

# The Grand Strategy

## Chapter 1

When I was a teen-ager, I was in a gang.

Ha! No, it wasn't a gang like you might be imagining, painting tags everywhere and selling drugs. I was in a gang of five teen-agers, eating marshmallow fluff and peanut butter sandwiches while playing video games, but it was a gang, nonetheless. We were tight.

There was Jim, with his Mother, Carol. Sorry, but I can't think about any of my friends without thinking of his Mother at the same time. As you'll see, the Mothers were as integral to our gang as any of us. Jim was the tall, gangly one and Carol...well, Carol was the sexy one. She was kind of short, plump, with big breasts and curly dark hair and seemed to always have a laugh on her lips.

Robbie was the smart one, but even more shy than me, if that was possible. He looked like Harry Potter, with his glasses and his forever unkempt hair. Robbie's brain always seemed three steps ahead of the rest of us. Robbie's parents were killed in a car crash when he was very young, and he was raised by his Aunt Ellie. Aunt Ellie was Robbie's Mom's older sister, so she always seemed older to us. We always called each other's Mother by her first name, but she was just Aunt Ellie, to everyone.

Roger was the athlete. He was always strong and well-built, and won every wrestling match. He played football and wrestled in high school and, while he wasn't the star in either, he was a solid member of both teams. His Mom, Mary, was tall, thin, and elegant. She was always dressed well, her red hair always perfect, and was the strictest one, apart from my Mom.

Lars was a Norse god. He was blonde, handsome to a fault, and smart. Before he became one of us, we hated Lars. Who wouldn't hate someone who all the girls went ga-ga over? His Mother, Bridget, was just as bad. She was a natural blonde with flawless skin, and could have been a model. Her face could have been on any magazine cover, and that issue would have sold a million.

Then there was me, Bill. Somehow I became the de facto leader of our group, even though I was the shy one. My Mom, Tammy, was beautiful in my eyes, but in truth she may not have been as pretty as some of the other Moms. She was tall, had the smallest breasts of any of our Moms, but a beautiful face and a killer butt. She was the most strict of any of our Moms, and as a result the guys didn't like hanging out at our house as much as the others. When we were hungry, though, my house was the one we went to. Well, either my house or Robbie's, but we always got better food at mine, I thought. When we ranked our Moms according to which one we wanted most, my Mom was always at the bottom, just above Aunt Ellie.

I asked the gang once, "Hey. What about my Mom? She's beautiful."

The consensus was that yes, she was beautiful, but they had to consider availability, and they figured she was cold as ice. "Man," they said, "You try anything with her and you'll get your jaw busted." So, that was it. I couldn't disagree with them. When we were war-gaming seducing our Mothers, someone would say, "Yeah, Carol would go for it. She acts like she would love giving it to me." But not Mom. Nobody ever said that.

Yep, we were a gang. Video games were our primary pastime, but when we got together you could always count on the conversation turning to sex eventually. We were teen-aged boys, after all. And after the ice was broken, when the conversation turned to sex you could count on our Mothers being a topic of the conversation at some point. But not at first.

I don't know if all teen-agers talked about sex that way, but we sure did. We were seniors, had all turned 18 and were, in our minds, men, but we were kind of sheltered. I'll admit it. We were nerds, even Roger The Jock. The first time we heard the term "MILF," and I think it was Jim who told us what it was, we had days of giggle sessions. We worked it into every conversation. When one of us wanted the game controller, we wouldn't say, "Give me the controller." We'd say, "Gimme that MILF." That would always get a laugh.

And once the word was used, you could count on someone saying, "Jim, your Mom's a MILF for sure," or "Lars, what's your MILF Mom doing today?" Once we started using that term for our Mothers, talking about them specifically in that way was not far behind. I remember, or I think I remember, the first time we really got serious about it. We were at Jim's house, and were joking around. One of the guys referred to Carol as a MILF, and everyone laughed. Then I said, "You know, she is."

"She is what?" someone asked.

I knew this might get me an ass whipping from Jim, but I said, "She is a MILF. She's a Mom I'd Love To Fuck."

You could have heard a pin drop. OK, making general jokes among us might have been one thing, but my saying that so directly was quite another. Everybody kind of looked down, then when nobody said anything, they all looked at Jim. I did, too, because I wanted to be able to run if he came after me. But he didn't. He said, in a low voice, "I know. Me, too."

"Whatta ya mean, 'Me, too?'" we all said, like a Greek chorus.

"She's a MILF to me, too. She's my Mom I'd Love To Fuck."

I looked around, and everyone was staring at Jim, each with his mouth open in either shock, or excitement. I know I wanted my Mom, she was my MILF, but until then I had no idea that anyone else in the universe thought the same way about his own Mother.

Jim continued. "Look, you guys are my best friends, so you might as well know. I can't think of anything but her. You should see how she looks in the morning when she wears nothing but a tee shirt and her panties. I can't help it. I'd give anything to get her in bed."

That broke the ice. Everybody started talking, and every one was admitting the same thing. Each of us wanted to fuck our own Moms. Oh, Robbie didn't chime in as eagerly as the rest of us. His Aunt Ellie was older, and she really wasn't his Mom. He said he wanted her, too, but he didn't say it with the eagerness of the rest of us and I wondered if he really did, or if he was just saying that to be part of the crew.

That became our bond. We were bonded together by a common desire to bed each of our own Mothers and, I have to admit, from that time even video games seemed to take a back seat. We were dating, with varying degrees of success, and had real girls to talk about, but our conversations would always include our Moms. They were our special desire. I know that the first time I got my hands on Becky's tits - Becky, who was a sex goddess in our class - I was thinking what it would be like for Mom's tits to be in my hands like that. When I lost my cherry, it was Mom I was fucking in my mind, not Becky. I suspect it was the same for the rest of the guys. Hell. I know it was the same for them.

We were obsessed. We'd begin talking about one of our Moms, and the question would always be, "Do you think she'd do it?" Of course, our fantasies were one thing, but I think in our hearts we knew the real answer. No. I mean, sex obsessions or not, they were our Moms. They didn't really even have sex, did they? That didn't stop us from coming up with new and varied strategies for fucking them, most of the plans fueled by things we had read on the web.

"Let her catch you jacking off."

"Grab her tits and start sucking. You know she wants it."

"Load up the car to go somewhere, get your Dad to drive, and get her to sit on your lap in the back seat because there's no room."

"Find something to blackmail her with."

Yeah, we had strategies, but I think we knew they were all fiction on the web and none of the stories we read were really true. We'd watch videos of supposed Mother-Son sex, and the porn star-looking Mother would be screaming, "Give me your huge cock! Fuck your Mother!" Since none of us could imagine our Mothers ever saying anything like that, in our hearts we knew it was all bullshit.

But that didn't keep us from plotting in earnest. I mean, maybe we couldn't get our own Mothers, but what if we tried our buddy's Mom? We were clever and sophisticated, so our plots generally involved rubbing against her ass. Except for my Mom, who was too strict and dangerously untouchable, and Aunt Ellie, who was too sweet and was ancient - she had to be 50, for God's sake - we'd develop elaborate strategies to touch one of our Moms' asses. OK, Roger's Mom, Mary, was pretty intimidating, too, like my Mom, but we weren't as afraid of her.

"OK, Bill. Go for it. Just go in the kitchen to get a drink of water, and rub against her when you walk by." They always seemed to pick on me, because I was the shy one. So, I'd go in the kitchen, walk by Carol, or Mary, or Bridget, and casually touch her butt when I went to the sink for a drink of water. We did it so many times, we must have been the best-hydrated guys in the world, but there was never a reaction.

"Don't they feel it? Maybe you're not doing it hard enough."

But, in the end, we were afraid. Half of us, I'm sure, lied about touching her ass and the other half did it so tentatively that she probably didn't feel it. Reach down and really grab a handful? Hell, no. Not me. That's a good way to get your head knocked off and a telephone call made to your own Mom.

And that's how we spent our last year in high school. There might have been a grand strategy to get your Mom in bed, but we didn't find it.

We each went to different colleges. All of us went away, except for Robbie, who stayed home and went to the local university. We wanted to be away, but he wanted to be home, and his school had a great engineering program, anyway. We'd get together when we came home for holidays, and it was always the old gang, together again. We'd always, over beers by now, get around to our Mothers, but it was more in a nostalgic way than that we were serious about it.

"Lars, you got that Mother of yours in bed yet?"

"Not yet, but I'm close. I know I am. I touched her ass."

We'd all laugh. "Yeah, right."

When we graduated from college, we kind of spread to the four winds and our time together was more limited. It was kind of sad, but we each made an effort to keep our gang. We'd talk on the phone sometimes, have group chats, and play on-line video games.

I was accepted into the local university's law school, and moved back home. I got my own apartment just off-campus, and it worked out great. I could go home when I wanted to see the folks, mostly my beautiful Mom, get a good meal, or do laundry.

My world opened on one fateful day.

I wanted a good meal on a Wednesday night, and went to the local Italian chain to get one. You know, the chain with the bottomless salad bowl and all the bread you can eat. That one. I was waiting to be seated and who should walk in, but Carol. It was like homecoming weekend. When she saw me she squealed, "Billy!" and gave me a big hug. She said Jim's dad was out of town for a week at a conference, and she didn't feel like cooking for herself. I explained that I was there for the bread, and we laughed. It seemed natural for us to eat together, so we got a table.

Carol was, as always, bubbly. She chattered away and I loved being with her, but I couldn't help but think she seemed a little nervous to be with me. I'm not the worldliest man around, but I can tell when a woman seems a little nervous when we're on a date. Now, this wasn't a date, but all the same. Sometimes the nervousness means she's really into you and expects something to happen, sometimes it means her car has a low tire, and sometimes it means she's just nervous. I didn't know what Carol's apparent nervousness meant, but I couldn't help my mind turning to what I wished it meant.

The conversation turned to the gang when we were at home, of course. We laughed about some of the things we had done, like the time Jim got a scratch on his dad's car and we were scared to death he'd find out. Carol covered for him, saying she must have scratched it. We had a good laugh at that.

After we had shared a couple of glasses of wine, I finally got up the nerve to ask her. "Say, Carol. Did you ever realize how we were all trying to get our hands on your butt?"

She laughed uproariously. She laughed so hard she practically choked. "Of course I knew. All the Mothers knew. We'd talk about the latest strategy you boys had worked up, and compare notes on how each of you did. You were always the shy one, so half the time I knew you couldn't work up the nerve to do it. Robby was the bold one. Sometimes he'd give me a good feel."

"Robby? Are you kidding me? Robbie?"

"Oh, yeah. Robbie was the quiet, silent killer. Robbie would just go for it, while the rest of you tip-toed around it."

"Wow. Robbie. Well, you were our number one MILF," I said, and she laughed. It was not a mean laugh, so I asked her, "So, our little secret was not such a secret after all?"

"Oh, no, Billy. You can't have a secret from your Mother. Of course we knew."

After that she seemed even more nervous, and talked non-stop about any and everything. I hoped I hadn't offended her. Christ. I hoped she wouldn't tell Mom I was a perv.

When we left the restaurant, it was natural for me to walk Carol to her car. She was on my right side, and she slipped her left arm under mine, hugging my arm as women do sometimes, as we walked through the parking lot. She had parked pretty far out, for which I was glad, because the effect of the way she was hugging my arm was that her breasts were squeezed against my upper arm. I couldn't help but wonder, especially after our conversation, if she had any clue what she was doing and what its effect was on me.

When we got to her car, she unlocked the door and then turned to tell me goodbye. I hugged her, she hugged me back, and then I figured, "Goddammit. Nothing ventured, nothing gained," and I moved my left hand around to cup her right breast. She kind of pulled back, not much, but enough so she could look me right in the eyes, and I thought, "Well here it comes. All hell is going to break loose."

But she said nothing, and she didn't remove my hand from her breast.

We didn't speak. Neither of us. We just looked in each other's eyes. After what seemed like about three years, I said, "Carol? Can I follow you home?"

She nodded, took my hand off her breast, and reached up to give me a peck of a kiss on the lips. "Sure, Bill. We can have another glass of wine and you can tell me some of the other things you rascals got up to."

I knew how to get to her house, but I stayed on the tail of her car like I was a detective on a hot pursuit. I didn't want her to get away, or try to lose me and drive somewhere else to avoid me. When we got there, she pulled into the garage and I parked in the driveway. She came out the garage door and said, "Bill, we may have snow so why don't you pull your car in the other side of the garage. That way, you won't have to clean your windshield later." She opened the garage door, and I pulled in.

She unlocked the door from the garage into the house and hurried in, leaving me behind. I was afraid I had scared her, so I was a little timid when I walked in. I found her in the kitchen, standing at the sink, opening a bottle of wine. I went to stand behind her as she filled two glasses.

"I'm into it now," I thought, "so let's get this show going, or go down in flames." She was still facing away from me, holding the two glasses, and I put my arms around her with my hands on her stomach. I pulled her back into me, pulled

with my hands so her ass was against my rock hard dick, and said, "Carol, I don't think I want wine right now. I want you."

She put the wineglasses down on the counter, and turned in my arms to face me. I thought, "Oh, hell. Here it comes, 'Billy, you're just a boy, so go home.'"

But that didn't come. She looked me in the eyes and said, "You can never tell a soul about his. Promise." Sweeter words I had never heard. I crushed her to me, and we kissed deeply. Her tongue was like an animal. We stood there kissing, and I moved my hands down to that beautiful ass, hunching her against my dick.

"Come on, big boy. Let's go upstairs."

I picked her up in my arms, and she squealed. I went charging up the stairs with her in my arms, but I have to admit I was flagging by the time we got halfway up. I guess I'm destined to be a desk lawyer. I was never a jock, and was in no better shape now than when I was younger. I stopped to catch my breath, and she said, "Oh, put me down, you oaf. I don't want to give you a heart attack." I put her down, and we went into her bedroom.

The bedroom. Her bedroom. Her husband's bedroom. Jimmy's parents' bedroom. I had been in there before, but never like this.

She walked in ahead of me, stopped at the bed, and turned around to face me. I thought she might be having second thoughts, since she seemed suddenly a little shy, so I took her in my arms and again kissed her deeply. This time I didn't put my hands on her ass, but cupped her face in my hands and put as much love into my kiss as I could. I did love her. I had always loved her in a way, and I wanted her to know it.

She pushed me away, gently, and started undressing, then I started undressing her, and she started undressing me. Hell, I don't know who was undressing who, but we were pretty quickly standing there naked in front of each other. I stepped back, and devoured her with my eyes. She was, as we always thought, beautiful. Her full breasts, with a little sag now, had dark areola, and the little nipples were standing hard. She was a little plump, which I like, and her belly had a little pooch to it. Her pussy was the hairiest pussy I've ever seen.

I stepped to her, kissed her again, and then pushed her back onto the bed. This time the kiss was quick, because I couldn't wait to get down to those tits. God, they were so soft. I kneaded them like a good baker should, and bent my head to take her in my mouth. I sucked those things like a champion, taking as much of the breast in my mouth as I could and working her nipple with my tongue. She held my head to her breasts as I did it, running her fingers through my hair.

I kissed down her belly and stopped at her pubic hair. My God, it was glorious. Thick, curly, and almost blue black, it was so dark. I ran my fingers through it and she shivered. "Don't tickle, Silly." I eased off the bed so I was on my knees by the side of it, and pulled her to me. Bending my face into her, I used my fingers to spread her apart, and gently traced her female anatomy with my fingers - her labia, her tight little clitoris, and down. She whispered in a flirting little voice, "Picking on me," and with that, I dived in.

I traced her parts with my tongue, just as I had done with my fingers. She had her hands in my hair, holding my head, and after a bit she pulled me into her. I took that as my clue, and started sucking and licking with abandon. She was so into it that I thought she might smother me and I couldn't help it, I thought, "I wonder what she'll do with the body?," and laughed out loud. I looked up at her, and she looked right into my eyes.

"Come up here, Billy. Come here, Billy Boy."

I slowly crept up her body, and kissed her again, letting her taste her juice in my mouth. She licked my lips, and smiled.

She rolled me over onto my back, and straddled me. My dick was ready, and I started hunching, poking it at her pussy. "Not yet, Son. Mama's not ready yet," she whispered in her teasing little voice.

She looked in my eyes, and then slowly started down my body. I put my hand on her head, pushing a little bit, and she went right for my dick. She didn't fool around. She took practically the whole thing in her mouth, gave a big suck, and then pulled off. She looked at me and asked, "Are you ready for this?"

"Oh, yeah, Carol. I think we're ready."

She gave me the blow job of the century. She slurped, she sucked, and she licked. This was a woman who liked giving blow jobs, and knew how to do it. I knew I wouldn't last long, so I reached to her shoulders and pulled her up to me. She again straddled me, reached down for my dick with her left hand, and slowly lowered herself on it. The feeling was exquisite. She was warm, tight, and had the smoothest pussy I have ever felt. She started humping slowly, gave a groan, and then went at it while I hunched from below. We were going at it so hard that I slipped out, she hunched down, and I thought we might have broken the damned thing. She reached down, grabbed my dick, slimy with her juice, and put me right back in.

When she came, it was like a train rumbling toward me. She started slow, moaning and trembling, and then it gradually built until she was whimpering and groaning non-stop. Finally she stiffened, arched her back, and gave a couple of little yips. I can't recreate or describe the sound. It was like, "Eek, eek, eek," or something like that, then she collapsed off me onto her back.

I kissed her and rubbed her belly. She sighed and said, "I think I owe you something, don't I," again in her teasing little voice.

"Oh, yeah. What do you have in mind?"

She didn't say a word, but slid down my body again and took me into her mouth. This time I didn't hold back, and she had me coming in about three nano-seconds. I exploded into her mouth, and she sucked and sucked. When I was done, totally depleted, she pulled her mouth from my dick and spit my come onto my stomach.

"I'm sorry. I never have been able to swallow," she said, and she seemed like she was really sorry.

"Oh, hell! Then I'm going home," I said, laughing. "Maybe you just need practice."

We lay there then, together in each other's arms, and kissed and whispered.

I asked her, "Did you know how much I always wanted you?"

"Ha. Of course. But at that age, Bill, you boys wanted anything and anybody."

"Carol. I always wanted you. You were always at the top of my list." She sighed in contentment, and gently stroked my face with her fingers. I could smell my come on her lips and fingers.

Then it hit me. I had her in a vulnerable and tender moment. Maybe there was a grand strategy that would work for the gang, after all. Maybe I could do Jim a real solid here. I said, "But you know who always wanted you the most? Who wanted to fuck you more than any of us?"

"Who?," she asked. "Robbie?"

I put my lips to her ear and whispered, "Jim."

There was a pause, and I thought maybe I had blown it, but she gasped and said, "Jim?"

"Oh, yeah. He always did, and he still does."

"How do you know? Did he say anything?"

I paused. How to handle this? "Yeah. When we were seniors, he was obsessed with you. He used to tell us how beautiful you were in the mornings with your tee shirt. Now he doesn't talk about it so much, but I can tell. When one of us mentions you, he gets this dopy look on his face. Oh, yeah, Carol. He'll want you until the day he dies."

She was giggling like a schoolgirl. "What else does he say about me? Tell me!"

I made up some stuff, talking about her fine tits and ass and I even told her he talked about her beautiful fat little camel toe. I had to explain to her what a camel toe was, but I wanted her to know that it was her pussy Jim was after.

"Wow," she said. "I knew he had a thing for me, but I had no idea it was that bad. And he still does, you think?"

"Oh, yeah. He sure does."

"What about you? Do you want Tammy like that?"

I didn't hesitate. "Carol, I want to fuck my Mother so bad that I ache sometimes."

It was like I had broken a dam. We talked about it, and I told her how the gang had tried to strategize getting our Mothers. She said she knew we had those whispering sessions, but she and the other Mothers had no idea it was that intense. She said the Mothers used to have their own sessions and, although they didn't get as graphic as the boys seemed to, each of them knew what the boys wanted and each was proud of her son in her own way. They used to talk about which one of us had gotten laid, and by whom. She didn't say that any of them had ever hinted they wanted to make love with their own sons, but I could kind of read between the lines. At least they knew. Each of them knew that her son had wanted to fuck her.

Carol kissed me, deeply and passionately, and the horses were off again. We fucked like crazy and she was even more passionate than the first time. I thought she was going to suck my dick off my body. While we were at it in the missionary position, and I was feverishly fucking her, I whispered in her ear, "You want him, too, don't you? You want to fuck Jim, don't you?"

She became a woman possessed. I had never had a woman scratch my back before, but she was scratching me like a cat in heat. She was moaning, giving her little yips, and I could tell she was getting ready to come like a cannon. I raised my head up so I could look in her eyes and said, "Tell me. Tell me you want to fuck Jim."

She didn't have to tell me, but she did. "Yes! Yes!," she moaned softly. "Oh, God, I want to fuck him!" and then she stiffened, and shuddered, and came like a champion. I think I know what image was in her mind when she came, and I don't think it was me.

We collapsed in each other's arms again, and cuddled until we fell asleep. It was clear to me, if it wasn't before, why Carol had wanted me to pull my car into her garage. I made Carol agree that this was not going to be a one-off thing. With the way she had gotten into our fucking, I knew there would be other times, but I wanted her agreement.

The next morning, after another lusty bout of fucking, we talked again.

"Carol," I said, "Do you want me to help Jim with you? Do you want me to encourage him? I won't say anything to him about this, of course, but I could kind of give him a push."

She hesitated. I knew I was making her admit something no Mother wants to admit, even to herself. "No, Bill. If he still wants me, I'll know. Mothers always know. But if he does, then I'm the one who should encourage him. I just hope he picks up on it."

She paused. "But what about you? What are you doing about it? You talk a good game, but are you going to try and get somewhere with Tammy?"

That put me in a tough place. If I told her that my Mother was prim and proper and would never consider such a thing, it would be tantamount to telling Carol that she was a slut because she admitted she wanted her own son. "I don't know, Carol. Mom and I have never had the relationship you and Jim have. I wouldn't know how to begin to go about it."

"Billy, Billy, Billy," she said. "I'm your friend's Mother, and you sure did a good job of going after me. Your Mother is a woman. I can tell you, she is a sexual creature. She may not project it, but she's a woman and just needs a man to convince her how sexy and desirable she still is. When's the last time you heard her and your dad really going at it? Go for it. Seduce her like you would any woman, but just go slower and take your time."

She put her hand on my dick, which rose to the occasion. "When's the last time you hugged her tight, let her feel this, and told her she's the most beautiful woman in your life?"

I laughed. "Let me see if I can remember when it was. Hmmm. Well, never?"

"There you go," she said. "You take a shower, go home, do just what I told you, and that will get you started."

## Chapter 2

I thought a lot after spending the first night with Carol. I mean, Jeebus. This was a woman who was my friend's Mother, my Mother's friend, a woman who had watched me grow up, had mothered me as much as my own Mother, and I grabbed her tits in the parking lot and then she fucked my eyes out. How had that happened? Since my ultimate goal was my own Mom, maybe I could learn something from this. The first key, I figured, was to have some sort of ice breaker. With Carol it was easy. Yes, we had all tried to grab her ass when we were teen-agers, and that was a funny thing to talk about. But it also was an ice breaker to talking about sexual desire and to acknowledge that I had desired her. It allowed me, in an innocent way, to let her know I still desired her. The second point I took from Carol was that when the mood seems right and you've laid the groundwork, don't hesitate to just go for it. I'm not saying to grope everyone every chance you get, but if the mood is right and the time is right and you think it will be well received,... I could have walked Carol to her car, said good night and gotten a hug, done nothing, and both of us would have gone to bed horny and frustrated. For my part, I couldn't believe how easy and quick it had been to get Carol in bed. I mean, it seemed to me that one minute we were laughing about the gang, and the next minute I had my hand on her tit.

Since Jim's dad was out of town for a week, I visited Carol every day. Our lovemaking kept its intensity, while our intimacy increased. We spent a lot of time just cuddling and talking and, on one day, we didn't fuck at all. We just lay there and talked. I learned a lot about Carol. She had an insatiable sex drive, and said she had always been like that. Who could have known? I asked her if, when we were teen-agers, one of us had made a serious pass at her, how she would have reacted. She seemed almost offended by that.

"Of course I would not have let you boys go any farther than an occasional feel, Bill. You were boys. That would have been so wrong. But now you're a man. When I saw you at the restaurant, I have to admit my pussy started to tingle. I wondered if you remembered how you used to brush against my butt. I'm just glad you brought it up, because I was afraid to."

Carol had made me think more of my own Mother, Tammy. Now that I knew more about Carol, I knew that with her sex drive she was a fruit ripe for the picking. But Mom? I don't think she had a sex drive. I remember hearing her and dad having sex when I was a little kid, but I had not heard that sound for years. Were they doing it more now that they were empty nesters? I didn't think so. She and dad were older now, and I guess they were just comfortable with each other.

And how to make the first move with Mom? I couldn't just grab a tit like I did with Carol. But what about Carol's suggestion? I had done exactly as she said. After leaving Carol's that first day, I had gone home and hugged Mom as Carol suggested. I didn't hunch against her, but I was hard and I did pull her in for a close hug. If she didn't feel my dick against her, it was not my fault. When I hugged her, I bent my head down and gave her a kiss right where her neck joins her shoulder, and said, "I love you, Mom." She shivered when I did that, and pulled away, but she smiled sweetly at me.

