planting sucking wet kisses up her neck and along her jawline. Why was she letting this happen? Her hands gripped the edge of the counter behind her, as if to keep her from reacting. Despite her best efforts, Nick got done teasing and kissed her, and she was lost.

Angie didn't know what to do. She knew she should stop him, send him reeling and storm out of the hall, but she didn't...couldn't. Trapped between her son and the counter, she felt it again, pressed into her belly: the impossible hardness. Distracted by questions of what was in his pocket, she pressed her hip against it, feeling the object dig into her. It was long, and hard, and ever-so-close to her privates. She pressed harder.

"Mom!" Nick gasped suddenly, letting her mouth go.

"Sh, someone will hear you," she said. Fed up with the mysterious bulge, she reached down and grabbed the object in his pocket. It was hard but pliable, nothing like a phone. She felt the entire length of it, but still couldn't understand what it was.

"No, I mean - ohhhhhhhh," Nick cut off and clutched her, going rigid in her arms. He jerked once, twice, three times, his hips battering hers, the lump smashing into her, and then he was done. Angie hugged her son's suddenly limp torso to her, feeling his breath on her neck as he panted, drained.

"Are you okay?" she asked, glancing around warily, unsure of what just happened.

They were still alone.

Nick stood and nodded, his face red, though from exertion or embarrassment wasn't clear.

"Okay. Well...I guess we should go." Angie gathered her things, finding her keys behind the cashbox.

The drive home was quiet, until half way there, Nick said, "Sorry, Mom."

Angie braced herself to speak. She'd connected some dots on the drive, matching his actions with Charles, and was fairly sure what had happened in the hall. She'd been hoping to avoid a conversation, now intensely embarrassed at the situation, but knew she had to come clean. "I'm the one who is sorry. It was my fault...I shouldn't have touched you."

"It was my idea to kiss you in the hall. I shouldn't complain, it's not as if I hated it...but I was surprised you were so forward."

Angie wasn't looking at her son, but knew he was feeling as awkward about it all as she was. To try and direct the conversation elsewhere, she said, "I was trying to figure out what that thing in your pocket is, and then..."

"What thing?"

"Whatever's in your pocket. Your phone, or something." She gestured to his lap, still without looking.

"I always leave my phone in the car for church, you know that. See?" He held it up to show her, after plucking it from the glove box.

Confused, the pretty blonde furrowed her brow, looking at her offspring for the first time since the hall. "Then what was that lump?"

Nick smiled a little. "The lump you were grabbing?"

Angie nodded.

"Um, that was me."

"You? What, you? I meant what you had in your...oh...Oh!" Angie's face was burning, her ears pounding with her pulse. Thankfully they were pulling into their driveway. She slammed the car into park and grabbed her purse before jumping from the car.

Nick popped out of his side but she left him far behind, practically running to her room. In the sanctuary of her bedroom, she slumped against her closed door. One thought was a bur in her mind, prickly, forcing her to acknowledge it. The long lump was him? She'd had her hand on her son's penis? It didn't seem possible. It couldn't be.

The thought didn't go away, but eventually she had to move on. As she changed out of her dress, tossing it on her bed, she tried to think if there was anything left for her to do out of the house that day. Not coming up with anything, she put on some light pants and a pullover shirt, intending to hide in her room. Of course, that only lasted a half hour before she got bored. She hated hanging out in her room.

Emerging carefully into the hallway, Angie listened to her house. No sound, which meant the men were occupied. Feeling safe, she went to the living room to watch TV. It was the only thing that would distract her from the circular thoughts of touching her son's penis, and how bad a mom she was, and how he could possibly be so big.

She kept the lights low, to not draw attention, but was still found out. Nick came out to join her, dressed in shorts and a t-shirt, and she refused to look at him for the longest time, face hot all over again.

"Mom, it's okay," he said, after a while. "You didn't know."

"It doesn't matter," she muttered. "I've been begging you to keep your hands to yourself and then I go and touch you...there. I'm the worst mom."

Nick actually laughed. "Oh, come on. You're not even close to the worst. I think you're the best mom, and it's my fault anyways. I'm the one who started it...and you ended it. Very effectively." The last was said cheekily.

Angie almost smiled, but she caught herself. They watched the show for a while in

silence, Nick clearly sensing she wasn't going to get over it that quick. When a commercial came on, she took a deep breath and forced herself to face the situation. "Are you...okay? I haven't damaged your psyche or anything?" she asked.

"Not even a bit. I'm a bit embarrassed that it happened so quickly, but otherwise I feel great."

Angie's smile ghosted onto her face. "Okay."

After a bit, a question. He asked, "Did you two ever cuddle?"

The question knocked Angie out of her mental cloud. "What? Who?"

"You and Dad. Did you ever cuddle? I don't remember it happening."

Angie used to cuddle Nick when he was little, but never Charles. It seemed to be beneath him or something, but they'd never discussed it. "No, we never have. Why do you ask?"

"I was thinking it'd be nice to cuddle with you."

"Oh...I see." She had no reason to deny him, apart from her lingering shame. Angie's heart fluttered as he stood up, his long legs quickly closing the distance to the loveseat. He awkwardly tried to lay himself down with his head on her lap, but

there wasn't enough room. She looked at the door to the hall, across from which was the door to the study. If Charles even opened the door... "Why don't we try the couch? I don't think we fit here."

They stood and moved to the longer couch, Angie at one end, and Nick laid out, head on her lap. They were out of sight of the hall now, and she breathed a bit easier. It wasn't like the night before, with the inappropriate but exciting touching, but there was no reason to raise suspicions.

After a bit, Angie relaxed, and put her hand on her son's head, running her fingers through his blonde hair. This was nice. An innocent night of TV between family members, without kissing or taboo touching. The show wore on and Angie stopped thinking of what her hand was doing as she played with her son's hair, ear, and neck. He had developed a nice layer of muscle over his shoulders, and she absently ran her hand over the one she could reach.

The TV went to commercials, flashing an ad for Tide soap. In the bright light, she glanced at her son, taking in his height, thinking of how much he'd grown since they last cuddled on the couch. His solid arms, big hands, muscled legs...and a lot of thigh. To her shock, the light of the TV showed that Nick's shorts had ridden up, and there, poking from the leghole, was the top of his penis. He was erect and bulging, his shiny, mushroom-shaped head wider than his shaft by a good margin.

She must have made a noise, for Nick started to lift his head, saying, "Mom?"

"It's okay...lie down. It's okay," she soothed, fingers in his hair again.

Did he know he was exposed? Angie couldn't look away from the sight of her son's head, bigger and wider than Charles'. Her fingers went still, and she stared at the smooth skin with its lone hole winking at her. Slowly, over several minutes, her son's erection softened before her eyes, eventually disappearing back into his shorts. Her final view was of his tip sliding from view like a setting sun.

The selection of vibrators she'd found online came back to her, the larger ones now making more sense. She'd chosen one to match her husband; clearly other women might do the same.

Seemingly not aware he'd flashed his mother, Nick lay on her lap for the rest of the show. When it was done, she headed to bed, and he went too, leaning in for a quick kiss. Even this was enough to bring back the scene in the church hall, and she felt a flutter of nerves at the touch of his lips to hers.

"See you in the morning," he said on the way to his room.

Lying in bed, Charles not there yet, Angie pondered what she'd learned about her son's penis. First touching it through his clothes, and now seeing it, she could confirm he was bigger than his father. The limited amount of education she'd had on genetics suggested that traits like penis size were hereditary. Why wouldn't Nick have a similar size to Charles? And how big was he? Six inches? It seemed monstrous compared to Charles' four, and much wider.

She fell asleep, certain she would never see or touch it again.

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Monday was a good time to get back into her routine and put the weekend and its alarming revelations behind her; get back to being a good wife. She ignored the fact she had already made that resolution and had failed miserably. She also ignored the lack of determination to get back to being a good mom.

Angie sat at the table eating some oatmeal, browsing on her phone with Charles in his usual spot. They chatted now and then about the upcoming week, and his Wednesday sermon. A couple minutes later, she got up and went behind the counter, and coincidentally Charles. When Nick entered the room, she was by the sink, leaning against the counter, her coffee mug cupped in both hands.

Why had she moved here, knowing he would be appearing? Why hadn't she stayed at the table, where she was safe from his kisses? Wasn't it better to cut this stuff short, after the mistake the day before?

Angie knew what was coming, watching Nick walk right up to her and lean in for his morning kiss. She didn't hesitate to let him have it, parting her lips, and letting him taste her morning coffee while tasting his toothpaste. A vile combination, but she didn't care. He was too tall and wide to see past, so she had no idea if Charles had turned to look at them, and almost didn't care.

The kiss went on for longer than normal, and he even brought his hand up, grazing her breast. The quiet of the kitchen was so absolute it was impossible to miss her tiny moan of shock at how brazen he was acting....

Charles lifted his head, saying, "What's that, dear?"

"Nothing, ah, something on Facebook," Angie said, stepping away from her son, leaving him with outstretched lips and empty hand. She had to stifle a giggle at the comical expression. When Nick made to step towards her, she shook her head, looking at Charles meaningfully. Nick looked down at her chest meaningfully, and she followed his look to see the bumps on her shirt, matching the pool of heat in her loins. She waved him off, and he finished his morning routine with a pout.

Charles spoke up once they were alone again. "Nick's been awfully affectionate lately."

"Has he? I hadn't noticed," she said mildly.

"Better watch that, don't want him to become a mommy's boy."

"Yes, dear."

The next morning, she found herself looking forward to Nick's goodbye kiss and remembered Charles' comment from the day before. Without a word, she got up from the table and made her way to the bottom of the stairs to head her son off before he got to the kitchen.

Feeling a bit bad for hiding from her husband, she nevertheless waited until Nick came loping down the stairs, skipping every second one with his long legs. He looked surprised to see her there, but smiled anyway when she lifted her lips for her morning kiss.

From then on, she would meet him there in the morning, which seemed to make their morning kiss last longer, and made Nick bold enough to get in a little grope as well. Angie didn't chastise him, wanting to ensure they weren't heard...and it did feel good.

Each night, he sought her out, and they kissed freely knowing Charles was in his study. Nick, emboldened by her lack of rebuke in the morning, was quick to touch her chest, thumb rolling over her nipple. Angie found she was starting to look forward to his touch and the thrilling signals it sent south. It was...addictive.

Wednesday night was different. Charles had his third sermon, and Angie and Nick had Youth Group. Angie was drawn to both events, but felt that the Group would suffer if she bowed out. This left Charles to deliver his sermon to whomever showed up for the service, while mother and son went on their own to the hall.

The usual cacophony greeted them as they entered, balls flying everywhere and children screaming with glee. Nick waved goodbye as they split, Angie heading to the kitchen. She was sure her face was still pink and her nipples hard from the ride over.

It had been a shock, when Nick first reached over from the passenger seat and placed his hand on her breast, cupping it from below. Angie'd opened her mouth to admonish him, to tell him to keep his hands to himself, but before she could, his thumb found her nipple. Distracted by the lovely sensation, she'd ended up not saying anything, and he fondled her the entire drive over.

Janey was waiting for her, having already started her juice pouring ritual. "Hi

Angie. Ready for another night of crazy?"

"You bet. I need to use the washroom, I'll be right back." With this, Angie ducked to the privacy of the women's room to try and tame her erect nipples. Thankfully her loose shirt did a good job of hiding them, and she was presentable within minutes.

Back in the kitchen, she said, "Alright, let's get things kicked off. I'm going to ask Hal to get us going with a reading of Psalms 120:2."

Janey looked confused, which was fair, because Angie had had to look it up.

"It's about telling tales," Angie said with a smirk.

"Ohhh, good one."

Hal managed to look suitably chastened after his reading, and then Angie split the group up into their age brackets. The older youth were assigned the task of helping the little ones, which was a matter of convenience as they'd had their year end activity and she didn't really have anything more for them.

When the evening was done, Janey and Angie cleaned up, with Nick's help. Angie wondered how Charles' sermon had gone, but wasn't terribly concerned either way. She was still annoyed at him for his comments about the bake sale. Not wanting to have to think about Charles, or hear about his sermon, Angie asked, "Feel like some ice cream?"

Nick looked over, a happy grin on his face.

Angie pulled a quick left into a parking lot and pulled into an empty spot in front of Dairy Queen. Nick raced ahead, almost skipping in his excitement. Angie shook her head, following more slowly, thinking about boys and treats. When they'd gotten their ice cream, they found an empty booth in the corner, and dug into their cups. Angie had a tiny Skor Blizzard, and Nick a giant one of the same flavour. They ate in relative silence amidst the hum of the fans and staff calling out orders.

"How did you know?" Nick asked, when his immediate flurry of scoops subsided.

"Know what?"

"That Dad used to take me here after Youth Group." He was eating slower now, savouring each scoop.

"I had no idea; this was a coincidence. No wonder you were sad he stopped leading the meetings."

"Nooo, it wasn't that," he said, glancing up from his cup.

"No? He was that good a leader? Or you didn't want your Mom to lead?" She was teasing, but his initial reaction to the news those months ago had hurt a bit.

"No, Hal runs his mouth a lot. I was afraid of what he'd say, and if I'd have to punch him."

"Say? What could he say to make you punch him?" Angie asked, alarmed.

"You know...guy stuff. Like, how hot you are, and, I dunno. What he likes about you. It's dumb," Nick trailed off, face buried in his cup again.

"Well, it's just talk, right? No one actually thinks your mom is hot." Her spoon was still now, waiting for his answer.

Nick glanced up at her, a sceptical look on his face. "Mom, come on. Everyone thinks you're hot."

The ice cream suddenly got very interesting. She scooped a few bites, but didn't taste it, looking around the restaurant. No one was paying any attention to them, but it felt like they should. "They do?"

Nick finished a bite and swallowed, eyes flicking from her face to her chest and up. "How do you not know this? You're the hottest mom in church, hell in the entire town."

"Stop." She was blushing now, shivers running down her arms and back.

Nick looked around the mostly empty room before sliding from his side of the

booth to hers.

"What are you doing, goof?" she asked, but slid over to make room for him.

"Oh, I figured, if I'm on a date with the hottest woman I know, I should sit next to her."

"It's not a date..." But she was smiling.

"And if we're on a date, it should be okay for me to do this." Under the table, he put his hand on her thigh, as easy as if he'd always done it.

The warmth of his big hand, coupled with the tingling from his little squeeze, made Angie squirm. "Nick, don't...people can see." She was looking around, but no one had even glanced up at Nick's movement.

"They don't care. They might wish they were me, but they don't care. I can do this, and no one will bat an eye." He ran his hand higher, dangerously close to her privates.

Angie squeaked, and flinched, but had no room to wiggle away. "Please..." Like the other night, she actually didn't know what she was asking for. Nick kept his hand where it was, only moving it inward a little. His touch tingled and tickled, and she felt herself react deep inside to the feel of his big hand on her leg. If he moved his hand a little more...

All she had to do was keep her legs closed, and yet she did the opposite, allowing Nick to smoothly run his hand into the gap between her thighs. His finger brushed against her...her brain paused before filling in the filthy word that bubbled up...her pussy.

Spoon between clenched teeth, ice cream forgotten, Angie fought not to scream out in the quiet restaurant. Her clitoris was throbbing now, reacting to the slow scrape of the side of his finger running along the seam of her jeans. It was a kind of torture, but she couldn't tell him to stop...and she couldn't tell him what she was really thinking. That she needed him to touch her harder - hard enough to give her that special shiver.

"Don't," she whispered around the spoon in her mouth, but her pelvis hunched forward, legs spreading even more. She knew what she must look like: a mom with rosy cheeks and glassy eyes sitting next to a young man with his hand in her lap. She hoped no one could see.

Nick moved his hand closer, boldly shifting his hand to he was palming her, pushing on her denim-covered crotch. The pulse of pressure yanked a gasp from her, and she started to pray.

"Mom, shhh," Nick warned, looking around again.

She couldn't 'shhh', she had to fight the feelings tearing through her body, to fend off the building shiver, which was somehow more intense than ever before. Along with the building tension was a deep pressure, like water behind a dam, and she panicked.

"I have to go to the washroom!" she gasped, pushing urgently at her son's side. He pulled his hand from her crotch and sidled to the other side of the booth while she slid from the hard, plastic seat. The removal of his hand made the shiver and the internal pressure faded, but she still went to the washroom on unsteady legs.

In the stall, she undid her jeans and shoved them down her legs, along with her panties. To her surprise, they stuck to her privates, the cloth peeling away, but with a long string of fluid connected to her moisture-darkened pubic hair. Had she peed herself? She captured the string on a finger and sniffed it, but it wasn't urine. Rubbing it between her thumb and fingers, she found it extremely slippery. She stared at the gusset of her underwear, uncomprehending, until a vague memory surfaced of a friend saying 'he made me so wet'. It hadn't made sense then; it made sense now.

There was a time, as a teenager, before she got pregnant, where coming to Dairy Queen was the thing to do. Her friends would sit with their boyfriends, or flirt with boys they wanted to be friends with. It's where she first met Charles, and the first place she ever held hands with a boy. She'd never made out with a boy in DQ, like many of her friends did, and certainly never got touched under the table. Now, decades later, a boy had finally touched her and made her wet, and it was her son.

After peeing, Angie wiped, trying to dry the wet hair covering her...her pussy. Her deep shame from Nick touching her doubled from the use of the word. She pulled her panties up, the damp cloth cold against her lips, sending a shiver through her. There was a steel mirror above the sink, and she washed her hands while staring at the woman staring back at her. Pink cheeks, blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail, a lock of hair on either side hanging down...and a playful smile. She wondered how often that smile came out around her son, and if it was what was encouraging him to be so bold.

Nick was waiting for her outside the washroom, and they went to their car. It was a quick drive to their house, but she wanted to say one thing before they got there. "I'm sorry for being too loud. I've never been in that situation before. It was a bit overwhelming, and I resorted to my usual strategy when feeling...that way."

"Usual strategy? Wait. You're saying you pray for patience when you're turned on?" He seemed surprised.

"Well, yeah. I need patience to wait it out."

"And you never, you know, take care of it?"

"Ummm, I think that's a little personal," she said, trying to dodge the question.

"Oh, come on. You'll spread your legs for me in Dairy Queen, but telling me that you have alone time is too personal?"

Angie's poise, already shaky, took another hit from the description of what she'd just done in public. "I didn't spread my legs," she protested. "I mean, I didn't mean to."

"I get it, Mom. It's the same for me, after the bake sale. It just happened, I didn't mean to."

He was teasing her. "Stop," she protested, but she was smiling shyly. "I mean I

didn't tell my legs to spread...they did."

"Uh huh." The smile he gave back to her made her blush all over again. "Mom, what you felt in Dairy Queen is what you should be feeling all of the time. I'm happy I made your legs decide to spread, you should listen to them more often." With that, he popped his door open and hopped out of the KIA.

Angie watched her son walk to the front door, his head held high. Somehow Charles' attractive confidence had rubbed off onto his son, but what was even more attractive was the way he was focused on pleasing them both, instead of only himself.

Getting out of the car, she wandered up the path to the house, head filled with thoughts of people who did stuff for her and finding that none of them were her husband.

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Nick kept up his focus on pleasing her over the next couple days, but in an unexpected way. He started offering to assist with chores he normally avoided, often helping without saying a word. That weekend, she expected him to get tired of it, to run off with friends, but was pleasantly surprised when he kept showing up.

"Again? I was sure you weren't going to last two days," she said, smiling while handing him a basket of laundry to fold.

"In the past, yeah, but I realized something," he said, dumping the laundry into a heap and pulling out a shirt and haphazardly folding it into a square.

Angie winced at seeing her clean clothes casually dumped and then practically crumpled. She stood, torn between correcting him and accepting his help as it came, until she heard his words. "Realized something?" she asked, before giving up and walking over, taking the shirt and folding it again.

Nick watched and managed to look bashful at his awful attempt at folding before taking another shirt. His second attempt was better. "Yeah, I was at Tom's house yesterday, and his mom was vacuuming, and she'd barely started when Tom walked over and took over. She didn't ask, but her face lit up when he did it. I realized you always do it all, and me and Dad don't help. So, I'm helping."

"Well, I'm glad. It makes things a thousand times easier. Even the last couple days I've been less tired, so thank you." She went back to the washer to transfer clothes to the dryer.

"Yeah, well, plus I get to see your face light up without kissing you, which is not an improvement, but I figure this way you're not nervous Dad will see me do it."

"You still kiss me, though."

"Well, duh. This way I get to see you happy more than twice a day now."

Angie giggled, and they finished the rest of the laundry in silence. She found

herself humming as they worked, even skipping a couple times when crossing the room. Having someone to share the workload was one thing, but the companionship made it all that much better.

The chore was quickly coming to an end, and Angie felt the need to reward her son for his help. The laundry room was in the basement, and it was easy to hear if someone started down the creaky steps from the kitchen. When Nick stacked the last pair of pants, she was waiting for him with outstretched arms. "A 'thank you' for my wonderful helper," she said.

He stepped in, and without missing a beat, Angie pulled him down for a kiss. Her lips were parted when they met his, and he wasted no time in matching her. She flicked his lips with her tongue, darting out to tease him. When his tongue emerged, hers retreated, and he followed. She let him in, their tongues swirling together.

Angie's world fell away, reduced to a single moment with her son. They'd formed a connection these last weeks that she'd never felt before, and each step along the way made the connection stronger, even if she fought it. She didn't flinch when he pressed his middle to her, his lump obvious. His penis. A week ago she had made him go in his pants. Would he thank her if she made a mess in his underwear again?

"Mom," her son groaned between kisses. He was pulling at her, hands gripping her bum forcefully.

His strength and his firm body felt good under her hands, and she let them roam. He was broad and muscled, the natural firmness of the young. Her movement

caused him to gasp and thrust his groin into her, ramming his rigidity into her belly. She was running her hands up and down his back now, clutching and gripping, and on one pass her hand slipped under his shirt. Smooth, warm skin under her palm.

Angie was stroking her son's bare back. Skin on skin. The feel of him divided her attention from his mouth on hers, and then divided again when Nick put his hand under her shirt. Angie warred within herself, her initial need to pull away overridden by how good her son's hand felt on her back.

"Mom, can I...?" Nick murmured, the question left unfinished but clear.

Angie nodded, and stopped kissing long enough to feel him run his hand up into her shirt, and onto her bra, to cup her breast with one less layer between them. There was very little real difference, and yet there was. His arm brushed her belly, skin on skin, more intimate and more taboo than over her shirt. She looked down to see the outline of his hand on her sensitive breast, knowing her nipple was presenting itself. He shifted, palming her, the rubbing motion sending tingles everywhere.

The same hot, alarming tension was growing in her privates and deep within, her inner muscle flexed. She needed something there, something to grip, to hold, to feel, to bear down on.

Nick swooped in, kissing her neck, and Angie clutched onto him.

"Nick," she gasped.

He responded by moving his other hand lower, between her legs, which spread easily for him. He pressed her there, exactly where she needed it, making the inner muscle flex again, and again. It was coming. Something was coming. Inside. The hot, trembly feeling came back, like in Dairy Queen, but stronger, and she almost let it come. At the last minute, she twisted her hips to get away from her son's hand. Like before, the loss of contact relieved the pressure, but she was so close...to something, it was agony to stop it. She clamped her thighs together, squeezing her clitoris long enough to bring on one of her special shivers.

Nick was still kissing her neck, but gently, waiting until she was done. They disentangled, and Angie straightened her clothes while looking anywhere but at her son. Twice now his touch had made her feel a way she never had before. It was thrilling, and part of her wanted to pursue it...but she was scared to.

'Ah, thanks for helping with the laundry," she said.

Nick laughed quietly. "After that kind of a thank you, I need to go to my room. But I'll be here next time you need me." He adjusted his pants and walked stiffly to the stairs.

Angie thought he must be exaggerating about his difficulty walking, but couldn't be sure. She felt guilty for putting him in that state, and then leaving him. Charles would have complained about being pent up for sure, but Nick hadn't said a word. Her experience was only with one man, and what her friends' said, but from what she knew, guys had no issue asking for help in that area. Either the current generation was much more respectful, or Nick's main focus was on making her feel good.

A tremor of unease went through Angie, at seeing her son's devotion for her. The unease wasn't for her son, but rather the fault line the tremor exposed about her marriage: that despite her love for him, Charles wasn't a good partner. For the first time, she was seeing what it felt like to be on the receiving end of love...and she wanted more.