"I love you, too, Jim," she said, and then returned to her preparations for supper that night.

"I guess that didn't work so well," I thought to myself, but at least it did set a marker. For the past few days, then, I made a point of visiting Mom during the day since I was on a semester break, and every time I visited I hugged and kissed her. She didn't say anything, but she had to notice a change in my behavior. I had not avoided hugging her before because she always initiated it, but I was always stiff and held back. Now, I initiated the hugs, and there was no holding back from me. I pulled her into my body. She had to be feeling my dick.

We talked more too, Mom and I. When I visited, we would sit at the kitchen table and chat about everything. We had not done that so much, either, and she

seemed to really like it. I don't know if there was a shot for me, but I was going for it anyway.

One afternoon I was driving around, still on semester break, and thought I should drop in to see Robbie. With our competing academic schedules we had not gotten together as much as we should have, and I felt a bit guilty. When I got there, Aunt Ellie told me Robbie was doing an engineering internship the next semester, and had left for Chicago already. She invited me in, saying, "I know you must be hungry, Billy. You haven't had Aunt Ellie's cooking in so long."

Aunt Ellie was the nurturing Mom. You never left her house hungry, and everything was delicious. Let's be honest. She spoiled us. If one of us said, "Aunt Ellie, do you have any coconut cream pie?," before you knew it, she would be baking a coconut cream pie. Every one of us, I'm sure, thought he was Aunt Ellie's favorite. Of course, I knew I was really her favorite. I'm joking. She just had that knack of making everyone feel special. She was full of love, that woman.

I was struck with one thing when she opened the door. Aunt Ellie wasn't ancient, after all, and she was pretty damned good looking. When you're a teenager, anyone 50 seemed ancient. But when I thought about it, my Mom was now 57 and looking good, and I guess Aunt Ellie was about four or five years older than Mom. I was kind of dumbfounded by her previously unseen beauty, and felt a little ashamed that we had never appreciated her looks. She was a solid woman who had maintained her figure. She had flawless skin, better than someone thirty years younger, and her once salt-and-pepper hair was now a stunning silver-white. It highlighted her face, which was lovely. What really set her off were those big blue eyes that seemed to twinkle with good humor.

She told me to go make myself comfortable in the den and she'd bring me something to eat. When we boys would gather at Robbie's, we'd all sit on the floor in the den and play video games. Aunt Ellie would sit in her favorite chair

and watch us, cheering each of us on, and we vied to see who could be the one to sit on the floor at the foot of Aunt Ellie's chair.

She came into the den and laughed when she saw me sitting on the floor at the foot of her chair. "That's your special spot, Bill!" She gave me my favorite, a bacon and tomato sandwich, and sat down. We talked about Robbie and what he was up to, and I brought her up to speed on what I was doing. I felt bad that I had not visited her before. A woman who gives as much love as Aunt Ellie should be given love in return, and I had not carried my share of the load.

And dammit, Aunt Ellie was looking good. After I finished my sandwich, I leaned against her legs and said, "Aunt Ellie. Did you ever know why we fought so much to be the one who sat at your feet?"

She laughed. "You boys. Of course I know why. You wanted a chance to look up my skirt."

With that, I laughed, too, because she was exactly right. Aunt Ellie always wore dresses or skirts, and we could count on seeing some thigh if we played our cards right. Lars said he had seen panties once, but we called him a liar and, of course, he couldn't prove it.

I said, "I guess you busted us," and with an exaggerated motion I turned and stretched so that I could peek up her skirt.

She reached down and petted my head, saying, "I guess some things never change." I put my hand on her left calf and rubbed it gently. She didn't say a word, but gave me that loving look. Remembering Carol, I wondered if now was the time to take a chance, but damn. This was Aunt Ellie. Who could take a chance of hurting Aunt Ellie's feelings? Throwing caution to the wind, I put my other hand on her right calf, and rubbed. I didn't do anything way out of bounds, but just lovingly rubbed her calves.

"Billy, that feels good. You'd better stop, or I'll fall asleep right here."

I was sitting at her feet, remember, so I shifted my hands and gently pushed her legs apart. "You'd better not fall asleep, Aunt Ellie. I don't know if I could trust myself."

She giggled, but she didn't resist my outward pressure on her legs. She allowed me to spread them apart and, when her thighs were fully apart I said, "I want to see what Lars always claimed he saw," and looked directly up her legs. I don't know what Lars saw, but I could see her panties and that fat little pussy. I was entranced. When I broke my gaze and looked up to meet her eyes, she was looking at me intently.

"Honey, you don't want to look at an old lady like me. You must have college girls by the dozen whose skirts you can look up."

"Aunt Ellie, I have spent a lifetime wanting to see up your skirt, and I wouldn't trade this moment for the Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders."

She said, "Oh, hush. You were always such a charmer, Bill."

Her legs were still spread apart, and I bent down and kissed the inside of her left knee. I put everything I had into that kiss. I gently nuzzled her with my lips, gave her a gentle lick with my tongue, and then a little nip with my teeth.

She opened her legs even more, and it seemed to me she was breathing a little more deeply than a moment ago. "Oh, Bill. Don't tease your old Aunt Ellie."

That was it for me. When she said that, I knew what she wanted and I knew she was mine. I had my head between her legs, at her knees, and without saying a word I slowly pushed her skirt up while kissing the inside of her left thigh as I went. She raised her hips when I got the skirt to the top, so I could push it under her butt. She was wearing, to my great delight and surprise, hip hugger pink panties. Who would have thought it? Aunt Ellie, wearing sexy panties under those skirts.

I continued kissing her thigh and then paused, just drinking in the beautiful view of her pussy. I bent down and kissed her mound, rubbing around with my nose in the area where I thought her clitoris would be. She pulled my head into her, moaning and hunching into my face. She had a sweet, faint smell.

"OK," I thought. "This isn't what I expected, but damn. This is hot."

I pulled her panties down, with her raising her butt so I could get them off. Believe me, I wasted no time in getting my face into that pussy. I was amazed at it. Her pubic hair was a glorious chestnut brown, neatly trimmed, and her pussy looked as sweet as any 19-year-old pussy I had ever seen. It tasted sweeter than most 19-year-old pussies I had eaten.

Aunt Ellie loved having her pussy eaten. What woman doesn't, I guess, but Aunt Ellie got into it. I had one finger in her pussy, with my middle finger dragging across her little rosebud butt. She loved that. I put my middle finger into her pussy to get some juice on it, of which there was plenty, and then went back to her butt. Gently, I pushed my finger in her ass, and Aunt Ellie exploded into maybe one of the best orgasms I've ever seen. She bucked, she moaned, she whimpered, she pulled my head into her, and she called my name. "Robbie!"

Wait. Did she say, "Billie," or "Robbie?" Dammit, I didn't know. Her thighs were kind of clamped against my ears, and maybe I didn't hear right. I thought maybe she had called me "Robbie," but that wouldn't make any sense.

But I didn't dwell on it. I had business to attend to.

We moved over to the loveseat and I wasted no time getting her out of her clothes. Aunt Ellie was a beauty. Her breasts were creamy white, with pink little nipples, and her butt was as nice as any I'd seen. All in all, with my recent meetings with Carol as a comparison, Aunt Ellie's body was just as good as Carol's, and maybe better.

What made her lovemaking special was that it was Aunt Ellie. I had always, as a lover, tried to please my partner. That was my goal. Aunt Ellie would have none of that. She wanted to please me, in any way I desired. In typical Aunt Ellie fashion, she looked into my eyes at one point and asked, "Would you like me to suck it, Honey?," just as if she were asking, "Would you like another sandwich, Honey?" She sucked me so lovingly that I thought my dick must have been coated in gold - she seemed to worship the thing.

Pillow talk afterwards with Aunt Ellie was illuminating, on several levels.

First, that bastard Robbie had been sleeping with Aunt Ellie since we were juniors in high school. Yep. Aunt Ellie and I were laying there together and I was gently playing with her pussy, rubbing my fingers through the trimmed hair, when like a bolt out of the blue, it hit me.

"Wait a minute!" I practically shouted to myself. "Aunt Ellie trims her pussy hair. But Aunt Ellie isn't married, has never dated anyone, to my knowledge, and lives alone with Robbie. Jeebus Creebus, does that mean...?"

At about that moment, Aunt Ellie chuckled. "Figure it out yet?"

Now I'm in law school, am incredibly clever, and have a response for everything.

"Huh? What?"

"Oh, Bill. I could see those wheels turning. Don't worry about it. Robbie and I were going to tell you at some point, but I wanted you boys to be out of high school first. Then you went off to college, and we never seemed to get a chance. Robbie and I have been sleeping together since he was 18. You know Robbie was delayed a year in starting school because of the accident, so he was always a year older than you boys."

That damned sandbagging Robbie. The whole time we had been plotting to bed our Mothers, he was already bedding Aunt Ellie. The whole time we were voting Aunt Ellie the last on our list of MILFs, he was already getting blow jobs, and now I knew they were killer blow jobs, from her.

But there were more revelations.

"Billy, Honey," Aunt Ellie said, "You know you have no secrets from me. Robbie used to tell me everything. I know all about you coming all over the back seat of your Dad's car when you couldn't get it into Becky fast enough, I know about all your little plans to get us in bed, I know about the brushes against our butts...and I know how much you want to make love to your Mother."

"Oh, God, Aunt Ellie." I have to admit, I was pretty emotional. Finding out about Robbie and her, her knowing all our secrets, everyone knowing our secrets. Sheesh. The Mothers not only used to talk about us and what we were trying, but they had insider information from Robbie and Aunt Ellie. If Robbie told her everything, and it sounded like he did, then that was pretty humiliating.

I was thinking how much it would cost to move to Tibet where no one would know me, when I realized. I may have even said it out loud. "Wait. They all

knew, but they didn't care. They still let us do it. They knew we wanted to fuck them."

"Oh, yes, Bill," Aunt Ellie said in a proper tone. "Yes, we knew what you boys wanted. Every Mother knows. Some Mothers deny it, or avoid it. I'm going to tell Robbie you and I talked, so I'll tell you everything."

And she did.

Robbie had turned 18 when we were juniors, and had a pretty rough period. Robbie, as I said before, was the smart one but he was also the most geeky one of us. He was really bummed that he couldn't get a date for the Junior Prom, but that was his own fault. He was taking physics, which was a senior course but Robbie was that advanced, and spent all his time in the lab building clever stuff. By the time he got around to asking anyone, they were all taken.

Aunt Ellie, ever the nurturing one, sat on the couch watching a movie with him that night while the rest of us were avoiding dancing with our dates at the prom. Aunt Ellie, ever the nurturing one, ended up giving Robbie a blow job on the couch, while the rest of us were trying to figure out how to cop a feel on a teen-aged tit.

Aunt Ellie explained that she had tried, always, to be the Mother Robbie deserved, after his own was taken from him so tragically. She was always very conscious of what her sister, Robbie's Mom, would have wanted for Robbie, and tried to do it. Aunt Ellie said when we boys started going through the whole MILF period, Robbie was pestering her more and more. He would rub her butt, hug her so he could feel her breasts, and push his dick against her at every opportunity. Aunt Ellie said she had no doubt what Robbie wanted.

She told me it came as a revelation one day as she was thinking about how to get Robbie back on track without rejecting him and hurting his feelings. She

was worried that his obsession might hurt his focus at school. Aunt Ellie said it to me, just as she had said it to herself five years before. "If his Mother were here, would she deny him this one gift that only she can give? Would she deny him herself?"

From that moment, Aunt Ellie resolved to give in to Robbie, but she made him work for it. Aunt Ellie taught Robbie how to woo a woman. How to pay attention to her. How to touch her innocently, but tellingly. How to please her in bed. How to love her.

I think it was one of the most beautiful love stories I've ever heard. It was a true story of the one love we all want, Sons and Mothers, but are afraid to have.

Aunt Ellie told me more. She told me that she feared, at first, she had created a monster because Robbie became so bold. She worked to get him under control, using the most powerful leverage any woman has over a man, but that he was always, well, bold. She recounted Robbie's stories to her of grabbing the asses of the other Mothers, and that tracked with what Carol had told me. Then, Aunt Ellie dropped the bombshell.

"The one Mother who seemed to enjoy his attentions more than any of the rest, Bill, was Tammy."

What? Huh? Mom? My Mom? Miss Strict, By The Book, No Funny Business Mom?

"What? My Mom?"

"Oh, yeah," she continued. "Robbie said the other three would brush his hand off their butts, but your Mother would wiggle her butt for him and never pushed

his hand off. He said he thought that if he were going to try any of the other Moms, it would be Tammy."

Mind. Blown.

"Are you kidding, Aunt Ellie? My Mom? No way. She's as cold and serious as they come."

"Bill, you seem to have an interest in this, so I assume you have the same fantasies about Tammy that every other boy and man has about his Mother. Am I right?"

We were still laying on the loveseat, naked, and snuggled together. I raised myself up on my elbow, looked in Aunt Ellie's beautiful blue eyes, and knew I could tell her anything. "Aunt Ellie, I don't want to shock you, but I want more than anything to fuck my Mother. I am obsessed with fucking her. I can think of nothing else when I'm around her. I just don't think it's possible."

"Of course, you do, Bill. Why wouldn't you? She is the one woman who has always loved you. She is the most beautiful woman in the world, in your eyes. You know she would deny you nothing. But you're afraid of offending her or making her mad, so you hold back the one request that means the most to you. You know why psychologists' couches are filled with men with Mommy Issues? It's not because they want their Mothers. It's because they try to suppress how much they want their Mothers."

"But, Aunt Ellie. Some things are just impossible. Some things can't be done. Some things are better never said or tried."

Aunt Ellie smiled at me. "Bill. We put a man on the face of the moon. That was impossible, but brave people decided to try it, they made a plan to accomplish

it, and they made it happen. If you want it, if you really want it, then you have to take the first steps. I can tell you this. No Mother is going to make the first moves on her Son. She'll offer him opportunities so he can make the first move, but she won't do it. If you think you're afraid of what she would think, how fearful do you think every Mother is of what her son would think?"

She continued, ever Aunt Ellie, the nurturing and teaching one. "Bill, go for it if you want it. Pay her attention. Show her you love her. Tell her you love her. Start touching her when you can, in innocent ways. Then just pick up the heat a little at a time, but do it gradually so you can always back off if she blows up at you. Bill, listen to me. When you kissed my knee, what did you hope would happen?"

I laughed. "I hoped I would get you naked, Aunt Ellie, and get my dick in that beautiful little pussy of yours."

"Did you think I might get mad at you and push you away? If I had pushed you away, how would you have acted?"

"I guess I would have tried to act like it was just innocent affection, and nothing more."

"Right, Bill. If I had given you any indication I didn't like it, you had an escape route. It was just innocent affection. But I let you know I did like it, and then you turned it into a sexual move, which you did very nicely I must say, and here we are. Now you wouldn't have tried that with just anyone, would you?"

"Hardly!," I chortled.

"Right. But when you have a natural affectionate bond with someone, you can do that. Now why did you think I wouldn't get really mad with you?"

I thought about that, and told her the truth. "Aunt Ellie, I thought you might not like it, but I knew you love me and that you would be gentle, even if you did push me away. I knew you wouldn't hurt me, and I knew you wouldn't stay mad at me."

"Then multiply that by about a hundred, and that's how your Mom is, Billy. She loves you more than anyone ever will, and she'll never hurt you, either. She knows what you want. Every Mother knows what her son really wants. She has been expecting you to make some sort of move toward getting it, but she won't make the first move. Even when you do, she'll try to talk you out of it, but believe me, her heart won't be in it."

I left after a couple of more hours of gentle, affectionate lovemaking with Aunt Ellie, with a few more teaching points.

My Mother was a sexual human being. She liked, apparently, attention from a man.

My Mother loves me and would never hurt me, even if I went beyond the bounds.

An affectionate gesture can either be just that, or it can be a sexual gesture, depending on how you present it, how it's received, and what you do next.

And My Mom was waiting for me to initiate it.

## Chapter 3

I had a lot to think about. Carol and Aunt Ellie had opened my eyes, expanded my horizons, and frankly, rattled my world. What was previously impossible and untouchable was possible and very touchable. Whether my ultimate goal, my burning desire, of making love to my Mother, Tammy, was possible was yet to be determined.

I don't want you to think I was looking at this whole thing as an exercise in ego, or some guy trying to see how many notches he could get on his belt. I had kind of fallen into making love with Carol through a brash and impetuous move, and had gotten with Aunt Ellie in a little more subtle way. I still had a lot to learn if I was going to get what I really wanted. I had to move carefully, though. The risks were high, and I knew if I miscalculated, I could lose a lot.

I did have a relatively fertile ground for further experimentation. I knew the Mothers of our gang all knew what we wanted and what we were doing, in our teen-ager clumsy way, when we would try to feel their butts. I had a close relationship with each of the Mothers. I knew they had talked about us, the boys in the gang, when we tried to come on to them.

So, who was left? There was Mary, Roger's Mom, and Bridget, Lars' Mom. Mary was the most like my Mother, so I thought she should be my last attempt before going for the brass ring. She would be my test ground, after I had learned all I could. I thought Mary was practically impossible so if I could go there, I could go anywhere, if you know what I mean.

That left Bridget. Whew. Bridget was, as I said before, movie star beautiful. She was a natural blond, had a face that could launch an armada, and a body to die for. Trim waist. Beautiful breasts. Bubble butt. You get the picture, I'm sure. There was more, though. When I say she was beautiful, I don't mean just small town beautiful. I mean, she could, literally, have been a movie star or a model,

or anything that valued feminine beauty. When she walked into a room, and I'm not exaggerating, all conversation would stop and all eyes, men and women, would be on her. You could feel the lust. She must have been propositioned, in one way or another, by every red-blooded man and half the women she knew, so she would have seen it all and heard it all. I don't know if she had ever strayed, but she literally could have anyone she wanted - all she had to do would be to nod and smile. When I thought of her succumbing to my clumsy advances, I had to laugh.

To make it more daunting, Bridget's husband, Lars' father, was as handsome as she was beautiful. He had played football in college and had been a star. He could have played professional ball, I guess, but chose to go into advertising and sales instead. With his good looks, football fame, and intelligence he rose to the heights and was one of the most successful and wealthy men in the area. Yep. Bridget had it all. Sure, why wouldn't she risk it all for a roll in the hay with me? Ha.

But, as I say, I did have some built-in advantages, so why not give it a try? If I did it gently, what would be the risk? She knew I wanted her when I was a teenager. She knew me. She had wiped my snotty nose, picked me up when I fell, and who knows what can happen unless you try?

I hitched my pants up, gathered my courage, and drove to her house. When she opened the door and smiled at me, my courage fled. She was still radiantly beautiful. If anything, a little age had improved her. She had on a pair of jeans and a cashmere sweater, with her hair pulled back in a cute ponytail. "No way this is going anywhere," I thought, but I was there. What could I do?

"Billy! How good to see you. What have you been up to?" She invited me in, and we walked into the kitchen where she had been chopping vegetables at the counter.

I stammered. I was tongue-tied. Where with Carol I had considered myself suave and mature, with Bridget I reverted to the same shy and timid kid I had always been. "Hi, Bridget. I was wondering what was up with Lars and when he's coming home next. I hope I haven't bothered you. I guess I should be going now." Mentally I kicked myself. "...I should be going now?" Where the hell had that come from? Dammit.

"Oh, don't go, Bill. Stay and have a cup of coffee with me. We'll catch up. How's Tammy? I have not seen her for weeks. I sometimes bump into her at the grocery store, but I guess we're on different schedules now."

"You know what, Bridget? A cup of your coffee sounds pretty good. Set 'em up, Bartender!" That got a laugh out of her, so I was back on somewhat more comfortable ground. A wise man once said about women, "If you can make them laugh, you're halfway there."

"Oh, Bill. That's funny. That reminds me of the first time you boys got into Roger's dad's beer? God. A bunch of goofy, sloppy, drunk 19 year olds. Lars puked his guts out. Do you remember that?"

I laughed, too. "Bridget, there are few life lessons I remember better than that one. I thought I was going to die."

That broke the ice, and we started recounting our favorite memories. She'd tell one, then I'd tell one, and we'd laugh and laugh. When she laughed, I'm surprised the entire universe didn't stop. Her perfect teeth. Her throaty laugh. How could anything compete with that?

My mind was working furiously. I knew Bridget had heard every clever come-on line ever uttered, and would have a defense for each one because she had countered each one before. She was like that insurance commercial: "We know a lot because we've seen a lot." She was unattainable. Well, let's amend that.

She was unattainable as long as I played on her home field. Give her the home team advantage of hitting on her with something she's heard before, and as I say I'm sure she had heard them all, and she'd shoot me down. For this to work, I would have to shake her confidence. Like football, I'd have to show her a play she'd never seen before, and for which she had no practiced defense.

But how to shake the confidence of a woman like that? She was supremely self-confident because she had an entire life of wrapping everyone she met, man and woman, around her finger. She was used to getting what she wanted, and giving up only what she wanted. She was used to being in charge.

I came up with something, and thought I'd put it out there and see how it developed. After laughing at one of our antics, I looked at Bridget and said, "Bridget, I want to thank you for never telling anyone about that time I walked into your bedroom and you were standing there with no blouse on."

OK. Call me a cad. That had never happened. I made it up on the fly, but I had to get something out there that would put her off-balance, and that's all I could think of.

"What?!", she practically screamed. "Bill, what are you talking about? You came in my bedroom and saw me undressed? When did that happen?"

"Oh, good Lord," I replied, and kind of hung my head. "You mean you never knew? I thought you saw me for sure. I shouldn't have said anything."

"Now you have to tell me, Bill. What?"

I was making it up on the fly, as I said, but my mind had always been ripe with fantasies about Bridget, so describing one was not that difficult. "Well, we were playing games downstairs and I had to use the bathroom. Roger was in the one

downstairs, so I went upstairs. I just ran into your bedroom, not knowing you were in there. You were in the bathroom at the sink, and you didn't have a blouse or bra on. You were looking at yourself in the mirror. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. I was frozen for a minute, then I thought you saw me and I ran out. I expected you to come downstairs to chew me out, but you never did. I appreciated that, Bridget, but now you say you didn't see me after all?"

She laughed. "Oh, no, Bill. I didn't see you. I'm surprised you didn't turn into stone on the spot."

"Well. Part of me did, Bridget." She gave a little laugh at that, and shook her head.

"Did you ever tell anyone, Bill? Tell me the truth, now."

Now where do I go? I had her a little off-balance, but she was still in charge here. What would shake her? "I only told Lars, Bridget. With the way he felt about you, I figured he deserved that."

"You told Lars? Why would you tell Lars?" Her voice cracked a little bit, her hands were shaking, and she seemed hesitant. It might have been working, so I pushed on.

"Bridget, Lars wanted to make love to you in the worst way. When I told him, he ran Roger out of the bathroom and rushed in so he could masturbate over you. At least I waited until I got home that night." Now it was out there. I had over-stepped the bounds of joking and normal Friend's Mother banter.

"Lars? Oh, my God. That's creepy. That's wrong. That's perverted." She seemed on the verge of tears, and I couldn't tell if she was mad or creeped out, or what. But I pushed on. Now was no time to be timid.

"Bridget, get real. Everyone of us wanted you, but Lars more than anyone. He was obsessed with you. Hell, he's still obsessed with you."

She stood up, went to get another cup of coffee for both of us, and her hands were visibly shaking as she poured it. "I don't know what to say. He still does?" She sat down again at the kitchen table, looked down, and said nothing. Maybe I had pushed it too far, too soon. I was on the precipice, and if she got really mad, called me a pervert, and called my Mom, everything was over. I couldn't let that happen.

I stood up and moved to stand beside her as she was sitting. I put my arm around her shoulders and in a firm voice said, "Bridget! What did you think? What do you think? Lars is a man, just like every other man, but he has to live with you and see you and want you, without any hope of ever having you."

She started crying. "I'm a terrible Mother. How could this be? What am I going to do?"

Oh, no. Crying. The ultimate weapon a woman has. Now, what? I had several options. I could run out the door and drive to Saskatchewan, or someplace like that. I could comfort her and try to talk her off the ledge. Or, I could take a firm hand. I suspected Bridget was used to men approaching her as supplicants. I doubt many men had ever taken a firm hand with her. I was uncomfortable in that role - it just wasn't me - but those were the cards I had dealt myself.

"I should never have told you, Bridget, but that's on me." I spoke firmly with a bit of a harsh tone. I didn't know how to do it, so I envisioned a stern father giving her an ultimatum. "Here is what we are going to do, Bridget. You are not

going to tell anyone about this. It is our secret, and you can count on me to keep it. I'm going to give you a couple of days to think about this, and what you've done to tease Lars and me, and I'll be back on Wednesday to talk about how to fix it. Don't worry. I'll help you fix it."

Damned if it didn't work. She quit crying, and kind of snuffling, she looked up at me. "I'll do anything to fix it, Bill. Just tell me what to do."

I bent down and kissed the top of her head. The smell of her hair was overwhelming, and I wanted to go for it right then, but I didn't. Patience. "It's not the end of the world, Bridget. It's normal, and you know it. Now don't say anything to anyone, and I'll see you on Wednesday. I'll come at noon, and I'll bring lunch for us. Now, what would you like?"

"I don't know. Just anything. Maybe a cob salad from the deli at the grocers?"

Cha Ching! She had bought into it. I was in charge, at least for now. I left as gracefully as I could and drove away, with her standing in the doorway watching me go.

The next two days were torture. I expected an angry call from my Mom. I expected an angry call from Bridget. I expected an angry call from the FBI. I thought about where I was, though, with Bridget. As I said, she was accustomed to every man and woman who wanted her to be a beggar. "Oh, please, Bridget. Give it to me, please." She was probably not accustomed to someone taking charge, being dominant over her. I'm not into the whole BDSM thing, wouldn't know a dom from a sub from a cat, so I was on strange ground, too. I didn't know if Bridget was into that, either. I hoped not. That just wasn't my thing and I didn't think it ever would be.

Thinking about Bridget made me...well...think about Bridget. She was different from the other Moms. Kind of one-dimensional, if you know what I mean.

Think about Carol, and you thought, "Bright. Bubbly. Clever and fun."

Think about Aunt Ellie, and you thought, "Warm. Loving. Nurturing."

Think about Mary, and you thought, "Ultimate soccer Mom who can juggle ten balls while kicking two more through the goalposts, and still look great and always make it look easy."

Think about my Mom, Tammy, and you thought, "Get it done. No nonsense. Ultimate achiever at everything she does."

Think about Bridget, and you thought, "Pretty." That was it. Her beauty was her strength, but I think it was also her weakness. She had never developed past being the prettiest girl in the school. I think she was plenty smart, but she never had to be smart, if you know what I mean. She was pretty. I don't want to sound sexist, because that's not how I mean it, but we all tend to play to our strengths and Bridget's strength, her beauty, was so overwhelming that she never had to develop other strengths.

I knew I had messed it up with Bridget. I went in nervous, tried to develop something before the time was right, and screwed everything up. What had worked exceedingly well with Carol had bombed with Bridget. Lesson learned. I resigned myself to never getting anywhere with Bridget, but then I guess I never expected to. Now I was just going to try and fix it. Remember the old physicians' mantra, "First, do no harm?" I feared I had done harm. Bridget would never look at me the same again. I could accept that, but I didn't want to leave her relationship with Lars screwed up. Lars was my buddy.

On Wednesday at noon I showed up to Bridget's house with our salads. I really didn't know what to expect when I walked to the door. I didn't know if it would be answered by an irate husband or if it would be answered at all. To my

surprise the door opened before I even rang the doorbell; Bridget had been waiting for me. She looked, again, radiant. She had put makeup on, her shoulder length hair was brushed out, and she wore a pretty flowered dress. She had obviously prepared herself for me. Was it to regain the high ground by emphasizing her strength - her beauty - or was it for me? Hmmm.

She was a little subdued, and I didn't have to wonder why. I had laid a heavy load on her shoulders.

We went into the kitchen, and sat at the table to eat our salads. She got right to the subject at hand. "Bill, I know I got upset with you the other day, and I'm sorry. That just came from nowhere, what you told me, and I didn't know how to handle it. I hope you're not mad."

"I hope you're not mad?," I thought. Me, mad? She's the one who should be mad. But maybe I did have some upper hand left. She was hoping I wasn't mad.

So I didn't revert to the usual role of supplicant, but took charge. "Bridget, of course I'm not mad at you. I love you. You've always been a major force in my life. I just want you to know that there's nothing creepy or wrong that we've talked about. It's absolutely normal. I'm just a little surprised you didn't know." I purposely didn't address "it" directly, but alluded to "it" and let her mind fill in the rest. She knew what I was talking about.

"Of course I knew Lars went through his phase. All you boys went through your phase. I thought it was a passing thing, though. That's what all the self-help people say."

So she had done some reading on it, either when we were teen-agers or in the last couple of days. "The self-help people are wrong, Bridget. Men never get over it. We never get over wanting our Mothers. There's nothing wrong about that. We love you when we're children. When we become men, love for a

woman necessarily involves sex, and that's what confuses everything. We want to love our Mothers as we always have, but our Mothers are beautiful women and we are men, and the whole sex thing just confuses everybody. I think what messes us up is not that we want our Mothers in that way, but that we try to deny it."

She sighed. "I know. Don't you think we have the same problems?"

Ah, ha! If I had thought before I was just trying to fix things the best I could and beat a hasty retreat, I put that aside. She had just admitted she had sexual feelings for Lars, too. I didn't know if that translated into sexual feelings for me, but it was worth exploring. "Bridget, I think that's a healthy start. Mother Son love is the strongest love on earth. I don't think adding a physical component could do anything but make it stronger, as long as everyone keeps things in perspective. The key is that no one else can ever know."

I had taken the role of confident counselor, when I felt anything but.

"What should I do? I don't want to mess Lars up psychologically."

"Of course not. I have not talked with him about this in a long time, but I know how much he always wanted you. I know exactly how he wanted to make love to you. We were teen-aged boys, you know, and sex was all we had to talk about."

"He talked about what he wanted to do with me?"

Our eyes were fixed on each other. I could see a rising in the color in her cheeks. Her lips were slightly parted. Her eyes were dilated. This woman was getting hot.

"Oh, yeah, Bridget. Because I had seen you, he and I had a special secret, and we shared everything."

"Oh," she said in a faltering way.

OK. As I said, in for a penny, in for a pound. "He wants (I purposely said "wants" and not "wanted") to suck those beautiful breasts and kiss down your body."

She jerked. It was an involuntary response. "Oh," she said again. She looked down at her hands. She was breathing deeply.

"He wants to see your hand, Bridget, as you hold him in it." I wasn't ready to tell her yet that I wanted, and yes it was about me as I told her about Lars, to see her mouth on my dick. Not yet. I'd get there, but not yet. She did seem to be getting into the dirty talk, though, so I pushed on.

"Bridget, he dreams of getting you undressed, of seeing the passion on your face when you know what's going to happen, that it's inevitable. That it's destined. That there's nothing you can do about it, but let it happen because it's what you want, too."

She said nothing. I didn't know where to go with this. I waited her out. People hate a silence in the conversation and will always say something to fill it, and I knew her next words would be telling.

"What if he's disappointed?"

I laughed. I couldn't help it. "Disappointed?" I figured it was time to go for it, so I did. "Your hand on his dick, and you think he'll be disappointed?"

She looked up at me, and there was fire in her eyes. I thought I had taken that a step too far, but she didn't say anything. Just looked at me.

I stood up and moved to her side. I stroked her hair, and she laid her head against my stomach. I whispered, "Disappointed, Bridget?" I bent down and kissed her head. She said nothing, so I bent farther and kissed her cheek. "Disappointed, Bridget?" I gently kissed her on the lips, and her own lips parted slightly. I gently sucked her lower lip, licked it, and then slightly probed her mouth with my tongue. She was hesitant at first, letting me take the lead, but then, finally, she responded with her own tongue.

I fell to my knees. I hugged her waist, putting my head in her lap. I kissed her dress over her stomach, and pressed my face into her. She took my head, and pushed my face into her belly. We stayed like that for a moment while she stroked my hair. "Oh, Billy. What are you doing to me?"

I didn't tell her I was doing my best to fuck her. I stood up and kissed her lips again, and she responded eagerly. I took her hand and, without saying a word, led her up the stairs. I turned toward her bedroom, and she said, "No. Not there. Come in here," and she led me into Lars' room.

We stood at the bed, kissing and hugging, and I slipped my hands down to that rounded ass of hers. I pulled her into me, pushing my dick against her. I figured she liked my taking the initiative, so I took her hand and put it on my dick. She squeezed it, and said, "Billy. I'm afraid."

She was afraid? I was terrified. I feared that at any minute she would come to her senses, slap me, and run screaming. I reached behind her, and slowly slid the zipper of her dress down her back. I stepped back, she shrugged the dress off her shoulders, and there she stood in just her bra and panties. They were purple. I don't know why that matters, but the image is branded in my brain. They were purple.

I stepped to her, kissed her again, and reached behind to release her bra. Still holding her, I slid it off her shoulders and it fell down, caught between us. I couldn't wait. I stepped back, letting the bra fall to the floor, and there were those tits. Full. Turgid nipples. Light brown areola. I leaned forward and kissed her left nipple, and she trembled. Again, "I'm afraid, Billy."

"Honey, there's nothing to be afraid of. I will never do anything to hurt you. This will always be our secret." I turned her, pushed gently, and she sat on the bed. She crossed her arms over her breasts, and I gently pulled them away. "No, Bridget. Let me see them." I still hadn't sucked those beauties, but I had something else on my mind. I pulled her panties off and dramatically threw them over my shoulder. She laughed. That was good.

I fell to my knees and buried my face in her pussy. She was, I can report, a natural blond. I had never seen such a blond pussy. It had kind of a strong smell, but not unpleasant. I used every trick I thought I knew, because I wanted my pussy eating to be the best pussy eating she had ever had. Fingers in her pussy, working away, while I sucked her clit. She was responding, but not the way I wanted. She lay back onto the bed, still with her legs hanging over, and I moved a finger to her ass. She jerked a little bit, but didn't give me the response I wanted.

I stood up, took my clothes off while she watched me, and moved her over so I could lay down beside her. I sucked her breasts, and took her hand to put it on my dick. She gave a few strokes to it, and I could tell she was sizing it with her fingers. I don't know how I compared to her football player husband.

After sucking her breasts for awhile I rolled to my back and put my hand on her head, giving a little pressure. "Let me see that beautiful face on my dick, Bridget. Let me see it."

She moved down, still with my dick in her right hand, and bent to kiss it. She rubbed the head of it against her cheek while she looked up at me, and I pushed

with my hand again. She opened her lips and took me into her mouth. She sealed her lips against the shaft of my dick and blew. She blew. She just blew and was motionless.

She blew? That didn't do anything for me. Then I realized. Beautiful Bridget did not know how to give a blow job. Beautiful Bridget was so used to men being awed by her beauty that she did not have to make love to them - they made love to her.

"Bridget, Honey. Blow job is what we call it, but it's really suck. Suck me, Baby. Suck my dick."

She started to suck me, but I have had 19-year-old virgins give a better blow job. I moaned. I praised her. "Oh, Baby. That's the best I've ever had." But it wasn't. It was average, at best.

I pulled her back up and pushed her onto her back. I mounted and waited for her to guide me in. She didn't. I finally reached down, took my dick, and placed it the the entrance of her pussy. I slowly slid into her while I looked in her eyes.

I fucked Bridget. She just laid there. I know she was kind of enjoying it because she moaned from time to time, but she was being fucked, and not fucking me. I could tell, this was going to be a work in progress.

I pulled out, rolled to my back, and pulled her on top. She knew what to do, and quickly slid me into her, then started a rhythmic rocking on my dick. I reached between us and twiddled her clit while she fucked me, and then, finally, she started to get into it. I grabbed her ass with both hands, pulling her onto me as I pumped up into her. I reached my right hand around her ass, and put my finger on her brown rosebud. That got a response, and her passion seemed to mount. I didn't lube my finger, but put increasing pressure against her ass and it slid right in.

That was the key to Bridget. She took on the intensity I had been waiting for, and started fucking in earnest. I fucked up against her, working that ass with my finger, and she shuddered a little bit. Did she come? I couldn't tell, but if that was it, it wasn't much.

She rolled off me and laid on her side, facing me. "Oh, Billy. What have we done?"

"I don't know about you, Bridget, but I've just fucked the woman I've wanted all my life. But we're not done yet, Baby."

She looked at me shyly. "You like my little butt, don't you?"

"Oh, yeah. I think you could say that."

Again with the shy little girl act, she said softly, "I do, too. I had forgotten how I like it so much."

Whoo hoo! "Do you have any lube, Bridget?"

She jumped up. "I think so, but I hope it hasn't dried up." She ran into her bedroom.

Are you kidding me? Her husband had never taught her how to give a good blowjob? He wasn't fucking that ass at every opportunity?

She came back with the lube and gave it to me, then plopped on her belly, pushing her ass up a bit. "Now," I thought, "we're getting somewhere." I squeezed a lot of it into my hand, and put it on her ass. I rubbed around her ass,

slipping my finger in and out, and she hunched up against my hand. When I thought I had her loose enough, I squeezed a generous amount on the head of my dick and placed it against her tight little hole.

"Go slow," she said. "It's been awhile."

I did. I slowly pushed in while she pushed up against me, and my dick slid into her ass up to the base. I slowly started in and out movements, and she moaned, loudly this time. I reached under her with my right hand and manipulated her clit while I fucked her ass. She came like a freight train, writhing under me and screaming. This time there was no doubt whether she had come or not. People in the next county probably knew. I had never had a woman scream when she came, but Bridget did.

And then the pillow talk began. Bridget said she didn't have sex much anymore. She said as she had aged (and she didn't look like it at all) that she didn't need it as much anymore, and since her husband travelled so much they never seemed to get around to it. I told her she seemed to me to have needed it, and I would always be available. She hugged and kissed me. "We'll see, Bill, but you have to understand how dangerous this is."

She had taken me into Lars' room to do it, and I figured that meant something.

"You know, Bridget, there is one person who wants you more than even I do, and no one would ever suspect you two were lovers. He'd be perfectly safe."

I may have thought Bridget was one-dimensional, but she knew immediately what, and who, I was talking about. "Bill, I just don't think I could ever do that. I've always tried to be a perfect Mother for Lars, and I couldn't do anything to lessen his opinion of me as a Mother."

"But what if that's what he really wanted? What if he took the first steps?"

She chuckled a bit. "I can't see him doing that. He's afraid of me. Most men are afraid of me."

"I was afraid of you, Bridget, and look where we are."

"Yes, but Bill, you took charge. I liked that. It was not what I expected of you. You were always the shy one. But you took charge and, I have to admit, when a man is confident and takes charge, I've always had a hard time saying no."

"Well. I won't say anything to Lars, of course, but I know how much he wants this with you, so don't be surprised if he goes for it someday."

"Oh, I'll be surprised, Billy. I just can't see Lars doing that."

"But would you like it? Have you never thought of doing this with Lars?"

"Of course I've thought about it. Like every Mother, I tried not to think about it, but when you boys become men, you spread testosterone like a lawn service. It's not something any Mother ever does with her son, though. It's wrong."

"Oh, Bridget," I sighed. "Mothers and Sons have been making love for the history of humans. I read just the other day that one in 33 women in America have had some sort of sexual contact with their sons. It happens every day. It's just that no one talks about it. I'm not talking about under-aged sex. I'm talking about two consenting adults who naturally love each other."

She sighed, and said nothing, but I knew I had planted a seed for old Lars.

We made love again, and this time it had more intensity. She loved it in the ass, but we had to go gently because she was getting sore. She developed her blow job skills, and by the time I left she had reached pretty high in my scale of blow jobs. She got into it, and I realized how much potential beautiful Bridget had. The man who could get her to fuck him, instead of laying there and letting him fuck her, would be a lucky man, indeed. It was there. It just had to be cultivated.

When I left, I tried to get her to agree to see me again. "I don't know, Bill. That was beautiful and I love you for it, but let's just play it by ear. We're on pretty dangerous ground here, aren't we? You wouldn't have a lot to lose, but I could lose everything."

And that's how we left it. I wanted another go with Bridget, just to see how I could help her improve her performance, but I didn't know if it was going to happen. I did know that if Lars was still interested, and I thought he was, the field was wide open for him.

What did I learn from Bridget?

First, don't be so sure you've failed, even if you seem to have made a total botch of it. Planting a seed and letting it grow may pay dividends. That first day, if I had continued to push with Bridget, I think I would have gone home with my hat in my hand. But I let her think about it, and she convinced herself.

Second, some women like for the man to take charge. They don't want to be the aggressor, but want the man to make the first move. Especially with Mothers, what Bridget said to me spoke volumes: "I can't see him doing that. He's afraid of me..." What was unspoken was what she would do if he did take the first steps. I think I knew the answer.

Third, some women have to be shocked out of their comfort zone. They have had a lifetime of handling situations in which they have experience and comfort. Move them out of the comfort zone and things can develop.

Fourth, and this was just a life lesson in general, the most beautiful women may not be the best lovers. It's like the big-breasted girl in high school who never had to develop a pleasing personality because boys flocked around her for her tits, and not her personality.

Last, while women may think they don't need sex as much as they age, it just ain't true, given the right circumstances.

But did this get me any closer to Mom? I didn't see how, but I'd work at it.

The next day I went home to see Mom at lunch. She was really happy to have me drop in like that, and hugged me tightly. I was hard as a rock, and this time I didn't hold my dick back to keep her from feeling it. I hugged her back, and pulled her in so she could feel it, so she had to feel it against her belly. She didn't say anything, of course, and I don't know if she knew I was hard or not. As she released the hug, I reached up to cup her face with my hands and kissed her right on the lips. No tongue or anything, but just a kiss on the lips.

She pulled back with a look of surprise and asked, "Wow. What's gotten into you lately?"

I laughed. "You. That's what's gotten into me," and I walked into the kitchen. She stood there for a moment, and then joined me. The rest of my visit was just normal Mom-Son stuff, but I knew I had given her something to think about.

## Chapter 4

I was on a roll. Three for three. As I said, I was not looking at this as an ego thing, but I couldn't help feeling pretty cocky. I had been to visit Carol and Aunt Ellie a couple of times each, and every time was better than the previous. These were women who loved a good loving. Carol was especially fun, and would usually say something during our lovemaking that would crack me up. She was a fun fuck. Aunt Ellie was loving, too, but I have to admit that we had gone about as far as I thought we would. She wasn't into experimentation. I suspected that my times with Aunt Ellie would dwindle, but we would always have our special bond.

I didn't think I was ready yet for Mary, Roger's Mom, because she was so much like my own Mother, Tammy. While I thought Bridget was unattainable because she was so beautiful (and I was pleased to learn differently), I almost knew Mary was unattainable because, like Mom, she was just so straight-laced. Mary was the consummate soccer Mom. She was usually our designated car pool driver. No matter the hour, she was always perfectly dressed, not a hair out of place, and perfectly made up. She brooked no deviations from her rules. Because she was so much like Mom, I joked with her more than the other guys did, and usually referred to her as "Drill Sergeant." I thought her strictness was kind of cute because I was used to it with Mom. When she'd lay the law down, "You boys quieten down back there!" I'd laugh, while Roger just rolled his eyes. Of course, it was the reverse with my Mom. Roger would joke with her, while I was the one rolling my eyes.

Mary. She was taller than average, willowy thin, and had the most beautiful red hair. I saw her occasionally around town since I had moved back and she seemed hardly changed. Her hair was still a beautiful red, which I suspected was chemically enhanced by now. While Mom had let her hair gray naturally, I guess Mary wasn't ready for that yet. Her hair had always been her crowning glory, so I could understand. I have to admit, there was a time in college when I seemed focused on redheads. I'll admit it. I love a red-haired bush. Would I ever get to see Mary's?

I was intimidated by Mary. The thought of her ever doing anything that was not right and proper was beyond imagination. If anyone was going to freak out on me and call Mom, it would be Mary. Man, that's a conversation I did not want to have, so I was afraid and could not come up with a good first step.

When I did see her in town, we would always hug. The last time, about a month ago, I had hugged her really tight. She acted kind of flustered, and I thought I had been a little over the top. Since I had gotten that reaction from her, I didn't know how to get her moving into a man/woman realm, rather than a quasi-Mom/son realm.

Since I was so hesitant, I thought I'd call her. Maybe I could say things over the telephone that would be more difficult face to face. So, I did. One Thursday afternoon, I worked up my nerve and called her at home. When she answered, I said, "Hi, Mary. I haven't seen you around town lately and thought I'd call to see if I could contribute to the ransom. Have you heard from Roger lately? When's he coming home?"

She sounded as if she was glad to hear from me. She laughed and said, "Who? Roger? Is he the boy who used to live here? I don't know when he'll ever show up again." I laughed with her, but her voice had a winsome quality to it that told me that Roger was not keeping the home fires burning.

"Oh, he's probably just busy, Mary. You know how it is."

"Yes, but you can find time to call me, Bill."

Here I took a tiny step. "Yeah, but that's because I've always had a weakness for hot red-haired soccer moms."

Her laugh was delicious. "Maybe you can transfer some of that to Roger, then. Is it contagious?"

"It's not contagious, Mary, but I'm afraid it's incurable. I've had it forever."

"Bill, you have always been such a kidder. I could keep the others under my thumb, but I could never intimidate you."

"Oh, yeah, Drill Sergeant. You've always had me pretty well intimidated."

At this point, I reached down, made sure I still had a pair of balls, and once I decided I did, I went for it. I had not planned this, but it seemed like it might be the right opportunity.

"Did you ever know, Mary, how much I always wanted you?" I said it in a light-hearted way, kind of bantering to fit our conversation, but the message was clear.

"Bill. Is that something you should say to a woman who cleaned up your puke from the mini-van after you got carsick and threw up?"

I laughed. She remembered that. "Probably not, but it's something I would say to the hottest soccer mom in the state."

She didn't respond to that directly, and I thought maybe I had pushed too far, too soon. She said, "So, when am I going to run into you again?"

"I dunno," I said. "When are you going to be out again? If I'm going to stalk you, you're going to have to help me out a little."

"Shy Bill, a stalker? I don't think so. As a matter of fact, though, I was just running out to the grocery to pick up a few things."

"You're not going to believe this, Mary, and I promise I'm not really stalking you, but I was going to get some frozen pizzas. Maybe I'll see you there."

I didn't need frozen pizzas. I had a freezer full of them, but I grabbed my jacket and ran to my car to get to the grocery store. I got a cart, went to the freezer section and grabbed some pizzas, and then cruised the aisles looking for her. After about 20 minutes with no sign of her, I was beginning to fear I might be looking suspicious, so I headed toward the check out, disappointed. From the store entrance I heard, "There you are! Fancy meeting you here."

And there she was. Beautiful. She had on black yoga pants and an over-sized sweater, and looked great. The sweater was emerald green, kind of hung off her shoulders, and her creamy freckled skin looked delicious. I stopped short, took a long exaggerated look at her from bottom to top, and said softly, "And you wonder why I've always wanted you?"

With that, she hugged me lightly, but seemed nervous. She stood there with her arms crossed over her breasts, in what I interpreted as a defensive posture, and I didn't know what to say or do next. Had I already blown it?

Just as softly as I had spoken, she said, in a joking way, "Maybe I'm the one stalking you, big boy. You ever think of that?"

I laughed, relieved. She didn't seem mad or scared, and as long as we could keep joking with each other, maybe I could get my foot in the door. "You would never have to stalk me, Mary. Say the word and I'll set up a pup tent on your front lawn."

This was now uncharted territory. I was openly flirting with her, which I had never done before. At least, I had never flirted so openly.

"Ha!," she said. "Settle down, big boy. You're squirting musk all over the store and you'll ruin the fresh vegetables."

Now that was funny, and we both laughed at it. She hugged my arm, pushing her breasts against it like Carol had done, and said, "Are you finished? You want to walk with me while I pick up a few things?"

Oh, yeah. Yeah, I did want to walk with her. I pulled my cart behind her in the narrow aisles, and appreciated that sweet ass in her yoga pants. Once she turned around to ask me something, and caught me looking at it. She laughed, took a sale leaflet from her cart and held it over her butt, and I didn't know if she was laughing at me or with me, but I didn't care. That was a sweet ass.

I had never seen Mary like this. She was practically being flirtatious with me, and that was out of character for her. She was the Drill Sergeant, and Drill Sergeants don't flirt.

She needed only bread and milk, after all, so we headed to the checkout together, me with my two pizzas and her with bread and milk. After we had checked out, I carried her bag out to her car and we stood there talking. She had her arms crossed over her breasts again.

"So, is that all you're eating these days? Isn't Tammy feeding you better than that?"

"I eat at home when they need the cupboards cleaned out, but most of the time I just chow down on pizza or Chinese at my apartment. I'm still a growing boy, you know."

She hesitated, and I saw her kind of chewing on her lower lip. "Roger's dad is going to visit his Mother this weekend. I miss Roger and all you boys. If you're not going to Tammy's for dinner tomorrow, why don't you come and I'll fix you a real meal." She kept her arms crossed over her breasts and looked down nervously. "But if you have other plans, that's okay."

"Are you kidding, Mary? Pass up one of your meals? What time? Can I bring wine? Anything else I can bring?"

"Just bring your hungry self. I think he's leaving after work, so why don't you come about six? And yes, some white wine would be good."

"It's a date!," I practically had to hold myself to keep from shouting. "I'll see you then."

Driving to my apartment, I was so deep in thought it's a wonder I didn't run off the road.

She only bought bread and milk. Did she really need it? Couldn't she have gotten that at the gas station service mart near her house?

Why make a point that Roger's dad was not going to be there?

Why was she dressed so sexily? Was that for me?

Why invite me at all? We had seen each other occasionally for months, and she had never asked me to come by. Why now?

The next day dragged on. I went early in the day to buy a couple of bottles of wine and then had nothing to do until I went to her house. I changed my clothes about three times, trying to decide what to wear, and finally decided on a pair of khakis and a short-sleeved oxford shirt. Real imaginative, right? I was as nervous as I had ever been for a date, and this wasn't even a real date. This was just me going to my bud's Mom's house for dinner, right?

Finally it was time to leave and I drove carefully to her house. Now was not the time to run into a ditch. I could just see that. "Hi, Mary. I'm stuck in a ditch and can't make it." Yeah, there would probably never be another chance like this, and I wasn't going to jeopardize it.