Angie wasn't surprised when Nick kept up his commitment to helping with the chores around the house, but she was grateful. For several more days, he showed up right when she needed him, an extra set of hands ready to chip in. She grew so reliant on his help, that on the rare occasion when he was busy, she missed him.

Each time, she made sure to show her gratitude with a heartfelt kiss, finding a secluded spot in the house to pull him in and lock lips. He made to move his hand under her shirt a couple times, but thankfully listened when she directed him to the outside of her clothing. He still got to feel her breasts. She didn't mind the touching anymore, even taking the liberty herself now and then. On one shocking occasion, when they were parting after a decently long kiss in the laundry room, she smacked his butt, something she'd never done to Charles. They'd both laughed, even while she fended him off from trying to return the favour.

Even though troubled by her need for it, Angie found herself flying high over the sinful connection she'd found with her son.

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Once a month, or rather, every four weeks, Angie went into seclusion from the world. She kept to her room when not at work or church, and then emerged four

days later, ready to interact with her family and the world again. It wasn't a self-imposed exile, rather one set in place by Charles' reaction to her state.

It was in their first apartment, well after Nick was born, when she had her time of the month around Charles for the first time, and he did not like it one bit. He didn't like her low energy or the way she lay on the couch dealing with her cramps. He didn't say it in so many words, but she knew it would be better if she didn't impose and started retreating to their room.

She'd been doing this retreat regularly Nick's whole life, and he never questioned it, as far as she knew. This time was different. On the first day, which was a Tuesday, Angie came home after work and went right to her bedroom, closing the door and lowering the lights. She had a heat pad for the cramps, and several books lined up, as well as Mydol and water. In PJs, in bed, book in hand, she was settled for the evening when a knock came on her door.

"Yes?" she called out, not looking away from her book. It was most likely Charles asking what food was in the house.

"Mom? What are you doing?" came her son's voice, muffled by the door.

She'd never told him why she went 'away'. When he was growing up, there'd been times when she had to be there for him, even letting him play in her room when Charles was busy. He hadn't needed her for years now, so why he was bothering her was a mystery. "I'm resting," she called. It was her euphemism to announce her state to Charles.

"Do you need anything?"

"No, I have everything I need. I'm fine." She almost said, 'go play', but he hadn't played in years.

"Okay. Text me if you need something." He went away, and Angie was back into her exile.

The next day, after Charles went to his Wednesday service, Angie ran out of water, so emerged from her room to fill her glass. Padding to the kitchen in PJs and slippers, she must have made a noise, for her son appeared in the door.

"I could have gotten that for you," he chastised..

"I know. You don't need to concern yourself."

"Why not? What's so different from any other time I help you?"

"I'm, well...that is, I'm not the best company right now..."

His eyebrows rose. "You seem fine to me."

A vague sense of shame came over her, knowing she'd have to say it. "It's, um, my time of the month. I'm not my usual pleasant self." Charles' words from years ago.

"When Tom's mom has her period, she eats a lot of chocolate and watches TV. Do you turn into a monster or something?"

He was kidding, but she knew what Charles' answer would be. "No, but it's easier if I go to my room, for everyone. To avoid unpleasantness."

"Mom. You've never been anything but pleasant. Dad's at church, let's watch a show."

"Are you sure?"

"Don't be silly. Do you need anything from your room?"

With Nick's help, she moved her stuff from her bed to the couch, settling in with a blanket, a pillow and her heat pad. Nick sat at the far end of the couch, and he put on her favourite show, a treasure hunt on an island in Canada. With that done, he reached out and grabbed her socked foot, pulling it onto his lap.

"What?" she said, lifting her head to look at him.

"Just relax." He dug his thumb into her sole, dragging it to her heel, and then up again, finding her toes. When he squeezed there, she groaned loudly, twitching in his grip. "Nick," she cried, before clamping her lips, realizing it sounded exactly like that time in the laundry room.

Nick laughed and kept going, making her twitch and moan for several minutes, until both feet were warm and singing his praises.

"Thank you," she said, curling her legs back into her warm nest. "Tom's Dad?"

"Yep."

Angie only half watched the man on the TV metal-detecting a pile of dirt, while wondering why she'd never had a foot massage before, and why her son was the first to give her one.

Long before Charles got home, Angie was back in bed, but her exile didn't seem so boring anymore: Nick had promised to give her another massage the next day.

After several more pleasanter-than-usual days, Angie was back to her normal routine, but with very relaxed feet.

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That Monday, Angie was set up, making lunches at the counter, Charles in his usual spot at the kitchen table. It was about time for Nick to make his appearance and bid them a good day. About time for her to duck out and catch him in a discreet spot to say her own goodbye.

Today was a different kind of day, however, and Angie was feeling...frisky. She'd prepared her outfit especially for Nick, wanting to treat him for his attentiveness. When it was time for him to appear for his goodbye kiss, she went to their usual spot in the hall, where Charles couldn't see, and waited for him. She primped her hair, tucking the blonde locks behind her ears, and with a skipped heartbeat, unfastened her top blouse button. Then she did the next, and the next, until a shadowy valley was visible. If her mother could see her now...

Nick's eyes popped out of his head when he came downstairs to join her in the hall for his kiss. Gaze downward, he leaned in for his kiss and fondle which Angie supplied in spades. She pressed her chest to his hand, whimpering when he found her hard nipple. It seemed neither of them could get enough of her nipples.

She had to redo her buttons and tuck her shirt before going back to the kitchen to finish making lunch. Charles didn't say a word.

Pleased with the reception of her button stunt, Angie did it the next two mornings, enjoying the look of interest on Nick's face each time he came downstairs. By the time Thursday came, Angie's first day off, things were different because she was wearing her PJs and her robe, instead of her work clothes.

When Nick was due, she made her way to their spot and undid her buttons again, loosening the tie of her robe. She felt a naughty thrill at letting him have a feel over her shirt without a bra. After Nick came downstairs, she grabbed his hand, leading it into her robe. Unfortunately, she'd misjudged how open her top was, and his hand easily slid into the opening.

Nick's mouth dropped open in astonishment as his hand was suddenly filled with

her warm, bare breast.

Angie might have yanked his hand away, but after days of practice he'd quickly found her nipple and thumbed it. Skin on skin, the rough pad of his thumb rubbing against her sensitive nub was magnified to spine-tingling levels. Shocked by the intensity, her knees went weak, and she clutched onto him for balance. Nick met her mouth with his, and heat and need built in her, along with an urge to have him take her in his strong arms and crush her to his chest, his member boring a hole in her belly - stop!

Angie pushed back, their lips separating with a smack. Her body was left tingling, feeling the after-effects of her son's touch, both on lips and breast. "Um, have a good day, uhhhh, at school," she said, pulling her robe closed.

Nick was left with his hand held out, clearly surprised by what had happened. "Okay, um, see you later," he said quietly, trying to gather his wits. When he turned to go, his crotch showed a clear outline of his erection.

Angie spent half the morning cursing herself, both for her slip in guiding his hand, but also in making him go to school in such an obviously aroused state. Would it go away on its own? Had she condemned him to an awkward day of hiding his groin? In his day, Charles had had to hold books in front of him many times after they held hands; this was far more than a simple hand hold!

Nick got home that afternoon, and Angie was there with an apology ready. "I'm so sorry. It was a mistake. Was it too bad?" she said, wringing her hands nervously.

Her son gave her a confused look. "Oh, you mean this morning? That was awesome! I've never, well, once almost, but she got scared. Yours are way better though." He was smiling widely.

"That's, well, that's nice of you to say, but I didn't mean for it -"

Nick continued, "I mean, I'd felt them before, but without a bra, and bare, they're so soft, and warm, and I could feel your nipple get hard under my thumb! Can we do that again?"

"Well, I, you see, I actually meant -"

"It's all I could think about all day." He swooped in for a quick kiss.

"Um, that's nice. I mean, I'm glad I didn't make your day hard, I mean difficult! Did it, er, go away on its own then?" This conversation wasn't going how she'd imagined it.

"Eventually," Nick said. His colour was high, and his eyes were shining as he stared into hers. "But then I'd remember, and it would come back again. I had to sit most of the day." He glanced down at her properly buttoned blouse. "Can we?"

Angie knew what he was asking, but didn't think it was a good idea. "Your dad should be home soon. I don't think it would be a good idea..." Nick was standing very close to her now, and she was pulling in his scent with every breath: a mix of deodorant and mint gum (did he chew it for her?) and a hint of maleness that

distracted her from what she was saying. He was staring at her mouth. Maybe one kiss...

One kiss turned into several, and the distracted mother relaxed into it, forgetting her objections. She expected him to grope her, and he was...kind of. He was fiddling more than usual, his fingers between her breasts rather than on them, and she was about to pull back to look when she felt fresh air rush into her shirt. "Nick!" she gasped, reaching for the hand that was working on a third button.

"Mom, it's okay, we'll hear Dad come in," he said, deftly slipping the third button from its hole, releasing more of her cleavage. He kissed her again.

"It's not that," she said, between kisses. "I don't think we should...this morning was a mistake, and, oh...mmm..." His kisses were getting to her, and she was losing the thread of her argument. "If you're quick..." she trailed off, giving in to her son's eager hands and lips.

Given permission, Nick soon had all of her buttons undone, and then to her shock, her bra released as well from the latch in her cleavage. How did he know about that? Her breasts spilled out into the air to be met by large, warm hands which roughly fumbled at her.

"Mmmph, Nick, slow down," she admonished, still unsure if she was okay with this latest development, still unused to the enthusiastic attention to her chest.

"Sorry, Mom. They're so awesome!" He slowed down as directed, gently hefting her breasts in both hands, squeezing and caressing in a way she'd never

experienced before. He slowed down some more, turning his attention to her thick nipples, which thrust eagerly into his palms.

"Oh, Nick," she sighed, lost in the feel of his hands on her, lifting her chin to let him kiss down her jawline...to her neck...and her chest. "Um, wait," she hedged, afraid of where he was going.

"It's okay, Mom," he said again, and then he was kissing the slopes of her breasts, his slightly stubbly face tickling her cleavage, his hands hefting her up, his tongue licking, his lips slurping, and then a single, thick nipple popped into his mouth and he sucked.

"OH, NICK!" she cried out, clawing his back and pulling his head to her, holding him in place. Any thoughts of Charles, or her marriage, or propriety dropped away. Nick's active tongue slithered around, the slippery texture driving her crazy, and then he sucked again. Angie's brain melted. The suction of her son's mouth, pulling her nipple as he nursed, sent lightning to her privates, igniting a fire in her core. Her nipple was a live wire connected to her clitoris, which pulsed with need each time her son's greedy mouth tugged as if demanding the same attention.

Nick swapped to her other nipple, and she clawed at him all over again. Her focus was on the building need in her panties rather than anything around them, so the sound of the front door closing hit her like a hammer.

Groaning, Angie pushed her son's mouth and hands from her bare breasts, quickly scrambling to climb the stairs to her room. Her shirt and bra flapped as she went, her breasts bouncing obscenely. Nick followed closely behind.

Angie's door thumped closed, and then came the sound of Nick's door right after. She went to her hamper and grabbed a shirt from the top, using it to wipe the saliva coating her still humming nipples before quickly redressing herself.

The world didn't end. A beat, and another, and then the close call hit her. She sat on her bed, shaking and gulping air, sure she might pass out. It took her a while to calm down enough to think beyond the next few seconds. That was far, far too close. If Charles hadn't closed the door so hard, if he'd entered from the garage...the thought of being caught was horrifying. Why had she let that happen?

Somewhere in the house, Charles was probably looking for her, and the more abnormal things were, the more questions he might have. She needed to be normal. Angie left her room and went to find him and inquire after his day. Her attention to him now would result in less attention coming the other way.

"Hey, there you are," Charles said, when she joined him in the kitchen.

"Here I am," she agreed. "How was your day?"

"The usual grind. You?"

"Um, yeah, pretty normal." Nick sucked on my tits, she thought, using the dirtiest word she knew. She equated it with the 'p' word, and rarely used it, but it seemed appropriate for the occasion. The tits in question still tingled, moist with the memory of her son's mouth suckling away.

When they were done catching up, Charles retreated to his study, and Angie let out a long, slow sigh of relief. She was awash in a whirlwind of confusing thoughts and emotions, and she knew she needed to get some clarity before things got out of control. After a long, thoughtful look in the direction of the stairs, she went to the living room.

There was one bookshelf in this room that reached to the ceiling, packed with mostly her books. Near the middle, sandwiched between *War and Peace*, which she'd never managed to finish, and *The Count of Monte Cristo*, which she'd read many times, was a thin, wirebound volume. She plucked it from the shelf and took it to the couch. It was a journal, years old, the pages half full of her cramped writing. She'd used it as a young woman when going through difficult periods of her life: pregnancy, engagement, gossipy neighbours, angry mother, the whole works. Each passage was marked with a milestone: her pregnancy month, Nick's age, etc.

Leafing through it now, stopping to read an occasional passage, Angie remembered the turmoil and uncertainty she felt at the time. A young person unsure of their path in life, with no one to turn to for advice except a sharp-tongued mother or a self-absorbed fiance. She compared it to her life now: a wife and mother, active in church and community, with a grown child. She should have it all figured out by now, right?

Plucking a pen from the coffee table, Angie scribbled in the margin until the ink started flowing. In a careful hand, smiling at how much neater she wrote now, she started to fill in one of the blank pages.

Charles, 38 years old

Did Charles ever love me? Looking back to these pages, I can only see a girl navigating life by the skin of her teeth, juggling the expectations of people around her. My mother wanted me to be perfect, chastising me for my mistakes, real or imagined. Charles wanted me to support and satisfy him. The neighbours wanted more to talk about. There's a shift in my writing when Nick arrives, and the Charles entries dry up.

If asked a few weeks ago, I would say my role in life is to support Charles. That I'm his wife and I am there to love him and make his life easier. Because he loves me, right? Now, I'm not so sure. The only thing I'm sure of is Nick. My bond with him deepens every day, becoming more intimate

She scratched the last word out before resuming.

becoming more like the kind of relationship I should have chosen back then. If I'd been given the chance to choose.

Charles has done his duty. Stood by me after our 'accident'. Stepped forward and took responsibility. But he's as trapped by our situation as I am. What might he have done with his life if given the choice? Is the church a true calling, or a way to remove himself from a life he didn't want? Are his cruel comments new, or a symptom of unhappiness? Or is it a matter of me finally recognizing them?

Nick. 18 years old.

I am afraid of writing more than that, but feel like I have to, to help clear my mind. I feel sure that his actions these past weeks are a reflection of myself. We aim to

please the ones we love, and his devotion has opened my eyes to what I've been missing these last months. Maybe years or decades.

He tempts me. What we've done so far is not okay, and yet I can't help myself. I need more.

Angie, 37 years old

My mother's voice holds me back, nagging me to do what is right, to do what is expected, to be a good girl. Being a good girl lead me to a marriage I am not confident in, while being a bad girl lead to the birth of my son. Which is correct? Why does going against that good girl instinct produce such powerful feelings?

Writing the words 'bad girl' produced a separate set of complicated emotions. She'd been listening to that internal voice for so long, always looking for what a good girl does, that doing the opposite sent a thrill of fear through her. When associated with Nick, the thrill of fear turned to something else. Something naughty. Something a girl who used the word 'tits' might feel.

Am I acting out? Rebelling against that voice in my head? Or is this another significant life change? Young Angie changed into the woman I am today to survive, to get through a period of stress and uncertainty. She retreated into a model wife and mother, to avoid disappointing people. Now I feel like an entire world has been hidden from me, obscured by my husband, and the voice of my dead mother.

Nick started this. By parroting my people-pleasing back at me, he showed me

what it felt like to be pleased by someone else, and now all I want to do is please him back. What a lovely cycle.

Charles seems content for now, so as long as I don't rock the boat, I can try new things, see what I've missed. It's time to cast off the ghost of my mother, and be ME.

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### Chapter 3

The first day of her new outlook went by in a blur of normality. Chores, an outing to run some errands, the usual, except Angie felt different. Like the day was brighter, or was full of potential, and all because she'd made the decision to explore the world on her own terms.

It affected her so much, she felt as if people should be able to see it. See the change written on her face, so obvious that passersby should crane their necks to see this new woman. Of course they didn't, and after a while, she stopped expecting it. But internally, Angie felt it.

That afternoon, after getting home from her day, she paused in front of the hallway mirror to examine herself, getting a good long look. Sure, she was the same Angie she'd always seen in the reflection, and yet, it wasn't. Just the day before, her son had made her feel good...so good she'd lost track of where they were, almost getting caught in the act.

Her nipples tingled at the memory, and she thought about going up to her room to have some private time, when Nick walked in the front door.

"Hey..." Nick paused and looked her up and down. "Did you do something with your hair? Something looks different."

Angie, flustered, patted her hair and wondered if her son was the only person who could see her change in attitude.

Nick came and stood behind her, looking at her in the mirror. "You look...really good," he noted. He pulled her loose hair to one side and kissed her neck. Goosebumps ran down her body, sinking into her nipples and lower. His hands appeared at her sides, clasping her waist before running up to cup her breasts, hefting them appreciatively. The tingling intensified.

"Nick," she warned. "Remember yesterday." His touch was already making it hard for her to think.

"I remember," he said, low, in her ear. He nuzzled her neck, sending goosebumps everywhere.

Angie watched the scene in the mirror. A woman, dressed in a blouse and long skirt, was letting her son touch her breasts and kiss her neck. The woman smiled gently and raised her hands to her buttons. Fascinated, Angie watched the woman open her buttons, one at a time, gradually exposing herself in the mirror. Flashes of a beige bra showed in the widening gap of her shirt, and then glimpses of a soft belly. When her blouse was fully undone, the woman lowered her hands and

waited.

The young man in the mirror, the woman's son, took notice of his mother's shirt, and moaned before pulling at the sides and exposing her. One hand returned to her breast, the other went to her tummy, wide palm spread open, pulling her back into him.

It was a naughty, thrilling scene. The woman laid one hand gently on his, over her tummy, entwining their fingers. Her other hand reached up to undo the latch of her bra, and then tugged at his hand. He let go long enough for her bare breasts to tumble out, thick hard nipples thrusting forward, begging for attention. The boy in the mirror captured one in his fingers and tugged on it.

The illusion shattered. The woman was her. The tug arrowed straight to her privates, and Angie groaned, pumping her hips involuntarily. The groan lengthened as Nick's erection carved into her rear, her loose skirt easily letting it split her cheeks. Angie twisted around to face him, the mirror forgotten.

She reached up to pull him into a kiss, her bare tits squishing into his chest, his penis poking her belly. If she'd thought about it, she might wonder why her son's erection digging into her didn't make her uncomfortable, but she didn't. Slowing her smooches, she blurted the first thing that came to mind, "Does that...hurt?"

Nick slowed as well, his face close to hers. He looked confused. "Does what hurt?"

"You know..." she glanced down, and pushed her hip to indicate his lump, unable to put into words that she meant his penis being hard. Charles always complained

about pain when he was hard.

"Oh. Um, no, not really."

"Oh," she echoed. Angie sighed quietly as her son kissed her again, and it was a few moments before she could follow up. "Does it ever hurt?" she asked.

"Mmmm...once, when I let it go on too long. I usually take care of it first."

It wasn't lost on the hot and flustered mom what he meant. She knew her duty was to help Charles, but she'd never been that interested...just attentive. With Nick, the same sense of duty was there, but without any of the hangups provided by her upbringing. He was her son; there was nothing icky about him, or his needs, or his body.

Without thinking, she said, "Do you want help taking care of it?" Time stopped, and Angie waited for his answer.

"Ummm, yeah?" he said carefully, as if unsure of what she was offering.

Angie realized he thought she would do it right there. Heart pumping, she took him by the hand, and walked towards the stairs, and up to his room.

Unsure of what she'd gotten herself into, Angie closed the door and waited a second before turning. When she did, he was right there, and his lips were on

hers, stopping up her words. His hands followed, one on her bare breast, the other on her bum, and she sighed heavily. She'd never had anyone touch her breasts as much as Nick had in the last couple weeks, and each time sent waves of need through her.

Nick's sweatpant lump pressed into her middle and she pushed against it, letting it trace over her stomach. One hand was in his hair, gently holding him as he continued to kiss her, the other hovering near his hip. She'd offered, and yet, this was 1000% different from the help she used to give her husband.

Hand trembling, she reached between them until she grazed his lump. He groaned and she yanked her hand away.

"It's okay," he said, burying his face in her neck.

No, it wasn't, and yet something was drawing her forward, urging her to reach out again, to put her hand on the protrusion jutting from her son's sweatpants. Another graze, and then she ran her fingers over the wide, cloth-covered tip. Another groan from Nick, into her neck.

Angie let her fingers trace his tent, finding more and more of him. Heat suffused Angie's face and neck. She knew she should leave, get away, but instead, with a mental deep breath, she used her whole hand to cup as much of his length as she could. His answering moan was followed by more as she stroked once, twice, each time drawing an answering twitch from her son. She expected he'd be quick, like in the church hall after the bake sale.

Instead, Nick surprised her by pushing her hand away. Surprised, she put her hand on his hip, thinking he'd changed his mind...but his hip was bare. It took her a second to realize he'd popped the band of his sweats down, and he was exposed to her, if she were to look.

Long seconds ticked by until Nick repeated, "It's okay."

She couldn't move. Between them, she was sure, was a bare penis, hard and straining towards her, but Angie was incapable of closing that gap herself. He seemed to sense this, and took her hand in his, guiding it between them until she found her cupped palm full of warm, velvety skin. Like Charles but oh, so different.

Unable to resist, she caressed his now bare length with a shaking hand, feeling thickness where his dad was thin, length where his dad was short, and at the end, a bulbous head to top it off. The caress turned into a stroke, her instincts taking over, performing the same act she used to do for her husband. Impressions flooded her mind, of the texture of his shaft, and the ridge of his flared helmet - interesting speedbumps for her fingers compared to Charles' definitionless skin tube.

Angie ran her small hand along her son's penis, once, twice, and then she felt it: a sudden expansion and release, and her hand was being coated in hot, sticky seed. Nick lurched back, as if to avoid coating her with his stuff, but it was too late.

Angie ended up with her belly covered in white, slippery goo, along with some wet trails across her skirt. Wiping uselessly at the creamy deposits on her belly, she couldn't help noticing it was thicker, as if potent, very different from the watery little splatters she was used to seeing come from Charles.

She stepped back, intending to go clean up, when she was stopped by his hands on her arms. "No, Nick, I have to go...ohhhh."

Nick had bent forward to slurp her stiff nipple into his mouth. Like the day before, it short-circuited Angie's brain, and she stopped. Her son's strong tongue and mouth nursed at her, sending pulses of pressure and pleasure through her. His hand landed on her privates, over her skirt, colliding with her clitoris.

Angie whimpered, unable to speak to stop him or encourage him, but her body knew what to do. Her legs spread, letting him dig at her with his fingers. It was too rough, too clumsy, and yet she wanted more. Her skirt was a light fabric, held up by an elastic waistband that sat on her hips. As if he'd been doing it his whole life, Nick tugged at the waistband, forcing her skirt down over her hips until it drifted down her legs.

This was wrong - like all the other times he'd touched her - but she was distracted by his hot tongue slurping on her nipple, sending signals to her privates, and then his hand was there, adding to her pleasure.

"It's okay," he said around her nipple, except this time it was reassuring instead of granting permission.

She groaned in protest, but didn't stop him, which proved to be a mistake. Fingers ran up her panties, and then slipped under the elastic band. One strong hand wrapped around her back held her in place, and the other plunged past her pubic hair, finding her soaking wet privates. My baby is touching my pussy, she thought, unsure if the naughty word or the act was more scandalous.

His fingers easily stroked through her labia, across her clitoris, and almost down to her opening. He jabbed at her a few times, getting nowhere, an unwelcome distraction from a world of decadent wrongness. Whining with frustration, she stopped him with her hand, and through the fabric of her panties, guided him lower than he must have imagined, until her seeping pussy practically sucked his digit in. Angie cried out, her hips grinding obscenely on his hand.

Angie was finally getting fingered, like her friend Julie got fingered by her boyfriend at the Dairy Queen all those years ago. The fact it was her son didn't seem to matter any more.