When I got there she met me at the door. She had on yoga pants again, in a light blue color and a white short-sleeved sweater. The sweater had a droopy collar, kind of low cut, but I couldn't really see it because she had her arms crossed again. Her hair was up in a pony tail, which was very attractive on her. I kissed her on the cheek and sniffed at her neck. "Wow. What is that? It smells delicious."

She said something about the brand. I didn't know it, so couldn't comment other than, "I really like it on you. Nice."

Mary took the wine, turned, and led me into the kitchen where she was finishing supper. I didn't waste any time checking out that ass in those blue yoga pants. She seemed to be putting an extra movement into her ass, and I hoped she was remembering when I was checking her out at the grocery store. If she had not liked it, why had she worn yoga pants again?

She flitted around the kitchen, checking this and checking that, and talking non-stop. She kept her arms crossed and seemed to be avoiding facing me directly. I think she was as nervous as I was. I hoped she was, because that meant she might be thinking the same thing I was thinking. While she was taking the pork chops (I love pork chops) out of the oven, I checked out those tits. Her nipples

were standing tall, like proud little soldiers, and they must have been an inch long. Where in the hell did those come from? I had never seen such large nipples before, and I sure had never noticed them on Mary. She appeared to have a light bra on, but that didn't stop those nipples.

She caught me looking, I think. She said, "I've got a little chill. I think I'll go put a light sweater on." When she returned she had on a light cardigan, buttoned up, but it couldn't hide those nipples. Even if it did, I knew they were there and I knew she was excited. For the record, it wasn't chilly at all in the kitchen.

I opened the wine while she plated the food, and we moved to the dining room.

"Dining room? I'm honored. I thought I was a back door, kitchen table kind of guy."

Laughing, she said, "It never hurts to have a little elegance in your life, you know."

I poured the wine and raised my glass to her. "Mary, you are the most elegant thing I will ever have in my life." She blushed.

The meal was delicious, and so was Mary. She was still nervous, but the wine seemed to calm her after awhile and we talked and talked. We didn't just talk about when I was a kid with the gang, but we talked about politics, and the economy, and global warming. She was enchanting, and could talk in depth about any subject. I was entranced. How could I ever have thought this woman was cold and Puritan? She was vibrant and alive.

We finished one bottle during dinner and I insisted on cleaning up the dishes for her. She stood behind me while I was at the sink and we continued talking naturally. I don't know if she realized it, but we were talking like a man and a

woman, and not as a friend of her son and his Mom. I was loving it. When I finished the dishes I dried my hands and she said, "That Mother of yours has trained you well."

I smiled and looked her dead in the eyes. "I've more training yet to get, Mary." It may have been lame, but it was the best double entendre I could think of. She blushed again, and said, "Let's sit down in the den. You want to bring the other bottle of wine?"

"I dunno, Mary. I don't want to fall asleep on your couch."

"Well, if you do, it's okay. Not like you haven't done it before."

She sat on the couch, and I sat beside her so we could put our wine glasses on the coffee table. I could have sat in the chair at the end of the coffee table, but she didn't seem to mind when I sat beside her.

We talked and talked. She told me how hurt she was that Roger was not closer to her. She said he seemed distant when they talked, and he never called her. She always had to call him. When he talked, he seemed to speak only in monosyllables. She said she was worried about him. She thought he sounded depressed.

I told her that I had been the same way, and finally realized I wanted a much closer relationship with my Mom. I purposely said, "much closer," because I wanted her to wonder what "much closer" really meant. She didn't ask, though, and I didn't tell. I told her not to worry about Roger. "You know he loves you, Mary. He always has, and he always will. What man wouldn't love you? You're perfect."

"That's the problem, I think, Bill. I've always tried to be perfect, and I think it's intimidating for him. I wish I had been less perfect, sometimes."

"Mary, he'll come around. I did. He's probably under a lot of pressure. Be patient."

By that time, the only thing left we had not discussed was quantum mechanics, and I knew I'd be out of my depth there. There was a silence between us. Mary was looking down at her lap, and glanced nervously at me. She crossed her arms again.

I thought I was reading the signals right. She was warm and open with me, except for the crossing of the arms and I didn't know how to interpret that. During our conversation, she had occasionally touched me on the leg as she made a point. If she were a date my own age, I knew how I would interpret those signals. But she was Mary. Perfect, proper Mary.

It was do, or die. It was maybe you win if you do take the chance, or certainly you go home and masturbate in frustration if you don't take the chance. "Here we go," I thought. "Time to charge the ramparts, my lads."

"Mary?," I broke the silence. She looked at me expectantly, wondering what I was going to say. "Would you be offended if I tried to kiss you?"

"No, Bill. I wouldn't be offended, but I'm not sure it's the right..."

I leaned in to her, took her face in my hands, and interrupted her words with a gentle kiss to her lips. She closed her eyes, and relaxed in my hands. I continued the kiss, making it a little deeper and a little more passionate, and tentatively probed her lips with my tongue. She slightly parted her own lips,

and I put as much passion and love in that kiss as I could. I could taste the wine on her lips, could smell the scent of her perfume, and I almost passed out.

After a few minutes of gentle kissing, I pulled back.

"Wow, Bill. I was not expecting that."

I didn't say a word, but went in for another kiss, and she responded this time with what seemed like a hunger. I put my right hand behind her head, pulling her into me, and she put her arms around my neck. I was pushing it, I know, but I put pressure on her and she laid back onto the arm of the loveseat, with me laying on top of her. I was not about to stop kissing her, both because I loved kissing her and because I didn't want to give her a chance to say, "Stop it. Get out."

She pushed me back and giggled. "You've got to let me catch my breath, Bill."

"Mary, you take my breath." Lame, I know, but I was doing my best, OK? I ran my fingers over her hair, and she reached back and released her pony tail. She raised up, pushing me off her, bent over and shook her head to free her hair. She looked at me, and this time she came to me for more kissing. I ran my fingers through that glorious mane of red hair and returned my hand to the back of her head.

"Bill," she breathed. "Are you sure about this?"

"I have never been more sure of anything in my life, Mary. I was not lying when I said I have wanted you forever. I have to be honest, Mary. I didn't need pizzas yesterday. I have a freezer full of them."

"Bill. Oh, Bill. I didn't need milk," and she laughed. We both laughed, and then we kissed again and she laid back on the couch again and pulled me with her. I pulled my left hand back, and cupped her right breast. I could feel the nipple in the palm of my hand. She bushed her fingers in my hair, and pushed my head down to her breast. I gently used my teeth and nibbled at her nipple through her sweater. I raised my head and looked at her beautiful face. She had her eyes closed, and softly said, "Mmmm."

I raised her sweater up from the waist and lowered my head to kiss her belly. I raised the sweater the rest of the way, over her breasts, and paused to enjoy the sight. She had on a sports bra and the sight of those cute little breasts filling the cups was breath-taking. I pulled her left breast out of the bra. I looked at her face, and she had her eyes squeezed shut. I teased my lip across her nipple, flicked it with my tongue, and then took it in my mouth. I didn't take more of her breast in my mouth, just the nipple, and I sucked it to beat the band. She whimpered, and I took my mouth off it to look up at her.

"I've always been embarrassed by my big nipples. They're grotesque, aren't they?"

"Good God, Mary!, I exclaimed. "Are you out of your mind? Those are the most beautiful things I have ever seen. They're perfect. Why would you say something like that?"

"Oh, the girls in school always teased me about them. They nicknamed me 'Eraser,' because they looked like pencil erasers. I hated them."

"Well, I love them. I'll bet Roger wouldn't let you wean him until he left for college."

She took me in her arms. "I'm glad you like them, Bill." I pulled back and helped her take both sweaters off, then the bra. Her skin was so creamy, with a

light covering of freckles. I have never seen anything so lovely, and I told her so. She pulled me into her breasts and said, "Enjoy them, Baby. Tonight they're yours." And I did.

Mary loved having her tits sucked. They were a size like Mom's, I would imagine, that were just right to suck almost the whole breast into my mouth. I sucked and used my tongue on those nipples, working them around in my mouth. She shivered with delight. "Big nipples, little breasts," she said.

"Perfect nipples, perfect breasts," I told her. "You'll never get a complaint out of me."

"I guessed you would like them, Bill. They're about the same size as Tammy's." That cat was out of the bag, and I'd return to that subject later. But now was not the time.

I looked at her. "Mary. I have always wondered how perfect your little pussy is." She raised her hips up, and I shucked the yoga pants and panties down her legs. That was a red-haired pussy. It was the same color as her hair, and she didn't trim it, which I appreciated. I lowered my head to it, and took a deep sniff through my nose. Her smell was strong, very strong. It was not unpleasant, but was a very strong, musky smell. I bent to kiss her pussy.

She pulled me up by my shoulders. "You don't have to, Bill. It's okay."

I looked at her. "I don't have to what?"

She seemed a little sad. "You don't have to go down there. I know I have a strong smell."

I was getting a little put out. "Mary, goddammit. I have never seen such a perfectly beautiful woman with such insecurities. Do you not know that you are

the most beautiful woman any man will ever see? You look beautiful, your breasts are my dream, you smell intoxicating, and I know you taste delicious."

With that, I buried my face in her pussy and went to work. She had an orgasm in no time, and I didn't even pause. I kept going, using my mouth and fingers on her pussy and her ass, and in no time I had her coming again.

"Bill, give me a break. You're killing an old woman." She pulled me up to her, and we kissed deeply. I made her taste herself in my mouth.

"See? Delicious."

We laid there awhile snuggling while we both recovered, and then there was only one thing left. Well, maybe two, but I wasn't counting my chickens before they hatched.

"Mary? Either I give you rug burns on the floor, or we go to the bedroom. Your choice."

She jumped up, and I got a good look at her full figure. What a fine woman. She took me by the hand and led me to her bedroom. She turned the covers down and hopped into the center of the bed. Beckoning me with her finger, she purred, "Come here, big boy."

I shucked my clothes off, crawled into the bed, and she pushed me onto my back. She didn't hesitate, but dove her face onto my dick. There was no preamble to it. She took me practically all the way into her mouth - the closest thing to deep-throating I've ever had. She sucked me, licking the head of my dick, while she pumped me with her left hand. I looked down to see my dick going in and out of her mouth while her hand, with her wedding ring, worked my dick. I knew I wouldn't last long with that going on and with the wine I

wasn't sure I'd be good for a second go, so I pulled her off. She came off my dick with a loud slurp, and licked her lips as she looked up at me.

This was Mary. I couldn't get it out of my mind. Perfect, strict, no nonsense Mary, Roger's Mother, and she just had my dick in her mouth. I remembered when we were afraid to rub against her ass, and now she was naked in bed with me. Life, my friend, is full of surprises.

I pulled her up, took her ass in my hands, and we lowered her onto my dick. Her pussy was tight, as tight as any I could remember. How could she be a Mother, and have such a tight pussy? She started rocking on me while I helped her along with my hands on her ass. I reached around her ass to touch her there, and she yelped. I stopped because I thought maybe she didn't like it, but one look at her face told me different. I probed her little ass with my finger, and she had another orgasm immediately. I wasn't counting, but it was number three.

I have fucked a fair number of times in my life. I'm no great swordsman, but I've had my share for my age. Until that night, I don't think I have ever enjoyed fucking as much as I enjoyed fucking Mary. She couldn't get enough. She was so sensitive that lightly touching her skin with my fingers would make her shiver. My mouth on her pussy sent her into shivers of delight. Her nipples. She loved me working those nipples.

She wouldn't let me fuck her ass, but she liked the finger play and promised we'd try it sometime.

Redheads, I have read, are super sensitive to both pain and pleasure because of the receptors in their skin, or something like that. I don't know if that's true, but I do know that Mary was the most sensuous woman I had ever loved, to that point.

Because she was deprived. Her husband, Roger's dad, never went down and ate her pussy. He said she smelled bad and it made him gag. What kind of thing is that to say to a woman, especially your wife? He told her that her nipples were abnormal and freaked him out because they were like little dicks. I guess he didn't suck them. I hoped she knew when we were done that I thought she was perfect. I hoped she knew what a good pussy eating was like. I know I didn't have to invite myself back. She asked me when I'd be able to come again.

"So, Bill. Are you going to use me as a one-night-stand, or will you be back?"

What a relief. "Oh, Mary, I was hoping you'd say that. I was worried you wouldn't want me again."

"Seriously, Bill? I hope to dance with you at your wedding someday, and I'll whisper in your ear about the lovemaking we did just the week before your wedding. I'm not your Mother, but almost, and I always want to be in your life. We have a bond, Bill, that is beyond friendship."

With that opening, I broached it with her - the grand strategy. "Mary," I said. "I think I might know what's bothering Roger."

She was all ears. "What? Tell me!"

"Mary, I've got a secret and if I tell you, you can't tell anyone."

"Uh, yeah, Bill. I think we have our own secret now, don't we?"

"Okay. Mary, as much as I have wanted you all these years, I have wanted Mom more. Mary, forgive me for saying it, but I am obsessed with fucking my Mother. I can't help it, Mary, but I am. And the thing is, I think Roger feels the same way about you. I know he used to, and I can't imagine that has changed."

Mary didn't seem shocked, or even surprised. "I think he used to be, but I'm not sure he still feels that way. He acts like he can't stand me." She teared up a little.

"No, Mary. It's not that. He wants you just like I want you, but more. He thinks he can't have you, and he's afraid if he's around you or shows you love, that he'll make a mistake and you'll get mad at him. That's all. Being around you, for him, is like showing a kid a candy bar and telling him he can only look at it, and can't taste it."

She didn't say anything.

"Would you, Mary? If you had a chance, would you let Roger have more? Have you ever thought of it?"

"I don't know, Bill, and we'll never know. He won't even come home."

"You think about it, Mary. I'll tell you, I'm going to try with Mom, and I hope you'll let Roger try with you. Maybe we'll both get lucky. But first, let me call Roger tomorrow and see if I can talk him into coming home."

She nodded, but added, "I don't know, Bill. I'd be afraid. Too many things could go wrong. I know it goes on. I've known women who slept with their adult sons, but I don't think I could do it."

My ears perked up. She knows women who do it? Who could she be talking about?

"Mary? Who? Who do you know who's doing it?"

"No, Bill. The secret love between a Mother and her Son has to be the most treasured secret ever. No one can know, Bill, if you do that. I have my strong suspicions about a couple of Mothers, no one in our group, but I won't share them with you. All I can do is tell you to watch how some Mothers and Sons interact. You see some Mothers who have a tight, close relationship with their Sons and, I'll bet, there's some special reason for it."

I thought about that. Yes, I had known some Mothers and Sons who seemed to avoid the stiffness in their relationships that all my friends, me included, had developed with our own Moms. It seemed almost required, the way we had done it. You love your Mom unconditionally and completely when you're a kid. Then you hit puberty, and you start pulling away from her. By the time you're a man, you're so afraid of your feelings that you treat her like you can't stand to be around her.

"Mary, why does it have to be like that? Why can't Mothers and Sons evolve their love to include sex when the boy becomes a man? It seems like their love evolves to a point, and then the growth becomes stunted by the fear of sex, and withers away."

"Because we're all afraid, Bill. You're afraid of your Mom's anger. You're afraid of your Dad's anger. Your Mom is afraid that you might reject her. She's older, and she's afraid you would find her disgusting. She's afraid of being shamed. We're afraid of everything about it."

I was curling my fingers in her bright red pubic hair while she was saying this, and slid my finger into her still-lubricated pussy. "Yeah, I can see how Roger might be disgusted by this," and then I laughed. Thankfully, she laughed too.

"So Mary. When did you decide to make love with me? At what point did you decide, 'Yeah, I'll let Bill have it.'"

"I don't know if I have yet, Billy."

I snorted in laughter. "Uh, Mary. I think it's a little late for that, Honey."

She laughed with me. "You just broke the code, Bill, in the difference between men and women. Men have one switch. It's either off or on. For a man, it's all about getting the sex and once he's decided he wants a woman, that's his goal. Right?"

"Yeah. Pretty much. I have to admit, when I called you the other day, I was already dreaming it would lead to this."

She nodded. "Of course. But with women, it's not like that. We don't decide, 'OK, I'm going to have sex with Bill if he goes for it.' No. For us, it's all in the moment. That's why you take tiny steps with a woman. We're not even thinking about the ultimate step, usually. It's like our first kiss, you and me. You were very sweet to ask me if you could kiss me, and in that moment, that was my decision - whether to kiss you or not. When you touched my breast, my decision was not whether we'd have sex, but whether I'd let you touch me. By the time we get to the final decision, to do it or not, it's just one more step in the long process. By the time we get there, it's really no big deal for us. It's just another step."

I thought about that, and it made sense. Men and women have different mental processes in the decision to have sex, and that's why it sometimes went awry.

She continued. "That's why the whole 'No Means No' movement is so important, Bill. A woman can let you play with her breasts, but that just means she has decided to let you play with her breasts. It doesn't mean she has consented to sex. She can have your dick in your hand, and still not have made the decision to have sex with you. So, at the next little decision point, she might decide that's a No. You always have to respect that, Bill. Promise me that. With

any woman, you have to allow her to decide at every step and if she really says 'No,' then that means No."

I understood, and I promised her. I had just learned a profound lesson, though. Go slow, but ever forward, and allow her to decide in the moment if she was okay with what you were doing, and understand that did not mean she had agreed to the whole shooting match.

Then I laughed. "But Mary, I think you were telling me 'No,' when I went in and kissed you anyway."

"No, Bill. I was not telling you 'No.' If I had meant No, I would have said 'No.' What was I saying when you kissed me?"

"I forget. All I can remember was your beautiful face."

"I was saying, 'No, Bill. I wouldn't be offended, but I'm not sure it's the right thing to do.' I was telling you 'Yes,' but I didn't want to seem as if I was going to be too easy for you. I was giving us an out, if you weren't really serious about it. See, Bill, women fear being used by a man as just a sex outlet. For us, sex is a part of what we really want, and that is love. Men just want sex. Women want love, with sex being a part of how we express our love. No woman wants to be used."

I thought about that. "So, Mary, hypothetically, if I restored my relationship with Mom and showed her that sex was a part of the deeper love she really wants with me, then it might be possible?"

"Bingo, Bill, but not that directly, of course. I know what you want, and Tammy knows what you want. If she doesn't now, she'll know it at some point. But your Mom is a beautiful woman. If she just wanted sex, she could get that from

practically anyone, couldn't she? She could sure get it from someone other than you, her son, with all the potential complications that could bring, right? You have to show her that you love her deeply and, if sex is a part of that, way down the road, then it will be a mutual expression, between you two, of your deeper love."

"Hmmm. It sounds like we both want the same thing, Mary. I'm going to try to build my relationship with Mom, while you want Roger to build his relationship with you."

"Yep. That about sums it up, Bill. You have the easier road because you are the one who will initiate it. For me, it's more difficult. Roger knows I want more love from him, and there's nothing more I can do to encourage him. I can't just strip off, say 'You want this, Big Boy?,' and expect him to come around. That would send all the wrong signals. That would tell him that sex was more important than love."

She seemed a little sad. I said, "Mary, stop it. You know Roger loves you. He's confused, just like me, but I'll bet he comes around."

I spent the night with Mary, and neither of us slept much at all. We'd doze off, in each other's arms, and then awaken to more caressing, loving, sucking, and fucking. I could not get enough of her, and she seemed to feel the same about me. It was the most profound lovemaking experience I had ever had, and I realized that I did love Mary deeply. I hoped Roger could have the same thing with her, for that would make her happy. I left Mary, well-loved and well-fucked, with some lessons that were beyond value.

First, with a woman, it's step-by-step, and every step in the process was another decision point that must be respected. I knew I couldn't change my mental wiring - I wanted sex as the goal. But every step led where I wanted to go if I honestly made it a step toward deeper love.

Second, all women, and especially Mothers, want love. Sex might be a big part of that, but it was only a part of the whole, and not the be-all, end-all of it. If love led to sex, then all the better.

## Chapter 5

I left Mary with my brain whirling. There was something in all she had told me, if I could just put it together. When it hit me, when it all came together, I almost drove off the road. I pulled into the nearest strip mall parking lot and just sat there, trembling. I had it. I had the Grand Strategy, and it wasn't anything particularly clever or earth-shaking at all.

I wanted to fuck Mom.

Mom wanted me to love her.

That was it. That was the Grand Strategy. While they might seem incompatible on the surface, the two goals were not at all incompatible. In fact, they were perfectly compatible if you thought about it.

To get what I wanted, I had to give Mom what she wanted. A step at a time and a decision point at a time, and I could slowly but surely move toward my goal - while satisfying her needs.

I sat and thought for awhile. I'm not sure how long. But Mary, beautiful Mary, had told me exactly what she wanted from Roger, and it was surely the same thing my Mother wanted from me. I had been looking at it all wrong. I wanted to fuck Mom. I wanted to get her hand on my dick. I wanted to see her face when I slid into her. That was all, I realized, pretty shallow. That was not

showing respect for the woman who loved me unconditionally and would deny me nothing.

What I should do, and what I was going to do, was to give Mom what she wanted. I would give her the son's love for which she hungered and, if it worked out and I did it carefully, she might give me what I wanted. Either way, both of us would come out ahead. Mom would have a son who loved her the way she wanted and I would have a relationship with her that could, at any moment, blossom into passion.

I drove directly to Mom's house, the house where I had grown from a boy to a man. I knew she'd be there, since she had started transitioning into an early retirement and worked only a couple of days a week now. My semester break was over in a few days and I knew when I returned my mouth to the academic firehose of law school, I'd have limited time to pursue my real goal.

When I walked in the door, shouting, "Lucy. I'm hooooome," I heard her answer from the kitchen.

"What are you doing here this early in the morning? I thought you'd sleep until noon while you're on your break."

"Oh, I had to run out to the store, and thought I'd swing by and see my beautiful Mom."

She got a quizzical look on her face. I mean, after all, the house was nowhere near any store I would conveniently go to. In fact, it was on the other side of town from my apartment. That didn't matter, though. She came and hugged me, and I pulled her tight into me. I was as hard as a rock. I don't know if she could feel it, but I knew it was there. Oh, yeah. I definitely knew it was there.

She pulled back, while I kept my arms around her waist.

"Are you trying the anaconda death squeeze on me?," she asked, with a smile on her lips.

I pulled her back in and kissed her on the lips. "Oh, pretty Mama," I purred in an exaggerated seductive voice, "There are all kinds of squeezes I would try on you."

That got a laugh, and she extracted herself from my grip. "You want a cup of coffee? I just made a fresh pot."

"Sure, Mom. If you're pouring, I'm drinking," and I sat down at the kitchen table. She had the newspaper open, and had been working on the daily crossword.

"Hey," I said. "Doing the crossword? You remember how we used to do them together when you were trying to improve my wokabulery?" I used the funny word we had created for "vocabulary."

"Yes, and I see your wokabulery has not improved much at all. Want to do it with me?"

I can't remember the last time we had done the crossword together. She used to love that, and we would play and giggle as we did it every morning. This was it, I thought to myself. Return to earlier days when she and I had an open love, and then build forward.

I moved my chair around so I was beside her, and we dug into the crossword. We whipped through the across clues pretty fast, and then hit a stumbling block.

"What's a nine-letter word for elephant?" she mused. "A nine-letter word."

We bantered back and forth with crazy ideas, and then I got it. "Pachyderm!," I shouted. "Try Pachyderm."

She did, and it fit perfectly. She squealed with delight, and her left hand that had been on the table moved to my thigh and gave a squeeze. I reached down and covered her hand with my right hand, and pressed her hand to my thigh. Nothing sexual, just a confirmation. She left her hand on my thigh, and we continued the crossword. I left my hand on hers, and reached over with my left hand to steady the newspaper while she wrote with her right hand.

I was very aware of her hand on my thigh. It was slightly awkward, for both of us. I mean, what would have been more efficient and natural would have been for her to have both hands on the table, writing with her right hand and steadying the paper with her left. But she kept her hand on my thigh. I liked that.

After awhile, she took her hand from my thigh and did the natural thing, which is what I just described. I guess she thought it had become a bit awkward to keep it on my leg. I put my right hand over her left, and gave a squeeze. She turned her hand over to grip mine, gave her own squeeze in return, and so we sat holding hands. I liked that, too. It seemed natural. It was loving.

I thought about that. If I were dating someone and sat at the table holding her hand, it would be a definite message. It would not be casual. I wouldn't do it with someone I didn't care about and from whom I wanted more. My Mom sure wouldn't do it with anyone, except me or my Dad. Yet, here I was, holding Mom's hand like a lover. Sons do have a definite advantage, I realized. We might have to go much slower with our Mother than with a date, but we sure start at the 30 yard line.

After we finished the crossword, we refilled our coffee cups and carried them into the den. We sat on the couch, both kind of turned toward each other. I was on her left, so I had my right leg bent onto the couch, while her left leg was similarly bent toward me. We were close enough that our knees lightly touched. That it was the same position I had been in with Mary the night before was not lost on me and, for a minute, my mind wandered and my dick hardened.

"Bill? You in there?," Mom asked, to bring me out of my reverie.

"Oh. Yeah. I was just thinking."

"It must be hard for you," she said, and then she blushed a little bit. "Thinking, I mean, must be hard for you."