"Oh!" she cried, as the combination of his hands and mouth wound her so tight she might crack. The hot, trembly tension she'd felt before was back and wouldn't be denied. It built up tight, powerful with potential...and then exploded, bearing her away on wings of pleasure, tight talons gripping her body rhythmically. Moisture pooled in her panties under her son's hand, and her inner muscle flexed and flexed and flexed on his finger. Angie buried her head in his shoulder, overwhelmed but exhilarated, and he held her tight as she went away, lost to the pleasure.

Awareness returned, and the world with it, clearer and brighter than it had in months. She took in her situation: entwined with her son, him holding her up as easily as a child. Her body tingled all over, but it was mostly concentrated in her pussy and her breasts. Pussy. Her mother hated that word, but Angie loved it, when she dared use it. Now it came to mind as easily as breathing. Her pussy was soaked and achingly pleased.

Nick sensed she was back, and loosened his grip enough for her to take her own

weight. "Are you okay?" he asked.

Angie nodded. "Yeah. I've...never felt that before. Usually..." She didn't finish. Usually your dad pulls out and then we're done. She became awkwardly aware that she was still practically topless, covered in her son's spend. Nick's penis was sticking out from his sweats.

They weren't able to follow up on the topic, as they heard the unmistakable sound of the front door closing downstairs. They scrambled to part, Angie grabbing her skirt before heading to her bedroom, leaving her son in his room.

Angie tore into the laundry hamper, looking for anything to wipe her chest and her hand, but then realized her skirt was a mess, and her panties...she chose to jump in the shower instead. She grabbed some casual clothes and ducked into the bathroom.

With the water running, she knew Charles wouldn't barge in on her. She stared at the woman in the mirror, with the open shirt and streaks of her son's juice on her belly, her nipples red and slick with his saliva...and a smile plastered across her face.

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Nick entered the kitchen, a rare sight on a Saturday morning. Angie's heart skipped a beat at the sight of him, and she felt as if a spotlight had landed on her. At least, his smiling face, so full of joy at seeing her, felt like a spotlight. She jumped up, saying, "Can I get you some breakfast?"

"Um, that's okay, er, I woke up early...got hungry. I'm going to have some cereal," he replied.

Ignoring his response, Angie met him in the kitchen area, and she found herself blushing, unable to meet his eye. It was bad enough that they had done what they did - her mind refused to name it - but now she was feeling giddy, like a lovesick teenager. She schooled her face as best she could and met her son's eyes, trying to will her heart not to skip a beat.

Nick smiled a half smile, looking as if he wanted to say something, but instead, glanced at Charles and kept quiet. Instead, he reached towards her, as if to take her hand, his eyes full of longing.

Angie echoed the impulse, but took a step back, also glancing at her husband. It's not safe, her look said.

He nodded and looked down. Angie followed his eyes to see a bulge in his boxers. To her horror, he reached down and flipped the lone button open, and then to her delight, his penis emerged. It hung there, heavy and wide, and Angie could still remember what it felt like in her hand. Overcome with a burst of stupid bravery, and hidden by the counter, she reached out and cupped his length, running her hand to the tip. It was naughty and dangerous, and yet she couldn't help herself.

To her surprise, a clear bead of liquid appeared in the slit in his head. Spellbound, she stroked his hard shaft again, wondering why she'd never seen this happen to Charles before, in all the times she'd helped with his erections. Why was he leaking? Was it pee? Unable to resist, she pulled at his penis one more time,

causing the bead to grow big enough to drip and run down his glans to her thumb.

Angie let go of him and held up her thumb to show Nick. Look what you did! To her horror, Charles lifted his head and started to turn around. Without thinking, she popped her thumb in her mouth and sucked the liquid from it, as if taking care of a bit of icing.

Nick spun away, quickly tucking his penis into his boxers. Charles grabbed a charging cable for his tablet, returning to the table. Angie panicked. She'd put something that oozed from her son's penis into her mouth!

She swallowed quickly, but not quick enough to avoid the taste: sweet, tart, and oily. Her revulsion slowly faded away, and she put her coffee mug - already halfway to her mouth - back on the counter. It didn't taste bad. Bemused, she searched her mouth for more of the flavour, but it was gone.

Never in a million years would she have thought of doing something so vulgar, but in a fit of panic, that's her first reaction? Not washing her thumb, or wiping it off, no, but putting it in her mouth, like a treat? Memories came back to her then, of times when she was breastfeeding Nick, when milk leaked onto her fingers, she would pop the messy digit into her mouth to clean it.

Angie shook off the memories and, flustered, announced, "I'm off to shower."

"Okay," said Charles, putting his tablet down. "Nick and I are tackling the lawn this morning, as soon as he puts on some pants, so I can get on with this week's sermon."

That explained her son's early appearance. Angie glanced at him on the way to the bathroom, and his wide smile caused another blush.

All through her shower, she was still thinking about what she'd done. I touched my son's penis and sucked his juice from my finger. He didn't seem to mind, but it was so very bad...

All through the morning, while her men were working on the yard, Angie kept an eye on them through various windows. They worked well together, but where Charles wore old pants and shirt to stave off the dirt, Nick wore a t-shirt and shorts. At one point, he took his shirt off and pushed the mower back and forth, his sweaty chest glistening in the sun. Angie caught herself staring through a crack in the curtains, watching the way his muscles rippled as he manhandled the mower.

Feeling like a peeper, Angie wondered if they could see her watching, but decided they couldn't. She took another long look at her son's broad shoulders and long arms...his big hands, imagining them on her body. While she watched, a slide show of the past 24 hours played in her mind: his mouth on her tit. His hand in her pussy. Her hand on his penis. The taste of that bead of liquid.

What was wrong with her? Why was she doing these things? This wasn't what she meant in her diary when she wanted to be more herself. What she'd done was perverse, and yet it didn't change the tingling in her tummy, or the blood surging to her nipples.

Knowing there was at least an hour before the lawn work would be done, Angie

took the opportunity to draw herself a bath, thinking music and relaxation might help sort her thoughts. She was right and wrong.

Her thoughts were straightened, but only towards the night before, and how it had felt. She found herself laying in the warm water, the memorized details of her son's penis parading in her mind's eye, fighting off the temptation to touch between her legs.

When she emerged from her bath, she was no closer to knowing what was happening, but was much closer to needing some relief by herself in her room. Too bad she wasn't alone.

That night, before bed, Nick came to find her for his good night kiss. She was in the laundry room, finishing up some folding.

"Night," she said, offering her cheek, fighting to hide a smile.

"Mom, seriously?" he deadpanned.

"Okay....but just a short one." She turned, offering her mouth to him.

Within moments, he was pressed close, hands roaming over her body. Angie sighed heavily when his hand landed on her breast, but he kept it over her clothes. She ached for him to thumb open her buttons, to feel his strong hands on her bare flesh, but knew that it was a slippery slope. By the time they pulled apart, the feeling of butterflies was back, as strong as ever.

"I guess I need to, uh, go," he said.

He should go, yes. Angie glanced around, and spotted the pile of towels nearby. "Can you give me a hand? These need to go upstairs..."

With a nod, he stepped forward to the pile. He had to turn his body to do it, brushing up against her. His lump dragged across her hand, and her traitorous fingers reached out to feel his hardness. He seemed to struggle with the towels, giving her time to trace his length through his shorts.

Towels in hand, he slowly stepped away, and Angie turned to grab the rest of the pile before following her son upstairs. They tromped the two flights and deposited their piles into the linen closet. Chore done, she turned to him and spotted his bulge, still presenting itself to the world.

Angie knew what was right, and what was the best course of action. The only way forward was to send him on his way and go to her room and pray for forgiveness, not lead him to his room and close the door behind her. Knowing what to do was one thing. Doing it was another.

The blonde mom went to her son's bed, sat down and pulled him to stand in front of her. Without asking, she tugged at his button and his zipper, drawing down his shorts. A bulge poked from his boxers, which she pulled down next, and she was face to penis with her son.

It - he - was intimidating. This close up, he seemed huge, and all of her senses

came alive at once: his texture, his smell, his feel. Using two fingers to hold him in a light grip, Angie was surprised to feel his pulse under the thin skin. How had she never noticed that any other time with Charles? It seemed unfair to judge based on size, because after all her husband had given her Nick, so size couldn't matter. And yet, she could hardly ignore the fact her son was bigger.

Suddenly, without her moving, he flexed in her hand. "Oh!" she gasped, looking up at him.

He grinned back. "It does that sometimes," he said. "But only when I'm really excited."

"Oh," she looked back at it, feeling proud he was so responsive to her.

The hole in his tip was gaping, a dark cavern with a treasure glinting in the depths. As she watched, the treasure grew and grew until it revealed itself as the same bead of liquid from the kitchen, growing until it threatened to drip. Remembering the interesting flavour, she leaned in and licked the bead away from his tip. Nick huffed above her, his penis jerking in her fingers again.

Flavour exploded in her mouth, and she ran it over her tongue - musky and warm, silky and oily, coating her taste buds.

Her mother's voice echoed in her ear, harping on about what good girls did and did not do. One of the things mentioned was putting things in her mouth. Somehow she'd done that to her only baby...and she didn't care. Her confusion about what was happening between them seemed insignificant in the moment.

She stroked her son's shaft, trying to coax more juice from him. A tiny bit formed in his hole, and she went back for it, perching her mouth at his tip and digging her tongue into his slit to pull a bit more of the musky liquid from her son's sex organ.

"Je-uh-jeepers," Nick said, staring at her.

Angie giggled and did it again, prompting a similar response.

"You can put more in...please."

That was clearly a bad idea...which was why it appealed. The taste wasn't bad, he was clean and warm, with a distinct man flavour to him - if she were to imagine how a man should taste. She held him in place, and leaned in, pushing her mouth farther down than before, until the crown of his tip popped into her mouth. The feel of him sliding between her lips sent a spike of warmth to her pussy.

She pulled off, and asked, "Like that?"

Nick nodded, eyes wide. "Use your tongue...and less teeth?" he suggested.

Angie nodded, and did it again, opening her jaw to keep her teeth away while rubbing her tongue on the underside of his glans. Nick's knees trembled, half buckling, and he almost fell over. "Are you going to fall?" she asked.

"M-maybe."

"You sit down, and I'll be on the floor." They swapped positions, and Angie was now on her knees between his spread legs, and he leaned back on his hands, watching her. Somehow this position felt naughtier, though she wasn't sure why. Angie leaned over his middle, and put his penis back in her mouth, sucking and licking, tasting the juice seeping from his hole now and then.

The depraved act was getting to her, producing a slick heat in her panties, a sensation she knew meant she was wet. She needed to finish helping her son and get back to praying in her room to fend off her excitement.

With one hand on his shaft, she used the other to cup his testicles, a warm, hefty sack too big to hold in one hand. She rolled it in her fingers gently, something Charles liked. Thinking of her husband while servicing another man in a way she never had for him sent a thrill through her.

Nick said, "Mom."

Angie let him go and looked up and then quickly back down when she felt him swell, and then a wad of white goo spat out of his hole and hit her right on the chin. Another followed, this one streaking her lips, and another hit her nose before she was able to get out of the line of fire. The final few shots flopped onto his sparse pubic hair and dribbled onto her fingers.

She leaned back, stunned, and immediately the heavier gobs started to drip down her face, some of it ending up in her mouth. Her immediate instinct was to spit it

out, but she had nowhere to spit, and after a few seconds the full taste hit her. It was stronger than what she tasted earlier, not as sweet, but not repulsive...potent, was the best word. Her son's stuff tasted potent. She reflexively swallowed to clear her mouth, and she realized she'd ingested a small dollop of her son's sperm.

The messy mom saw her son staring, watching her lick his stuff off her face, and was filled with a burst of shame. What had she done? "I have to go," she said, leaping to her feet and practically running to the door.

She quickly checked the hall for her husband and then ran to the washroom, her face dripping as she went. In the washroom, she stopped in front of the mirror and knew what she would see, despite her feelings: a woman covered in her son's sperm. What she didn't expect was the little smile hovering at the corners of her mouth.

If her mother could see her now...she licked another stray glob near her lip and swallowed it. The taste was pure wickedness, in liquid form.

She hastily cleaned up and headed to bed, wondering what had gotten into her. Why put her mouth on him? What possessed her to suck on it? Why did he taste so good? Why wasn't she more freaked out? It was the last one that haunted her longest.

She didn't learn the word sperm from school, it was a gift from another friend growing up. Tammy Gilford said she loved the taste, and that she could feel her boyfriend's sperm wriggling in her mouth after sucking on him. It sounded disgusting to Angie at the time.

Perhaps that story had stuck in her brain, prompting her to experiment the first chance she could? Charles would never allow her to perform that type of act, but Nick had been more than happy to let her. Maybe she wasn't freaked out because this was simply more of her living a life more daring and naughty? Whatever the case, that was something that couldn't happen again.

Finally getting sleepy, Angie closed her eyes, deciding Tammy had been lying; there was no wriggling.

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How did you face your only child after performing a sex act on him? Angie wished she knew, but couldn't avoid him forever, especially as they had to go to church together. She happened to be in the hall when he emerged from his room.

"Hey, Mom," Nick said, his face lighting up at seeing her.

"Hi," she said quietly, deciding to tackle the subject right away. "I'm sorry about yesterday. I didn't, I mean, I didn't plan it, and I definitely shouldn't have done it. I can only hope you forgive me..."

He held up his hand to cut her short, looking down the hall to the stairs. "Are you kidding? I've never felt anything so great. I could hardly sleep at first, I was so excited I had to, well, I guess I celebrated the memory by myself. Then once I did fall asleep I was out all night.

That was the best ever, I've never felt anything like it," he gushed, his smile lighting up his face.

Angie smiled wryly at his enthusiasm. "I'm glad, I guess. I felt really bad after...I'm not sure what was going through my head. I was planning to, um, with my hand. I've never done that before to make someone shoot."

"Come, Mom."

"Huh? We've got church, we don't have time..."

"No, the word is 'come', not shoot. You made me come."

"Oh...oh!" A rush of embarrassment hit her. "I only know the words I heard growing up. Getting a man to shoot was how me and my friends said it. Alice liked making boys shoot, and could do it really fast."

"You're adorable, Mom, and it's clear you grew up without the internet."

"I know some things!" She paused, hesitating because he was leaning in, his breath mingling with hers. A surge of daring hit her. As she lifted her mouth to meet his lips, she said, "Are you sure you want a kiss? I had your thing there yesterday."

"No one calls it a thing. Call it a penis, or a dick, or a cock, or a prick," he answered. "And yes." He cut short her answer, and they were quickly locked in a passionate embrace.

During the church service, Angie found herself daydreaming during the more routine sections, contemplating her son's words for a penis. She'd heard them before of course, but didn't use them in relation to a man's organ. Prick and dick were words for idiots, but cock was a fine word. She let the thought form: 'I had my son's cock in my mouth, and I liked it.'

A tremor of naughty fear ran through her, thinking such thoughts while listening to the sermon.

After church, in the hall, she got a surprise. Angie met Janey to catch up with gossip and life in general. She had a careful eye out for her son, enjoying the little bursts of joy she was still feeling when she saw him.

"So...did you hear?" Janey said, unaware of her friend's faraway look. "Mrs. Jacobs reconciled with her husband; they're back together."

That brought Angie's attention back. "Really! That's surprising. No word on who the father of the baby is?"

"They're saying it's his, that he got tested and his vasectomy failed."

"Wow. What a ride for them. Do you think they'll make it?"

"Do you? Showing up pregnant and being accused of cheating has got to be a major blow. I'm not sure if I blame him though, if he was sure it couldn't be him."

Angie bit her lip, feeling for the woman, and the rollercoaster of emotions she must be having. "A sad situation all around. Goes to show that when God has a plan, it's going to happen."

Janey laughed and said, "Just what a Deacon's wife would say. I guess...God had a plan for me, too."

Angie looked at her friend quizzically, trying to figure out which plan she was referring to, when she saw a gleam in her eye. "Wait. No...are you?"

Janey nodded, a grin splitting her face from ear to ear. "Yes. We found out a bit ago, but it's been 9 weeks, so I'm telling people. But only a few for now. You're the first."

With Angie's history, and Mrs. Jacobs' whoopsie, Angie wasn't sure how to respond. "Is this what you want? Does Ted? Were you trying? I'm sorry, I don't know what to think."

"Yes, we've been trying, and yes we want it. I've always wanted three, but the third took a while to happen. I'm so happy, Angie, you don't even know."

"That's wonderful!" Angie said, a wave of relief and joy coming over her. She had

intimate knowledge of what it was like to not have full support when finding out this kind of news. Instead of saying more, she hugged her friend hard, thinking she never even got one happy hug when she found out about Nick. What a difference it would have made for her to have even one adult in her corner.

Ted joined them at that point, and he saw his wife's happy expression. Rolling his eyes, he asked, "I guess you've been told. I'm sorry you have to endure her being insufferably happy for the next seven months."

"Oh, stop." Janey grinned and waved at him. To Angie, she said, "He's so happy he's been practically waiting on me hand and foot. He's already rubbing my belly with shea butter daily, even though I'm not showing."

"Sorry, shea butter?" Angie shook her head to show her confusion.

"You know, the cream, to prevent stretch marks. You must have used something like it with Nick."

"Ah, yes. I forgot." Angie hid her pain with a grin. There'd been no cream. No waiting on hand and foot, no rubbing. Seeing Janey so happy, and Ted so supportive, sent a pang of envy through her entire body. If she'd complained about stretch marks, her mother would have launched into a lecture about the benefits of abstinence, and how it was her punishment. Thankfully she hadn't suffered from them, probably from her youthful body.

Ted said, "We've got to run, see you next week, Angie."

"Okay. Bye Janey. Congratulations."

Thoughts of her friend's pregnancy were soon dropped in favour of her own life. Angie found herself thinking back to the day before, in Nick's room. Beyond the fact she put her mouth on him, there was something else nagging at her, an elusive tremor in her heart. Something about that pose...the Deacon's wife on her knees, lovingly servicing her son's cock...

It was dirty, and wicked, and it should never have happened, but she couldn't get it out of her head. Angie felt the first inkling that what she was doing was wrong for a whole different reason. Not because she was Nick's mother, but because she was married, and this was most definitely cheating.

She was cheating on her husband. Performing sexual acts with another man. So why didn't she feel bad? Had Charles given her any other choice when he left her for the heady thrills of delivering sermons on Wednesday nights? Had he given her any other choice with his constant comments cutting her down? Nick had stepped up to take over for his father, and Angie finally understood what that meant. In many ways he was a boy, an 18 year old finishing high school, but for Angie he'd taken on a man's duties.

For the next two days, she kept Nick to their basic activities: kissing and fondling, but in her heart, she yearned for more.

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That Wednesday was Youth Group night, and Angie and Nick headed off at their

usual time. She drove slowly, letting Nick fondle her tits, sighing and squirming in her seat the whole way. She'd worn a loose shirt and thick bra to hide her nipples as best she could, knowing they'd be showing after her son had his hands on her.

They arrived at the church hall, joining the other kids bouncing around the place. Mother and son split at the door, heading to their respective areas. Angie could see that the group of 18 year olds was only at half strength, Hal and Billy not in attendance. Janey was in her spot, pouring juice, and they went about the evening as they had for the last several months.

Angie eyed her friend, looking for signs of her pregnancy, but couldn't see anything yet. She looked healthy, and smiled a lot, but that wasn't really new for Janey.

Throughout the night, Angie found her eyes drifting to Nick, watching him interact with the younger children. She wondered how their lives would be different if she hadn't been so terrified of getting pregnant. It was a small miracle she hadn't had an accident as it was. The church frowned heavily on contraception, although it wasn't strictly taboo, so Angie and Charles had relied on the rhythm and pullout method of birth control.

At the end of the night, Angie sent Janey home with the excuse that Nick could help her tidy up the hall. The younger woman accepted, rounding up her kids and ushering them out the door.

Angie puttered around, directing Nick where to put things, the whole while feeling a tension in the air between them. The last time they'd been in the hall alone together, he'd made a mess in his pants after she tried to examine his lump. When

everything was tidied up, Angie pulled off her apron and hung it behind the door in the kitchen. One last look to make sure nothing was missed, she switched off the light and squeaked in surprise. Nick was standing there, silhouetted by the light in the hall, his large frame intimidating.

"You startled me," she laughed, waiting for him to step back so she could exit.

He took a step towards her until he could close the door, leaving them in darkness, only strips of light coming in from the hall. "I thought I heard someone," he said.

"Okay? It's a church hall, there's usually someone around."

"Yeah, but I wouldn't want them to see me do this." Hands found her in the dark, pulling her into his embrace.

"Oh, Nick," she sighed, and their mouths collided in the dark. Immediately, their hands started to roam, her stroking his shoulders, him pulling at her rear. He was excited already, his bulge between them.

They necked, sighs and moans filling the kitchen. She could feel him fumbling with her skirt behind her, lifting it until she felt cool air hit her panty-clad cheeks, and his hands cupped her there. He pulled and squeezed her flesh, and she felt trapped, caught between strong arms and a hard cock. He put a hand into the leg hole of her panties, gripping her bare cheek, the fabric in front digging into her pussy.

It would be so easy for someone to open the door, flick on the lights, and expose them both. So easy to be caught with her son's hand in her panties. The thought drove Angie crazy, until she almost wanted it to happen. Wanted someone to find the Deacon's wife and her son locked in a steamy embrace.

"Wait, Nick," she said softly, breaking his kiss reluctantly. "What if someone finds us? What if your Dad comes looking for us?" Angie couldn't believe the next words out of her mouth. "What if he sees us like this, with your hand in my panties?"

His voice was just as quiet, hot breath tickling her ear. "We can stop...if you want." He slipped his other hand into her panties, cupping her other cheek, the fabric pulling tight and pressing against her throbbing pussy. She wasn't sure why she was allowing him to touch her bare bum.

Angie whimpered, clutching at his strong back. "I'm...I'm not sure." She lied. She did know, but was too afraid to say it.

Suddenly, easily, Nick lifted her by her cheeks and planted her on a counter. "Lay back," he urged, pressing her shoulders and easing her onto the cold counter.

"What? Why?" she asked, completely confused, lifting her head to try and see, but it was inky black in the room.

"Shhhh." Hands fumbled at her skirt, and then they were on her knees, pushing her legs apart.

"What..." she ghosted into the room from her position on her back.

Hot breath on her thighs. Strong hands pushing her suddenly compliant legs apart, fingers digging into her panties and pulling them aside. "No, Nick...ohhhh...you can't. Not there, it's so...uhhh..." She trailed off when she felt his head press between her thighs, and then a warm, wetness hit her labia. Without another word, she spread her legs wider still.

Angie had never felt anything like it. Nick's tongue roamed all over, bathing her privates in his saliva, occasionally hitting a spot that made her twitch and groan. It was decadent and depraved, and Angie knew she couldn't let it go on for long...until he hit one spot in particular.

Angie groaned, and Nick heard it. He stopped and let his tongue pulse there, massaging her clit, and she cried out, her voice filling the kitchen. Her inner muscle clamped down hard, and Angie came on her son's tongue..

It seemed to prime her in a way she'd never experienced. Usually when she was done, she put her toy away and went back to her routine, but Nick wasn't done. He started to lick her some more, and the sensation was amplified a hundred times, each new spot producing twitches and quivers. Her vocalizations only encouraged him, until she felt herself ramp up into an even bigger shiver.

Sure that she was done, she slumped on the counter, legs and arms limp, until she felt his head move and then a hard finger pressed into her pussy, penetrating easily thanks to her excitement, dragging a groan from the tired mom. Muscles inside of her woke up, clamping on the digit inside of her, as he plunged it slowly in and out.

"Ohhhhh!" she cried out, her exhausted body rising to the occasion, a bigger and harder climax building, until he shoved another finger into her, and the hard penetration forced a scream from her gaping mouth. She came for the third time, fingers and tongue driving her over the biggest orgasmic cliff she'd ever experienced.

When she'd finally stopped convulsing, Nick was still gently massaging her clit, and she had to push his head away from her sensitive pussy. She heard him stand and then the lights turned on, showcasing her shamefully half-exposed body. Her skirt had puddled on her belly, and looking down, she could see the result of her son's efforts: panties pulled aside, red, swollen lips soaked in his saliva, and for the first time in her life, she could see her clitoris peeking from its hood, a pink bulb of swollen flesh, erect and glistening.