We both laughed, and I didn't acknowledge the slip in what she had just said. "Yeah, all that thinking. I'm not used to it," I replied, and she bent to get her coffee cup from the table. While she was doing that, I used the opportunity to reach down and adjust myself in my pants. I don't know if she noticed, but she gave no indication that she knew what I had done.

We talked. How long was it since Mom and I had just sat and talked? Before, when she tried to get me to talk with her, it was awkward for her, I'm sure. She always tried to engage me in conversation and I always resisted, answering in monosyllables and never initiating anything. This time it was different. I engaged with her, and we had the back-and-forth free flow conversation we used to have.

Before I knew it, it was noon. "You want some lunch, Honey?," she asked, and I readily agreed. She fixed bacon and tomato sandwiches, and my mind immediately went to the last bacon and tomato sandwich I had, at Aunt Ellie's.

That raised my dick again, and I furtively adjusted it as I stood beside Mom and the counter.

Mom said nothing, but I knew she had noticed. This was at least twice now that I think she might have seen me adjust my hard dick. Yes, I was young and it was often hard, but she had to wonder if it was hard for her. "That," I thought, "is a good sign."

We ate our lunch, still talking about our stupid President, the weather, global warming, and anything else that came to mind. Talking with Mom, I realized, was just as much fun as chatting with Mary. Mom was equally smart, equally well-informed, and equally engaging.

"Your father will be home in a couple of hours," she said, and I realized it was after three in the afternoon. "Do you want to stay for supper?"

"No, Mom. I'd better get back to my apartment. Classes start again day after tomorrow, and I need to get some reading done." I didn't tell her that I wanted to emphasize that our time together was our time together. I would continue, of course, to have times when I was with both of them, but I wanted her to know that there would be some times that were for her alone.

We walked to the front door and she said, "Well, I have loved this. Thanks for visiting your old Mom, Bill."

I turned to face her as we stopped. She was letting her hair gray naturally, and had it cut in a short bob, I think they called it, with a kind of long bang that hung naturally across her left eye. I can't describe it properly so you can envision it, I guess, but it was quite attractive and sexy as her hair kind of fell over her eye. I reached up with my right hand and tenderly pushed her hair back from over her eye. When I did, I let the palm of my hand rest on the side of her forehead. Normally, that would have caused an immediate scold that I was

messing her hair, but she said nothing. She leaned forward slightly to push her forehead into my hand.

"Can I kiss you, Mom?," I asked, softly. I moved my hand around behind her head, and she leaned into me, keeping her eyes on mine.

This was a test, I figured. If I dove in with mouth open and tongue wagging, that would be it. She would recoil and reprimand me. So, I didn't do that. I met her lips with mine, and gave her the most tender, loving kiss I could bring, without any tongue at all. She responded in kind, and I have to tell you something. I've had passionate kisses before. I always, since I learned how to do it, considered myself a pretty good kisser. But I don't know if I had any kiss before that had as much love, and as much promise, as that kiss.

"Whew," she said when we finished and were just looking in each other's eyes, our faces still close enough that I could feel the breath of her words on my lips. "Where did that come from?"

"It came from the heart, Mom. I've realized lately that I have not been loving you the way you deserve, and I want to change that."

She kind of giggled, somewhere between a giggle and a soft laugh. "Count me in, then. That was a good start, William."

I kissed her again, just as before, and then turned to go. "I'd better get moving or we'll still be here kissing when Dad walks in the door," I said.

"Ha. We wouldn't want that, would we?," she replied, again giggling.

"Uh, uh," I said. "We've got to have our little secrets." And I left, with her standing in the door to watch me as I backed out the driveway. I waved as I

drove away, and she waved back. Two good ideas, planted, I thought. First, that I loved kissing her. Second, that it was something Dad shouldn't see.

My dick was a damned iron rod. You would think, after the workout Mary had given it the night before, the old boy would need a rest. All I could think about was how much fun I had with Mom, and how hot those kisses had been.

I had a pretty busy schedule for the next couple of days. I visited Mary a couple of times, and talked with Carol and Aunt Ellie on the phone. Our little Billy was a busy boy. That Saturday, I called Mary and she asked if I could come over that afternoon, since Roger's Dad was away on a weekend golf trip.

"I'd love to, Mary, you know that, but I think I should go have dinner with Mom and Dad. Is that okay?"

Mary was a gem. "Of course it's okay, Bill. It's better than okay. I know what you want, and it seems like you are starting on the right path to get it. If you want to come by after you leave them, though, it will be okay with me. If your mind is too full of other things, that will be okay, too. We'll always have our times together."

I had been texting Mom a couple of times a day, in addition to calling her sometimes during the day. Usually there was no reason to text or call, and I told her I was checking in to see how she was. She seemed to love it, and started texting me during the day, too. Before you knew it, we were texting like teen-aged lovers. Not the words teen-aged lovers use, understand, but in its frequency. We quickly reached the point that there was always a text pending an answer, either from her to me, or from me to her.

I texted her, then, and asked if I could come for supper.

"Of course," she responded. "Any special requests?"

Sitting there with my phone in my hand, I wondered if I should keep it innocent, or push a little bit. We had restored our previous pattern of joking and banter, so I thought, "Let's see."

I answered, "Maybe a string bikini?"

She didn't respond immediately, and I thought I had blown it. "Oh, boy. How do I fix this?"

Then her response came. "Boiled, or fried?"

Whew. Crisis averted. She took it as a joke, and that was good. What was even better is that she knew I wanted to see her in a string bikini, which she had never and would never own, but that was tantamount to telling her I saw her in a sexual way.

I knew not to push it. I had made my point. "Oh, okay. Neither sounds appetizing. How about spaghetti?"

"Done," she replied. "Come over when you want."

When I got there, a little after noon, and went in the back door, Mom was standing there waiting for me. She wore a pair of jeans and a soft pastel green cashmere sweater. Her hair was perfect, and she had done her makeup. She looked delicious. She came into my arms and we hugged - our new, full body hug, with me not trying to hide anything. Again, I was hard for her and, again, I didn't know if she could feel it or not. I didn't push it into her, but I didn't pull it away from her, either.

"Your Dad's in the den, with his nose buried in the game."

"Ummm. Could I have a kiss, then?"

I asked for a couple of reasons. I wanted to abide by Mary's guidance, and allow Mom to call the shots, every time. I also wanted her to know that our kisses were between the two of us, and hidden from Dad.

She leaned her head back and gave a half smile, then closed her eyes and pursed her lips. Her mouth was slightly open. I took the back of her head with my right hand, pulled her face to me, and put everything into that kiss that I could. I still didn't go for it with tongue and gaping mouth, but like her, I had my lips slightly parted. We kissed for a moment - a gentle, loving kiss - and then parted. She looked in my eyes, and I went for another.

Mom finally pulled out of my arms. "I've got to get the sauce started. I can't stand here all day making out with you," she said, lightly punching my chest. "Go in and tell your Dad hello."

Ah. So we were making out, were we?

When I went into the den, Dad was glad to see me.

"Where have you been?" he asked, laughing. "The roads blocked between your apartment and here? It must have been a month since you were in this house."

I loved hearing that. It told me that Mom might not have mentioned to him that I had been visiting her sometimes during the day when he was at work, and that we had just spent practically a whole day together. Why not? Why would she

not tell him? Was it because she thought what we were doing together might need to stay a secret?

After talking with Dad and discussing our chances of making the play-offs, I returned to the kitchen to be with Mom. She poured us wine and we sat and talked. I noted that she was particularly animated, but she seemed a little nervous, too. I didn't know if I was pushing too much, doing it at just the right pace, or what. Funny, she seemed to be keeping her arms crossed over her chest, and I remembered why Mary did that. "Jeez," I thought, "What if Mom has those same killer nipples as Mary?" My dick sprang up at the thought of Mom's tits.

This was our new pattern: talking, laughing, communicating, kissing, and all the while, me with a diamond cutter hard dick.

When she stood to call Dad to come eat, I quickly took her in my arms and bent down to kiss her neck, right where it joined her shoulder.

"You bad boy," she whispered, pushing me away gently. "Behave yourself." When Dad came in, we were at opposite sides of the kitchen, as if nothing had happened.

Dinner was great. We all sat at the table, and I told them what classes I was taking in the new semester. They were both very interested, and several times I noted Mom was looking at me with a wistful smile on her lips.

After dinner, Dad returned to the den and another game, while Mom and I cleaned up. I was the designated dishwasher, and several times our hips bumped as we worked. After one of them, I wound back and gave her an exaggerated and purposeful bump on her hip. She responded with her own exaggerated bump, saying, "Watch it, Buster. This is a one-butt kitchen."

We both laughed. I said, "And what a butt it is, Buster," and we laughed again. I was flirting like crazy, and she was not telling me to cool it. Since I knew her mental process involved discrete decision points, I figured she had decided that our kisses were okay and that my flirting with her was okay.

When we were done, we went into the den to watch television with Dad. He was in his chair, and Mom and I sat together on the couch. We sat fairly close to each other, so we could both see the TV, but not touching. Mom had her legs bent at the knees under her, and her hands in her lap. After a bit, I reached down and took her hand in mine, and we held hands. Our hands were down on the couch between us, so it was not so obvious. From time to time I would give her hand a squeeze, or she would give me a squeeze, and the other would respond with a squeeze. In my mind, it was two lovers holding hands and giving secret messages through the squeezes. In her mind, as I now knew, it was a Son innocently loving his Mother.

She took her hand away after awhile so she could reach forward and take her wine glass from the table. Since she had her legs bent at the knee so her feet were pointing toward me, I put my hand on her ankle and squeezed. I kept my hand there, softly rubbing occasionally and squeezing with a massage-like motion. I didn't move it up her leg - just kept it on her ankle. I wanted it to not be threatening, but I wanted it to convey a signal, an emotion.

After a couple of hours, I said I should go. Mom and Dad walked me to the door. Dammit. I wanted her to walk me alone so I could get another kiss, but that didn't happen. I hugged Dad goodbye, and then turned to hug Mom. She came to me, but kept her body back so we didn't have a close hug, and she kissed me on the cheek.

"Don't be a stranger, Billy," she said. "I'm always here, you know," and I left.

Driving away, I thought about what had just happened. She had hugged me more in the way we had hugged before, and not with the obvious love with

which we hugged now when we were alone. Her kiss was more perfunctory, and not at all like the last kisses we shared.

"She didn't want Dad to see," I said aloud. "She knows we're doing things that he shouldn't know about."

Dick. Hard.

I called Mary with my cellphone, and hurried to her place. She met me at the door, I took her face in my hands, and we kissed deeply. She moved her hand down and put it on my hard dick.

Mary was in my arms, and Mom was in my mind.

## Chapter 6

The new semester started like a marathon, with the crowded runners all trying to get a step ahead, and bumping and jostling. I said before that it was like putting your mouth on a firehose, and it was. We had hundreds of pages of reading a night, writing to do, and there was not a spare minute. Literally. Not a spare minute. I would fall asleep at night with a book in my hand or my fingers on the keyboard, and wake up in the morning to finish whatever it was I fell asleep with. I didn't have time for anything extra-curricular. I had called Carol, Bridget, Aunt Ellie, and Mary, dear Mary, to explain, and each of them was completely understanding.

But Mom. I didn't even try to explain to her. I wanted to be with her every minute and, whenever my mind wandered, it was to her.

We established a pattern. Mom and I would text throughout the day and, when I could get a minute, I would call her, just to chat. She knew the pressure I was under. But Saturdays were for us. I made sure of that. Where before I would have buried myself in a cocoon and tried to avoid her and Dad at all costs, now I hungered for our time together. And that was Saturdays, and sometimes Sundays.

The first Saturday after classes resumed, I was too swamped to do anything but text her to say I would not be able to visit that weekend.

"Oh, Honey. I was looking forward to seeing you. Are you okay? You do whatever you have to do. I'll be here waiting for you when you can come."

Hmmm. I liked that. She didn't say, "We'll be here waiting for you..." She said, "I'll be here waiting for you." I liked that. I texted back.

"There's an incentive. Let me try to get caught up this week, and I hope I can come next weekend. Will that be okay?"

"Of course, Silly Billy. Just let me know."

So I did. I worked my ass off to get ahead of the curve. I was inspired. I may have been an average student before, but now I was inspired. I had to get enough ahead so I could have time with Mom. Sometimes I laughed at it. I'd look around the lecture hall when we were all together, over a hundred of us, and I'd wonder: How many guys in here are busting their asses so they can get time to try and fuck their Mothers?

Because that was my goal. I wanted to fuck her. She wanted my love. I knew what I wanted. She knew what she wanted. At some point, maybe the two would come together.

So, the next Saturday I made a point of texting her early in the morning to ask if I could come for supper. She replied enthusiastically, and I studied hard so I could have the time. When it came time to get ready, I was as nervous as when I was dressing to go to Mary's house for dinner. I finally settled on the khaki pants and oxford shirt, again - my wardrobe was limited - and with a text to Mom that I was on the way, headed out.

When I got there, she was waiting for me at the back door, just as the previous time. I don't know how long she had been standing there, but the door opened as I walked up the sidewalk from the driveway.

"Get in here, Mister! Where have you been?" She grabbed my hand and pulled me through the doorway, then put my hand around her back and leaned in to hug me. This time there was no preliminary hug. We went straight for the kiss and, I have to say, it was passionate. You might wonder how a kiss without tongue or anything can be so passionate but, for me, it was. As we ended the

kiss, she leaned back, took my hands to hold them, and said, "Let me look at you."

Well, I wanted to look at her, too. She had on black yoga pants (yeah, remember those from Mary?) and a light blue vee-neck sweater. The sweater set off her hair perfectly, and her eyeliner, I noted, was the same color. Had she dressed especially for me? We usually were pretty casual around the house in the evening, but she was anything but dressed casually. She was hot. I looked at her, up and down, and she could tell its effect by the look on my face.

I pulled her in for another kiss, and this time I let my tongue flick against her lower lip and tentatively explore her slightly open mouth. She was hesitant, but her tongue joined the play, very tentatively, but it was there, nonetheless.

My God! I was passionately kissing my Mother, and she was responding. I don't know if you have ever gotten a first kiss from your Mother like that, but I hope you have or that you do in the future. It was mind-shattering. I cannot adequately describe it. The first kiss from your Mom like that is the one kiss that you will remember the rest of your life. It's like your first kiss ever, but on steroids.

Our hands were clasped between us. I released mine, and reached up to hold her face as I kissed her. My tongue getting more bold, and being met with some boldness of hers, was enough to make me almost explode. I moved my right hand from her cheek and cupped the back of her head. She put her arms around my neck, and pulled tightly me into her. If she couldn't feel my dick, then I don't know. She had to feel it, pulsing between us.

Long before I wanted it to end, she pulled away, suddenly seeming shy or, maybe, even a little upset with me.

"Go and say hello to your Father. He's in the den." Then she turned and went into the kitchen. That was it. Just "Go and say hello to your Father..." Was she angry? Was she disappointed? My heart sank at the thought that I might have screwed this up. But she responded to me, didn't she? Didn't that mean something? I didn't know.

But you can rest assured that I watched her ass as she walked away from me to the kitchen. How could I not have fully appreciated that ass before? Oh, yeah, I was always focused on it, but damn. That was a fine ass. The yoga pants formed it perfectly, and emphasized every crease of her butt.

When she reached the kitchen she turned to see me standing frozen, staring at her ass. She motioned impatiently toward the den, and mouthed, "Go!"

Whew. Busted twice in a one minute period. First I over-kissed her, if that's a word, then I got caught perverting on her ass.

I went in to see Dad, and we talked for awhile. I don't even remember what we talked about, for my mind was focused on Mom. When it became clear he would rather get back to the game, I went into the kitchen. Mom was standing at the sink, with her hands holding the edge of it. Her posture was stiff. I walked up to her, put my hands around her to rest on her little belly, and hugged her from behind. She put her hands on mine, and leaned her head back on my chest.

"You have to keep that from happening again when your Father is here. What if he had walked in and seen us? You have to be the strong one."

My heart leapt. She had not said, "That can't happen again, ever." She had said, "...when your Father is here." She had said, "You have to be the strong one." Did that mean she was the weak one? Did that mean her desire had overcome her?

I bent my head down and, since her head was leaned back onto my chest, I bent down and kissed her neck, right in front of her clavicle. "I'll be careful, Mom. No one can ever know. I'll never do anything to hurt you."

She sighed, squeezed my hands, and I said, "I love you so much." She pulled my hands from her stomach, turned around, pushed me out of the way, and walked to the refrigerator.

"Get those rolls out of the oven, Honey, and I'll get the butter." Matter of fact, all business, no funny stuff Mom was back. Her demeanor was so normal that I wondered if the last five minutes had happened at all. How could she be so passionate, apparently, one minute and then the next minute be so matter-of-fact? I was standing there with my hard dick and my heart aflutter, and she was bustling around like nothing had happened between us.

She flapped her hands at me. "Scoot, Dude! Get it on the table."

I scooted.

Dinner was good, and the mood was upbeat. I feared that Mom might be a little subdued and standoffish, but she wasn't. She was practically ebullient. She made jokes, laughed, and Dad and I were right along with her. We had fun together, and it was so much fun that I can't even remember what we had to eat. I do remember that Mom was radiant. My mind kept wandering, though, and several times Mom or Dad had to get my attention to repeat what they had said.

"Bill. Where on earth is your mind tonight?," Dad asked, after he had to jolt me out of my reverie the second time in five minutes.

"I'm just preoccupied with school, I guess. They give us so many cases that we have to memorize that I wonder if my brain can hold it all. They give us reading

at night, and woe be to the one who cannot answer a question about a specific case the next day. Maybe I should be a truck driver."

Mom and Dad both laughed. What I had told them was not the truth. The truth was that I could not get my mind away from that first real kiss with Mom. She actually let me have some tongue action with her. Surely she knew how that would affect me. Surely she wouldn't have done it if she didn't have at least a little of the same feelings and desires I had. I kept going to what she had said. "You have to be the strong one." What the hell? My uber-strong, always Ms Business Mom, not the strong one? She was always the strong one. There was never any question in our family who was in charge. Mom was always, always in charge. What she said, went. She was the planner. She was the organizer. When she made her mind up to do something, or to have Dad or I do something, it got done. Period. As Dad and I both knew, it was futile to try and resist her decision on anything.

I couldn't help but think to myself as I looked at her, chattering away and acting perfectly normal, "You know, if Mom decided she wanted to fuck me, or anyone, that's the way it would be." I wondered if Mom had ever fucked anyone else since she married Dad. I couldn't imagine it, but then a couple of weeks ago I couldn't have imagined her letting me slip my tongue in her mouth while we kissed in the foyer.

"So which case are you reviewing in your mind right now, Bill?" Mom reached over and pinched my cheek, like she had always done to get my attention.

Damn. I didn't have a case in mind. What I had in mind was my Mother, giving me a blowjob.

"I guess *Hawkins v. McGee*, the Hairy Hands case." That was a case that was taught in many first year law schools, and had even featured in the movie, *Paper Chase*. I couldn't think of a better one. I recounted the case to them, and explained how it illustrated the principle of expectancy, the heart of contract

law. When their eyes started to glaze over, I laughed. "See what I'm telling you? Boring, and we must have dozens of them like that. Hell, hundreds of them."

Mom reached over and rubbed the top of my hand. "You'll do fine, Honey. Just keep working at it. Anything good is worth the work you have to put in to get it, you know that. Now, elbows off the table."

So off my mind went off on a tangent again. What did she mean? Was she talking about us? Was she talking about law school, or about us? Why did she have to revert to Bossy Mom, telling me to get my elbows off the table? What would it be like to fuck her? "Touch me there. Lick that. Suck on my tits. Rub your tongue over my nipples. Don't use your teeth. Faster, faster..." I laughed.

"At least you've still got your sense of humor," Dad said. "If you can still laugh at it, then it can't be all bad."

After dinner we went into the den and Dad put another game on. He was immersed in it immediately, while Mom and I snuggled on the couch the way we had before, Mom on my right side and each of us turned toward the middle so that our knees almost touched. As Mom and I talked I couldn't help it, my eyes kept darting to the vee of her sweater and to her breasts, to see if I could note any nipple action. My eyes kept darting to the camel toe her pussy made in those tight yoga pants.

Mom snapped her fingers at me and, when I looked up at her, she mouthed silently, "Bad boy. Behave yourself. He's right there," flicking her eyes toward Dad.

I chuckled, and in an exaggerated way mouthed silently back to her, "OoooKayy," and that got a laugh from her. I reached over to take her left hand, and she pulled it away.

"Bill, there's a chill in here. Get the blanket so I can put it over me," she said in a louder voice.

I jumped up to get a blanket out of the blanket basket, and handed it to her. After I sat back down, this time moving close enough to her that our knees touched, she spread the blanket over our laps and reached for my right hand. She squeezed it and rested both our hands on her ankle. After holding hands awhile, like shy teen-agers hiding any affectionate touches from their parents, I released her hand and rested my hand on her ankle. She put her hand back on top of mine, and interlaced her fingers with mine. This time, I didn't restrict myself to her ankle, but gently rubbed up her leg to her calf, gently squeezing as I went. Her hand was still on top of mine, but she didn't prevent me from touching her calf.

That might sound like much to you. "Wow. So he got his hand on her calf. Big deal." But to me it was a big deal. We were keeping it hidden under the blanket, so she knew clearly that it was a forbidden touch. She didn't stop me, so she either liked it or was willing to let me enjoy it, even if she didn't like it. It was a lover's touch - innocent enough on the surface, but with volumes of hidden meaning for what might come.

After awhile, Dad yawned, Mom yawned, and then I faked a yawn. Mom and Dad may have been tired and yawning legitimately, but I was so excited that a yawn was the last thing that would have come out of me.

"Time to trot off to bed, I guess," Dad said.

I hoped Mom would let him go to bed and stay alone with me, but she answered, "Yes, the night may still be young, but we're not. OK, Bill, time for you to scoot back to your apartment. When can you come back?"

They stood up, so I did too. "How about next weekend? That okay?"

Dad started to walk upstairs, and Mom took my arm to walk me to the back door. "Sure, Honey," she said loudly enough for Dad to hear. "We'll have the soup on."

As we neared the corner to turn to the foyer at the back door, Mom glanced to her right to make sure Dad was continuing up the stairs. As soon as he topped the stairs and turned to go into their bedroom, she pulled me around the corner and put her arms around my waist. Wasting no time, I bent to kiss her lips and this time I didn't hesitate to use a little tongue. I gently sucked at her lower lip, and then flicked my tongue along her lip and into her mouth. She met my tongue with hers. Although there was not the spit-swapping passion I wanted from the kiss, it was definitely passionate and besides, it was Mom. Jeebus. I was kissing Mom.

She put her hands on my chest, rubbed them against it, and then pushed me away.

"Can't take too long, Honey. He'll wonder where I am," she whispered as she looked into my eyes.

I leaned forward, pulled her to me, and kissed her forehead. "I love you, Mom. I do."

"I know you do, Honey. I love this change in you." Then, with a stronger voice she said, "I love you, too. You know that, don't you?"

I kissed her forehead again, took her hand and squeezed it. "Of course I do, Mom," and I left.

As I drove to my apartment, my head was swimming with the memory of those kisses. If we never went any farther, if I never got to make love to her, those kisses might be enough. The forbidden aspect of kissing her like that, and her responding, was not lost on me. I kept saying, out loud as I was driving, "My God. Mom kissed me!"

## Chapter 7

That's the way it went for the next several months. I was so stressed with studying that my extracurricular activities went to almost nil. I visited Mary a couple of times, and each time was breathtaking, but that was about it. I had a pattern of trying to make it to Mom's every couple of weekends, at least, for a delicious meal and even more delicious kisses. For over a month we hardly progressed beyond the furtive kisses when I arrived and when I left.

About mid-semester I texted Mom on Saturday morning to elicit an invitation to supper, and she quickly responded. "About time," she texted. "Get over here, Bucko!" She then texted immediately after, "And don't block the garage door. Dad went to the hardware store and library, so he'll be getting home by supper."

I knew what she was telling me. After our first deep kiss, I had texted her the next day with something like, "That kiss. That was the best kiss I'll ever have in my life."

There was a pause, and then she responded, "Becky is a beautiful girl. Of course it was a good kiss. You two are a cute couple."

She had made her point. What is said face to face is between two people. What is texted is between two people, and potentially the world. There would be no sexting with Mom.

I responded in kind, "Damn right we're a cute couple," and it was never mentioned again. Mom and I had a secret between us, and that secret had to be maintained absolutely.

So I knew what she was telling me. Dad was not there, and wouldn't return for hours. I needed no more encouragement than that, and set a land speed record to get there. With my classes during the week and Dad's being home on the weekends, our chances to be alone had dwindled to nothing. Our kisses had progressed to more and more passion, but we were always so rushed that I couldn't move past that. Not that I was dissatisfied, you understand, for kissing Mom like that was beyond my wildest dreams.

But I wanted more.

I hoped she wanted more.

When I got home I jumped out of the car, slammed the car door, and ran to the back door to find it already open and Mom waiting there. I stepped in, closed the door behind me, locked it, and took her in my arms for a deep, deep kiss.

I kind of laughed inside, thinking of the old country song about what goes on behind closed doors. If any neighbors saw me arrive, they would simply have seen a guy running into his house. They might wonder why, but would probably conclude that I had to pee really bad, or something innocent like that. They might have seen Mom standing there, with a big smile on her beautiful face. A Mother welcoming her Son home. They would have seen me step in, and close the door behind me. Because of the curtains on the door window, they would have seen nothing more.

They certainly would not have seen a Mother and Son fall into each other's arms, engaging in a passionate kiss that was much more appropriate for lovers than for Moms and Sons.

We never know, do we? We never know what happens once the door is closed, or the window shades drawn. What secrets lie in households all across America? All across the world? If a conservative figure of one in 33 women have engaged in sexual contact of some sort with a son, then how much of it is going on at any time? Could it be happening right now in America? Could there be, somewhere in America, a son slipping his dick deep into his Mother? Right now? Do you know someone who's doing it? Chances are, yes. We think we're each so unique, but we're not. The lust I felt for my Mother was, I thought, unique to me in that moment. But it's not. Every man wants his Mother. Research tells us that every woman has fantasized about her son, at some time in her life. Put the two together, and you realize that none of us is unique in that. We just need the opportunity, the situation has to be right, the mood has to be right, and then the sparks can fly.

Mom and I took advantage of our opportunity. After our first kiss she took me by the hand and led me into the den, where we sat together on the couch.

"Listen for the garage door," she cautioned me. "He shouldn't be home until about five, but it could be earlier." She texted him to ask if he was at the hardware and, when he replied he was, she put the phone down and looked at me.

I loved that. There was no wondering anymore if she knew what was going on in my head. She knew we were doing something forbidden and we were co-conspirators in hiding it from Dad. Her words were music to my ears.

I was again sitting on her left side and I put my right arm around her shoulders, pulling her into me and kissing her deeply. Before, I had fantasies about those passionate spit-swapping kisses with her that lovers share. Now there was no

longer a need to imagine them. We were there. Mom was trying to suck my tongue from my mouth.

Moving my left hand from her back, I put in on the right side of her ass. This was, believe it or not, the first time I had touched her butt, other than the clumsy gropes every teen-aged boy tries with his Mother. I caressed her ass, moving my hand over the top of her thigh, close to the Holy of Holies. She pulled back and said in a teasing voice, "Bad Boy. You shouldn't be touching your Mother's butt like that."

I was speechless. I have noted that there is a time when a woman uses a teasing voice like that. Her voice takes on a low, sultry tone, or she may use a teen-aged girl speech pattern. It may be a whisper. Every woman seems to have a phrase that she likes to use. It may be, "Pickin' on me," or "Teasing me," or "What are you doing?," but the words don't matter. What she's saying is that she is liking what you're doing and wants more. I guess the words are meant as encouragement, or an ice breaker (as if ice could exist in a heated moment like that), or an acknowledgement of where you're bound. I interpreted those words from any woman, and interpreted them from Mom in that moment, as saying, "I like what you're doing, Mister." Maybe I was wrong, but dammit, it's my assessment of the moment, so there. She said, "Bad Boy. You shouldn't be touching your Mother's butt like that." What she was really saying was that I was doing something deliciously forbidden and that she was a willing participant.

Maybe I shouldn't have been touching my Mother's ass like that, but as long as she didn't say, "NO!," I was going to keep on doing it. And I did.

Clearly, in those sequential decision points through which she was progressing, my hands on her ass had been accepted. This, in my mind, was a major step forward. Yes, deep and passionate kisses are hot, but touching intimate parts of her body was much hotter. This wasn't my grabbing her butt and getting my hand slapped away with an admonishment. This was caressing the ass of the woman who had birthed me, and having her approval to continue doing it.

We parted, and looked in each other's eyes. Mom whispered, "This is going pretty fast, Bill. You know we can't do what you want, don't you?"

I caressed her face, tracing its features with my fingers. "Mom, I don't care what we can, or can't do. I love you. Loving you like this, if it's all I can have, is the best thing that's ever happened in my life."

"Oh, God, Bill. You're going to be a good lawyer. You always know the right thing to say." She wasn't saying it in a negative way, as if she thought I was just trying to tell her what I thought she wanted to hear. She was saying it as an acknowledgment that it was the truth, and that I loved her that much.

We rejoined our kissing, and I gently pushed her back until she was reclining with her head on the padded arm of the couch, with me laying on top of her. Her legs were still off the edge of the couch, and I was fully stretched out. My dick, the hardest it had ever been, was firmly pressing against her left thigh. If I wondered before if she could feel it, there could be no doubt now. It was a little uncomfortable, though, being caught in my underwear, so I raised up a bit and reached down to adjust it with my left hand, leaving my right hand to continue stroking her hair.

"Does that thing ever go down?," she giggled.

Oh. My. God. "This is moving pretty fast," I thought to myself. My Mother just referred to my dick, the dick that was permanently hard for her.

"It doesn't go down when it's around you. I don't think it ever will."

She smiled, a serene and satisfied smile, and I kissed her again, and this time I couldn't help it. I made small hunching moves with my dick against her thigh.

She responded with a burst of passion in her kiss, putting her hands on the back of my head and pulling me into her as she raised her body to meet mine.

Now there's something I've observed about women. The "no-touch zones" are not equally prohibited. Maybe it's just me, but it seems that the ass is the least restricted sexual touch. It's kind of the first thing you can touch. I'm not explaining it well, but you might be able to touch a woman's ass and get away with it, while at the same moment if you touched her pussy you might find yourself under sexual assault charges. Anyway, and this is based on my limited experience, a woman's breasts are more protected and much more a restricted zone than her butt.

All that is just to explain what was swirling in my head, and that was whether I could make a move on Mom's tits and not destroy the moment. "What the hell?" I thought to myself. "She just told me that, in this moment, '...we can't do what you want.' " That was tantamount to saying, "But you can continue to do what you're doing." If that's the case, I decided, then let's push the envelope a bit. At the worst, she'd push my hand away but we'd still have the kissing. She liked that too much to stop it.

It might have taken you a minute to read that and consider it, but the thought went through my brain at light speed. My hands were again caressing her face as we kissed, and I moved my left hand down to gently cup her right breast. She stiffened, and I thought, "Oh, no," but then she relaxed immediately and continued to kiss me.

Brother, I worked that tit. She was wearing a soft tee shirt and what seemed to be a thin bra, and I could feel the nipple pushing against my palm. Her nipples were not as big as Mary's, but they were substantial, and hard as rocks.

I reached down, pulled the bottom of her shirt from her jeans, and reached my hand to her stomach. It was soft and warm, and I gently rubbed it. Moving my hand slowly upward, I finally reached her breast. Now I was caressing her

breast with only the bra keeping me from having it fully in my hand. I slid my fingers under the bottom of the bra cup and slid the bra up, releasing her breast.

I can't describe it. I know I've spoken in superlatives about my experiences thus far with Mom. The first kiss on the lips. The first real passionate kiss, the best kiss I will ever receive in my life. The first time I touched her ass in a loving way. The first time she acknowledged my hard dick.

And the first time I touched her bare breast. Until you have held your Mom's bare breast in a passionate moment, with her allowing and encouraging it, you have never really touched a breast. Mom's breasts were on the small side, and I knew she was self-conscious about them. For me? There have never been a more perfect set of breasts on a woman than hers. I lightly pinched her nipple with my thumb and forefinger and twiddled it back and forth, eliciting a moan into my mouth. It was a drawn out, "Mmmmm," that spoke volumes.

I broke our kiss and scooted back on the couch, raising her tee shirt away from her body so I could see that tit. It was, as I had always imagined, beautiful. Her skin was pale and creamy, the areola was between a brown and a pink color, and the nipple was standing perfectly erect. That was going to be a great tit to suck, I knew. She laid her head back on the arm of the couch, and when I broke my eyes from her breast and met her eyes, they were slightly closed in perfect satisfaction.

"The most beautiful thing I have ever seen in my life," I whispered, and started lowering my head to take it into my mouth.

Whirrrrrrr.

The damned garage door was opening. Goddammit! He couldn't have given me five more minutes? He couldn't have stopped for gas? The lights couldn't have been red the whole way?

Dad was home, and his son was laying on the couch with his Mother's naked tit in his hand.

Mom jumped up, pulled her bra down, tucked her shirt back into her pants, and ran for the kitchen. I adjusted my dick, pulled my shirttail out to hide it, and grabbed the remote to turn the TV on.

Dad came in, saw me, and said, "Hi, Champ. Whatcha doing?"

"Oh, I just got here. Looking for the game."

He took the remote from me, clicked right to the game channel, and then sat in his chair. "Honey? I'm home."

Mom responded from the kitchen, "Hi, Love. You were gone a long time. Get everything? Want me to bring you a beer?"

She delivered his beer, in a glass as he required, and gave me a sideways glance as she walked back to the kitchen. She was smiling. Thank God. She was smiling.

I called out, "Mom, you want me to help you?"

"Sure, if you want. You can cut some veggies for snacks before supper." Dad was getting a little overweight, and she had him on a raw vegetable regimen instead of his preferred taco chips and salsa.

When I entered the kitchen, she was standing at the sink, her back to me, and with her hands resting on the edge, just as she had been when she read me the

riot act about our kissing in the foyer. I walked up to her, hugged her from behind with my hands on her belly, and whispered in her ear, "He couldn't have stopped for gas, for Christ's sake?"

Mom laughed spontaneously, and then I started laughing. She turned to face me, and we both stood there, just laughing.

"Good God, that was close," she whispered.

"Naw," I said. "It wasn't even close. We had at least 20 seconds to spare."

She laughed again, pushed me in the chest, and said in a louder voice, "Get some celery and carrots from the fridge."

Everything was okay.

When she walked me to the door that night, our kiss was different. It was still passionate, but the kiss was no longer the centerpiece. There was more now. There was the kiss, along with my hands on her ass and tits. She whispered in my ear, "Can you come next weekend, Bill? I hope you have an easier week. A week is a long time to wait."

Oh, the thoughts in my head that night. I had my Mom's ass in my hands. I had my hands on her beautiful tits. I came this close, this close, to having my mouth on her tit, and she was all for it. She had said, "We can't do what you want." She had not said, "We can never do what you want." I was learning in law school that words matter, and the different parsing of those words mattered to me.

Even in my heat, I knew not to rush this. I'd take it a step at a time, allowing her to make her decision at each juncture. I hoped that I had a new baseline in the

liberties I could take with her, but it would be okay if she didn't allow it the next time I saw her. Even if she didn't, I knew I would get back there in time.

And time was what I had. This was my Mother, not some girlfriend who might be here today and gone from my life in a couple of months. Mom would be in my life forever and if it took me a lifetime to get where I wanted to be, that was okay. Her happiness was my goal. I guess I matured a little that night as I thought about it. Before, all I wanted was to fuck her. Now, all I wanted was to love her and make her feel loved.

Our little Billy was growing up.

## **Chapter 8**

The next two weeks were tough. We were nearing the end of the academic year, and every professor seemed to be competing in which one could pile more on us. I wanted to spend time with Mom, but I needed to do well academically this first year. I texted her regularly, explaining, and she understood.

"Mom, I want to be there to get a good meal, but we're getting swamped and I'm struggling to keep up." What I was really saying was not "...to get a good meal," but rather, "...to get a good feel," and Mom seemed to understand without my saying it.

"Honey, no matter what else is going on, your studies have to take priority. You're a man now and you have to make the smart decision, no matter what other desires are influencing you."

That was probably as close to sexting as Mom would ever get. She acknowledged that there was a desire, a major desire, that was foremost in my mind.

As we came closer to the end of the semester, there was a slackening in the study load, and things eased up a bit. I was not at the top of the class, but safely in the top third. I finally had some time to myself. On a Wednesday, my afternoon classes were cancelled and I found myself with a window of free time. I immediately texted Mom,

"Afternoon classes cancelled. Got the coffee pot on?"

She replied immediately, "It's hot and ready." Whew. She could sure say a lot in an innocent text. "Hot and ready." Good Lord, I hoped so.

When I got there she was not waiting for me at the back door, so I let myself in and called for her. "Mom?"

"Be right there," she shouted from upstairs, so I stood at the bottom of the stairs waiting for her. She was a vision as she descended the stairs. She had on the same yoga pants and sweater as the last time I had seen her. She was beautiful.

She came right into my arms and we kissed deeply. I immediately noted, to my delight and surprise as I held her with my hands on her back, that she was not wearing a bra. She was not wearing a bra!

She took my hand, saying, "Do you really want coffee?"

I looked at her and laughed. "Nope. Right now coffee is the last thing on my mind."

She nodded, as if I had said exactly the right thing, and taking my hand led me into the den. We settled on the couch, resumed kissing, and before no time at all were in the position we had been in before when we were so rudely interrupted by Dad's arrival. I wasted no time in pushing her sweater up to her shoulders. I pulled back, looking at those perfect pear-sized breasts, and gave a deep sigh. They were pale, and I noticed she had a small mole on the bottom of the left breast. I could see the blue veins in them, and slight stretch marks - a result of their swelling with milk when she was nursing me. I raised my eyes to hers, and she was smiling slightly.

"Like them?"

"Oh, yeah. I like them. I think they're the most beautiful thing I have ever seen."

She laughed softly. "You loved them when you were a baby. I thought I'd never get you weaned."

"I guess you didn't do a good job, then," I answered. "'Cause I'm still obsessed with them," and with that, I slowly lowered my lips to her right breast.

"Good God," that's funny." she whispered. "You always wanted to start with that one when you were a baby." She reached her right hand down to cup her breast, put her left hand on the back of my head, and pulled me into her breast. I opened my mouth, taking her in, and sucked gently on the nipple. She threw her head back to rest on the arm of the sofa, and sighed.

I focused on the nipple, sucking it, teasing it with my tongue, and rubbing my lips on it. I then sucked practically her whole breast into my mouth, and sucked while I rubbed her nipple with my tongue. I put everything I had into sucking that breast. My entire universe was centered in that breast.

She pulled me off, cupped her left breast with her left hand, and moved my head to that one. I didn't tease this time, but immediately sucked the whole breast in my mouth, using the same lapping movement of my tongue on her nipple. While sucking it I bumped her breast with my face, and she stiffened. Moaning slightly, she pulled roughly at the back of my head, encouraging me to take more in my mouth and, I thought, to suck even more vigorously. I did, and she gave a shudder and a long whimpering and moaning sound. She shivered, stiffened, and then relaxed, releasing my head and pushing me from her breast. I kissed her nipple, and she gave another shudder.

I had just made my Mother have an orgasm by sucking her tits. I'll tell you, there are few things that will ever make you more satisfied and more confident than making your Mom come by sucking her breasts.

She pulled me up to her face, and kissed me deeply.

"Oh, Billy. That was beautiful. You really do like them, don't you?"

"Ya think?"

She sighed. "I was afraid you'd be disappointed."

I looked in her eyes. "Mom, there is nothing about you that could ever disappoint me. You are the most beautiful woman who has ever been in my life, and you always will be."

"And you will always be my beautiful man," she purred, and pushed me back down to her breasts.

I didn't make her come again by sucking them, but I gave those babies a workout. After awhile she pushed me off again, saying, "They're getting a little sensitive, Honey. We'd better give them a little rest."

She pushed me back a little and sat up. She took the bottom of the sweater in her hands and, in that cross-armed motion that is impossible to describe, shucked it off over her head. My beautiful Mother, sitting there on the couch with me, half-naked and with her tits hanging out. They were, I must say again, perfect. They were not so big that they hung down, but sat proudly on her chest. My eyes, as you might imagine, were cemented on them but I finally raised my gaze to her face.

"I love you, Mom. I love you completely."

She looked at me, this time without a smile, and replied, "I know you do, Bill. I know you do, and I love you."

I put my arm around her, and hugged her to my chest. I loved the feel of her naked breasts against me and tore my shirt off so I could feel them, skin on skin. My hand was on her bare back, and I rubbed it lovingly. She lowered her head slightly so she was looking down at my lap, and almost shyly she moved her right hand to put it over my dick.

Here we go again with the superlatives. I know I keep saying it, but it's the damned truth. I don't care how much experience you might have had, but every little step of your way with your Mother is the absolute best you will ever have.

The first time your Mom puts her hand on your hard dick...well...you'll never have it better than that. She measured it with her hand, it seemed to me, and gave it a squeeze. "Feels pretty big, Billy. I've always wondered."

I wanted nothing more than to get it out so she could be sure, and reached down to start to undo my belt buckle.

She stopped my hand with hers. "No, Honey. I know what you want, but not now. I don't want our first time to be hurried, or furtive, or scared. Your Dad doesn't come home early very often, but I don't want us to be interrupted again. Can you wait? Is that okay?"

My heart leapt. Having your Mom acknowledge, while she has her hand on your dick, that she is eventually going to give you a blowjob is almost as good as getting the blowjob itself. Do you understand that? Now there was no more pretense or wondering about what we were doing, and what we were going to do. She had her hand on my hard dick. She wanted it, and she wanted that first blowjob to be perfect, not hurried.

"Mom, you will always be in charge. I will never make you do anything you don't want to do. If you say we have to wait, then we'll wait."

She sighed, a happy satisfied sigh. "I'll make it up to you, I hope. But now is not the right time. Thank you, Honey."

I laughed. "Oh, I think you'll make it up to me just fine. There's no doubt in my mind."

She laughed, too, and any tension that had been between us was broken.

She sat up, and pushed her chest out to me. "Give them one more kiss, Honey, and then I'll have to put your toys away. But be gentle. I think they're a little raw after the workout you gave them."

I reverently kissed each nipple, then she put her sweater back on while I put my shirt back on. She took my hand and led me into the kitchen. "I think we're ready for coffee now, don't you?"

We sat and talked about everything, but that. We didn't have to. We were a man and woman who clearly had a mutual desire for each other, knew the desire would be consummated at some time, and didn't need to dwell on it. There was no angst, guilt, or tension between us.

Now you might be disappointed in me. You might think that I should have whipped my dick out, pushed her face onto it, and gotten that first blowjob. Right then. No waiting. Maybe six months ago I would have done that. But six months ago, I just wanted to fuck my Mother. Now, I just wanted to love my Mom. It was her choice how far we would go, when we would go there, and how we would go there. If she ultimately decided she didn't want it, then I would respect that. I wanted her to know how deeply I loved and respected her, and waiting until she was okay with it was a big part of that.

As the afternoon drew on, I finally stood up. "I'd better go before Dad gets home."

"Yes," she said. "I think that's a good idea."

She walked me to the back door, and we kissed gently and affectionately. The kiss didn't have the passion of the kisses when I arrived, but was loaded with love. We agreed that I would come Saturday for supper, and I left.

## Chapter 9

The next two weeks raced by, without any chance for me to visit Mom again. We stayed in regular texting contact, though, and she understood the pressure I was under. At last the semester ended and, to my great surprise and joy I had finished in the top ten of the class. Me, in the top ten. I guess you can say I had been inspired to achieve, and you would be right. I had studied frantically so I could have free time on the weekends, and I was driven to excel so I could please Mom. Suddenly, pleasing Mom was in the forefront of every thing I did.

I called the other Moms, Carol, Bridget, Aunt Ellie, and Mary, and explained that I was finally free. Aunt Ellie said Robbie would be coming home soon, and hoped I would understand if she wanted to save herself for him. Carol was excited, and said we should stay in touch and she would call me when the first opportunity arose for us to be together. Bridgett said the risk was too great, and she was afraid to do anything at the moment. Mary had a wistful tone when I talked with her. Roger had called recently and seemed a bit warmer. Clearly, Mary's mind was on something other than me at the moment.

For my part, and I hate to admit this because I had pursued each of them relentlessly, I was relieved. My entire focus at the moment was on Mom, and the thought of being with any woman other than her was not appealing to me at all. Besides, as I've said before, time was my greatest asset. I might, and I was making no commitments to myself, I might want them in the future. We remained on good terms - each of them and me - so there were always possibilities if they decided that's what they wanted..

The first weekend after the semester ended, I showed up at home in the early afternoon. Mom knew I was coming, of course, from our texts. When I got there, by luck, Dad had just run out to the grocery for something Mom needed for supper. She met me at the back door, a vision of beauty. She had on a summer-looking casual dress. Mom rarely wore dresses, and this one looked

great on her. The top was cut kind of low across her breasts, and just enough of the top of her breasts showed to make them a mouth-watering sight. Her legs - Mom's legs - were great. Oh, they weren't the shapely things that you might see on a svelte fashion model. They were solid, with slightly thick calves, and I loved them. Mom used to be a runner, and it still showed in her muscular legs.

When she told me Dad was at the store and would be right back, I didn't hesitate to take her in my arms and kiss her. She responded as passionately as she ever had, giving little "mmmm" sounds as we kissed. I held her face, then moved my hands down to her solid ass. Scooting the back of her dress up until it was bunched at her waist, her ass was mine. I slid my hands inside her panties, and held that beautiful butt of hers - the butt that had caused erections for me since I had reached puberty. That was the first time I had my hands on her naked ass, and I loved it. She kissed me passionately, and all the while I was massaging and kneading the globes of her ass. I slid my right hand across her butt until my fingers were at her crack, and slowly moved my fingers down until my forefinger was pressing against her little brown bud.

She gasped in my mouth, and pulled her head back to look in my eyes. I moved my hand from her crack, and returned it to grasp the left side of her butt. She had a half smile on her face. "My goodness, Bill. I may not be able to keep up with you." She then kissed me again, with her dress pushed up to her waist and my hands on her ass. I tell you, life could not be better than it was at that moment. I started to move my hand from her ass around to the front to cup her pussy, and she stopped it with a firm grasp of her left hand.

"Uh, huh, Big Boy. Some things are going to have to just wait. Don't you think?" With that, she took her right hand from around my neck, reached down, and grasped my dick through my pants. She said in her teasing voice, "You don't mind waiting for something you really want, do you?"

I laughed. "I've been waiting my whole life for the thing I really want. I guess I can wait a little more," and she laughed with me. She said, "You might be surprised."

We straightened her dress, I adjusted my dick, and we went into the kitchen. Shortly after that, Dad got home and brought the grocery bags in. This time, Dad didn't go to the den to watch a game, but stayed in the kitchen as we all scurried around to start cooking dinner. When we became more of a hindrance than a help to the meal prep, Dad and I got beers from the refrigerator and went to the den.

I started telling Dad about the end of the semester, and he held up his hand to stop me. "Save it for dinner. Your Mom is going to want to hear this. She's been very concerned about whether you might have been distracted in your studies, although I don't know why. You did finish the year okay, didn't you?"

"Better than okay, Dad. I'll tell you at dinner."

Dinner was joyous. I told them how I had finished so high in the class, and they both were elated. Mom jumped up, hugged me, and kissed me on the top of my head. "I knew you had it in you, Bill," she exclaimed, and continued, "I think our boy needs a special reward for that. What would you really like, Bill?" She looked at me, with a knowing smile on her face.

Hell. She knew what I really wanted. My hands were all over her ass earlier in the afternoon. "Oh, nothing. I have everything I've ever wanted. Just having you two is the best reward I could want."

Mom smiled, an enigmatic smile, and Dad laughed. "You schmoozer," he said. "You're going to go far in the legal profession," and we all laughed. I knew that Mom and I were laughing for a different reason, because I knew she was thinking the same thing as I. I was going to get my special reward. I just didn't know when. Didn't matter. The wait was delicious.

Out of the blue, Dad informed me that he had to leave Monday morning for a month-long business trip. He apologized because he would lose some of our summer together, and I assured him it was okay. We'd have enough time when he got back. "Your Mom is going to be lonely while I'm away, you know. I hope you'll visit more often than usual."

"Oh, I will, Dad. I'll keep her out of trouble," I said, and Mom laughed.

"Bill, you've always been the center of trouble, you and that gang of yours," she said, laughing.

After dinner was over, I helped Mom clear the table and stayed in the kitchen with her to load the dishwasher. Glancing into the den to make sure Dad was deep into the nightly news, I hugged her from behind, rubbing my dick on her ass. "You knew, didn't you? You knew, and didn't say a word to me."

She turned and, taking my face in her hands, gave me a quick kiss. "I just wanted to see the look on your face when he told you. It was priceless. You handled it very well, though."

Mom and I opened a bottle of wine and took it and three glasses into the den. After pouring the wine, Dad raised a glass and toasted my success. I responded, toasting with the hope of his success on this trip, and safe travels. Mom giggled, saying, "Now what am I going to toast?" She paused, holding her glass up. "I know. I'll toast to a whole month, being able to spoil my baby."

Mom and I sat together on the couch again, while we all watched television. We had the blanket over our laps, and my right hand was on her thigh, under her dress. Once I tried to inch it up to her pussy, and she clamped down to freeze my hand with her legs. "Ssssh," she whispered to me. "Don't mess it up with unnecessary risks," and then she leaned over and kissed my cheek. Loud

enough for Dad to hear, she said, "I'm so proud of my son. You have become a wonderful man."

"Yep," Dad responded as he half turned in his chair toward us, "He's become quite a man. We're both proud of you, Son."

Now maybe at that point I should have felt some guilt. I mean, after all, I had just tried to get my hand on Dad's wife's pussy. Maybe Mom should have felt some guilt, because just a few minutes before that, she had put her hand onto my hard dick. I didn't feel guilt, though, and from looking at Mom, she didn't, either. Mom and Dad clearly loved each other, and nobody wanted to change that. In no way did I want to take Mom from Dad. They were a couple. They always would be. But Mom and I had what every Mother and Son want. We had a love between us that was more special and stronger than it had ever been. When we were all together - her, Dad, and me - we were a close family. When it was just Mom and me, we were, well, lovers. What Dad and Mom had together, I could never come between. What Mom and I had together, Dad would never know.