"What have you done to me?" she asked plaintively, flopping her head back onto the hard counter. How did she get to this point? How could they have done this in the church hall, of all places? As if doing it anywhere else was better.

Nick walked over to her, wiping his face with a paper towel. "Only what you deserve. I told you I can fill in for Dad," he said.

"Your dad has never done that," she said, tiredly. Nor would he, even if she asked...which she wouldn't.

"I'd do that for you every day."

Despite her frazzled brain, Angie couldn't help but laugh wearily. "No, thank you. I'd die." She slowly sat up, taking Nick's solicitous hand gratefully to hop down from the counter. She had to dig under her skirt to rearrange her panties, covering her pleasantly plump and pleased pussy, before heading to the door on shaky legs. "Wash the counter please...we need to get home."

The drive was quiet, but Angie's mind was anything but. Her son had given her pleasure she'd never felt before by putting his mouth on a place she was hesitant to even touch herself. He'd had his hand inside of her. She exchanged glances with him a few times, and noted the distinct look of pride on his face.

When they pulled into the drive, she grabbed his hand to stop him from jumping out. "I don't know what possessed you to do that, but thank you. It was...amazing." She leaned across to his seat, intending on a more concrete thanks.

"Are you sure you want to kiss me? My tongue was in you," he teased.

"Come here," she growled, planting a steaming kiss on his lips, and the Deacon's wife tasted her pussy for the first time.

For the rest of the night, Angie found herself smiling at the memory of lying back and being pleased by her son. He'd asked for nothing for himself. For the first time in a while, Angie went to sleep without her prayer of patience.

\*\*\*

Thursday morning was an odd one for Angie. She woke up happy, going several minutes before remembering the reason for her good mood, whereupon she blushed furiously.

Conflicting feelings surfaced. Shame at what she'd let happen. Joy at how it felt. Desire to feel it again. The last one surprised her. She'd been going with the flow for weeks, reacting to the situations and doing her best to mentally navigate her conflicting feelings. Looking to the future was new.

The happy mom wasn't horny at that moment, but the thought of sharing such intimacy with her son again was thrilling. Whether giving or receiving, she wanted it all. It was a scary proposition.

Angie was brought back to reality by the sound of her husband's voice. They were in the kitchen, doing their daily routine.

"You didn't ask, but the sermon went well last night," he said.

It was true, she'd forgotten all about her husband's service. It seemed so trivial in the face of the other stuff she was going through, but she had to act the part.

"Yes? What was it on?" she asked dutifully.

"Devotion. Devotion to God, devotion to family, and devotion to one's spouse. The Reverend thought it was inspired. He used that word!" His pride was clear.

Angie made appropriate encouraging noises, all the while thinking of how

devotion went both ways, and he'd clearly dropped the ball on his end. When she was done making his lunch, she went to the stairs, intending to meet Nick at their usual spot. Instead she kept going, walking up the stairs to duck into her room quickly before heading to his.

He looked up with surprise when she walked in without knocking, closing the door behind her. "Hey, what's up?" He was in a t-shirt and boxers, shorts in hand ready to put them on.

"I came to give you your good morning kiss," she said, smiling.

"You usually wait for me at the stairs," he pointed out, but didn't look displeased at her barging in.

"True. But today I felt like you deserved a little something special." She pulled on the tie of her robe until it let loose, and the sides gaped open. She knew what he was seeing.

"Mom," he said, eyes fixed on her body. "You're naked."

"I am. I thought it was an appropriate reward for your 'devotion' last night."

Nick looked puzzled at the word, but didn't respond, using his hand to part her robe the rest of the way. Bare breasts, soft tummy, and hairy pussy came fully into the light. With a little push, he had her robe off her shoulders, letting it pool on the floor. He was seeing her fully naked for the first time. He stood there, eyes

fixated on the sexy sight, before his hands came up to touch her sides lightly.

Angie shivered at his touch, not daring to think about what she was doing. His warm hands slid up to cup her breasts, and she sighed. Between them, a lump formed in his boxers, getting big enough to form a taut tent. With a deft flick, she undid the button holding him in and parted his underwear to let his rigidity spring forth.

Nick groaned. "Mom, I have to go to school. You're killing me here."

With a little giggle, Angie knelt down in front of him. "We wouldn't want you in pain all day." Heart pounding, she put her mouth over the tip of her son's thick cock, savouring his flavour a little before sucking him in. She laid one hand on his thigh, the other gently taking his sack in her palm.

"Mom," he moaned. His hands went into her hair, caressing her.

"Mmmhmmm," she hummed in agreement. She was his mom, but also the woman he'd pleased the night before. The vibration of her mouth caused his knees to buckle a little, and then he was coming.

The sudden spurt in her mouth surprised her at first, but she recovered quickly, doing her best to swallow his juicy load as he fed it to her. The slippery stuff slid down her throat easily, the full, potent goo coating the back of her mouth. It kept coming, and she kept swallowing, finding she couldn't get enough of his taste. When he was done, totally drained, weak-kneed and going limp, she let him out of her mouth.

"Holy shit, Mom," Nick said.

Cheeks pink, Angie sat back on her haunches and ran her tongue around her mouth, searching for the last of her son's seed. "I like that," she said, riding the high of his response to her, physically and verbally. Her ability to turn him into a quivering wreck with only her mouth felt amazing.

"So do I," he responded.

Angie giggled again, feeling like a schoolgirl with a crush, laughing at his every word. She watched her son's cock wilt further, the softening length still hanging from the slit in his boxers. Tucking him back in, she did the button up, and got back to her feet. Suddenly self-conscious, she picked up her robe and pulled it on. She'd done this without thought, purely on desire and whim, but now that it was over, she felt like she'd overstepped.

"I, um, should go," she said, turning back to his door.

"Hey," he caught her shoulder, preventing her from leaving. "Thank you, seriously." He hugged her and kissed her hard before letting her go.

As Angie walked back to her room, she could feel wet hair brushing against her thigh and a single drop of liquid running down her leg. Her nipples tingled, and she knew she would be pulling her toy from the drawer as soon as her men had left.

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At various points in the day, Angie would think back to her actions that morning. Of getting naked in her room before going to her son. Of him parting her robe and it falling away. Of his gaze, rapt and awed. Of getting on her knees and taking him in her mouth.

It was such a wild sequence, but the wildest part was that she knew it wasn't the last time it would happen. She wanted to feel his cock kicking in her mouth again, spurts of his sperm sliding down her throat to her hungry tummy.

It took some mental effort, but in the end she was able to curb her needs by the time Nick got home. Instead of tearing his shorts off and stuffing his cock between her lips, she simply smiled and welcomed him home. She could feel his need pressing into her belly when they kissed, but she kept her hands to herself.

Later, when it was time for bed, he came to her again. The kiss was more heated this time, but Angie fought off her hunger. There was a sense in her that if she let herself go, she might not be able to stop.

In her room, changing for bed, she found herself naked and the urge to fall to her knees hit her harder than ever. Standing before her mirror, naked with her wedding rings on her finger, Angie struggled to resist. A word, in her mother's voice, came into her head: 'slut'. If she went to her son like this, to suck on his cock, she was a slut. What other word fit?

Rather than cowing her, as it did so long ago, the horny mom smiled at her

reflection. Maybe she was a slut. Maybe she'd always been a slut. Maybe her mother and her husband and the church had kept it locked away, and she was breaking free. Whatever the case, she was free to do as she wished. And right now, she wished for a warm drink before bed.

Angie put her robe on before padding quietly to her son's room. She let herself in, the door closing quietly behind her. Minutes later, she let herself out again. Her cheeks red and eyes glistening, a wicked smile on her face. In her tummy was a pool of warm semen, freshly milked from her son.

When Charles came to bed that night, she seriously considered asking him for sex. After the day she'd had, despite using her toy earlier, she was still feeling the need...but she didn't say anything, and neither did he. It was how their marriage was.

\*\*\*

Friday morning felt too early for Angie. Like she'd been up late, though she hadn't. She was slow to get going, slow to finish Charles' lunch, and slow to greet her son at the stairs. It occurred to her that she could give him another special goodbye, but there wasn't enough time, and she was tired.

Nick gave her a worried look when he came to the kitchen as she was finishing up. She smiled and winked, to put his mind at ease.

When their son had gone, Charles said, "Don't forget, I'm leaving after work, so I'll need a bag packed."

Freeing her mind from her son, Angie blinked and said, "Pardon? Leaving?"

"My trip. The flight is at 6pm."

Angie wracked her brain for what she was missing. There'd been no mention of a trip, she was sure...or was she? Was she so caught up in her own world that she'd forgotten? "What trip? You never told me about a trip."

Charles turned to her, eyebrows raised. "I told you a week ago. I'm going with Reverend Jones to a retreat."

"When did you tell me? Specifically? Because I don't recall any conversation like that."

"Honestly? You're not so old as to be losing your memory already, are you? It was after church. The Reverend was there."

"I'm sure I'd remember," she said. "You don't go on many trips. I'll have to ask the Reverend what he remembers."

Charles hesitated before appearing to think. "Hang on, maybe, um, maybe it wasn't you. I thought for sure I'd mentioned it, but...well, I guess not."

"An honest mistake," she said, doing her best to sound sincere and sweet. "How

long is the trip, and where? I'll need to know what to pack."

"It's just the weekend, to Vancouver. It's indoors, but I'll need a shell in case it rains. Thanks, Angie, I'll see you after work." He hustled out the door.

Charles' mistake of not telling her was minor and forgettable. The comment about her age and memory was not. It seemed like everytime they interacted, he was putting her down in some way. Was it intentional? Regardless, it didn't feel like a tall ask to be supportive and complimentary of one's spouse.

Determined to put the exchange out of her head, Angie went about packing for him, to get it out of the way. Once done, his bag by the door, she went to shower and ready herself for the day. Under the warm water, she catalogued her chores for a bit, until it occurred to her that it would be Nick and her alone for the weekend.

Naughty thoughts flooded her mind, chief among them the feel of her lips wrapping around a thick, warm shaft. Her soapy hands on her breasts slowed, and she gripped a nipple between her slippery fingers. Aching need built in her core, blood flowing to her clitoris and labia. Sighing, Angie slipped a finger inside of herself for the first time ever, imagining it was her son doing it, and quivered in the shower.

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Charles was gone. Angie had ordered pizza for dinner for herself and Nick. They ate in front of the TV, watching silly shows until he went to his room to study for

his final exams. She watched him go, and wondered if she'd need a warm drink before bed.

She managed to resist, ending up in bed alone again, but it felt funny to know that Charles wouldn't be joining her at any point. That he wouldn't be there when she woke. The next morning was odd, going about her routine without her husband there to share it. She woke up late, throwing a robe on to empty her bladder before heading downstairs for coffee. What was her day going to be like?

Nick appeared a bit later, driven downstairs by hunger. "Morning, Mom," he said, eyeing her robe as he gathered a bowl, spoon, milk and cereal.

"Morning," she murmured, hands cupped around her mug. "How was your sleep?"

"Great, but I didn't get to sleep as fast as I did the night before," he said, pouring his cereal.

Angie smirked. "I wonder why?"

Pouring his milk, he speculated, "I'm not sure, but I suspect it's related to stress relief. Or some kind of relief. I dunno." His smile was cheeky.

It was taking everything Angie had to not let this thing with her son take over her life, but a little voice in her head said, 'slut', and she sighed. Putting her mug on the counter, she untied her robe and let it fall to the ground. "I'm sorry I didn't help with your relief last night. Maybe I can help this morning?" she said, walking

to the table while pulling her hair back into a ponytail.

"Um," Nick said, cereal forgotten.

Dropping to all fours, Angie crawled under the table, between her son's legs, finding a burgeoning cock pressing against his underwear. With quick fingers, she had him in the open air, and in her mouth soon after, in time to feel him quicken to full size.

Above the table, she heard Nick mutter, "Oh, God." She didn't hear any more, her focus on the head and shaft pressing into her tonsils, knowing they'd be painted with sperm soon.

The sound of slurping and sucking bounced around the kitchen, muffled by the table and the moans of the man sitting at it. Angie lovingly suckled at her son's cock, noticing he was lasting longer each time she did this, happy to enjoy the taste of him as long as he could go. She fiddled with her nipples where they hung towards the floor, pulling at them and letting them spring back, causing her own moans, which resulted in her son echoing them.

The loving mother wasn't sure how long she was under the table, but eventually she felt her son swell and groan, and she was rewarded with his rich sperm. Jet after jet, deposited into her waiting throat where it was swallowed down. After a short period of nursing his wilting cock, she buttoned him up and crawled back out from the under table to find him staring in awe.

"Better?" she asked, as she put her robe back on.

He nodded, his eyes glued to her heavy tits before they disappeared.

"Your cereal is getting soggy," she said, heading to the shower. Angie felt...wanton, as she strutted out of the room. Wanton but proud.

After her shower, she found Nick gone, a little note left behind saying he'd gone to Tom's. Angie tried to watch TV, but was finding herself bored easily. A subtle pressure worked at her, originating from her groin, distracting her and derailing any other thoughts. Finally, by mid-afternoon, she'd had enough and went to her room to take care of the itch.

A rare event, to have an empty house in the middle of a Saturday. Angie undressed completely, taking her vibrator from its hiding spot and laying back on her bed. She wanted to take her time and dig deep into her usual inspiration - sex with Charles - but today her well was coming up dry. It wasn't like she had a wealth of different interactions to draw from - their sexual life was pretty consistent.

Charles would hint his interest, which was always enough to get her engine purring. They would get naked under the covers, and then they'd kiss a bit. Charles would get on top and find her opening. Sometimes she had to help him. He would get to work, and she'd enjoy his rutting into her until he pulled out and finished on her stomach.

When she first started out on her self-exploration, she'd been able to use these memories every time, and yet now she found they lacked something...everything. Sighing with frustration, Angie tried to think of something different, and like a

summoned genie, Nick popped into her thoughts.

Heat built in her pussy as she thought of Nick's head between her legs, or his cock between her lips, and with a little grunt, she quickly pressed her little toy against her clit and came. Her cry bounced off the walls, louder than she might have on another day. Though she never indulged in the vibrator unless she was alone, she normally kept quiet, unsure if someone might come home. Today, she let loose, her cries echoing off the walls.

Recently gifted with the knowledge the second orgasm felt even better, Angie contemplated going again, shameful thoughts of her son bouncing around her brain, when a knock came at the door to her bedroom.

"Mom?"

Panic overcame her as the naked mom scrambled to pull the covers over her body. She hadn't locked the door, secure in her solitude, so her panic increased when she saw the doorknob turn. "I'm in here!" she shouted, but he knew that. Why else would he open the door?

A crack, then a gap, as the door opened, and Angie knew there was no way to hide what she'd been doing. The vibrator was still buzzing under the covers. She scrambled to find it where she'd tossed it in her rush, but it was far too late. Nick's face appeared in the door, his expression open and amused.

"Am I interrupting?" he asked, a slight cheeky grin on his face.

"Um." What could she say? Despite what they'd shared, this felt too shameful, too intimate even for them.

Nick walked in and over to the bed before reaching for the blanket.

"Don't," she pleaded, the blanket gripped tight in her fists.

He tugged at her cover, and after a couple of tries, she let it go. Blood rushed to her cheeks, and she hid herself with her hands, not thinking right. She'd exposed herself to him that morning, why was this so different? She didn't know, it just was. This was her sanctuary, where she could be herself.

The light blanket pulled away, exposing her body to her son's eyes yet again, and he feasted. "You could have asked," he said.

"Asked what?" she whimpered, still clutching at tits and pussy.

"Asked for relief. Help. Attention. Anything. I'm here for you, remember?"

"You shouldn't be in here, in my room," she tried weakly. "I'm trying to have a nap." Despite the still buzzing toy lost somewhere in the bed.

With an easy shrug, Nick flipped the blanket up, exposing the toy. She wanted to grab it, but didn't want to let go of her body parts. He picked it up from the sheet and examined it before turning it off and tossing it back on the bed. "Maybe

you're nervous because I'm overdressed," he said, quickly shunting his shorts and underwear down his legs. His shirt followed, and he was naked like her.

Angie's mouth and pussy watered at the sight of him standing there, big, strong and male. His penis jutted towards her, as hard as she'd ever seen it.

"Maybe you'd feel better if I did what I did at the hall?" he asked, before kneeling up on the bed at her feet. Gripping her knees, he pulled them apart easily before lowering his face to where her hand covered her pussy.

Sure that he would try to move her hand, he surprised her by kissing her hand once, twice, then her thigh. He moved from leg to leg, kissing up to her knee, sending up little flares of tingling lightning wherever he went, and then he worked his way back to the covering hand. He nibbled and nipped at her knuckles until Angie couldn't stand it any more and lifted her hand away, exposing her pussy.

Unlike in the church hall, there was light, and there was no skirt to block the sight of her son's head between her thighs. Her shame at being caught masturbating disappeared as soon as his tongue hit her clit.

"You're so wet, Mom," he said, before licking her again.

"Don't stop," she whispered, her body already prepping for another orgasm. In response, he gripped her thighs and plowed his tongue through the furrow of her wet, hairy lips. She cried out, writhing in place.

He didn't stop. Within moments his active tongue had her climbing to the apex of another orgasm. He'd learned from the last time, tracing her lips and dipping into her well before going back to her clit. Her body clenched, tensing in preparation for the final release, and then she heard it - a buzzing coming from below her - and then she felt it - the touch of her toy on her entrance.

The shock of the vibration combined with the sick act of him using her own toy on her cracked the dam of her pending climax. "What are you doing to meeeeeeee!" she shrieked, writhing in place, body quivering and convulsing. He kept going, driving her crazy, sending her body into overdrive, a third orgasm on the heels of the second. The double action of his tongue and her toy was sending waves of pleasure through her, until she couldn't take any more. "Stop," she pleaded, pushing at his head with weak hands, doing her best to get away from his wonderful tongue.

He lifted his face from the cradle of her thighs, the very place he'd popped into the world more than 18 years ago, grinning from ear to ear. "I love the sound of your orgasms," he said.

She just lay and panted, not even caring that he was naked in her bed anymore.

Wallowing in the intensity of her post-orgasm bliss, she only barely registered Nick kissing her stomach. It tickled a bit, and she giggled faintly, trying to push him away but he dodged her hand and moved up to her breasts. She watched as he took one of the tightly wrinkled nubs in his mouth and sucked it all in, including her areola. The pinch of pleasure from his warm, nursing mouth drove her crazy, and he knew it.

While he sucked away, Angie thought maybe her toy was still touching her, tapping at her lips, even though it was no longer humming. She was too distracted to put much thought into it, but still enjoyed the light stimulation. It wasn't until Nick moved, and her 'toy' moved with him, that she realized it was his penis touching her down there.

Right away, she saw the two of them from afar: her naked son, trim and toned, hovering over her, his erect cock brushing her hairy lips, teasing what he had been licking. It sent a shiver down her spine, and a spike of need through her body. The teasing continued, his weeping tip leaving moisture in its wake.

Angie knew this was a bad idea. She knew she had to stop him, to close her legs and bar him entry, but he was already kneeling between them. "Nick, I know what you want, but we can't..."

"Mmhhmm," he hummed, his mouth still full of her nipple.

He was distracting her, swapping back and forth between her breasts. The tapping below continued, a tickling tease of her sensitive lips. Angie felt her son nudge her leg with his thigh, coaxing her to spread her legs further. She let it happen, and the tapping became bolder, more insistent. He shifted up, gently forcing her other leg to move, until she was splayed wide open.

"Please, Nick, this is wrong," she said, and her voice was higher, plaintive. "We can't be together as man and woman. It goes against the bible and God, and society, and..."

Without acknowledging her, he let her nipple go with a little pop, and looked up at her. They paused like this for an eternity, until he pushed, slowly, his blunt tip slipping between her labia and kissing her entrance.

"Oh, God," Angie whispered, her objections dissipating as her son slid into her. He'd prepped her so well with his mouth that there was almost no resistance to his entry, just the pressure and stretch of a new penis - her son's - invading her pussy for the first time.

"Please," she repeated, knowing the word had a different tone this time.

With another shuffle, Nick kned closer, feeding more of his cock into her. He reached Charles' depth and then kept going, giving her more cock than she'd ever had in her life. She groaned at the sensation of being sinfully joined with her son.

"What have you done?" she gasped, fingers digging into his shoulders.

"You feel so good, Mom," he said, low and shaky. "I need to -" He shoved, pressing his groin against hers, his shaft mashing her clit and gaining an extra bit of penetration.

"My God, Nick, you're in me!" she cried out.

He did it again, and she yelped at the spike of pleasure that ran through her. His weight was pushing her into the bed, pinning her in place enough to let him pull back an inch and thrust into her again. Angie knew at that moment she was lost,

for she could feel another orgasm rising, coaxed from her by her son's penis.

He pulled out farther, his re-entry harder.

"Uh," she grunted, her body rocking under his. He thrust several more times, dragging the breath from her lungs with every penetration, giving her pleasure while taking his. Fully submitting to the act, she reached out and pulled him to her, planting a kiss on his lips. He returned the kiss eagerly, pausing his movement to focus on her mouth, but she didn't want him to stop. They'd gone too far to stop now. With a whimper, she pulled at his arms, signalling her need, and he let her mouth go to pick up his hip movement again.

Another climax was approaching, driven by the long, powerful strokes of his hips and cock. A whine built in her chest, a high-pitched moan that spiked with each thrust. With a spine-tingling convulsion, her body tensed up around her son's cock, driven by his pummeling and her own arousal, and she came, knowing that he wouldn't be far behind. This was the moment when Charles would - a sudden burst of fear hit her. "You have to pull out, I'm not safe," she blurted, panicking, fighting her orgasm in order to push him away, afraid she'd been too slow.

Nick grunted and gasped 'oh', before yanking his hips away from hers, leaving an aching void behind, but he made it in time. Angie felt one, then two, then more streaks of warm goo hit her belly and pubes, coating her in more semen than she'd ever seen before.

Harsh breathing filled the room, contrasting with stunned silence from the Mother and son recovering from their climaxes. Nick slowly fell to one side and lay down next to her, drained by his release.

"Are you okay?" he asked eventually, when the silence had dragged on.

"I don't know." She actually didn't know. Was she okay? How could she be? There was so much baggage surrounding what had happened, it was hard for her to arrange it all in her head. Her body was the loudest, still singing with pleasure, eager for more. Her pussy ached, her clit throbbed insistently, her thighs burned from the workout of being wrapped around him. The memories came next. How full she'd felt. How insanely erotic it was to have his naked body pressed against hers. But... "I'm not on birth control."

Contrition flowed over her son's face. "Oh, I assumed...you didn't say anything, until the end I guess. I'm sorry, I should have asked."

It was a silly thing to say. As if a son should always remember to ask his mother if she was protected before putting his thing inside her. Angie shook her head, trying to resist the temptation to retreat to using her mother's words. It wasn't a thing, it was his penis...his cock. "You weren't really listening," she pointed out.

"I listened! You were begging me!" He managed to look indignant.

"I was begging you to stop."

"Nooo, you said 'Please', and you were smiling."

With a deep breath, Angie faced the truth. He was right. The prayers had gotten

old, and faced with the chance to put out the burning desires in her privates the proper way, she'd practically begged for it, and he had delivered, even though she wasn't in her safe time. "I suppose you're right," she admitted, blushing at the confession. It was difficult to admit.

"Did you like it? I mean, was it good?"

Angie's cheeks burned hotter. "I mean...I shouldn't have...but yes, I enjoyed it."

"I'm glad. I liked it too...a lot. I mean, really a lot. It was my first time, and I couldn't have asked for a better way to lose my virginity."

His enthusiasm made Angie smile. "That was a first for me too. I've never let your dad do that when it's not safe...except once."

"Wow. Really? That's awesome. I'm honoured. We could do it again. What do you use for birth control? Condoms? Do you have some?" he asked this last with an eagerness that made Angie laugh despite the situation.

"No, we don't use them, we use the Method, and your dad pulls out even when I'm safe." It was extremely surreal to be talking about her sex life with her son, lying next to him in her bed, covered in his seed.

"The Method? The Rhythm Method?" he asked, sceptically.

"You've heard of it?" They had relied on the schools for his sexual education, as neither felt comfortable talking about it.

"We learned about it in school. It's not very reliable. Same with pulling out." His scepticism had turned to disdain.

"Well, I mean, it works for us."

"Hmm, I suppose." Nick's gaze flowed down her body, the intensity of it making her shiver. With a quick snatch, he grabbed his shirt and handed it to her. "Here, wipe up. Are you sure you're okay?"

"I - I think so. This is so odd to me, being here like this, but you make me feel special when you look at me like that," she said, using his shirt to sop up the cooling pools of his juices.

"You are special. You're gorgeous, and curvy in all the right places. Especially..."

"What?" she asked..

"Your hips. The way they flare out from your waist, and your sexy tummy..." He put his hand down there over hers, fingers brushing against her wet hair, now devoid of her semen.

After all of that, it was a simple compliment that made her blush harder than she

ever had. "Thank you, but it's funny to hear you say I'm sexy. But...um, you're sexy, too." The words stuck in her throat, but she pressed onwards. "I like checking out your arms when you lift things for me."

"Oh yeah? I'll have to make sure to wear some sleeveless shirts more often. I like checking out your chest."

Angie giggled. "Oh, I know. I'll have to find some flattering shirts to wear." She felt him stir against her thigh.

"Everything you wear is flattering. If I had a preference, though, I'd ask you to go braless around the house. I love seeing your boobs jiggle. If you were my girlfriend, you wouldn't have to wear a bra ever again."

Angie blushed, unused to the obvious admiration. "I'm not...I'm your mom...but I guess, especially after today, I'm kind of your girlfriend." The words made her stomach flip, and her pulse raced with excitement. "Is there a word for a mom who is a girlfriend?"

He thought for a second, before saying, "Yeah, you're a MILF." There was a twinkle in his eye as he said it.

The word meant nothing to Angie. "What's a milf?"

"It stands for 'Mom I'd like to f...'" He left the final word dangling, but his penis twitched against her leg.

"Oh," she said. "I guess I was your MILF...but you've done that now."

"MILF is too crude, anyway," he said. "I don't think there's a word for us. You'll have to stick with being my mom...with benefits." He grinned cheekily.

Angie was tickled by the idea. A mom with benefits. It seemed to describe their relationship well. "Here's a benefit," she said, leaning in for a kiss, which lingered, and Nick began to run his hands over her body, stoking her simmering desire once again.

Angie pressed her hand in his chest to slow him down. "I want to, believe me, but it's not safe right now. We shouldn't have even done what we did...but maybe, in a couple days? I don't know, I have to think, but maybe...in the meantime, we can do other stuff."

He smiled, nodding, and they lay together for a while, entangled and lazy, and she savoured the feel of his body alongside hers, skin on skin. After a bit, she said, "This is nice."

"It is."

"I'm not. I've never..." She didn't know how to say it. "My home life before getting engaged to your dad was strict, but even when we moved out on our own, it didn't change much. I've never spent more than a few minutes naked, or ever cuddled naked. I've never missed it, but I think it's only because I didn't know what I was missing."

"And now?" He was kissing down her breast.

"I like it. Your touch...the way you play with me...uhhhh..." He'd taken her nipple in his mouth again, his hand finding her pussy.

"Can we do this for the rest of the weekend?" he asked between pulls at her.

"Ohh...mmm...you mean cuddle?" The word had extra connotations when she said it.

"Yeah. A 'cuddle' weekend, but naked."

The idea scandalized and intrigued her. "Um, all weekend?"

"Yeah. Think about it. We can touch and suck, and...whatever we want." He illustrated this with a longer, harder pull.

She squirmed, her pussy tightening in sympathy. She'd never done anything like it, and her naturally conservative upbringing screamed it was wrong. "I guess...for a bit," she relented, pussy tingling at the idea.

After some time of him nursing at her, she felt like she owed him some reciprocal sucking, Angie rolled onto her knees. "Here, let me help with that."

Dipping her mouth down, she took him in, taking in as much of his length as she could, her saliva mixing with her mostly dried pussy juices. Before long, he was unloading into her mouth, and she was swallowing it all, until she was sure she could feel the warm pool of it in her stomach. The new, liberating feeling of being naked with him brought a naughty, dirty thought to mind, and it flowed out of her mouth before she could catch it, "I think you made a sperm baby in my belly."

The silence hung, heavy and pregnant, until he started to laugh, and the tension dissipated instantly. Relieved, Angie joined in, and they laughed together, releasing the pent up emotional energy.

"What on earth made you say that?" he asked, when he caught his breath.

"I don't know. I heard a girl say it, once. We had just graduated, and it was my first non-church party. She got drunk and asked several guys if she could do...that, to them in a back room. I thought it was disgusting, but her comment when she came out of the room stuck with me. Now I know how she must have felt." Angie looked down and patted her tummy. "It's okay, baby. Mommy loves you."

It set them off again. It was the first time Angie had associated babies or pregnancy with anything except stress and fear. It was nice.

They eventually got hungry and went for dinner. When they got home, Angie thought that might be it for their fun, but Nick didn't let her go more than a few steps into the house before he started to undo her buttons. She stood still while her son stripped her down again and they tumbled back into her bed.

They spent a lot of time there over the rest of the weekend, and when Nick's head wasn't between her legs or at her tit, Angie was adding to the sperm baby in her belly. Many times during the hedonistic weekend, Angie found herself wavering, wishing she was safe so that they could have sex for the second time.

She kept strong, but noted how her attitude had changed. Instead of embarrassment and hesitation, she looked forward to feeling her son in her again. Her mother's voice, that bastion of conservatism and 'proper' behaviour, was gone. In its stead was her own voice, encouraging her to have fun.

Her final session, before Charles was due home, she spent half an hour sucking on her son's cock, trying to eke one last load from him. The result was only a few small swallows, but it was still larger than any Charles could produce.

On the drive to the airport to pick up her husband, Angie realized she'd spent more time naked with Nick than she ever had with Charles, maybe all time. Her pussy and nipples throbbed from the close attention her son had given them over the last two days, a pleasant afterglow of sexual satisfaction.

Despite her newfound outlook, Angie could sense her mind working to undo it. The thought of being under her son again, his cock filling her up, was intoxicating and wonderful, but her upbringing, religion, and loyalty to her husband, all stood against it happening again. She wondered which would win out.

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The next day, Angie and Nick picked up right where they left off before the weekend, but with an added, intimate undertone. The tremor in her tummy when he came down the stairs was matched by the bloom of heat in her pussy. It had taken a sincere effort of will to avoid going up to his room again. They kissed, and this time Angie could sense the deeper connection they'd formed over the weekend. A familiarity only lovers could have.

The smart thing, with Charles back, was to stick to their 'safe' routine, the kisses, the furtive blowjobs, but she yearned for more. According to her calendar, she was now out of her fertile period and if Charles had still been interested, this was their window to have sex. But he wasn't. However, there was another man in the house who was.

The trouble was, their routine didn't really have a window long enough for her to relax into the act, and she had no interest in a hurried liaison. She intended, the next time her son took her, for him to take his time.

For the first couple days, she went to his room at bedtime, nude underneath her robe, and brought him to completion with her mouth. She disrobed for it, allowing him to fondle her breasts while she slid her mouth down over his rampant erection, thrilling in his taste and texture. The downside of her visits was that she inevitably left his room pent up and dripping wet. Without being able to ease her frustrations, Angie again went to sleep with her favourite prayer on her lips.

It wasn't sustainable.

By the time Friday rolled around, Angie found herself looking forward to her morning kiss with shaky legs and achy pussy. She tweaked a nipple while making

Charles' lunch, doing her best not to moan out loud at the resulting pulse in her privates. She was on a hair trigger, and needed relief...but wasn't sure how to get it.

The overly horny mom went to her son's room at her usual time, and met him for a hurried kiss, thrilling at the press of his hard cock against her hips. She panted lightly, words peppering their smooches. "I, uh, need, um...help..." She couldn't get the words out, couldn't say that she needed him to make love to her, but he seemed to get it.

"Do you want me to stay home?" he asked softly.

"You can't..." she said, letting a tinge of a whine thread through her whisper. A crazy idea occurred to her. A stupid, sure-to-cause-problems idea. "Maybe...I can come to your room later...after your dad goes to bed." A tent was forming in her son's pants. She gave it a squeeze, before kissing him again and hurriedly leaving.

Her day was filled with thoughts and images of being with her son. It was wrong and dangerous and stupid...but she needed it. Her body was a bundle of humming sexual nerves, all crying out to be satisfied.

Angie didn't usually stay up late. Her bedtime was normally between 10 and 11, so when Charles came out of his study that night, he was surprised to find her in front of the TV watching a movie. "You know it's midnight," he said from the door of the living room.

"I know. I felt like watching a movie. I'll be along eventually." Angie's heart was

pounding at the lie, sure she would be caught out.

Charles hesitated, seeming to be unsure if she was allowed to stay up.

"Okay...don't wake me up, I have to be up early," he said eventually, leaving her to her solitude.

The movie had another half hour to go, and by the time it was done, she was sure that her husband was asleep. Standing from the couch, shaking with anticipation, she shucked her PJs off and hid them. No sense in Charles finding them if he got up for some reason. Throwing her robe back on, she went to Nick's room and let herself in.

It was almost pitch black, apart from the faint glow coming from his alarm clock, which ruined the gift of her being naked under her robe when she let it fall from her shoulders. "Are you awake?" she whispered.

"Yeah," just as quietly.

"Why are the lights off?" She asked, slowly making her way towards his bed, feeling her way in the dark.

"Ummm, in case Dad checks on me."

"He hasn't checked on you in years."

"I know, but I thought, because you're usually in bed by now, maybe he'd do something different. I dunno."

Finding the edge of his bed, Angie eased down onto his mattress, stretching her hand out to encounter his warm leg. She felt him jump at her touch, and giggled. Lightly rubbing his leg, she ran her hand up his inner thigh until she found a wrinkly, fuzzy sack. Atop the sack was her goal: a very hard cock. She stroked him once, paying attention to his head, letting his seeping juice coat her palm.

Leaning over him in the dark, the naughty, needy mom put her son's cock in her mouth, and sucked on it lightly. She noted once again how much she had to open her lips to get him in, comparing it to when he'd been between a different pair of lips.

"Oh, Mom," he husked, his voice drifting to her ears in the dark.

Angie took her time, sucking slowly, wanting to make it last. Now and then she felt him swell, his head growing against her tongue, and she slowed down. He was producing an almost steady flow of precum, coating her palate with his oily lube.

A hand landed on her hip, moving up to cup her tit. Already turned on by the cock in her mouth, his touch heightened her arousal, distracting her from her job. She slowed her sucking, concentrating on his wandering hand. His tugging sent tingling bursts to her pussy, coaxing moans from deep in her chest.

The last thread of her self-restraint snapped, and the horny mom sat up and lifted her leg to straddle her son, until his wet shaft pressed up against her labia. She'd

never been on top before, never been in control of what happened. It was strange and thrilling to have this kind of power, as she'd never have done this with Charles.

Carefully, slowly, she tilted her hips and pushed with her knees, stroking him with her wetness. Having her son's penis right up against her most private of places again had her heart pounding. Angie pushed a bit, forcing his thick shaft into her folds, his head coming to rest on her clit, which was peeking from its home. Slowly, she rubbed on him, feeling the solid ridges of his head stroke her favourite spot. "Mmmm," she moaned, her inner tension cranking up.

"Mom," Nick gasped, hands on her hips, urging her to go faster, helping her move.

"Shhh, wait," she said, leaning down to kiss him while lifting her bum up, causing his erection to slip down between her legs. He was right there. The cock that had filled her so well was within inches of her dripping honey pot. It would only take a slight shift, a minor adjustment, and he would be...

Nick grabbed onto her hips and pushed, lowering her while thrusting his hips up.

"Ohhhh..." she moaned, as his cock pried her pussy open, returning to his origin once again. She might have protested her loss of control, but he felt too good. Having anticipated the moment, Angie was fully focused on him penetrating her, moving in, opening her up, until her clit was mashed against the base of him. She didn't dare move, or risk making him come, but she wanted more.

"Suck on them, baby," she whispered, leaning down to give her breasts to her son.

He did, the sharp pleasure of his suction going right to her stuffed pussy. She rose up a little, and then dropped, ramming her son's cockhead into a sensitive spot deep inside of her. The spot itched, demanding attention, and she ground her hips, mashing his tip against that greedy spot. It was wild to think that the spot was the entrance to her womb.

He'd been made in her body, birthed through the very canal his cock was stroking. It was taboo and wrong in so many ways, but she didn't care a whit. He was hers, and his cock was giving her more pleasure than she'd ever felt in her life.

"Are you close?" she gasped, knowing she would have to pull off of him this time.

"No. I, um, took care of myself while waiting for you. I should be good for a bit. Uhhh..." his deep moan thrilled her, knowing it was her body doing it to him. She wanted to hear it again, and started to slowly bob on his penis, speeding up until she was full on bouncing, ramming his cock into her over and over, breasts flopping on her chest. The sounds of their moans and their bodies coming together filled the room.

"Mom!" he blurted.

Angie pulled up, spinning around and fumbling her son's straining cock into her mouth in the dark. His wet head and shaft was a testament to her excitement, the taste of her pussy not throwing her off even a little. She sucked him in, desperate to feel him come in her mouth.

"Ugh," he grunted, hands in her hair, and then he was spurting, heavy shots of his thick cream plastering the back of her throat. She greedily gobbled it up, the slippery stuff sliding down her gullet. For the first time since she was married, Angie wondered what it might feel like to have a man finish inside of her. The resulting wave of intense desire had her moaning over her son's cock.

When every last drop was sucked away, Angie lay down next to her son, cuddling up in the dark. She slowly recovered, her sexual need finally satiated, eyes drooping from the exertion. It was late, almost 1am according to the red numbers on his alarm clock.

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Angie blinked, and the red numbers changed from 12:59 to 6:14. She stretched, wondering why the clock had changed. She was very comfortable, still entwined with her son in his bed, a thin blanket thrown over them both. His limp penis lay against her leg where she had her knee lifted over his middle, her hairy pussy pressed into his hip. He was snoring lightly, clearly having been out for some time.

The befuddled mom blinked a few more times, wondering why she felt so groggy. She looked at the clock again, then it hit her: that really was the time. She'd fallen asleep in Nick's bed!

Quickly disentangling herself from his embrace, Angie rolled off the bed and went looking for her robe in the dark. With only a vague idea of where it had ended up, it took her a few tries to find it in a pile by the door. Throwing it on, she eased the door open to listen. Charles had said he'd be up early, but when was early?

Not hearing any noise, she crept downstairs to her hiding place and quickly dressed in her PJs, putting her robe back on. Right then, she heard a noise from upstairs of the toilet flushing, and footsteps. It had to be Charles. With only moments to spare, she lay on the couch and pretended to be asleep.

The footsteps came down the stairs, stopping at the door to the living room. They came closer, and then Angie felt a hand shake her shoulder.

"Hey, wake up. You fell asleep on the couch," came her husband's voice.

"Mmmm, what?" Angie faked her wakeup, trying to seem bleary-eyed and disoriented. "Oh...the movie went long, and I didn't want to wake you, so I laid down for a bit." She sat up and rubbed her eyes, stretching and yawning all over again. "What time is it?"

"Almost 6:30. You should head to bed and get a bit more sleep."

"Yeah...that's a good idea. I'm sure to be stiff tomorrow...today, I mean. Why are you up so early?"

"I'm headed to the church. The Reverend has organized a work party to clean up those old graves in the back and do some lawn work. I'll be there most of the day."

"Okay. That's good of you."

Walking up the stairs, random snippets of her night came back to her. Waking up and adjusting her position, Nick automatically adjusting with her. Bare bodies pressed together all night, his presence comforting her.

Still, as pleasant as it had been, it had been too close. What if Charles came looking for her in the middle of the night? A shudder ran through her. Far too close...and yet, part of her wished she could do it again.

After going pee and getting into her own bed, Angie tried to go to sleep, but the first part of her night came back to her. Riding her son. Sucking him off. She lay quiet when Charles came back to the room to get changed after his breakfast, and then a while after, listening to the sound of his Volvo starting up and then fading away.

Angie opened her eyes. There was only one thing she wanted.

Padding on bare feet back to Nick's room, she found him still asleep. Stripping down, she slipped under his blanket, moulding her naked body to his. He accepted her into his arms, and like that, she was out.

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Nick's clock said 9:03 when Angie woke up again. She was on her back this time, but still pressed against warm skin. She looked over to see him staring at her. She smiled.

"I'm surprised you're still here," he said.

Her son's low and rumbly voice sent shivers down her spine, and a spark to her pussy. "I woke up after six, and had barely enough time to make it look like I fell asleep on the couch. Your dad is at the church all day, so I came back. Is that okay?"

He grinned. "More than okay, I love waking up with my mom. I also loved what you did last night."

Angie shifted, rolling towards him, her breasts rubbing against his side. "After a week of pleasuring you, I was going crazy. I didn't plan on sleeping the entire night, but it was very cozy and relaxing."

"I'm not complaining."

Angie'd never had morning sex in her life. It never occurred to her it was even an option, but now, lying next to her sexy son, it was all she could think about. "Are you thinking what -"

Her mouth was stopped up by his kiss, and he rolled to her, his insistent erection pressing into her hip. Within moments, she was on her back, legs spread, and he was hovering over her, kissing her, squatting low to find her wet and ready opening. He found it, and she huffed into his mouth as his big head plunged into her depths.

He was in control this time, and used his powerful frame to sink his cock into her over and over. Angie let the moment wash over her, revelling in the decadent act of having sex with her son. Breasts swaying in time with his thrusts, she clawed at his back, wrapping her legs around him. Mother and son rutted in unison, the sound of moans and flesh slapping bouncing off his walls. The hot, needy tension was building again, driven by the thick cock plumbing her insides, and she was close. One, two more full length thrusts, and she was there, her brain breaking, her body clenching.

"Mom," Nick warned. His cock was buried deep, massaged by his mother's strong gripping pussy.

Angie didn't hear, and if she had, she wouldn't have cared. She was full of hard, hot cock, and it was plugged up right where she needed it, where her inner muscle could really squeeze, scratching that elusive itch.

Nick groaned in her ear, a long, lusty growl that rose goosebumps all over, and then, with a wrench, he pulled from her, just in time to send a streak of white fluid across her stomach. More followed, streams and rivers, painting a lewd scene on her pale belly.

Nick breathed heavily, eyes wide at the close call, his cock bouncing with each ejaculation. "I'm sorry," he said, when he'd recovered his breath. "I -"

This time it was her not letting him finish. "It's okay! It was my fault for not listening, but you pulled out in time. Thank you."

Angie grabbed her PJ top and wiped herself up, shivering at her sensitive bits being rubbed. Nick watched with interest. She spotted his penis, dangling and soaked in her juices, a dollop of goo threatening to fall from his tip. Twisting on her back, she managed to rotate and get her head in position to pull him into her mouth before the drop parted from his head. With a muffled groan, she sucked him clean, savouring his taste and hers.

The responsible church wife inside of her warned they were headed down a dangerous path, if they weren't too far gone already. The wanton slut wondered how long it would take Nick to be ready to go again. Angie managed to ignore them both, and got up to shower, taking her PJs with her.

Dressing for the day, she went to grab 'breakfast', even though it was almost noon. Nick soon joined her. Their interactions around each other felt more familiar, more natural than ever. They laughed together, working to put together a quick meal, exchanging glances normally reserved for lovers, not mothers and sons.

Angie knew what they were doing was incredibly wrong, sinful, illegal, the whole works, and yet despite all of these things - or maybe because of them - she couldn't resist. Combine it with her son's goal of filling in for his dad, and they were a sick match made in heaven.

They got some chores done, peppering their interactions with flirtatious touches and long stares. Nick put on a sleeveless shirt and made sure to lift everything slowly, exaggerating his movements, which made Angie laugh.

"You're giving me a show...is there anything I can do for you?" she asked,

expecting the answer to be one thing: his cock in her mouth or her pussy.

He surprised her. "Well, I dressed up in a shirt you like...maybe you can do the same?"

"What do you mean? Do you not like my shirt?" she asked. She was wearing an older long-sleeve shirt suitable for chores.

"Let's say it doesn't show off that hot body I know and love...and there's entirely too much support underneath it."

"I suppose I could change," Angie said. "But I don't have much else that's any different, and if I started replacing my wardrobe with new clothes it would be awfully suspicious. The most I can offer is to take my bra off while your dad's not here." The idea of being so free for her son fought for primacy with the idea of doing something so libidinous.

"What about your buttons? Like, leave a few undone. You can do them back up when Dad gets home. Let's see some cleavage," Nick said, gesturing to her chest.

Cleavage was a dirty word when Angie was growing up, and she'd automatically dressed to cover it her entire life. Even going braless was something she'd done only a few times outside of her room, all for Nick in fact, under her robe.

An excited smile on her face, Angie went to her room and took her bra off, only buttoning up most of her blouse. Walking through the house without a bra,

nipples clearly visible in her shirt, and the obvious jiggle of her unfettered tits swaying was unlike anything she'd ever felt.

When she returned, Nick pursed his lips, shook his head and reached to flip open another button...and then another, exposing the deep, dark valley between her breasts. Her nipples pressed against the fabric, only half hard and yet looking like little hills.

"That's better," Nick said, his eyes on her chest.

Angie blushed, thrilled at his obvious appreciation, and they went on with their chores. She felt like the prize heifer at a show, with one special gawker there to see her udders swaying in her shirt. His attention was flattering, and a few times she wanted to drag him into his room, but it was too late in the day to start on that. Paranoia took over, making her listen for the growl of Charles' Volvo returning, until she couldn't take it anymore and went to her room to change back to the demure church wife he expected to see.

Nick sighed dramatically when she got back, but thanked her for indulging him.

"You're welcome. It's only because it's the two of us indoors; I could never do that out of the house or around others," she warned.

"You've never gone out without a bra? Not even as a teenager? Not ever?"

"I was raised very strictly. You know grandma, she was like that my whole life.

Once I started growing these, she had me in the thickest bra she could find. She taught me not to enjoy them, and with your dad not paying them any attention, I was convinced they weren't something anyone was interested in. You changed my view on that," she finished with a shy smile.

Nick shook his head sorrowfully. "That is...awful. If you were my wife, I'd be lavishing attention on them 24/7. I'd burn all your bras and insist on low-cut shirts."

"You're very different from your dad," she said with a smile.

"I figure if I keep up the compliments I'll have you confident enough to leave the house with me in a low cut top one day...no bra," he predicted with a grin. "It's on my to-do list, along with figuring out how to get you to sleep in my bed every night."

"Ha! You got a hope," she retorted. "I almost died of a heart attack when I woke up and saw the time. Can you imagine if your father had found us in your bed like that?" Her voice cracked with stress at the idea.

"He didn't...but I'm serious about you sleeping with me."

Angie laughed and shook her head, not even deigning to answer him.

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The rest of Saturday was spent on chores and groceries. Charles came home mid-afternoon to find his wife and son laughing while putting the food away. His face was drawn, as if he'd gotten some bad news.

"Are you okay?" Angie asked.

"Yeah, I'm going to my study...don't worry about me for dinner." He left.

Nick exchanged a look with his mom. He said, "He didn't look like he was working outside."

Angie shook her head. "No, he looks like he spent the entire time talking to the Reverend while other people did the work. Well, what do you want to eat tonight, now that it's just the two of us?"

Nick looked thoughtful. "I mean...I wouldn't mind eating out."

"What? We bought food, we shouldn't waste it."

"It's not 'where'. It's 'who'." He wagged his eyebrows.

Angie took a moment to get it, but when she did, she smacked him on the arm. "Stop. Your dad's home," she whispered, but her eyes were shining. A warm tingle developed below at the idea.

Nick put away the rest of his bag of groceries and came up behind her. He hugged her tight, his breath tickling the hairs on her neck. "Can you sleep in my room again tonight?" He pressed into her ass, showing how serious he was.

"I can't, not again. It'll look suspicious...but I'll come to your room for my nightly drink."

He growled and sucked her lobe, sending a rush of goosebumps down her neck. Angie groaned, craning her head to let him, while saying, "S-stop...uhhh...oh my..." He kept sucking, nibbling, devouring her. Her tits were in his hands, and he was squeezing and mauling them. The sudden burst of aggression drove her wild, and she put her fingers into his hair, pulling his mouth in close, while shoving her butt back into him.