Sitting there holding hands with her, I started to think. Mom was very good at this secret life stuff. Seeing her and me together, no one would ever suspect what was going on when we were alone. She was the perfect, upright Mom she had ever been. No. No one would ever suspect a thing. So. Had she done this before? Had Mom ever had a secret lover? I thought back in my mind, trying to remember if I had ever seen her give another man the secret glances she gave me. I couldn't come up with a single one. If she had ever strayed, I'm sure no one ever knew. And, I said to myself, it really didn't matter. If she had strayed before, if she had ever had her hand on another dick, it didn't matter. She was mine now, and I knew that would never change. I vowed to myself to never take a risk that could compromise her.

Mom cleared her throat. "Bill, now that you have some time off, I hope you'll find someone and start dating again. All work and no play, you know."

Where in the hell had that come from? "...start dating again?" Good God, I had my hands full trying to get in her pants and, once I was there, there wouldn't be anyone else for a long time. "I don't know, Mom. I really don't want to get involved with anyone else right now." I said, "...with anyone else" for her benefit. She knew who I wanted to be involved with. Oh, yes, she knew very well.

Dad turned to join the conversation. "Yep, Bill. You're going to have to get out there. Just the other night your Mom was kind of sad, wondering if you'd ever get married and give us grandchildren. She said she was afraid you were getting all distracted and wouldn't try to meet someone."

It hit me like a bolt of lightning. That was where the hell this had come from. Mom was afraid, she was really afraid, that I would get so focused on her that I would never cut the apron strings and get married. I looked at her, and she had a serious look on her face. She said, "Yes, Bill. No matter what goes on in your life, I want you to find someone special, get married, and have a good life." She said it so Dad could hear, but she was saying much more than simply the words to me. Under the blanket, she squeezed my hand to emphasize her words.

"Mom, don't worry," I said. I'm sure I'll find someone, sometime, and I'm sure you'll have your grandchildren running around. But even when I do, you know you'll always be my Number One Girl and we'll always have each other."

Dad gave a little cheer. "Well said, Bill," and Mom squeezed my hand again.

"That's exactly what I wanted to hear, Honey. Exactly what I wanted to hear."

That night, when she walked me out, she went outside the door with me. The light was off, the night was pitch black, and we were totally alone. She came to

me, kissed me deeply, and took my right hand in hers, pulling it around her to place it squarely on her ass. I needed no encouragement. That ass was mine.

"Bill, I meant what I said in there. I don't know where this is going with us, but the last thing I want to do is to screw up your life. You're not going to be a mama's boy the rest of your life. You're going to date and find someone. You and I will always have each other, and we'll always have this," and she kissed me deeply again. "Promise me."

I could only be honest. She had taught me that. "Mom, I'm sure I'll start dating at some time in the future. I'm sure I'll find someone. But I want you to know I meant what I said in there. You will always be my Number One. Even when I get married, I will want you like this." I squeezed her ass as I said it. "Now, you promise me that we'll always have each other. Otherwise, I can't promise you."

We had been whispering, our faces only inches apart. She hugged me, moved her mouth to my ear, lightly kissed it, and whispered, "Oh, my Bill. You'll have me forever like this, or as long as you want it."

I sighed in relief. "Then forever is as long as I'll want it."

She kissed my ear again, reached behind her to put her hand over my hand that was still clutching her butt, and then whispered, "Then come to see me Monday, Big Boy."

## Chapter 10

I didn't go home on Sunday. I had a promise for Monday, and didn't see how anything I might do on Sunday with Mom could add anything; I could only mess it up. Monday couldn't come soon enough.

Normally I would have slept in on Monday, since the semester was over and I had no classes. While others in my class had arranged internships, I had other plans for my summer and did not want to be burdened with work. Besides, I had my own kind of internship in mind. I was awake Monday morning at the crack of dawn. I knew Dad's flight was a morning one, so I shaved, twice, showered, got dressed, and headed over to Mom's at around eight.

When I walked in the back door she was sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee, and jumped up to greet me. Since the chilly weather had broken, she wore a pair of shorts that she knew I liked and a light blouse. Immediately I could tell there was no bra - her nipples greeted me before she did. We kissed deeply, then she took my hand, clasped it to her breast, and led me to the kitchen. Taking her phone in her hand, she said, "He's at the airport. Let's see if they've taken off yet."

She texted him, "Flight still on time?"

And Dad responded, after a bit, "Loaded and taxiing to take off. Turning off cell now. I love you."

She texted back immediately, "I love you. Call me when you get there," and turned to me. I was eager, shall we say, and got up from my chair to kiss her. She led me into the den, to the couch where we had experienced such fun in the last few months, and we sat down. I couldn't wait. I kissed her, and took her right breast in my hand.

"Hold on, Big Boy. Not so fast," she said. "Let's give it thirty minutes and make sure the flight has left."

That was a long thirty minutes, I must say. We kissed and petted, but she wouldn't let me remove her blouse and the best I could do was get my hands under it to caress her bare breasts. After the time had elapsed, she grabbed her laptop and brought up the airline website flight tracking link. Typing in his flight, the page refreshed and we read, "En route. Estimated arrival 1345."

"Damn," I thought. "She's good at this." I would have been in bed with her as soon as Dad left for the airport, but she knew flights can be cancelled or delayed and there was always a chance he might show up at home unexpectedly. Mom was taking no chances.

She texted him again, "Got off okay? Let me know when you arrive."

We waited. No response. We waited another ten minutes. Still no response. He was on the flight, cruising at 35,000 feet, unaware that within another ten minutes his wife and son would be naked in bed together.

Finally, Mom took my hand and led me up the stairs. "You choose," she said. "Which bedroom?"

Now there was a decision I had not considered. My bedroom, where I had grown from a boy to a man? My bedroom, where Mom had tucked me in at night, and awakened me with kisses in the morning? My bedroom, where I had feverishly masturbated while thinking of her?

Or her bedroom? The marital bed of her and her husband, my Dad? Her bedroom, where they fucked each other?

I thought fast. I guess it really didn't make any difference, but her bed was bigger and I intended to have some gymnastics going on. Plus, I figured that if she were taking any other man to bed as a lover, she would have taken him to her bedroom. Turning left, without saying a word, I led her into her own bedroom.

Now suddenly shy, Mom stopped at the side of the bed and looked in my eyes. "Are you sure about this, Bill? You know this will change everything. Once we go there, there's no going back."

I kind of expected this, so I was ready. "Mom, some things will change. We will be lovers, not just Mother and Son. But other things won't change. I will always love you and respect you, and this can only make it stronger."

She nodded and stood there holding my hand, making no move to get undressed. I unbuttoned her blouse, my hands shaking almost uncontrollably, and removed it. There were those beautiful breasts again, with those proud, hard, luscious nipples. I bent my head and gently kissed them, first the right nipple and then the left. She held my head to her, and I sucked the left breast into my mouth.

I fell to my knees in front of her, hugged my face to her thighs, and reached for her shorts. After undoing the button, I slowly unzipped her shorts and peeled them down her legs. She was standing there in just a pair of purple panties. "What is it with purple?," I thought. "Is that the color of the year?" I leaned forward and gently kissed her pussy through the panties. The smell was strong, not unpleasant, but strong, and I wondered how long she had been creaming her pants thinking about this moment.

After sliding her panties down her legs, she stood there before me, perfectly naked. Mom, naked as a jaybird, with her Son kneeling before her as an acolyte praising his goddess. And she was my goddess. She was absolutely beautiful.

She crossed her hands over her pussy, and I pulled them away. "No. Let me see."

Mom giggled, saying, "Aren't you forgetting something?"

I stood, took off my tee shirt, and removed my jeans and underwear. My dick was throbbing hard, pointing to twelve o'clock, and she reached down to take it in her hand. Lowering her head to look, she said, "Oh, Bill. What a nice one. What a very nice one."

"It's all yours," I replied, and pushed her onto the bed. Maybe I could have come up with a better answer, but what I said was the truth. At that moment, as far as I was concerned, that dick belonged to her and for as long as she wanted it.

Mom took charge. I expected her to do that. She was always in charge, so why should this be any different? She had kept hold of my dick as I laid her on the bed, and swiveled to her knees so she could kneel on the bed at my waist. She gave my dick a few pumps. "You like that, Honey? How many times have you done that to yourself, while thinking of your Mother?"

"Oh, no more than a million and a half, I guess," I replied, and she laughed.

"I thought so. I've always known what you want."

With that, she slowly lowered her head and kissed the head of my dick. Opening her mouth, she slid down on me.

Yep, here we go again. If you have ever watched as your Mom's beautiful mouth took your dick in, then you know what I'm going to say. If you've only imagined it, then you know what I'm going to say.

And here it is. The first time you see your Mother take your hard dick in her mouth, well, you will never see a more beautiful and exciting sight.

She looked up at me, making eye contact, and then gave a suck. Looking down, she sucked more, although still a bit tentatively. She increased the rhythm, and starting pumping me with her left hand while she sucked, more and more eagerly. I looked at her hand, pumping away on my dick, and focused on her wedding band. "What is it with me," I thought. "God, that's a turn on, seeing a woman's hand with her wedding band on your dick."

"Mom, you have to stop. I can't hold it," I said, because I couldn't hold it and didn't want to take a chance of not being able to get it up again. I know I shouldn't have worried about it, but damn, that would have been a disappointment. I had been holding her head as she gave me our first blowjob together... Sorry, let me just reflect on that and relish it a minute. My first blowjob from Mom. The first blowjob she gave me. I'll swear, and swear it all my life, that was a beautiful thing.

I had been holding her head as she sucked me. I would brush her hair back so I could see her face on my dick, so I could see her lips as they surrounded my dick, so I could see her cheeks compress as she sucked. Her eyes were open and occasionally she would come off my dick to look at it closely, then look up at my eyes. A few times the feeling got so overwhelming that I put my hand on the back of her head and pushed down as I hunched up, fucking her mouth. Fucking my Mother's mouth. Fucking Tammy's mouth.

My Mom gave a good blowjob.

I guess we don't often have that as a talking point. Do you think your Mom even gives blowjobs? If so, and chances are that she does, are they good blowjobs? Does she know what she's doing? Does she enjoy it, or is it a requirement and a chore?

Well, I had that answer. Mom seemed to enjoy giving blowjobs and she was damned good at it. Even if she hadn't been good at it, that would have been the best blowjob I ever got. Icing on the cake, though. She was good, and remains good at it to this day.

One more question. Does Mom swallow? I don't know why that makes any difference to us men, but I wondered. "Is she going to swallow?" That was a question that would have to remain for later, though, so I moved my hands from her head, took her under the arms, and pulled her up to me.

She kissed me. She kissed me with the mouth that had just been on my dick. Whew. What a kiss.

I went down to her breasts, and gave them a good working over, alternating from one breast to the other. She loved that. She cupped her breast in her hand, holding my head, and feeding it to me. I knew she was remembering when she had done that for me when I was a baby, and I could only imagine how hot it must be for her to do the same thing for me now that I was a man. Mom loved having her tits sucked.

Raising my head from her breasts, I looked in her eyes and then slowly started inching my body down. I kissed her belly. I could see the stretch marks from her pregnancy with me, and I kissed each one. "Those are from me," I said, and she giggled.

"Yep. Every one of them, you big goof."

Her pubic hair was dark and untrimmed. I liked that. I kissed it, and moved my fingers through it. "I didn't trim it because I didn't want your Father to wonder why," she said.

"I love it, just as it is," I said, and moved my mouth down to her pussy. The lips were glistening with her juice, and I licked gently to taste it. I gave a long lap of her pussy with my tongue, from bottom to top, and looked up at her. Her head was thrown back, and she had her face tensed.

I pressed my tongue in her, then pulled it out and gave a tentatively lick to her clitoris. She jerked, so I did it again. She jerked again. I sucked her clitoris into my mouth, and slid my forefinger into her pussy, curving it up so I could rub her G-spot. She had her hands on my head, and when I did that she bucked up and pulled my face into her. "Well," I thought. "That answers another question. My Mom likes to have her pussy eaten."

Now I got into it. I sucked, I licked, I probed and rubbed with my finger, and brought everything to bear that my limited experience could offer. Whether I was the best pussy eater she had ever had was irrelevant. She was loving it. I slid my middle finger into her to get some lube on it, and then reached down for her ass. I gently rubbed my middle finger around her ass, then pulled my face from her pussy and slid down to tongue her little rosebud. She writhed on the bed, and moaned. Sticking the tip of my tongue in her ass, she bucked again and moaned louder.

"So Mom likes some ass play, " I thought. "This brings possibilities," and I continued doing that. Returning my face to her pussy, I rejoined the battle with her clit and put more pressure on her ass with my finger, slowly - ever so slowly - sliding it in. I felt it pass the ring of her anal muscle, and it slid in as far as I could get it. I didn't pump it in and out, but just held it in her while I sucked and licked her pussy. I could feel the muscle of her anus squeezing with increasing frequency on my finger and then she stiffened, gave a loud moan, and started making a low grunting noise. "Uh, uh, uh...", she repeated over and over, then she collapsed into herself and released my head. I looked up at her, and she was laying her head on the pillow with her eyes closed.

My first thought was, oddly enough, "I don't even remember turning the covers down," but we must have. Or maybe she already had them turned down, knowing I would take her in that bedroom.

I moved up to her, kissing as I went, and let her taste her pussy on my mouth.

"Oh, my Billy. Where did you ever learn that?"

"It's the first time I ever did it, Mom," I laughed. "I guess it's just native ability."

She laughed with me. "Yeah, right. Well, you didn't get that ability from your Father, I'll tell you."

So, key point. Dad didn't eat her pussy the way she liked. Note to self: "Always eat her pussy and make it good."

Her orgasm must have taken a lot out of her, because she just wanted to cuddle for awhile, and I was okay with that. After about ten minutes, I slid my right hand down to cup her pussy. I slid my finger into it, and she was dripping wet. I looked at her, and she gave a slight nod.

It was time.

Suddenly I was timid. I know I had just eaten Mom's pussy and gotten a blowjob from her, but I was hesitant.

"It's okay, Bill," she said. "I want this as much as you do."

I rolled over onto her, kissed her again, and then went down to those tits again. Maybe I would get enough of them at some point, but for now I was insatiable. I loved sucking those tits.

"Nice tits, Mom," I said, kind of smirking.

"They're all for you, Baby" she purred, and I sucked at them again. They were. All for me. I had sucked them as a baby, and now I sucked them as a man.

She reached down with her hand and took my dick. Swiping it back and forth along her pussy to wetten it, she then placed it at the mouth of her pussy. I pushed slightly, and the head slipped in.

"Easy, Honey. It's been awhile," she whispered softly. "Let me get used to it. With the change of life I'm not as pliable in there as I once was."

"Mom," I said. "I don't even know what that means. Does that mean it feels wonderful? 'Cause it does," and she giggled.

I pushed in a bit more. And then a bit more. And then I was in, down to the bottom, and I could feel the head of my dick bumping against the mouth of her cervix. I could feel the absolute warmth, the smoothness, and the moistness as she squeezed my dick with her pussy. She was tight, which surprised me a bit, and made me wonder how much action that thing had been getting, or not getting. I had my dick in Mom's pussy. I had obsessed over this, wanting it, needing it, feeling it, tasting it. And now I had it.

You know what I'm going to say, so this time I won't say it. I'll just let you imagine, if you have not been there yet, how you're going to feel the first time you sink your dick into your Mom's pussy.

We started humping each other and it wasn't long before she gave another shudder, moaned, "uh, uh, uh," and climaxed again. We worked each other rather gently, lovingly, and for me it was the best I could imagine. I had made Mom come by sucking her tits, eating her pussy, and working my dick in her. She knew I had not finished yet, so with her hands on my butt she encouraged me to keep going. It didn't take me long, and I came about a gallon. I collapsed on top of her, and we lay there breathing heavily, with each of us repeating, "I love you, I love you, I love you."

If you're expecting a recount of all sorts of bed gymnastics, you're not going to get it this time. If you're expecting me to say she was screaming, "Oh, fuck me, Big Boy. Give your dick to your Mother," you're not going to get it. It was pretty vanilla fucking, if you want to know the truth. I think Mom was hesitant to really get into it - she wouldn't want her son to think she was a sex freak, would she? But it was the most satisfying sex I had ever had, or that I would ever have. It was not fucking, really. It was making love.

I rolled off her to my side, and traced her face with my fingers. Her face had aged. She had wrinkles on her forehead now, and crow's feet around her eyes. To me, that face was the paragon of beauty.

I tensed, and blurted, "Mom! I didn't even think of condoms. Is that okay?"

She smiled at me. "I wouldn't expect disease to be a problem between us, and it had better never be a problem, Mister. If you're worried about a new brother or sister, don't. Honey, your Mom is older now, and I haven't had a period in a few years."

We lay there, whispering to each other.

By that time it was almost noon. I didn't care, for I just lay there looking at her. I had, to my satisfaction, regained an erection. Mom gave me a half smile, said,

"I don't think I finished what I was doing. You know I hate a half-finished job," and went down to it. She held my dick in her hand, studying it. "You know," she said. "I was not kidding. You have a nice dick, Bill. You're going to make your young wife very happy someday."

I don't think I had ever heard Mom say "dick" before. It thrilled me, and I replied, "Mom, right now I just want to love you. I want to make you happy."

She put her mouth on my dick and sank down on it, again pumping with her left hand while she sucked, cradling my balls with her right hand. If she gave me a good blowjob before, this one was ten times better. She was a woman possessed, sucking, slurping, licking. I knew I wouldn't last long at this rate. A deep groan came from my mouth. "Oh, Mom. Oh, Mom. Suck it, Mom. Suck it for me," and she seemed to double her efforts. I erupted in her mouth. I was going to warn her, but by the time it came I seemed paralyzed. She continued sucking, concentrating on the head of my dick, and swallowed every drop. She'd suck, swallow, suck again, and swallow again, as if she wanted every drop of me.

My Mom swallowed. Wow. My Mom gave a ten out of ten blowjob. Six months ago I could not imagine Mom giving a blowjob. It just was not something I could contemplate. Sure, I wanted it. I had fantasies about it. I wondered if she did it. But I had no idea, until this moment that she would do it with such elan.

We spent that day in bed. In the early afternoon Dad called to say he had arrived safely, and to chat with Mom for awhile. They talked for quite awhile, just as if she had been sitting in the den drinking a cup of coffee. The whole time they were talking, though, she had my dick in her hand while I sucked her tits. I think the little mink was getting off on it. Yet another thing to file away about my Puritan Mother.

We finally showered, together, and got dressed to go out for dinner. Seems like both of us had worked up an appetite. She cautioned me before we left, "Now,

look, Bill. Nothing, no sign of what we have between us, can ever be shown in public. You understand that, don't you? Don't think I'm being cold with you when we're out. It's just that we can never look like anything more than Mother and Son. OK?"

I kissed her.

We got to the restaurant and had a glass of wine together, then ordered. I was famished, and she did a pretty good job with her meal, too. We were nothing but a Mother and her Son, out having dinner together. We chatted and laughed, but there was no touching or hand holding, although I hungered to touch her. At the end of the meal, she looked at me, her face softly lit by the candle in the middle of the table. I had never seen, nor will I ever see, such a beautiful woman, her face full of love. Her slight smile spoke volumes.

"Mom. I love you more than you will ever know."

And she softly replied, "I love you, My Bill. You have always known that, I hope."

In the restaurant we were Mother and Son.

When we returned home that night, we were lovers.

This time, we were more measured and not so rushed to get it done. Mom was a little sore, so we had to take it easy, but that seemed to make the lovemaking even more sensual for me. She finally reached a point where she was too sore, and couldn't do it anymore. She looked at me with an angelic smile, and asked me, "What can I do to please my boy?" I reached around her butt and put my finger on her ass.

She burst out in laughter. "Honey, your father has wanted that since we were dating, and he never got it. I'm not saying no, but that will have to be a special treat for you, just for you. Even then I can't make any promises. I'll try for you sometime, maybe, but I don't know. You're pretty big, and I've never let anyone - anyone - in there before."

Just talking about it, all the while my finger probing her tight little ass, made me as hard as I could be. She again gave me that sweet smile, and licked her lips. "Are you sure there's not something you can think of?"

Of course there was, and she did. Gloriously. After she had gotten really started, she pulled her mouth off my dick and ran her right forefinger down the length of it. She gave me a sultry look - a look I had not seen before from her - and whispered, "My baby likes my butt. What else does he like?" She slowly traced her finger down my ball sack, finally resting it just touching my anus. The sensation was marvelous, and then she took me back in her mouth. She never penetrated, but simply rubbed around the outside, and I came again in her mouth. This time when she looked up at me there was a dribble of come on her lip, and she looked me right in the eyes and licked it with her tongue.

Good God. Mom had a side of her I had never known. She had a side that was a hot, sexy, and giving woman, ready to try almost anything. Where was strict, by the numbers, Puritan Mom?

When we woke the next morning, we were snuggled together, holding each other. I guess we had slept like that all night.

It just felt right. Nothing before had felt so right.

## Chapter 11

Our month together passed quickly.

Mom and I spent almost all our time together, except for her weekly book club meetings. At that, I drew the line. When we were out in public, we were Mother and Son, and nothing more. When in the house alone, we were lovers. We lived as man and wife. We snuggled together on the couch at night, watching movies or PBS programming, and drinking wine.

I had been a busy boy in those times when she ran to the store and left me alone in the house or went to her book club. I had reached out to the gang and arranged a group video chat for the next Wednesday night when I knew Mom would go to her book club meeting at the local library. When the day came and we were all on-line and connected, I wasted no time.

Adopting an exaggerated British accent, I announced, "Lads, it's time to talk about the Grand Strategy. Your Field Marshal has discovered a strategy that will guarantee success in our sacred mission."

There was general laughter and confusion. "What goal? What the hell are you talking about," asked Roger.

One guy was not confused, and that was Robbie. I had invited Robbie to the local brewpub the first Wednesday night after Dad left. When Robbie came in, he had a shit-eating grin on his face.

I immediately braced him. "Robbie, you damned sandbagger."

He laughed heartedly. "Yeah, Aunt Ellie told me everything. I'll bet you were surprised."

"Surprised," I asked. "Are you shitting me? The whole time we were plotting and planning ways to get in our Mothers' pants, and you were getting it the whole time."

He laughed. "Well, we were going to tell you."

"Yeah, but you didn't, did you?"

Robbie laughed again. He was enjoying this. "But didn't you like finding out in your own way, Bill? I'm betting you liked it."

"Oh, I loved it, Rob. I fucking loved it."

I paused, because I didn't know what I could tell Robbie. "Aunt Ellie is the most loving woman I know," I said.

"You said that. From the first time, I've never been able to get enough of her." He paused. "You know, Bill...," then he kind of trailed off and didn't finish what he started to say. I figured he didn't know how much I knew about him and Aunt Ellie, and that she had cautioned him to not say too much.

"Yeah, I know, Robbie." Although I had no idea.

Then we put our heads together and started plotting in earnest. I didn't tell Robbie about Mom and me, but I think maybe he was putting it together. He knew that I was spending the month with Mom while Dad was away and, as I had learned for myself, once you've bedded your own Mom you can kind of

identify others who might be doing the same thing. Those who are in the game can recognize other players, seems like. Despite our best efforts, I think Mom and I put off signals.

"How can we help the other guys get what they want?" I asked Robbie.

"How do you know they still want it?"

I thought. I know my desire for Mom had only grown as I matured, but I didn't know if everyone felt the same way. "Well, I guess that's step one. We have to know they still want it."

"And then what?," Robbie asked.

"Here's a strategy I've come up with, Rob. Tell me if it's consistent with your experience." I had to tread gingerly, because I didn't want him to know I had bedded any of the other Mothers, and I especially didn't want to confess about my own Mom. "It's all about what we want, what our Mothers want, and how we can bring the two together."

"I'm listening."

"We want to fuck our Moms. Our Moms want us to love them, completely and without reservation. They are not going to change. Their desires will remain fixed. So, we have to change. We have to mature enough that we want only to love and to please our Moms and, if we can do that, the two goals can come together." I continued. "It has to be done a step at a time. A man has an on/off switch - fuck or not fuck. Once we make the decision that's what we want, that's it. But a woman makes independent decisions at every little step. 'Do I let him kiss me? Do I let him flirt with me? Do I let him touch my butt?' By the time she gets to the big decision, 'Do I let him fuck me?,' it's not such a big decision.

It's just another small decision in a chain of other small decisions that led to that moment."

I was proud of myself. I had remembered pretty well what Mary had told me, just as she had told me. Robbie nodded sagely.

"I think you're onto something. I think you're right."

"Then let's get it together. I'll arrange a group chat, and we can pitch it to them. Don't let on about you and Aunt Ellie, Rob. They're not ready for that, I don't think," I cautioned him.

So when we had the video chat, Robbie already knew what was coming. I answered Roger, and the group as a whole, and I didn't mince words. "You remember how we used to plan to get our Moms in bed? Well, here it is, boys. Take a minute and think. Do you still want that, and are you ready to work for it?"