It took all she had, a monumental effort, but Angie was able to push her son away with a tortured groan. Her neck was warm and tingling from his mouth, and her pussy craved equal attention, but they couldn't go any further. "Stop, your dad," she got out, spinning around to put her hand on his chest.

Nick was breathing hard, a look of frustrated need on his face. He glanced at the hall that lead to the study, and nodded. "Yeah, sorry...I got a little carried away. Your smell and your softness...I just want to devour you in the best way possible."

Angie couldn't keep a pleased smile from her lips, confessing, "If he wasn't here, I'd let you." After a second's thought, she added, "Maybe it's better if we skipped tonight, we might get carried away."

He groaned but nodded. "I guess, but I'll stay up a bit, in case you change your mind."

Dinner was a quiet salad and chicken, full of meaningful glances. They watched TV, and went to their rooms at the usual time. Angie resisted joining him, but only after a few false starts towards his room. Charles might come to bed anytime, especially if he was tired from a long day.

Angie's prayer was well-used that night.

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It hadn't seemed possible, but Janey was even more radiant and happy at church the next day. It was an overused descriptor in Angie's opinion, but the woman actually seemed to glow. Her smiling face was presented to any and all, her doting husband nearby, ready with a cushion for the pew, or a water bottle if she was thirsty.

If Angie hadn't been so fascinated by it, she'd have probably hated it. On the spectrum of support, Angie would prefer Ted's devotion over her mother's harpy voice, but his hovering would probably get on her nerves.

After the service, in the hall, she watched Janey rub her belly a few times, not even seeming aware of the gesture. Angie had done the same, but always hid it from her mother lest it trigger a tirade from the woman. Her mind drifted, wondering yet again what her life would be like if she'd had an experience like Janey's.

It was finally starting to sink into her head that her mother was gone, and if she did end up pregnant, she wouldn't have to deal with her reaction. After working for so long to ensure she stayed within her upbringing, while ensuring she didn't get pregnant, tossing that work aside felt foreign, but not unwelcome. It was a fruitless train of thought, for Charles would never give her another child at this rate, and so she discarded it.

As had been happening a lot lately, when one thought finished, the next was of her son and what they got up to when alone. Her heart thumped hard, and heat blossomed in her cheeks. She spotted him across the hall, deep in discussion with his friends, and her knees went weak with desire. What she wouldn't give to be naked and alone with him, in his arms at that very moment.

Blinking rapidly, she went to the washroom to freshen up, knowing she'd have to put some toilet paper in her panties to sop up the mess of her juices flowing from her. Refreshed, she went to find her husband so they could leave, but couldn't see him in the hall. They'd come in his Volvo, and it was still in the parking lot, which meant he was around...but where?

Heading back to the church, she found her husband coming out of the Reverend's office, his face somber, mouth pulled down in a frown. "Is everything okay?" she asked.

Charles turned, seeming surprised to see her. "Uh, yes. I was just...praying...for guidance. Are you ready to go?" His voice was low and troubled.

Angie didn't push it, but nodded. "I'll get Nick," she said. For a brief moment, she

wondered if her affair with their son had been discovered, but pushed the thought away, sure it was just paranoia.

The ride home was silent, and when they arrived, Charles mumbled an excuse and disappeared into his office.

"Dad's acting really weird," Nick said, unnecessarily. "Is something going on?"

"He won't tell me, if there is. I hope it's nothing serious."

Changing out of her church clothes, Angie went to take care of the last chore left for the weekend. She pulled together all of the laundry she could find, including bedding and towels, and brought it all down to the basement.

While she sorted through the clothes, Nick came up behind her and rubbed her shoulders. She ignored him, continuing with her task, but tracked his hands. He ran them over her back, hands firm and strong, sending lovely signals everywhere before moving to her front and finding her buttons. One after another, he popped them open, exposing her bra and soft tummy, which trembled under his touch.

Angie let out a long breath while her son deftly unhooked her bra, letting her tits tumble out into the cool basement air. "You may as well take them off," she said, letting her arms go limp to let him. Goosebumps rose on her neck from his kisses on her neck, as he drew her blouse and bra off her arms, leaving her topless. Her pussy ached with anticipation.

Tossing her top and bra aside, she started the washer and turned to him, shoulders thrust back to show off the impatient buds at the tips of her tits. Even with Charles home, she was feeling bold. She softly ordered, "Help me up." With a little half hop and his assistance, she was able to plop her butt on the humming washer.

He latched on quickly, and between the vibrating and the sucking, Angie was content to sit through the entire wash cycle, heat building in her panties from the insistent tugging and massaging of her tingling nipples.

When the wash ended, she reluctantly pushed her son away, exposing a fat, red, wet nipple that was now too sensitive to touch. Hopping down, she transferred the load and put a new batch in the washer. As she worked, he had his hands on her hips from behind, hampering her efforts - she didn't complain. When he ran a hand down to her stomach and playfully stuck his fingers under her waistband, she sighed and said, "You can take them off as well."

Without a word, he had her button open and her zipper lowered, letting her light pants drift down her legs. He scooped her underwear off next, a telltale wet spot staining the gusset, and they joined her shirt and bra. Path unimpeded, he soon had his fingers sifting through her pubic hair, into the groove of her sex.

The Deacon's wife stood, head hanging down, blonde hair flowing around her face, while her son played with her naked body. His fingers, much more experienced than they were only weeks ago, were playing her like a fiddle, and when he hit her clit, she let out a breathy gasp.

From behind her, she heard him murmur, "Mom, bend over."

"Hm?" she asked, turning her head to look at her son, wondering why it sounded like he was on the floor.

Then she felt a kiss on her rear, a light brush of lips, followed by another. The kisses moved from one cheek to the next, and then down to her upper thighs. Helpless with lust, Angie bent over and spread her legs, crying out when her son's tongue darted between her plump lips. The warm, slippery muscle burrowed into her pussy, slathering her from hole to clit, dragging a surprised whimper from her. Strong hands gripped her thighs, holding her in place while he strummed her sex with his tongue. Juices ran down her thighs, dripping on the basement floor.

Angie bit her lip, smothering the cries that fought to escape her with each lap of her son's eager tongue. He drove her higher and higher, and she abandoned her attempt to be quiet, letting her soft cries echo around the basement...and then he stopped. It was a cruel tease, and she opened her mouth to beg for more like a shameless hussy when she sensed him stand up.

Large, warm hands landed on her bare ass, rubbing and stroking, followed by a prod at her buzzing pussy lips. Forgetting where they were, or the risk, Angie lowered her head in acceptance, mewling when her slick lips were pried apart by her son's solid cock. He speared into her, easily spreading her open, penetrating her to her depths with one steady thrust.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned, overcome by lust, pinned in place by her son's lovely cock as he started to drive it into her over and over. Her world narrowed to her pussy and the urge to squeeze her inner muscle around the big sex organ planted in her body. She clenched.

"Mom! I can feel you squeezing me...oh my god!" Nick exclaimed, his voice tense and strained.

Her answer was to push her bum back into him, demanding more. He gave it to her hard, and to such a depth that he hit something within her, something that had never felt the touch of a penis...her mind exploded, and within seconds, she was coming, pussy clamping, tummy tightening, breasts heaving.

The blonde mom rode out her convulsions, fingers white-knuckling the washer to keep her up. Nick was lightly running his hands over her bare behind, sending little tickling tremors everywhere while she rode out her climax on his buried cock.

His voice penetrated her foggy brain. "Mom, are you safe?"

"What?" she asked, confused, unable to think properly.

"Are you safe? According to your method?" He picked up where he left off, slowly sliding his cock through her clutching sheath.

Angie's breasts swayed in time with her son's movements and hers, and the resumption of his wonderful stroking was distracting. The risky situation and the wonderful movement of his cock in her pussy were threatening to trigger another climax. "I, uh...yes, but..." Angie let her words die away, a sudden suspicion occurring to her. "Ohhhh...Nick, what are you going to do?" she asked, voice rising with panic.

Nick picked up speed, his balls tapping his mother's clit with each thrust, the sound of their flesh smacking echoing through the room. His next words came in a rush. "I want to come inside you...I want to feel what it's like..."

Charles had never asked for this. Never asked to finish inside her, because it had been established long ago it was best he didn't. If he had asked for the privilege, she would have denied him, recoiling from the act that had changed her life forever.

But it wasn't her husband asking, and much like the other acts she'd done for him, it hit differently when it came to her son. Instead of recoiling, her body heated up, intense desire washing over her. Her brain kept trying to latch onto why it was a bad idea, but then he'd ram his cock into her, and the reason would float away. Giving up, Angie could only moan her acceptance, rocking her hips to meet his thrusts.

Hands gripped her hips, fingers digging into her flesh, and Nick planted himself deep one last time, tapping that special spot again. He grunted, his cock swelling inside of her and ejecting a bloom of warmth into her clutching pussy, followed by another and another. The blonde mom could only hang onto the washer, stunned as her son's cock strained to fling his seed into her as deep as he could.

Her vision shifted again. She saw a mother, bent over and presenting herself, making her body available to her son, who was pumping what felt like gallons of semen into her. The image sent her over the edge again, her inner muscles clamping and squeezing, causing her pussy to practically drink her son's fluids.

Quiet fell over the laundry room, punctuated by huffing breaths as they recovered from their debauchery. Nick, clearly overcome, took a step back, yanking his cock from his mother's dripping pussy.

Angie's entire body was humming with sexual energy, alive from having felt a man come inside of her for only the second time in her life. It didn't seem real...and yet, the trickle of semen oozing from her pussy proclaimed otherwise. Slightly dazed, she reached down and drew a finger along her tingling lips, coming away with a glob of white cream. Without thinking, she popped it in her mouth, sucking the virile gem off her finger and savouring the tangy flavour - tangier than usual, with her juices added.

Turning around, she found Nick watching her, his underwear and pants around his ankles. A sheen of liquid covered his rapidly wilting cock, as if it was coated in icing. Angie licked her lips, and sank to her knees in front of him, before taking the softening organ into her mouth and sucking away his spend. When she was finished cleaning him up, Angie sat back on her haunches. She glanced up at her son, to see him staring at her in awe. "I keep doing that," she said throatily, swallowing again.

Looking down, Angie watched a long line of semen drool onto the carpet from her pussy. She grabbed a towel from the clean pile and wiped at herself, repeating the motion as more white cream appeared, over and over. "How much did you put in me?" she asked, her voice a bit manic.

"All of it," Nick said, clearly spent. He was leaning on the dryer. "I couldn't help it," he said. "Are you mad?"

Angie shook her head. "Not mad." All of her senses had lit up when she felt him let loose, and they were still buzzing. She stood up, chest aching with the enormity of what they'd done. Her son had put his stuff in her, and she'd liked it...a lot. She ran her hand along her belly, pressing into the spot where his cock had spat his stuff. "No, not mad one bit."

Quickly dressing while Nick pulled his clothes back up, she could sense another level of closeness between them, and another crack appeared in the foundation of her marriage. They left the laundry room, after one last, thorough kiss, parting even though she wanted to stay with him, to hold him tight and never let him go.

Angie went to the bathroom, sitting to pee, and for the first time in her life, heard the little plops that signalled heavier liquid hitting the toilet water, and she wondered how much was still left swirling in her pussy.

Sitting on the toilet, listening to her son's spend drip away, she pondered what they'd done, and her reaction to it. At the moment when Nick was ejaculating into her, mating with her as God intended, she'd felt only rapture and joy, and instead of her mother's angry face, she'd flashed to Janey's, full of joy and vitality.

It was a liberating realization, and yet there lingered a sense of wasted opportunity. How much different would her life have been without her mother's influence? Seeing how a pregnancy...or a marriage...could be, compared to how hers was, would forever raise questions over what might have been with the proper people by her side.

Angie had feared her mother, but also respected her, not questioning her motives under the assumption she had Angie's best interests at heart. Now, she was

viewing her mother with all new eyes. Not as a tough woman with a prickly outer shell and a deep love for her daughter, but as a hateful, bitter woman who thrived on inflicting pain. All the lectures and nagging, not for love, but for hate. Hate because her daughter had disappointed her, leading to a determined campaign to ensure it never happened again.

Angie went to sleep that night with thoughts of despair but also hope, all on the backdrop of the vivid memory of her son's cock throbbing within her, while thanking God she was in the safe part of her cycle.

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Angie's melancholy faded overnight, and she was able to face Monday with some optimism. The memory of the laundry room was still top of mind, and Angie found she was fixated on it, reliving it over and over, until she stopped to try and figure out why.

Was it simply because it was only her second time? A new experience? Or was it because of something more...primal? Her connection to Nick had never been stronger than over the last week, and to join with him that way, to accept his essence into her...it meant something.

These were her thoughts while making Charles' lunch, and for the first time, Angie wished her husband wasn't there, so she could talk to her son freely.

Instead, all she had were a few stolen moments at the bottom of the stairs. He came bounding down to meet her, a big goofy smile exposing white teeth.

Angie accepted a quick kiss, surprised he wasn't pressing for more. At her raised eyebrows, he said, "Sorry, Mom. I have exams all this week, I need to get in early to study some more." He rushed off, leaving her to do her buttons back up alone.

That's how Angie's week was. If Nick wasn't studying, he was either sleeping or at school, and she barely saw him. Several times, she found herself walking towards his room, a tingle in her panties and moisture flooding her mouth, before forcing her feet to turn away. He needed to focus, and her pawing all over him wouldn't help...but it was hard to explain that to her enlivened libido.

On Wednesday, Angie went to the evening service with Charles, and was treated to his most fiery sermon yet, on the duty of all to heed God's call, whatever form it might take. It unsettled Angie a bit, because he kept glancing at her while he delivered it. He was distracted and withdrawn outside of the service, and at first she thought maybe he was reacting to her period starting, but then realized he'd have no way of knowing without her telling him.

At home that evening, she went to her self imposed exile in her bedroom, both because it was what she was used to, and because Nick was too busy to pull her out of it. Isolated from both of her men, she allowed herself a sad moment, and then went to sleep.

Thursday, she kept to the exile, only making Charles his lunch in the morning and seeing both him and Nick off for the day. Nick was so distracted by his exams, he didn't protest the chaste kiss he got from her at the bottom of the stairs. She watched TV most of the day, knocking off a few light chores. That night, she passed by Nick's room and stuck her head in.

"Everything going okay with your exams?" she asked.

Nick looked up from his desk, looking a bit frazzled. "Yeah, tomorrow's the hardest, and then I'm done. I can't wait for all of this to be over. One more week and I'm free!" He stretched and looked to the ceiling.

Charles was in his study, and Angie knew they wouldn't be seen. Seeing her son so stressed was new, and as a mother, she wanted to help...and thanks to their unusual relationship, she had a method other mothers didn't. Stepping into his room, she said, "I think I know of something that will help relax you..."

Minutes later, she exited her son's room, wiping her mouth and swallowing the last of his seed. It'd been four days since the laundry room, and he'd been primed to blow as soon as she got her lips wrapped around his cock. There was nothing like the thrill she got when he exploded in her mouth, feeding her a delicious meal before bed, but part of her wished she wasn't on her period so he could feed another part of her body...but that way lay even more temptation.

Friday, Nick came home early, happy and whooping, throwing his bag into his bedroom before seeking his mother out. She was on the couch watching more TV, and he swooped in for a hearty kiss.

It left her breathless and a little tingly, and she almost dragged him to his room for a midday meal, but before she could suggest it, he spoke.

"I'm going out with the boys, there's a party at Tom's. Is it okay if I stay there

tonight?"

"Well, sure, I mean...there's not going to be any alcohol..." Angie felt bad for bringing it up, but alcohol had played a part in his genesis. She wondered when he'd stop asking for permission.

"Nah, we're just going to play some games and chill. Really dive into the relief of having it all done with, you know?" His eyes were dancing, a grin plastered on his face.

Angie couldn't help but return his good cheer. "Okay, sure. I'm here if you need to be picked up or whatever, okay?"

Nick hugged her tight before running off to his room to get changed, leaving his mom to relive the memories of when she'd graduated and gone to a party at the quarry.

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It was mid-afternoon the next day when Nick got back home. Angie was reading on the couch, and she put her book down when the front door opened. He came to find her, and her day brightened immediately on seeing his smiling face appear in the doorway.

"Hey, how was it?" she asked.

"Good. We stayed up too late, but it was fun." He looked tired, despite the smile.

"I'm glad. So...you've got a week until your ceremony. Any plans?" It was torture keeping to the small talk, because all she wanted to do was tear his clothes off, but she wasn't quite done her period, and Charles was home. Still, she let her eyes linger on his body, drinking in his strong arms and wide chest.

"I'm still going to class. There's people I won't see for a while after grad, so I want to spend time with them. After grad..." He trailed off, as if a memory had come to him.

"Yes?"

"Last night, super late, we were all talking about what we're doing as a final send off from high school. The guys wanted to have a party, or go to some other person's party, there's a few going on...but I didn't want to. I...well, I couldn't stop thinking I'd rather spend the time with you."

The feeling was mutual, but it seemed selfish of her to jump to agree. Instead, she said, "Are you sure? You're around me all of the time. You wouldn't rather blow off some steam with your friends?"

He shook his head firmly. "No, and don't start feeling guilty, thinking I'm sacrificing something. It hit me last night...I'm not filling in for dad anymore."

Alarm bells went off in Angie's mind, and she sat up, opening her mouth to

protest, but he cut her off with a raised hand.

"I think we both assumed, at the start, that Dad would take you back at some point, but...I don't think that's going to happen anymore. Which means I'm not filling in for Dad, I've taken his place."

Angie paused, stunned by the statement. Not because of the audacity, but because it was true. At some point, she'd shifted from being Charles' wife to the Deacon's wife, and more importantly, from mom to lover. The final step had been taken last week in the laundry room, when her son consummated their relationship with a creamy gift in her pussy - something she hadn't stopped thinking about since.

Mother and son stared at each other. Angie opened her mouth to say something, anything, but couldn't come up with words that made sense. How could she? Her worldview had shifted in an instant.

When it was clear she wasn't going to come up with anything, Nick stepped in. "I know this is...a lot. I've had all night to think about it, and it still blows my mind, but in a good way. I never dreamt we'd end up at this point, but here we are." He was smiling and enthusiastic. "I'm going to give you space to think, but what I was hoping is that we could go away next weekend, you and me. After grad, we pack up and go camping at the quarry again, and spend the weekend together. I'm sure it'll be quiet, and we can have a fire and stare up at the stars...if you want."

All Angie could do was nod mutely.

Nick smiled, perhaps a bit sad she wasn't returning his enthusiasm, and went to his room.

Angie wasn't rattled by her son's talk of being her partner, or taking over for his dad, so much as the realization he was right about Charles. She had also assumed he would claim his bride back at some point, and they'd go back to being a happy family, but she had stopped expecting it a while ago.

She was her son's lover now. It didn't hurt to say or think, it simply was. Nick's plans for next weekend sounded excellent to her, and instead of ruminating over her situation, she started planning their trip.

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Sunday was a blur. They went to church, and Angie chatted to Janey afterwards in the hall, but she didn't remember much of it. She'd woken up in the kind of good, energetic, upbeat mood she hadn't had in what felt like years. For all she knew, it had been.

That afternoon, when Nick found her washing dishes, she smiled at him and gratefully accepted his hug from behind. They couldn't do more because Charles was around, but that didn't stop the warm tingling in her tummy from his touch.

With a final, quick fondle of her breasts, he stepped back, saying, "Did you think about my idea? The camping trip after grad?"

Angie nodded, still washing dishes, arms up to her wrists in warm sudsy water. "I can't wait to..." She paused to make sure they were alone. "To take my new man out into the woods and have my way with him." She blushed at the words. "You're going to have to go this week without extra benefits, though. I want to let things build up."

"Uh, Mom. Things have been building up since Thursday, I'm about to explode over here." He kept his voice down, but still managed to put emphasis on the word 'explode'.

Angie giggled. "Well, if you think you've got it bad, it's been since last Sunday for me. I was going to drag you into the laundry room today, but I think it'll be that much more special if we wait, and can take our time, don't you?"

"If you say so," he said, in a strained voice.

Angie turned her head to see her son with a pained look on his face, holding his groin like it was going to burst. She giggled, turning back to the dishes. "You're the worst. If you can't hold it, then take care of yourself, but I'm going to wait."

"Wait for what?" Charles asked, entering the room.

Angie smothered a panicked cry of surprise, glad she was facing the sink. Heart pounding, she sought out a suitable thing she was waiting for, instead of what she'd been thinking.

Nick jumped to her rescue. "Wait for this weekend," he said smoothly. "We're going camping at the quarry again after grad."

"Oh!" he said. "Again? You must have had a good time. Um, I'd go with, but I have a prayer service...and there's Sunday service. I hope you'll be there."

"We wouldn't miss it," Angie managed, struggling to shove her stomach back down her throat.

"Good. Well, I'm headed out." Without another word, he left.

When the growl of the Volvo had faded down the street, Nick said, "He's not looking good. Should we call a doctor? I'm worried."

He didn't look good, but not unhealthy...more sallow. As if he wasn't getting sunshine. "He's looked the same for a bit now; I don't think he's getting worse. Let's keep an eye on him. For now, I want to concentrate on our getaway. You've got a choice: you can help me gather everything we need, or you can pleasure yourself while I do it alone."

Nick sighed, long and loud. "Fine. I'll help, but can you do me a favour?"

Angie pulled the plug on the empty sink. Drying her hands, she turned to her son and lifted an eyebrow. "What favour?"

Twenty minutes later, Angie was looking up at her son, holding out her hands to catch the sleeping bag he'd grabbed from the top shelf. He had to get on a step stool to reach it, the shelf was so high. Turning, he gave her a long look, and then let the bag drop into her arms. Her breasts shook with the impact, continuing to sway as she turned to lay the bag down on the floor behind her and wait for the second one. Nick held it as well, staring at her bare cleavage before dropping the bag.

As favours went, it wasn't hard, but it didn't help the process move along very fast, with her braless tits constantly distracting him. His stares had an impact on her, plumping her nipples up nicely and causing them to add to the distraction. She'd gone without panties as well, but he hadn't discovered that yet, and Angie was looking forward to his reaction when he did, as evidenced by her wet lips. Friday might be too long to wait.

The next step was to pull the cooking supplies from their lower shelf storage, and when Angie bent over to grab them, she felt Nick run his hands over her rump, smoothing the fabric of her skirt. She waited, sure he would notice, and then he did.

"Mom, are you wearing panties?"

"You asked me to take off my bra, but I decided I could enhance the favour," she said, matter-of-factly, standing up with the bin of camping stuff.

Nick groaned. "Mom, you're killing me. The favour was so I have something to stare at...now I'm going to want to touch..." He matched action to words, lifting her skirt and pawing her bare behind.

Angie shouldered him aside, taking the bin out of the small storage room and putting it down next to the sleeping bags.

Nick followed, losing contact with her cheeks long enough for her skirt to flow down, but he caught it mid-drop and resumed his molesting, his strong hands spreading her open to let the cool basement air wash over her privates.

Angie moaned, but didn't stop moving. "This would get done faster if you helped," she reminded him.

"Yeah, but..." He trailed off.

"If I let you...have your way...with me," she started, hesitantly. Her cheeks were bright red. "Will you promise to save yourself all week, until Friday?"

"If I can come in you again," he retorted quickly.

Angie didn't even have to think about it. She nodded, just as eager to experience it for a second time as he was. Their clothes flew off in seconds, and then they were standing, kissing, clutching, stroking. Nick's cock pressed into his mother's soft belly, until she grabbed it, stroking him with appreciation. The teasing had resulted in precum already seeping from him.

"This has to be quick," she husked, trying to shove it down, lifting a leg in an attempt to feed him into her well-lubed pussy. She was too short, and it didn't

work, until Nick stooped and lifted her other leg, hoisting her into the air. With a short 'whoop!', she clutched onto his shoulders, holding on to avoid tumbling to the ground.

He seemed to teeter in place, until he walked to the wall and pushed her up against it, using the leverage to hold her up with one arm and reach below with the other, steering his cock into her.

Angie groaned as her son pressed his cock into her slick pussy, spreading her open, feeding his meat into her in the unfamiliar position. She could only hold on, sweat springing out on her chest, lolling helplessly in her son's arms. He had her pinned against the wall, impaled on his cock, held in place with his arms.

"Fuck me," she whimpered, enjoying the jolt of wickedness the word sent through her. It had been years since she'd used it, sure that only bad girls did...but what was she now?