It took a moment for everybody to consider his own decision, but soon every split screen image had a head that was bobbing enthusiastically.

"Hell yes," exclaimed Jim. "She still drives me crazy." And then everyone chimed in with their own words of assent.

The one that made me laugh was Roger. "I've fucked every redhead I can find, and none of them have quenched my thirst for Mom." I knew the feeling.

"Okay," I thought. "Step one is a go."

Adopting the British accent again, I said, "Right, lads. We'll storm the bulwarks. We'll overcome their defenses."

There was a chorus of groans, so I dropped the accent. I told them exactly what I had told Robbie, and all heads nodded. They understood. "Okay, then. Step one is that you have to restore your demonstrated love for your Mom. Start texting her during the day, every day. Tell her you love her. Tell her you miss her. Hell, tell her you hunger to see her. That's going to be your homework. Now, can everybody get some vacation and come home in about a month?"

When they all agreed they could do it and we settled on the dates, I told them, "If you have your Mom happy that you're showing her love and she's addicted to your daily phone calls and chats by the time you get here, you're as much as in. That's your homework. Get to it, and start tonight. Call home. Tell her you love her."

I didn't tell them that I had personal knowledge that each of the Moms had a burning desire to fuck her son. Some things are best discovered yourself.

As I said, the month flew by. Soon Mom and I were a week away from Dad's return. She appeared a little sad at times and I knew she was thinking about how our lives had changed.

When we went to bed, we loved. I learned that what Mom had said was true. With the change of life she did not need sex as much as she might have when she was younger, and sometimes it was even painful for her. While she might not have needed sex, though, she desperately needed love. My love. I gave it to her as completely and eagerly as I could. I asked nothing in return, but she was always ready to give. If we couldn't fuck, every night she made sure I had at least one of her killer blowjobs. I'll swear, she seemed to have honed her technique to exactly what I liked, and they kept getting better and better.

She knew I liked seeing her wedding band on my dick. One night she looked up and caught me focused on it while she pumped my dick with that hand. She giggled a little and said, "I think my boy likes seeing his Mom's wedding band on his dick. Is that right? Do you like that?"

I nodded, wondering if she was going to scold me. She didn't, though. She looked down at her hand and said, "You know, I like it, too. Why do you think I always use that hand? You know I'm right-handed. Remember the first time? I used my left hand then, because I thought you might like it, and I think I was right."

That led into a serious talk.

"You know I love your Father, don't you? I loved him from the minute I met him, and that has never changed. Plus, you know, he gave me you."

I nodded again. "I know you love him, Mom, and I never want to do anything to harm that. We're a family."

That was what she wanted to hear. "Bill, women are really no different from men. Sometimes we want something a little different and even exciting. That my something different is with you is just icing on the cake." With that, she bent down and licked the length of my dick. "Hmmm. Icing on the cake."

She looked up at me. "Have you forgotten what I told you we might try?"

Hell, no, I had not forgotten. I twisted around so we were in a 69 position, and dove into that pussy. Eating her pussy like that put the tip of my nose right at her ass, of course, and I loved it. I raised up a little bit and probed her ass with my tongue. She squirmed and took her mouth off my dick. I touched her ass

with my finger, gently pushing the tip of it in. She shuddered, and softly moaned.

She moved to her right and stretched out on the bed, face down. She raised her head to look back at me as I knelt and studied that beautiful ass, and said, "I mean it, Bill. I've never done this before, but I'll try it for you. Promise me, though, that if it hurts too much you'll stop."

I promised, and I meant it. I hoped she would like it as much as I knew I was going to like it, and the last thing I wanted to do was hurt her.

"Okay. Reach in the bedside table drawer and see what's in there."

I did, and it was a bottle of Astrolube. She must have picked it up the last time she went out. I wondered how excited she was to be buying it. I'll bet she looked around to make sure no one she knew was there to see, and I'll bet she had a shiver of anticipation when she put it on the checkout counter. She must have been thinking, at that moment, of her Son sliding in her ass.

I slathered it around her ass.

"That stuff's cold," she laughed, and then gave a little moan when I slid my forefinger in her ass.

"So far, so good," she whispered. "I like that."

Making sure I kept plenty of lube there, I slid my finger in and out, stretching her muscle. When she seemed ready, I lubed my fingers again and this time, slid two fingers in her. She took it easily, and again, I slid my fingers in and out, stretching her. I was as hard as a rock.

"Are you ready to try?"

"Uh, huh. Let's try it. But slow. Give me time to adjust."

"Okay," I told her. As I'm pushing in, you push down like you're trying to poop. That will help."

"William!," she exclaimed. "You act like you've done this before."

I laughed, and she laughed with me. "No, Mom. I just read a lot."

"Right," she answered. "Just go easy."

I squirted a glob of lube on the head of my dick, squirted a little more on her ass, and then put my dick at her opening, Holding myself off her with my arms so I could control it, I gently pushed. The head of my dick slid right into her butt, and she gasped.

"Oh, God!"

"Am I hurting you? You want to stop?"

"No. It's just so big, but it feels pretty good for now. Try a little more."

I pushed again, and she gave a big moan. I could feel myself sliding past her muscular ring, and knew the sailing would be easy now. I paused, allowing her to get accustomed to it.

"Oh," she said. "I feel so full."

I asked if she was ready for more, and she nodded, looking back into my eyes. Good Lord. My Mom was looking into my eyes while I pushed my dick into her ass.

Pushing again, I slid right in, down to the hilt. I held it there, and lowered my body on top of hers. I kissed her cheek, and she turned her face so I could kiss her mouth. We kissed deeply, and she gave another nod.

"Try it, Bill. Go slow, though."

I started slowly, ever so slowly, pulling myself back and then pushing into her again. She started moaning, a continuous moan, and before long at all she had a rockingly powerful orgasm. She groaned loudly, and it became almost a scream. I could feel her ass spasming as it clinched tightly on my dick. "Oh, oh, oh," and then she collapsed beneath me. I stayed in her for a minute, then slowly pulled out. I expected my dick to be a little soiled, but it wasn't

I jumped up, ran to the bathroom, and quickly washed my dick and hands with soap and water.

"What are you doing?," she asked, and I was afraid she might fear I thought it was dirty.

"We're not finished, I hope, and I don't want my lover to get a vaginal infection, so I'm washing up."

I turned, and saw her smiling. "I'm glad you know what to do, Bill. You're taking care of me, aren't you?"

"Now, and always," I laughed.

I returned and laid beside her, cuddling her as we whispered to each other.

"Well, what did you think," I asked.

"I have to admit, I kind of liked it. Couldn't you tell? What about you? Did you like it?"

"More than liked it. I loved it. Because it was you, I loved it."

She sighed. "Bill, I couldn't give you my virginity..."

I snorted. "Ya think?"

She continued, "... but I could give you that. Even if I hadn't liked it, I was determined to do it for you. No one will ever be there but you, Bill. That's special between us."

"Then that means we'll do it again?" I couldn't hide the hope in my voice.

"I liked it, Bill. I really did. I think we'll do it again."

And we did. We had a week left, and we took advantage of every minute of it.

Dad got home on a Friday afternoon. I was in the den when he got there and, I have to admit, I was a little nervous. Would he be able to tell? Would he sense,

somehow, what we had been up to? Would he suspect his son had gotten a blowjob from his wife, not thirty minutes before he walked in the door? But Mom, she was as cool as a cucumber. There was absolutely no indication anything was different with her. She met him at the door with a big kiss, and curled her right leg behind his to add a little oomph to it. Her reaction calmed me a lot. I thought, "Well, if she can do it, so can I." But I also had to think, again, "I wonder if she's done this before?"

Dad came to me and I hugged him. "How'd it go, Dad?"

"Good," he said. "How were things here? Keep your Mom out of trouble?"

I laughed. "Her? Trouble? Oh, please. Miss Goody Two Shoes?"

He laughed, too, and any tension I might have felt was broken.

## **Chapter 12**

With Dad home now, the opportunities for Mom and I to be together were limited. I visited her almost every day, and we would sit, drink coffee, and talk. Occasionally, she would sense my need and give me a quick blowjob in the den, but I knew she didn't like taking the risk. At least once each week, though, she would devise an excuse to come to my apartment and, after locking and bolting the doors, we would be free to do what we wanted.

I expected my desire for her to cool after awhile. You know it always does, doesn't it? You're hot for a woman at first, can't get enough of her, and then after a period, the excitement wanes. But it was not that way with Mom. Each time we made love, it was like the first time. I couldn't get enough of seeing her take me in her mouth, looking into her eyes as she guided my dick into her, and watching her as she put her ass up for me to take it.

The gang finally assembled, and we all got together at the brewpub where we could get a private room. After a lot of friendly banter, arm punching, hugging, and general craziness, we got down to business. I went around the room.

"Jim? How's it going with Carol?"

"Man, I don't know why I didn't do this before! When I arrived at the airport she was there without Dad to pick me up. She kissed me right on the mouth, and I'll swear I think there was a little tongue. When we walked out to her car, she hugged my arm and pushed her tits right against it. Since then, we've been pretty affectionate when Dad's not around. I thought I'd push it a little bit, and last night when she kissed me goodnight, I used a little tongue. I think she liked it. She looked surprised, but I think she liked it. She sure got into it, I've gotta tell you."

"Good job, Jim! You're there. Just don't push too hard. Okay, Robbie, how about you and Aunt Ellie?"

"Well, you know Aunt Ellie. She is full of love. I've been hugging her tightly, and if she's not feeling my hard dick, then I don't know. I'm going to have to go slow with her, because I don't want to hurt her feelings, but I think I can get there."

To my credit, I didn't laugh. "...think I can get there," indeed. "Okay, Robbie. Just go slow. You don't want to scare her. Lars? What about the beautiful Bridget?"

"I'm being the perfect loving son. I hold her hand, kiss her whenever Dad's not around, and remark at how beautiful she still is. Sometimes she looks at me as if she knows something's up, and is waiting for me to do something. I've kind of hit a roadblock, though. I mean, you guys know how intimidating she is."

"Oh, yeah, Lars. I know. Look, have you thought about being open with her? A woman as beautiful as Bridget is used to men hitting on her and begging her. She's not so used to a guy who knows what he wants and takes charge. Give that a try."

"Hmmm," Lars said. "You're right. I'll try that."

"And Roger? Any progress with Mary?"

"She touches me all the time. You know, just touching my arm, or when we're sitting down, putting her hand on my leg. I've noticed, too, and you're not going to believe this, but when Dad isn't there she doesn't wear a bra around the house. Guys, her nipples are beautiful."

"Great, Roger. She's sending you signals, for sure. Ramp it up a bit. When the time seems right, ask if she would be offended if you tried to kiss her. Then go for it, and make it a good one."

Robbie jumped in. "What about you, Bill? Any luck with the ice queen?"

I laughed. "I've been going gradually, letting her decide at each step if it was okay. I have her kissing me now when Dad's not there, and she calls me her 'Mad Kisser.' She always meets me in the foyer when I visit, and Dad's usually in the den, so we have time for some kissing. Tonight, I'm going to visit and the kisses are going to the next level. I think we're ready for it."

Every dick in that room was hard, I'm sure, even the statue over in the corner. Each of us was thinking about his own Mother, and I'll bet each of us was thinking about every other guy's Mother, too.

In a couple of days we met again. We went through the round robin, and everyone had made tremendous progress.

Jim had advanced, he reported, beyond his expectations with Carol. He said they were frequently making out like teen-agers, and he had gotten her blouse and bra off the previous night. Everyone applauded. I could see in every one of my friends' faces, "So, it can be done."

Lars jumped right in. "Same with me. She's been taking an hour to get her makeup on and look good every morning after Dad leaves, and I just couldn't take it anymore. I finally told her she had been teasing me for years and I was not going to take it anymore. I took her in my arms and whispered in her ear, 'Mom. It's time you gave me what I've wanted my entire life.' She said she was afraid because she had so much to lose, but she didn't say no. You would not believe how passionately she kissed me after that. I had my hands all over her butt, and she was moaning like crazy."

Robbie, rather shyly, confessed that he had convinced Aunt Ellie to consider making love with him. He said he told her how much he loved her, wanted her, and needed her. He said Aunt Ellie hardly objected to the idea, saying she knew what he had always wanted. I suspected that was pretty much how it had gone when Robbie first got with her, because he had a wistful look on his face.

When Robbie recounted his success, there was a general "aaaah" from everyone. Everyone of us had loved Aunt Ellie in such an innocent way that I'm sure no one could imagine her in bed. No one but me, of course. Or, maybe I was wrong if they had seen her lately and realized how pretty a woman she was.

That left Roger. I knew how much Mary wanted Roger, and I knew she was going to fuck his socks off when he got there, if he played his cards right.

"Roger?" I asked. "You going to break the sweep we're on?"

"I would never have thought it of Mom, but she is one sexy woman. She's always so prim and proper, but lately we've been having some pretty hot sessions when Dad's not there. I tried that idea you had of asking if I could kiss her, and she was all over me. She is a hot kisser, I'll tell you. Who would ever have thought it?," he repeated.

I told them I thought I was making progress, too. "I have Mom kissing me passionately anytime we are alone, and she gives me free rein with her breasts and butt, but nothing undressed yet. I would not have believed it, either, but I think it's in the realm of possibility. I can tell you, the ice queen is melting fast."

I looked around the room and there was nothing but smiles.

I cleared my throat to get their attention. "I'll say this right now, I think everyone is on the short track to success. You just have to keep loving her. Let her know it and keep moving forward, and always give her the decision if what you're doing is okay with her."

I continued, "But that's it, guys. You're on your own now, for one primary reason. You have to show your Mom that you love her, you respect her, and that she can trust you. Trust means that you will always keep the secret between you two. So that means none of us will ever know if you get there. We might suspect, but we won't know. When we were teen-agers, we wouldn't have been able to keep from bragging. Now we're men, and men don't brag. Especially, men protect their Mothers. So, good luck. You might get there, and you might not, but you still have greatly improved your relationship with the woman who loves you the most."

I don't know if I expected an argument from that, but no one did. Everyone agreed. We were on our own, and no one could ever know how it played out.

We ended our session then, and everyone started filing out, high fixing each other. I hung back because it was my turn to pick up the bar tab, and Robbie stayed with me. Standing at the deserted end of the bar, Robbie cleared his throat.

"Uh, Dude. There's something I need to talk to you about. You're my best friend, Bill, and I can't stand lying to you."

Damn. I thought this might come up some day. Mom had made several comments that had made me wonder, and I remembered distinctly when Aunt Ellie said Robbie told her that Mom seemed to like it when Robbie rubbed her butt. "Robbie, don't say another word. You're my bud, and I love you. She's my Mom, and I love her. What happened is between you two. Mom has never mentioned it, and I doubt she ever will. So, let's respect her and not mention it. Besides," I laughed, "I guess that kind of makes us even, huh?"

Robbie sighed in relief. "Thanks, Bill. I didn't know how you would react, but I had to tell you. It only happened a couple of times, because Tammie was terrified you might find out. Just so you know, though, one time she told me she wished it was you, and not me."

"Now, that I can work with!," I said, and we hugged. Robbie and I had always been close, and I think that moment made us closer.

That night after I got home I texted Mom to tell her good night, and that I loved her.

"Thanks, Honey. I was wondering if you were back from your bar klatch yet. Have fun?"

"Oh, yeah," I replied. "Just like old times."

"So, does that mean you were plotting on how to rub our butts? LOL. Can I come see you tomorrow? I need to look at your bathroom to decide what shower curtain we need to buy."

I sent a couple of laughing emoticons, and then, "You bet. I need time with my Mom, even if it's looking at shower curtains."

I laid in bed thinking about it. I can't say I wasn't upset. My strict Mom, always making me tread the narrow path, and she had been sucking Robbie's dick. The look she had given me when I slid in her, she had given Robbie. Robbie got what I wanted, long before I did.

But the more I thought, the less it bothered me. I mean, I had fucked Aunt Ellie, hadn't I? When I did that, I didn't consider Robbie's feelings. Mom was a beautiful woman, and as she told me once, she needed excitement sometimes. What she gave Robbie in no way lessened what she had given me. The truth is, pussy is a renewable asset. Giving it to one person does not diminish how much there is left to give to another. I knew she loved me without reservation. Plus, based on what she had told Robbie, maybe he was a surrogate for me. She knew I wanted her, thought she could never do it with me, and used Robbie instead. I felt much better.

Then I had a revelation. I had made a point with each of the Mothers to emphasize how much her son wanted her, just to plant the seed and see if my friends could make them sprout. What if Robbie had done that for me? As I thought about it, I became more and more sure that he had. That made me feel even better. You could say, as I thought about it, that I wouldn't be where I was now if not for Robbie.

Good old Robbie. But what a damned sandbagger.

I couldn't help but wonder. If Robbie had gotten my Mom, the Ice Princess, in bed, who else had he fucked? Carol? Bridget? Mary? I'd have to talk with Robbie someday, and find out. I wondered if any of my other buds had gotten Mom in bed. My ice queen Mother had a side that I had never suspected. She always had a soft spot for Roger. Hmmm.

The next weekend was the Valley Festival and most of the town turned out. Dad didn't want to go, so I picked Mom up late Saturday morning. We walked through all the exhibits, hand in hand, just a Mother and her loving Son. Nothing to see here, folks. As we were eating our hotdogs for lunch, we heard a voice behind us. "What are you two doing? Hotdogs aren't on the diet," and we turned around to see Carol and Jim. They were holding hands and, as we chatted with them, Carol repeatedly hugged Jim's arm - that patented Carol move. I didn't even have to wonder how Jim was doing - it was written all over his face.

We walked and talked for awhile, agreeing to get together, and then went our different ways. Mom remarked, "Carol seemed happy. She's always bubbly, but that was over the top." She snickered. "I wonder what has gotten into her?" I almost spewed my soda. I squeezed Mom's hand, and she squeezed back. Mom knew, too.

Later we bumped into Mary and Roger. They both looked as if they had won the lottery. Mary said Roger's dad was away on a golf trip and, when I looked at her, I knew. I had seen the special look on Mary's face after a lusty bout of fucking. I'll bet they were at it no more than an hour ago.

Roger went to Mom and gave her a big hug, kissing her cheek and whispering in her ear. Mom nodded in response to whatever Roger had whispered to her. Mary came to me, hugged me, kissed my neck and whispered in my ear, "Thank you, Bill. I love you even more now. Call me next week, OK?"

Mary invited us all to a cookout the following weekend, to celebrate Roger's sister, Laura, having passed her CPA exam. Laura was four years older than Roger and I, and had already left for college when we entered high school. I remembered her as studious and boring, but then, she was a CPA now, so I guessed she hadn't changed much. (Apologies to all the CPAs out there.)

And I did call Mary the next week. As much as I loved Mom, I loved Mary, too.

## **Chapter 13 – The Epilogue**

And that's the way I remember it, just as I've told you. That was almost 20 years ago. Much has changed, and much has remained the same.

Almost all the gang are married now, with wives and kids of our own, mortgages, and all. I think we're happier than the average group of old high school buddies. We're still close, and have a rotating monthly get-together where we go to the home of the month, drink all the beer, and trash the place. Our Moms always join us, since really they were the core of the gang. Since we're all older now, Moms and Sons, there is a lot of light-hearted sexual banter that goes on. I guess we're still teen-agers at heart. It does make me wonder, though, how much cross-pollination there was between our Mothers and us. I suspect, now that I'm older and wiser, there was much more than I suspected. Funny, every one of us has a refrigerator in the garage for the beer. Moms and Sons seem to always go to the garage to get beer, and it sure takes a long time to find it, I guess. No one mentions it. It just happens.

We can have our monthly get-togethers because we all moved back to the hometown to pursue our careers and families. It seems we all wanted to stay close to our Mothers.

Robbie has not married yet. He says he might, someday, but since Aunt Ellie has no one but him, he says he needs to devote all his energy to her. I like that. Aunt Ellie has always given so much. She deserves all of Robbie's love. Robbie's a good guy.

I have three kids: Billy, Tamara (after her grandmother), and Mary Margaret (after her other grandmother). Mary Margaret is smart and focused, with bright red hair and a flaming temper. Tamara is just as beautiful, just as studious, and serious. Billy is smarter than his old dad, plays basketball and baseball, and got several scholarship offers to colleges around the nation. He wants to go to law school. He's in his freshman year at the local university, because he said he just wasn't ready to leave home yet.

I know what you're thinking, and I think you're right. I've noticed the looks he and his Mom give each other when they think I'm not noticing. I walked into the yard shed one afternoon a couple of months ago and when I got the door open - it was blocked for some reason - Billy and his Mom were standing on opposite sides, out of breath, and looking at the yard tools. Why would you be out of breath from looking at yard tools?

I frequently travel for the firm, and either Billy or my wife always text me to see if the flight is on time and if I'm safely aboard. I laugh every time they do it, and imagine what must be going on. To use the old phrase, "Been there, done that."

Then there was the time, a couple of weeks ago, that almost gave me overload. We had all gone to visit Tam Tam and Granddad. Mom and I slipped into the garage to get some more beer, and who was huddled in the corner but Billy and his Mom. They were looking for more paper towels, they said. After they left, Mom and I laughed uproariously. Mom dropped to her knees in front of me, unzipped my pants, and had my dick in her mouth almost before they had closed the door behind them. She looked up at me and said,

"Do you think this is what they were doing?" I blew my load immediately.

About a half hour later we walked back in, still laughing. No one seemed to have missed us. Billy was in the kitchen and his Mom was nowhere to be seen. We walked into the den to see if Dad wanted a beer, and she was sitting on his lap while they played a video game. Mom looked at me, raised her eyebrow, and we both smiled. Hmmm. Mom did say that Dad had a prescription for Viagra.

I love it. I love my entire extended family. Besides, I could hardly be one to criticize, could I?

I stay pretty busy, but I always find time to visit Mom at least once a week. Dad's playing a lot of golf now, and Mom makes him text or call her after every hole to tell her how he did. There have been more than a few times that she has had her hand on my dick and my mouth on her tits while she's talking to Dad. Some things never change. I love her more every day. Our relationship has evolved so that we are not so driven by physical needs, but it's still there for both of us when we need it. It's our special bond. Our Mother-Son bond. In her mid-70s now, Mom is still a beautiful woman, but I have become paranoid about her health. I cannot imagine losing her.

My mother-in-law is just as beautiful, and I must be the most doting son-in-law in the country. My father-in-law is kind of a klutz, and can never repair anything around the house. Seems like every week I have to go repair something, and he always disappears to the country club.

My wife, Laura, is everything I ever wanted in a wife. She is a partner, a lover, and a friend. She's also a great CPA, who works from home now, and a loving Mother. She has red hair, just like her own Mom.

Oh. I didn't mention that? I married Roger's sister, Laura. She was not at all the studious and boring CPA I expected, but a vibrant and exciting woman - just like her Mom. I didn't ask her out when we had that family cook-out, but I wanted to.

I waited until I could talk to Mary. Laying in bed together, I broached the subject. I expected Mary to be opposed to the idea of my dating her daughter, but she was delighted. She admitted that the whole joint family cook-out was hatched by Mom and Mary for the purpose of getting Laura and me together. It worked. Laura and I hit it off immediately.

The first time I kissed Laura, I asked permission. The first time we made love, she was insatiable, just like her Mom. I almost cried the first time I had Laura naked before me. She was the vision of what Mary was when I was a kid. She got those long nipples from her Mom, along with that fire-red full bush. But it's more than sex with Laura. I love her more than I thought I could ever love any woman, other than Mom and Mary.

Which, since I'm older now and often wax eloquent (in my own mind) I have to say, that says it all, doesn't it? We love a lot of people, or at least I do. I love my buddies. I love my other friends. I love everyone in my family. But there are some people for whom my love transcends normal bounds, and I have to admit that sex is a huge component of that. I do not love all the women with whom I have had sex throughout my life. But I love Mom, and Laura, and Mary, and Carol, and Aunt Ellie, and Bridget. Those women, collectively, formed me into the man I am today. I do have my faults, I know, but I love those women because I know they taught me how to love.

When Laura and I announced to the two families that we wanted to get married, Mom and Mary burst into tears and hugged each other. We had convened another family picnic, and everyone was there. Mom and Dad. Mary and Roger's Dad. Roger and his fiance, Susan. Laura and me.

I think Mom said it best. "Mary, I've always thought of you as a sister. I know you always have thought of Bill as your own son," and she winked at Mary, "just as I have considered Roger and Laura to be my own kids. Finally, our families are together."

I have no idea what that wink meant, and I ain't asking.

Remember how Mary had told me the first time we were in bed together that she wanted to dance with me at my wedding and whisper in my ear about the lovemaking we had the week before?

She did.

Roger and I get along great. I think Roger knows about his Mom and me and I think I know about the two of them. Roger is very close to my Mom, and I won't even speculate about what has happened between them. He's never asked, I've never asked, and neither of us has ever said. Between Roger and me, neither Mary nor Mom want for anything, I'm sure.

Pretty complicated, isn't it?

But it doesn't have to be. I can say, in the case of my gang, our love for our Mothers improved and became much stronger once we all realized that Moms and Sons are still men and women. I'm older now and much more sentimental, as middle-aged guys get. I admit that my heart leaps for joy every time I see a Mother and Son walking along, holding hands, and talking like old friends.

As I said before, a player can identify another player.

There are more of us out there than you might imagine.