Her swearing seemed to light a fire in her son, and he drove his cock into her over and over, pounding her into the wall, his thick shaft stretching her sheath, his balls swinging into her bum. His breathing grew hoarse quickly, the strain of holding her up taking its toll, sweat breaking out all over, but he didn't let up.

Angie wasn't sure she'd ever had such vigorous sex, the energetic thrusting plucking at her nerves, steadily building the tension in her body. Her position meant she couldn't move, couldn't do anything except accept the pounding, which lit a fire in her brain. Her son was going to force her to come, and she couldn't do anything about it. She let out a wail, clawing at his back, and came.

It seemed to be what he was waiting for, for soon after, he gave a final push and buried his cock to the hilt, letting loose with several days' worth of semen. Angie buried her head in his shoulder, eyes closed, all her focus on this connection between them as their fluids joined together in her body.

The exertion of holding his mother while fucking her left Nick weak, but he managed to ease his cock from her and let her legs down to the ground. He slumped to the ground, breathing harshly.

Angie sank down next to her lover, hugging him close and laying down with him on the warm carpet to recover. He held her close, and they rested.

The Deacon's wife felt like her body was on fire, pleasure lingering in her tits and pussy from the energetic bout of lovemaking. She held her son close, wanting to feel his body against hers, and wallowed in the lovely after-glow. Liquid oozed from her pussy, and based on the first time, she knew it would continue for a while.

They stirred after a bit, and Angie pulled Nick's face up to hers, kissing him softly to express her love. He returned it, rousing enough to hug her close. It was a nice, gentle calm down from a frenetic coupling.

"Mom, I don't think I can wait five days to do that again," Nick said. He was already showing signs of life.

"You're going to have to," she giggled. "You promised. But don't worry, I'm going to be feeling it too...and Friday will be all that much sweeter. Think about it: Your

graduation done, high school finished, the rest of your life ahead of you. We'll jump into the Sorento and head to the quarry for a few quiet days of relaxation and fucking. This week will be torture, but with a sweet reward." She was enjoying seeing his reaction to her use of the bad word.

Nick grinned. "Okay, fine. By the way, I find your swearing incredibly hot. I thought it wouldn't fit the proper mom I grew up around, but it seems to fit these sexy lips very well." He kissed her lightly to emphasize the point.

"I'm glad you like it. I'm just imagining your grandmother watching from hell each time I use it."

"Was Grandma really so awful? She seemed fine to me."

"Let's put it this way. It took me the entire two years since she died to fully get past her legacy. There's no way we would be possible while she was alive. For a while, I thought her dying had affected your dad, until he started on this Deacon thing."

Nick shifted next to her. "Wait, what? What do you mean?"

"We haven't been intimate since about the same time as her death."

"That's odd. Maybe he is still in mourning and doesn't realize it?" He leaned in and kissed her neck.

Angie didn't answer for a bit, lost in the pleasure of being nuzzled. "It'd be, um, odd if he was. He was never really close to her, but he...ohhhhh, Nick, do that again...um, he did support her whenever we clashed."

"Like what? Take her side?" Nick moved down her chest, approaching a breast. He sucked a nipple in.

"Uhh, yeah, ohhhh...I suppose you could say that." Angie was losing interest in the conversation.

After more suckling, he pulled off and looked down at her. "But why? Did he need her approval or something? Need her permission to court you?"

Angie grunted her annoyance. His questions had taken his focus from her breast. "No, not really. Once we found out I was pregnant, we were engaged without much fuss. There'd be nothing he would need her good will for."

Nick had stopped sucking altogether now, sitting up on one elbow. "But, like, that makes no sense. Dad's a pretty straightforward guy. If he didn't need her for something, why choose her side over yours?"

"Uh, well. I don't know. Maybe he thought it was safer to keep her happy?"

"I still don't get it. Did she live with you?"

"No...I lived with her up until we got married, which was a month before you were born, and she'd come visit."

"And did Dad visit you at her house before that?"

"Of course. Where are you going with this?" Angie's burgeoning desire was fading under this cross examination.

"Just, none of it makes sense. You meet a guy, get pregnant, she gets super mad and after they meet, he takes her side. You'd think it would be the other way around."

"Oh no, she knew him already. We saw Charles at church every Sunday."

"Ummm...that means the timeline is: you all knew each other, you start dating dad, and then get knocked up, and then mom gets super angry?"

"Yeah. She hated that I got pregnant, and took it out on me forever after."

"And Dad took her side."

Angie turned her head to look directly at her son. "What is your point?"

"Grandma and Dad were fucking."

Angie laughed at the idea before rolling her eyes and saying, "Sure, that makes a ton of sense."

Nick lifted his eyebrows. "Really? Can you refute that definitively?"

"Mmm, big words. My mother was a respected figure in the church. There's no way she would be caught dead doing anything inappropriate like that."

"That's not proof. You're a respected figure, and look what we're doing." He punctuated the point by slurping a nipple in and tonguing it, causing his mother to squirm. He let her nipple go with an agonizing pop and resumed, "My proof is that Dad wasn't logical when it came to arguments between you two, and your mom got really mad when you came up pregnant with his kid."

"Um, well, that's not very solid proof. My mother was busy with church activities all the time, most of which were what I do today. She wouldn't have time for - this is silly. It's not even worth debating."

"How did you and dad meet?" Nick's intense gaze prompted responses even if it was a dumb theory.

"I told you. We knew each other through church, but he asked me out after we turned eighteen. He was cute, and he was always around our house, so it made sense."

"Why was he always around your house?" Nick latched onto the detail as if it was a 'gotcha' moment.

"Oh, stop. He helped with the bake sale, just like you did. He'd meet with the committee when it was run by my mother. I'm pretty sure he just used it as an excuse to get close to me."

"Mmhhmm. Get close to you. Not anyone else in the house? If your mom looked like you do now...you have no idea how many of Hal's half-assed plots to seduce you I've shut down. He was seriously going to make a move on you at the quarry trip, you know that? Now, roll back 19 years and apply Dad's stubbornness to the task of getting to your mom."

Angie had no words.

Nick continued, ticking points on his fingers. "A MILF running the bake sale. She needs volunteers. Dad is there, young and handsome. She succumbs to his charms. Then he moves onto you, and you start dating...gets you pregnant..."

"No..." Angie whispered.

Nick grinned. "No, probably not. But it's a fun theory, right?"

"You!" Angie shoved his shoulder. "You had me second-guessing! Agh, now I can't get the image of the two of them out of my head!" She shoved him again, and he rolled away laughing.

"Wouldn't that be hilarious? Dad and Grandma? I don't think I saw her happy, even once."

Angie stopped pushing her son and looked inward. "That's not...entirely true. She was happy, at times. I thought it was a sign of her love for me, but now I know that's not it. No, the times she was happy coincided with..." She trailed off, a look of horror coming across her face.

Nick's jaw dropped. "What? Coincided with what?"

Angie's look of horror melted away, replaced with a grin. "With nothing, she was never happy. Haha, I got you back!"

Nick fell back, clenching his fists in the air. "Arghhh, I can't believe I fell for that."

They laughed together, and Angie felt the final brick shift into place, setting her son securely as her partner, ousting Charles for good. Lying next to her son on the carpet, Angie felt a stab of sorrow that this was the most fun she'd had in...forever, but it was quickly overtaken by a wave of love and appreciation for him. He was a good man, and would make any woman better for being with her. "I love you," she said.

"I love you too, Mom. Come here." Nick scooped her closer, so that they were wedged together. "Dad's moved on, but I'm here. I won't leave you...and I won't sleep with Grandma."

Angie snorted a laugh. "You better not, we had her cremated."

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Friday came true exactly as Angie predicted. It had been a long week, between preparing for Nick's graduation ceremony, packing for their camp trip, and fending off their mutual desires. The graduation ceremony was lovely, both proud parents in attendance to watch Nick walk across the stage. They went to dinner afterwards, and then mother and son headed home to jump in the packed KIA while dad went to church for a prayer service.

Within minutes of driving away from home, Angie had her shirt open and her bra pulled down so Nick could have full access. He fondled her, tugging and pulling at her aching nipples the entire drive to the quarry, which left the horny mom in quite a state.

Pulling into the parking lot, they found it as expected: empty. They set up their camp, taking the time to erect two tents - one each, in case anyone came by, but they'd only be using one. Angie set her phone on silent, as she didn't want to be disturbed, and Nick did the same. She even went a step further, placing them in her tent so they were out of reach.

They went about their evening in quiet companionship, but there were plenty of flirtatious glances and touches peppered throughout. Angie got a fire going, and put on some water for hot chocolate. Nick arranged a log by the fire they could sit on, like they had the last time.

Darkness descended on the campground, and the stars came out. It was peaceful in exactly the way Angie had hoped for.

Sipping on her mug of chocolate, sending sidelong glances at her son, Angie could see his excitement, which matched hers. It had been a difficult five days to get to this point, and she was looking forward to their time in the tent just as much as he was. She leaned over and put her head on his shoulder, purring when he wrapped his arm around her.

When it was full dark, Nick stood and took her hand, leading her out of the firelight into the darkness. He held her close, the two looking up at the sky and the flickering pinpoints of light. "I love you, Mom," he said, before kissing her under the stars.

Angie accepted his lips with the ease of familiarity built over weeks of illicit, stolen moments. Despite the familiarity, she still got a thrill when his tongue found hers.

Unlike the first time he'd kissed her in this location, she didn't run back to the fire. Instead, when the kiss ended, she pulled him back in for another one. Her body, primed for action for days, was quivering under his touch. A bulge jabbed into her stomach, and she knew he was also ready. "Should we take this to the tent?" she asked.

He nodded, and they went to put the fire out together. Nervous butterflies were tumbling in her belly, despite this not being their first time. For some reason, it felt more official, like it was their wedding night or something.

Stooping to crawl into the tent, Angie sat down on the spread out sleeping bags - one top, one bottom - she'd prepared for their night. Without the fire, the lack of light made it impossible to see her beau, but they found each other by feel, coming together for another kiss while slowly removing pieces of clothing.

The first to come off was her shirt, and then bra, exposing her breasts to her son's warm hands and mouth. He laid her down, happy to focus on her tits for a bit, before his hand ran down her belly, sending shivers through her. He found her pants button, flipping it open and then dragging the zipper down with a loud 'zzzzzzzip'. It seemed to echo throughout the campsite, and Angie was glad they were alone.

A big hand slipped into her panties, quickly finding her wet slit and her unhooded clit, erect and ready for attention. She gasped at the contact, pressing her hips up in an attempt to increase the pressure.

They had to interrupt the kiss briefly when Angie lifted her son's shirt over his head, and they were topless together. She ran her hands over his solid chest, enjoying the strength under his skin. He was still massaging her, moving his finger from her clit to her entrance, dragging her lubrication wherever he went, enhancing the sensation.

She put her hand on his lap, tracing the long lump jutting from his shorts, making him gasp in her mouth. She grinned and said, "What do you want first? My pussy, or my mouth?"

He didn't hesitate. "Your pussy."

"Good choice," she said, tugging at his shorts to pull them down. He shifted to let her, and then helped her with the rest of her clothes until they were naked together. She lay on her back, shivering when he put his hand on her knee. The moment stretched out, and she savoured it, wanting to remember willingly spreading her legs for her son. She hoped she'd never lose this feeling of wanton abandon when giving herself to him. He settled between her thighs and leaned over to kiss her, his cock between them, insistently pushing into her belly. Angie couldn't take it any more. She wriggled underneath him, impatient, before pausing their kiss to say, "Fuck me."

Her lips were slick with her juices, and spread easily when he pressed in, her pussy easing open, stretching to engulf her son's cock. She breathed deeply, letting out a satisfied coo when he had fully seated himself. The base of his cock pressed against her clit, his balls settling nicely against her perineum.

This was what she wanted. A perfect fit, with a perfect partner. Squeezing her inner muscle, she smiled at his resultant gasp, and then he started to fuck her. The blonde mom lay under her son, body quaking with each thrust, taking the full length of his cock over and over, and rejoiced. At least, that's what it sounded like, for her angelic cries drifted through the campground.

The long buildup since Monday meant Nick was soon approaching his climax, his strokes faltering and slowing. "Mom," he gasped. "I need to change or I'll come. Can we try from behind?"

The day in the laundry room, the first time he'd come inside her, was also the first time she'd had a man from behind. The memory was special for both reasons. "I'd like that," she said. They decoupled and she flipped over onto all fours. Head

down, bum up, Angie became distinctly aware of the submissive nature of the position; she was offering up her body, presenting her pussy to be claimed by her son.

Unable to see him, she could only wait passively for Nick to act. His hands landed on her rear, caressing and squeezing, his grip spreading her cheeks apart. The blonde moaned, rocking back, on the verge of begging for his cock, when he entered her again.

"Oh, God," she whispered, a prayer to be forgiven for taking this much pleasure from fucking her son, and then he was moving within her. Hands on her hips for leverage, Nick took his pleasure.

Angie did her best to participate, to rock her body back into his thrusts, but she kept losing the rhythm, overwhelmed by pleasure, which grew in intensity each time Nick's cock slammed into her, until she came. She strained and groaned through her climax, while Nick continued to fuck her.

"Mom...can I finish?" he said, his voice strained.

Still mid-orgasm, Angie wanted nothing more. "Yes, come in me! I want to feel it!" she begged. Nick came with a grunt, and Angie's exaltant scream echoed through the quarry, remarkably similar to the night she lost her virginity and conceived her son.

When he was done, he pulled from her, leaving a sad void behind. Angie rolled onto her side, too dazed to speak. Curled up, she barely registered Nick cuddling

behind her, hugging her close with a hand on her tit. A wet cock pressed into her ass, but it was limp and satiated. A sleeping bag landed over them.

Angie fell asleep, a prayer on her lips, and her son's semen leaking from her pussy. For the first time, this wasn't a prayer for patience to outlast her libido, instead it was a prayer to let her live her life as happy as she was now.

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Angie woke the next morning in their tent, limbs entwined with her son's, the memory of the night before a blazing fire in her mind. The amazing orgasm, the feel of her lover finishing, his bull-like grunts punctuating each of his ejaculations. She reached down to her labia to find them covered in the dried remnants of his seed, but not as much as she'd expect. She stifled a laugh at the mental image of her long-deprived pussy gobbling down a big meal of semen.

Stretching, her limbs sliding over and under her son's, Angie thought about getting up when a hand landed on her bare tit. She looked over at her now awake son, and smiled. "Morning, lover," she said.

Nick did his own stretching, and then pulled her in, pressing her into his chest. He kissed her, then again, before moving to her breast. When he sucked in a nipple, she exhaled loudly, the instant trigger for her libido making her wet down below. "You're not making getting up easy," she complained, running her fingers through his hair.

"Sorry," he lied, between sucks.

The tingling from her son's active mouth was getting to Angie, making her forget her plans. Her hips writhed suggestively next to him, bare skin on bare skin. She stared up at the tent wall and whispered, "If we have sex...do you swear not to pull out?"

The tent shook with laughter and movement, as the horny mom was taken - and seeded - by her son again. And then again, some time later, only slower with long sighs. And finally, a third time, the longest yet, punctuated with regular orgasms from the mom before she begged her son to finish.

The pair lay in a sweaty heap, cock still buried to the hilt at her insistence. Only when he went completely soft did he fall from her well-fucked hole, but amazingly there wasn't a trace of semen dripping from her. It seemed her hungry pussy wasn't satisfied yet, and she wondered where it was all going.

They eventually succumbed to hunger and got up. It was almost noon at this point, and they put together a makeshift brunch. While eating, a car showed up, parking away from their site, and several teenagers tumbled out, heading to the pool with whoops. Not long after, another car showed up, also full of young folks. Before mid-afternoon, the place was mildly busy, and mother and son had to be careful with their displays of affection.

They hung out, reading and listening to music, before swimming at the hottest part of the day. Angie had a nap before dinner, thinking she needed it for the night to come. Dinner was a nice steak and salad, put together cooperatively, though Angie did the steaks.

When they retired for the evening, the quarry was once again theirs, the other swimmers having left. Nick surprised his mother by dragging the sleeping bags and air mattress out of the tent and arranging them under the stars. They slipped into the warmth of the bags, naked, and made love slowly until he filled her up once again.

Angie had become addicted to the sensation of her son's cock throbbing in her pussy, craving it, begging him to come inside. She loved sharing in his completion, knowing his release was a sign of his love for her. They fell asleep under the stars, two sweaty lovers sharing kisses and caresses, lost in their own little world.

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Waking up to the sun coming up over the trees was a new experience for Angie, made even better by waking up with a heart full of love and warmth next to her son. It was something she could get used to.

Despite her loyalty having sinfully shifted from husband to son, she still felt an obligation to attend church services, and so the pair packed up and headed home in time to shower and jump back in the car to head to church. Charles was already gone.

After a delightfully decadent weekend, Angie's life took a turn that Sunday. As they entered the church to take their place at their usual pew, she could see her husband up at the front in his place as Deacon. He looked different somehow, resolute and firm instead of the haggard and driven look he'd had the last little while.

The service took place as usual, however at the end, Reverend Jones introduced Charles for an announcement for them all. Angie's heart pounded hard, and she swallowed thickly, hoping this surprise didn't have anything to do with the teenager sitting next to her. She grabbed Nick's hand in a fierce grip, and he squeezed back.

Her husband stood up at the front, expression set, and the look in his eye sent a cold chill down Angie's back. He looked fired up, determined, meeting her eye before looking at the congregation.

"Brothers and Sisters," he started. "I will not take up much of your time. I have a simple announcement, one that is the product of many hours of prayer and thought. After much discussion with Reverend Jones, I have decided...to enter the priesthood." He paused, looking at his wife. "This will be a shock to some of you, and for that I am sorry. But this is a calling, and I need to heed it. I could not decide on my course for many weeks, until I saw my son graduate on Friday. Seeing him grow into a man made me realize I could head out on my quest for enlightenment with God. I leave for Tyndale seminary in Toronto tomorrow...to start preparation and prayer before the fall classes. I ask for your prayers, and hope that I can return to you as a full Reverend one day." With that, he sat back down and the service resumed.

Angie could feel eyes turning to her, gauging her reaction. She kept her face schooled and smiling, as any good Deacon's wife would, even if she hadn't been consulted in such a monumental decision. Nick squeezed her hand again, and she held on tight, smiling around at the others until they turned away.

They skipped the after church refreshments, leaving right away. Angie was going home, but the thought of being around Charles even for a moment was dreadful.

Instead, she headed back to the quarry, for the KIA was still full of their camping equipment.

The rest of the day was quiet, with Nick giving her space, but she didn't want space. Nothing felt real anymore. At bedtime, Nick went to the only tent they'd set up. Without a word, she climbed into after him, and into his arms. She cried for a while. He comforted her, and when her tears dried up, she slept.

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Angie woke up worrying, as if sleeping had let in the thoughts she'd refused to entertain the day before. She fretted over their future as they packed up, unsure of where Charles' leaving left them. She called in sick, giving them the entire day to take their time getting home. When they walked in the door, Charles wasn't there, and nor were his belongings. His study and his closet were empty, a harsh closure to almost two decades of marriage. It didn't feel real.

There was a note on the counter, and Angie took it to the table to read it, unsure if she could remain standing.

Angie,

I know you must have plenty of questions, and are probably terribly upset with me. I will try to at least ease your mind regarding the state of our finances. Your finances, now. I am to be taken care of by the church, but I won't be leaving you destitute. Your mother, God rest her soul, left me a sizable sum in her passing. She made me promise not to tell you about it, but it can't be helped at this point.

There is enough to let you keep your part time job as long as you want, and retire comfortably. Nick has the college fund as well.

Angie paused to reconsider Nick's theory regarding Charles and her mother, but shook it away.

I didn't want to drag things out. I've already spoken to Nick, and he is aware you may need love and patience through the next while. He is a good boy. You have grown closer this past while, which eases my heart.

I have always loved you, Angie, but my love for God is supreme. I have known, in my heart, that this was coming for some time. I will not seek a divorce, but if you do, I won't contest it. Prayer and God have shown me that I was harsh to you this last while, and I'm sorry for that.

Charles

Angie put the note down. Nope, still not real.

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It took several days of passing by Charles' open study door for it to become real. Angie stepped into the room, looking at the bare shelves, which used to hold his religious texts. His desk was cleared off as well, the only remnant of his presence the faint smell of his cologne.

"Weird, seeing it empty," Nick said, from the door behind her.

Angie turned to look at him. His expression was soft and kind. She realized it had been a while since they'd really spoken. She'd been on auto-pilot, floating through life, unable to get a grip with her new reality. "It is," she said, looking back at the study before leaving it.

Since she was eighteen, she'd had three constants in her life, and two of them were gone, but she still had her son. "I'm sorry for being vacant, I really didn't know what to think," she said.

Nick didn't answer, but nodded.

"You'd think that with the way he's been occupied for so long, it wouldn't be so much of a shock, but even at his worst, he was still a pillar for me. Does that make sense?"

Nick nodded again.

"I guess life goes on. Have you eaten?" she asked.

"Mom."

"Hm?"

He hugged her, one hand on her back, the other on her neck, and held her close. "Mom, it's okay."

Angie let out a shaky breath, and pressed herself into his warm body, hugging back tight and hard. "Don't leave me," she said, selfishly. "I mean, you can go to college, but just don't leave."

"I'm not going anywhere," he said.

She cried in his arms again, and this time it felt like a release.

\*\*\*

Angie felt stable enough to sort her world out over the next couple days. Work had let her take time off, but it was time to shoulder her responsibilities again or she never would. She picked up her phone for the first time since the sermon, finding a stack of notifications that dated back to the start of the camping trip. She swiped them all away, focusing on the messages from parishioners, and a voicemail from Janey expressing her sympathy.

Sunday morning, on the way to the service, Angie thought back over the previous days, finally recognizing her son's help. Laundry and cleaning was done, food in the fridge. She'd spent a lot of time in bed, dozing the hours away, but he made sure she was cared for. He'd been there for her in one of her darkest moments, and the thought did a lot to cheer her up.

"Thank you, Nick. I know this hasn't been easy, seeing me like that, but I'm feeling better now. I don't know what I would have done without you."

"I'm not going anywhere, Mom. You just needed some time."

"I would imagine...you've been lonely?" she asked, unbuttoning her blouse. His answering smile sent a lightning bolt through her, prompting her to drag down a bra cup. Nick's hand landed on her bare tit, finding her nipple and pulling on it. Her libido flickered into life.

Janey had plenty of sympathetic glances for her during the service, which Angie barely noticed. She couldn't stop staring, amazed at Janey's appearance. The woman was radiant. She'd filled out a little, looking plump and healthy, though her belly wasn't any bigger.

In the hall after, Angie made her societally-mandated appearance, sipping on a cup of tea while ignoring the stares of other parishioners. They would move on once another scandal rolled in. Janey joined her, her face once again melting with sympathy.

"Oh, stop it," Angie sighed. "He's not dead, he went to become a priest or a monk or something."

"I know, but how are you holding up? It must feel like he died."

"A little," Angie admitted. "I'm okay. Nick has been a great help."

"Of course he has."

"How is everything going?" Angie gestured at her friend's belly.

Janey's face transformed, lighting up into a joyful smile. "Oh, I love it. I forgot how being pregnant makes me feel...and Ted is loving it as well." She winked.

"He is? How is you being pregnant affecting him? Or was that sarcastic?" Angie was lost.

Janey wagged her eyebrows. "Let's just say I am very affectionate when I'm knocked up. He benefits greatly." Her cheeks pinked at the lewd reference, and she glanced around the church hall.

"Ohhhh," Angie said. She'd never had any kind of sex life when pregnant with Nick. She'd wanted to, but her mother prevented her from meeting Charles alone, even after they got engaged. When they were married, her new husband wasn't really interested due to her size.

Another woman joined their little group to chat with Janey. Angie watched her friend, noting how she worked her state into every topic. She really did enjoy being pregnant. Angie wished with all of her might that she could have experienced this kind of joy while pregnant with Nick.

Sensing an opportunity to vacate the conversation, Angie quickly finished up her

tea, and went to grab Nick to head home.

That afternoon, she checked her accounts and found that Charles had indeed left them in very good shape, thanks to the funds her mother left him. She refused to pull on that thread. The money eased her mind, and for the first time, she could see a bit of light at the end of the tunnel.

Accepting that Charles was gone, what did her life look like now? Slowly, bits and pieces of her old life started to tumble away, as she realized they weren't 'her'. They were roles taken on in an effort to be the woman her mother wanted, and the church expected. What did she want?

Nick found her then, sitting at the kitchen table. He came up behind her, leaning down to kiss her cheek, hugging her around her neck. "Whatcha doing?" he asked.

Angie patted his arm. "Thinking about what comes next." She sighed. "I'm not really sure who I am now," she blurted.

"Sure you do," he answered, his voice low and rich in her ear. "You're my mom..." He kissed her cheek again, closer to her ear. "And you're my girlfriend..." He nibbled at her lobe, sending tingling goosebumps down her arms and chest. Her nipples rose to the occasion, and she clenched her thighs together.

"I am?" she asked faintly, seeking assurance.

"You are."

"I like that," she said softly. "We haven't really talked since your dad left. How are you doing?"

"I'm fine, Mom," he said, his tone sure and confident. "I miss who Dad was, but that guy has been gone for a long time. I'm more concerned about you."

"I'm doing better...feeling better. I'm not really sure where to go from here. Do I keep on being the Deacon's wife, without a Deacon husband? Do I go on with life as if nothing has changed? Do I tear it all down and start again? I just don't know."

"Are you open to suggestions?" Nick asked. At her nod, he said, "While you were recovering from the shock, I've been looking at schools. There's one not too far from here. Close enough to visit easily, but far enough away to get some distance."

Angie turned her head in alarm. "You're leaving?" she asked.

"No. We are."

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## Chapter 4

Angie caught Nick's arm as he was walking past, gesturing at the laptop screen.

"What about this one?" she asked.

He leaned down and checked out the details on the realtor page, then shook his head. "Too small."

She laughed. "How much room do you need? It's almost as big as this house. We can just stay here."

"We'll need space, Mom. I know the perfect house is out there, we'll keep looking." He kissed her lightly, before going back to the chore he'd been at before she stopped him.

The house was in disarray, the process of packing and sorting their belongings well under way. It had actually been a good thing, this sorting, because it allowed her to slowly set aside her old life bit by bit. Packing or discarding her life with Charles, while preparing for her life post-Charles.

It hadn't taken much to convince her to move. She had no reason to stay. Only Janey had really been a friend, and she could come visit whenever she wanted. Angie was looking forward to a new start, a chance to be who she wanted to be, rather than who her mother wanted her to be.

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Angie sighed, and looked up at the old house for the last time. It had been a lot of work to get it ready to sell, but leaving day was finally upon them. Her old life was

now condensed to the size of a moving truck, which had left a few minutes ago.

Nick was in the car, waiting and watching. He was far less nostalgic about leaving, but that was good because he was the driving force behind it all. They'd eventually found a house in the new town that fit Nick's requirements, but it was far too big for the two of them in her opinion. Still, it was a lovely house, and she was excited to get there.

For her final act in the old house, she stepped in the front door for a couple minutes before coming back out, closing the door with a relieved sigh and a deep breath. She bounced down the car with a grin, watching Nick's face.

She got in the driver's seat. "Ready?" she asked, looking over at her son. She laughed at his expression. She thumbed the ignition button, acting nonchalant, while burning inside at her bravery.

Within a block, Nick reached over and casually lifted her t-shirt, exposing her bare tits. He thumbed a nipple, which was already thickened with arousal. "I knew I'd get you to leave the house without a bra," he boasted.

Angie glanced at him, blushing at his pleased expression, thinking of the bra she'd discarded in the front hall. It hadn't been a hard decision; she must have washed it wrong, because the darn thing had shrunk and was far too restrictive.

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A couple hours later, they pulled into their new driveway. Angie adjusted her shirt, covering up her breasts. Her nipples were still hard, having been played with on and off for the entire drive, and her panties were wet with desire.

Walking in the new house, boxes and furniture everywhere, she felt a mixture of fatigue and happiness. This was going to be a lot of work, but it was the fresh start she needed.

Nick came up behind her. He hugged her, murmuring in her ear. "What do you want to do first?"

"This," she replied, turning and sinking to her knees. She undid her son's shorts and pulled them down, along with his underwear. His cock hung low, rapidly growing in bobs and fits. With a growl, she captured it in her mouth and pulled him close.

In the front hall of their new house, the horny mom blew her son until he unloaded into her mouth. He then returned the favour, laying her down and stripping her naked to put his face between her thighs, her sighs bouncing off the bare walls.

They hadn't been very sexually active lately. She slept in his bed, but they were usually too exhausted to do more than cuddle. Now, half the work done, they made up for lost time.

With the front hall christened, the pair got up off the floor and walked through the house. It felt like that magical weekend they had spent naked together. Angie

wondered if they might have more of those weekends.

"Okay, now that's out of the way, what do you want to do next?" Nick quipped.

She bumped him with her hip, but answered him seriously. "I'm not sure. There's so much space, I don't know where to put everything. Why did you want such a big place, anyway?" He'd kept deflecting the question when she asked before. She stopped at a room, trying to imagine a use for it. On top of the master bedroom, there were three other rooms that could be bedrooms, hobby rooms, office, etc.

"This is a fresh start, right?" He hugged her from behind again, their bare bodies pressed together. He cupped her breasts, his big hands causing tingles to run down to her pussy.

"Yeah," she said, shifting in place, feeling her wet pussy throb and waken.

"Why not start a new family? You said your mom was awful to you when you had me. Now you can do it over again without your mom."

"Sure, but..." She turned in his arms, putting her hands on his chest. With a trembling lip, she looked up at him. "With your dad gone, who...?" She trailed off, distracted by his cock growing between them, the head pushing into her belly.

"I was thinking...no one knows us here. We're a couple...what if you forgot about the Method...forgot about pulling out." He stopped to kiss her suggestively. "What if we made love right now, and I didn't pull out? We could see what

happened...leave it in God's hands." He kissed her again.

Angie returned her son's kisses, running her hand over his chest, letting that spark of desire build. She'd been very stressed over the last while, what with the moving, and the selling and buying of houses, and looking for a new job. Thankfully, what Nick was suggesting took a huge weight from her, and she hugged him close. "Nothing would happen," she said finally.

"Ummm, what do you mean?" he asked, clearly thrown off.

Angie shrugged, moving to his neck, kissing down to his shoulder. "Nothing would happen," she repeated. She reached between them, taking his cock in her hand, cradling it. "Do you remember our trip to the quarry?"

"Yeah..." he replied, clearly confused.

"I put our phones in the tent, so we wouldn't be interrupted. I missed a bunch of notifications, and one in particular was an important one." She was stroking him now, keeping him hard. She kissed his chest, trailing little open-mouthed smooches down to his nipple.

"Mom, I don't get it," he complained, but there wasn't much heat behind it, because he was distracted.

"I know. I was so afraid, and confused, when I found out. I didn't know what to do. But you've put my mind at ease, and I can finally tell you."

"Tell me what?" he demanded, getting flustered.

She took his hand, and brought it between them, too nervous to look him in the eye. Laying their hands on her lower belly, she said, "The important notification was from the app I use to track my cycle. It was a reminder that I'd be ovulating in a few days, and I should stop having sex. Instead, however..." She paused, her throat tightening with anxiety and emotion. "Instead I had a lot of sex with you...and I begged you not to pull out. Nick...you put your baby in me that weekend."

Stunned silence met the statement, and Angie was terrified to look up, to see his reaction.

"Mom," Nick's voice was thick, and he had to clear his throat as well. "Are you serious?" At her nod, he went on, "That's incredible! Amazing! But why didn't you tell me?" he asked, overcome with emotion.

She looked up, daring to meet his eyes, relieved to see joy where she dreaded anger. "I was too nervous, too confused. Too busy...too afraid. I ignored it, basically, until now. I wasn't sure what you would think, or do, and I was afraid our plans might crumble away." Her eyes filled with tears. "I'm sorry, I should have told you."

His hand, the one on her lower belly, twisted in her grip, palming her stomach. "You're saying my baby is in here? In you?"

Angie nodded, smiling hopefully. "Is that okay?"

He half laughed, hugging her tight to his chest. "Yeah!...more than okay. I only wish I'd known, when it happened, so I could, I dunno, savour it. But yeah, it's great. I love you, Mom." He kissed her, tears mingling on their cheeks.

The kiss lingered, growing in passion, his cock surging back to life between them. When he pulled away, she asked, "Bedroom?"

"Bedroom," he confirmed.

Their lovemaking was tender and slow, and Nick kept stopping, saying he was afraid to hurt her or the baby. Angie laughed, but was touched by his concern, until she grew impatient and asked him to fuck her. Given permission, he went at her with enthusiasm, finishing inside of her.

They lay together after, kissing and snuggling. He hefted her tits, noting, "I thought they were bigger, but didn't want to say anything in case I was wrong. Will they keep growing?"

His eagerness made Angie laugh, and she nodded. "Yeah, a bit more, mostly at the end when my milk comes in."

"I can't wait," he said, before taking a plump nipple in his lips.

Angie groaned at the now-familiar spike of pleasure. "What about when I get big?" she asked, looking up at the ceiling while he nursed, thinking of the future.

"What about it?" he mumbled, between sucks.

"Will you still want me? To have sex with me?"

"I don't see why not...if you want to. This is new to me. Do you want me to do what Ted was doing for Janey? Wait on you, hand and foot?"

Angie laughed. "No, please no. Just be your normal self. I want to go through this pregnancy as carefree and happy as I can be. It's too bad Janey won't find out, she'd be over the moon."

"Why can't she?" he asked. He'd moved to her other nipple, leaving the first red, wet and plump.

"How am I supposed to explain it? I've been struggling to come up with a way to say who the father is this entire time. Your moving suggestion was the best possible way to avoid any awkward questions."

"I dunno. You can't say it's Dad's? Before he left?"

"I could, but I don't want him to be a part of this baby's life. This is between me..." She lifted his head from her tit to kiss him thoroughly. "And my boyfriend, the

father." She felt him stir below, his weary cock coming back to life.

"Mom?"

"Yes?"

"Can we pretend like you're not pregnant yet?"

Angie pondered the request for a half second, then figured what he was asking. "You want to live the moment?" she asked. "When you knocked me up?"

"I really, really do."

His cock was pressing into her thigh now, insistent and hard. His request sent a thrill through her, that he would want to give her his baby on purpose. Another difference from 19 years ago. She shifted, pulling at him, urging him between her legs. "Mmmm, we have to be careful," she started. "If you come in me, I could get pregnant."

Nick growled, hovering over her, his erection thick and proud. "What if I do? What if I want that? To make you mine, and put my baby in you?"

"Oh...you'd want that? To make your mommy a mommy again?"

"More than anything," he husked, prodding her entrance with his prick, before sinking deep inside her already well-seeded, wet pussy.

"Nick," she cried out. They made love again, and Angie begged her son to give her his baby, relishing the lovely feel of her pussy being stretched by her son's cock.

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Later still, they spooned, tired in the way good sex left a person. Nick's arm was around her middle, his hand stroking her belly. Talking into her ear, he said, "You'll need some maternity clothes soon, right?"

Yawning, Angie sleepily replied, "I'll be showing in a month or two. I have clothes that'll fit for a while, but eventually I'll need some bigger pants and shirts."

"I'll lend you my hoodie," he said confidently.

A spike of nostalgic glee ran through her. "You will?" she asked.

"Yep. You can pick any one you like."

"Okay," she whispered. She'd never had a boyfriend she could borrow clothes from. Never had a big hoodie she could wear that had her favourite man's scent. Her high school days were full of memories of girls walking around in too-big clothes, cooing about their boyfriends. Charles never let her borrow his clothes,

and she'd never thought much of it...but Charles wasn't Nick. The thought of breathing in her son's scent all day sent a surge of hot need through her.

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Nick was enrolled for courses starting in the winter semester but found a job at McDonalds. Angie got a part time job at the local library, which meant they could only unpack around their jobs. It took several months to get the new house sorted, working away slowly and methodically, gradually getting rid of boxes.

Angie started to slow down as her belly grew. She tended to either wear t-shirts or Nick's hoodie around the house, but never a bra. She found some low cut shirts at Walmart, and Nick drooled over himself at getting to see her cleavage on a daily basis. Not that he didn't have access to her body whenever he liked, but he liked to look too.

They role-played him making her pregnant a few more times, until her growing belly made the fantasy fall apart, at which point he practically worshipped her tummy, and couldn't keep his hands off of it.

Their time in the new house, alone with each other, helped Angie grow into her new self. She cast off the conservative lessons drilled into her by her mother, and started living for herself. When her tummy got too big for her pants, she bought a couple of light dresses that cascaded to the floor, hugging her torso but wide enough to accommodate her growing belly.

Nick loved the new dresses, because she wore nothing underneath them. No bra,

no panties, just her naked body, ripening into motherhood. Her nipples slowly darkened, her areola growing until they were too big to fit in her son's mouth. He loved sucking on them even more, and it was his favourite thing to come home from work, strip her dress off and lay her down to 'let her rest', while he played with her body.

Angie revelled in the treatment, constantly happy and loved, and it turned out that when given permission, Angie was quite affectionate when pregnant. As her belly grew, so did her libido, until she was practically panting for her son's penis at all hours of the day. He was happy to oblige. She lost count of the number of times she got to experience her lover filling her up with his semen, but she savoured each time.

Angie was six months along when Christmas arrived. The first in the new house, the first without Charles, the first for Nick with a pregnant mother. The new house had a fireplace, and on Christmas Eve, they set up a little picnic in front of it with a blazing fire, the tree in the corner with lights twinkling.

Angie lounged on the carpet while drinking orange juice and pondering how her life had changed. This time last year, she was steeped in prayer, trying to navigate a life without affection or intimacy, wondering when her husband would return to her. She'd never have guessed how things could change. Nick and his insistence on stepping in for Charles was a big enough change on its own, but the rest boggled her mind.

Angie had spent decades being terrified of getting pregnant, sure that she'd end up going through the hell her mother put her through a second time. It turned out, with a better partner and no mother, she loved being pregnant.

She looked down at her tummy, cradling it possessively like Janey had, and smiled. It was hard to imagine a more complete way of her son stepping in for his dad than impregnating her. "You knew, didn't you?" she asked him. "When you insisted on this big house, you were planning on me having a baby."

"It might have been on my mind," he said, with a sly smile.

"And you really knew, already, that you wanted to be the father?"

"I'd been thinking about it ever since the quarry, after our talk about how I'd replaced dad. I replaced him in your bed, sure, but I wanted it to be complete. I thought, if we could start our own family...I guess God heard my prayer."

"He heard mine too," she said with a happy grin, reaching to take his hand. "I prayed to be able to live my life as happy as I was then...and now here we are."

They sat in silence after sharing a kiss, staring at the fire.

"Mom...you know how I took dad's place?"

Angie looked down at her belly, her blonde hair falling forward, framing her lovely face. "Yes, I'm aware," she said, sardonically.

"I was thinking, I haven't fully. Taken his place, I mean. He's still your husband."

Angie had initially set aside thoughts of divorcing Charles, not wanting to add to the drama of being left for the church. But now, in a new town and a new life, it didn't seem like a good idea anymore. "Would it make you feel better, knowing I wasn't married?"

"I was thinking...I don't want to be your boyfriend anymore."

She might have been worried, except she spotted the ring box he'd taken from his pocket. With pounding heart and dry mouth, she watched him get up on one knee and open the box.

"Mom, will you do me the honour of becoming my wife? I mean, I know we can't be married for real, but we could pretend, and we'd know, right?"

They couldn't be married, in any way, shape, or form, and yet the gesture overwhelmed the pregnant mom. This was different in every way from her last proposal, which had been one of convenience, and she'd basically been forced to agree to Charles' mumbled proposal. Nick's heartfelt overture, with the romantic setting and sincerity brought tears to her eyes and she nodded quickly. "Yes, of course!"

Angie tore her wedding rings off, tossing them aside, in order to let her son place his little ring, bought with his paltry wage, in their place. She admired it, fighting back sobs of joy. She hugged him tight, then kissed him, suddenly afraid she wouldn't be able to express the amount of love she felt at that moment, trying to convey it with her arms and lips.

When they parted for a breath, Nick helped her to her feet and lead her to their room. Over the next several hours, they consummated their love over and over, falling asleep snuggled up, their hands entwined over her belly.

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Angie woke on Christmas Day, immediately looking at her ring. Nick was spooning her, his warmth suffusing her body, and she sighed contentedly. She loved these types of mornings, where she could laze in her son's arms, mind free from worry or heartache.

To the outside world, she was a single mom, pregnant with her second, father not spoken of. To Angie, she was with the man she loved, growing his child in her belly. These quiet mornings allowed her to let the outside world drop away and her world - her little family.

It took a few minutes, but her son - husband - woke up behind her, stretching and yawning before hugging her tight...and then her other son woke up, kicking her. She gasped, grabbing Nick's hand and dragging it to the spot in her belly. It wasn't the first, but Nick insisted on wanting to feel each one.

"Merry Christmas, my boys," she murmured. They waited for more, but it seemed the little one was only saying hi.

"Merry Christmas," Nick finally responded, cupping her bare tit.

Angie giggled. "What do you want to do first? Open presents? Coffee?" She felt the sleepy penis behind her start to wake up.

"First I want to fuck my wife, then I want to shower, have coffee, then presents."

The pregnant mom shivered at her son's casual use of the word 'wife'. That was going to take some getting used to, but in a good way. "That sounds lovely, but I have to pee first..."

Nick tossed back the blanket and jumped up to come help her from bed. "It's okay, I can wait for later. I'll get the coffee going."

Angie noted the tenderness between her legs from the night before as she gingerly made her way to the bathroom. "Okay, that might be for the best. Later though..."

"Later," he agreed with a smile.

The pair went about Christmas morning slowly, happy to be together and share in the day. They exchanged presents, with Nick receiving a new laptop for school, and Angie getting a necklace with the letter N as a pendant. She put it on right away, liking the way it settled between her tits, tickling as it swayed.

She was trending towards awkward at six months to cook a big dinner, but they made do with Chinese takeout and watched her treasure hunt show together. She reclined on the couch with Nick at the end, rubbing her feet and legs. His strong

hands massaged away any aches and pains, slowly making their way up until he was at her bare, hairy pussy.

Angie sighed and spread her legs for him, still watching TV. He liked to play with her, finding new ways to make her moan, until they were both too horny to hold off fucking. Now and then she'd be too tired for sex, but never too tired for a blowjob, which she could perform reclining on the couch.

The pair finished their show and headed to bed, hand in hand.

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When Angie hit nine months, she stopped working. The baby was due any day, and she couldn't wait. The pregnancy had been exactly as she hoped: full of love and joy, assisted by a loving 'husband'. Her only regret was that she wasn't able to go through it with Janey.

She spent her time either on the couch or in bed while Nick was at school, still wearing her simple dresses.

Her milk had come in a few weeks ago, and of course it was Nick who found out. He drank from her on a regular basis now, and even though she protested, saying she needed to save it for the baby, she actually loved the sensation of him suckling at her tit.

Three days past her due date, Angie slowly woke up in bed alone, Nick having left

for school a while ago. A sharp pain hit her, as her body decided to try out a contraction, before easing off. She panted, pressing her hand into her side, and waited to see if it would repeat. She'd been having Braxton Hicks contractions for a while, but they never lasted long.

This time, another followed within a few minutes, and alarm bells started to go off in her head. Groaning, she eased herself up after it passed, grabbing her phone and sending a '911' text to Nick - their agreed signal for him to race home.

A few minutes later, another contraction while she was on the toilet, and suddenly more liquid than she'd expected was hitting the water. It was time. Pulling up her panties, she made her way to her go bag and headed to the door to wait for Nick.

The college was close by, and in less than 15 minutes he was there, banging through the door, looking stressed. "Are you okay?" he asked, picking up the bag.

"Yes, let's go. Calm down, there's no hurry," she said, waddling to the door and out to the car.

He raced to the driver's side, tossing the bag in the back. The drive was done in slightly less time than was legal, and then he was helping her from the car. Angie couldn't help but notice the similarities to her first birth - being driven to the hospital by a manic 18-year-old boy who was the father. Thankfully, she didn't have her mother hovering nearby, making snide remarks to the nurses and demanding the baby be born 'soon'.

As her only family, Nick was allowed in the room with her, but as her son, made sure not to 'look down there'. Three hours of contractions and pain later, Angie gave birth to a healthy baby boy.

When she was alone with her two sons, Nick hovering over her holding their child, she asked, "Are you sure?"

"Yep," Nick confirmed. "He looks like a Taylor."

"Okay," Angie said. "Taylor it is."

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A year later. Angie sat in the living room, listening to the sound of Nick's voice coming down the hall. He was reading a bedtime story to Taylor, after a full day consisting of a birthday party and gifts and a park visit.

A bit later, when the story was over, she heard the bedroom door softly close, and Nick's footsteps as he came to join her.

"All good?" she asked, when he sat down.

"All good. He's down for the count, that was a long day."

"Yeah, it was, for all three of us." Angie said, putting her head on her son's shoulder.

"At least he's sleeping through the night now. I never thought I'd value sleep so much."

Angie giggled. "Hey, you weren't the one getting up to breastfeed. Thank God, he's weaned." She groaned and massaged one full tit. "Speaking of, I need to pump before bed." She waited, hoping.

"I was feeling a bit thirsty," Nick said. He lifted her t-shirt and leaned down to suck a nipple into his mouth.

Angie breathed deeply, pussy clenching at the familiar feel of her oldest child's mouth on her tit. Her letdown arrived, and he started to swallow in great big gulps as her thick teat sprayed into the back of his throat.

Breastfeeding Nick was different, and it always ended up making Angie extremely horny. She groaned through him half-draining both breasts, until he let up.

"Too full," he complained. She made too much for him to drink it all.

"Thanks, Babe," she said. She eyed the bulge in his pants, and asked, "Is that for me?"

Nick glanced at his crotch, grinning, but before he could say anything, Angie's phone dinged.

She picked it up, expecting an email or something. Instead, it was from her fertility app. They'd gone back to using it, to avoid her getting pregnant again. "It says here," she said. "That I'm ovulating today."

"Oh yeah? That's interesting. I guess..." He cupped a tit, squeezing it. "It would be a bad idea to have sex, then."

"Mmmm, it would...because if you did, you might get me pregnant again. We talked about that...how it's not a good idea...right?" Angie put her hand in her son's lap, rubbing his bulge.

"We did," he confirmed. "Taylor was a happy accident, but if we had sex now, knowing you're fertile, that wouldn't be an accident." He leaned in to nibble at her neck.

Angie put her phone down in order to thread her fingers through her son's hair. "So you're saying...if you took me, your mother, to bed and put your big cock into me, and squirted your baby-making sauce into me...I could get pregnant? You might plant another of your babies in my womb?" The language had Angie's heart pounding, and her pussy juicing.

Nick growled, before whispering in her ear. "Be careful, if you keep teasing me, I might not be able to resist doing exactly that."

"What if I told you I wanted you to?" she shot back.

Nick groaned and stood, pulling her to her feet. "I didn't quite hear you," he said. "Can you say it again in our room?"

Angie giggled and followed her son, her bare breasts wobbling as she trotted to keep up with his long strides. Once in their room, Nick wasted no time in getting her naked. Angie lay back on their bed, spreading her legs for her son. "I said, what if I told you to put your baby in me?"

He was on her in a flash, his hard penis easily finding her entrance and sinking into her in one thrust. She groaned, clutching at his arms, thrilling in the familiar sensation of her son's cock penetrating her to the core. "That's it...make me a mommy again!" she urged.

Nick fucked her hard several times that night, each time filling her with his seed, and Angie knew by the end that he'd given her his second baby.

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Over the years, he gave her two more, filling their house with the sound of little voices and footsteps, and Angie loved each pregnancy to the fullest.

She never saw Charles again, but he did sign the divorce papers she sent to him care of the seminary. Nick said he'd heard from his dad a few times, reporting that he became a priest and moved up north to lead a small parish. Nick said he

sounded happy.

Angie got back in touch with Janey over Facebook, and they had many long chats about being pregnant. Janey ended up having her fourth after seeing Angie pregnant with Nick's third, though she didn't know who the father was. Strangely, Janey never asked about parentage.

Nick got a vasectomy after his fourth child was born, so he could finish inside his mother as often as he wanted, without risking her health with more pregnancies.

Angie spent the rest of her life loved and happy.

Fin