

The Impossible

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I was 22 and in my junior year of college at a smaller local university about two hours from home. Like everyone in college, I lived for the weekends. I could sleep late, hang out, maybe study a little, and then party with my friends at night. In the fall, there were football games, more parties, and I have to tell you, life was good. There were times, though, when I craved Mom's cooking. On those times, I sacrificed the fun of college weekends for good eating and decompression time, and went home for a couple of days. Since I had no classes on Monday, I could usually stretch the weekend for a day. So, this weekend was one of those and on Friday afternoon I bundled my dirty laundry into the back seat of my car and headed home.

Mom met me at the back door, gave me a big hug, and then held me at arms' length while she looked me from head to toe. "I'll swear, Jamie, you get bigger every time I see you. You're not my little boy any more."

I leaned forward and bent to kiss her on the forehead. "I haven't been your little boy since the seventh grade when I got taller than you, Mom," I said, and laughed. Mom was a package, I have to say. I guess she stood about five four and even though she was on the wrong side of 50, she still looked great. I guess every guy thinks his own Mom is beautiful, but mine really was. Lustrous brown hair, deep green eyes, and a perfect body. Sure, she had put on a few pounds, but I didn't care. What she didn't know, I guess, was that I had a perpetual hard cock for her. I knew what I wanted with her

was impossible, but that didn't stop my fantasies. Yep. Like every warm-blooded male, I wanted to fuck my own Mom. Those thoughts raced through my brain as we stood there, and made me laugh again.

"What are you laughing at?" She asked.

"Oh, nothing. Just glad to be home."

"I'm glad you're home, too. Your Nana is here visiting for a few days, so go and say hello to her." Mom then turned to go into the kitchen and, after admiring her ass as she walked away, I went in search of Nana, Dad's Mom. Nana was the perfect Grandmother. She spoiled us all rotten and was full of love for everyone. I know all the stories about friction between mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law, but I had never seen it between Mom and Nana. I guess Nana was so full of love that even a daughter-in-law could find no fault in her.

My Grandfather had died a couple of years before, and it was tough for everyone, and especially tough for Nana. She lived about a hundred miles from us and, even at that, we were the closest of her children to her. As a result, Dad spent a lot of time taking care of her. He had usually visited at least one weekend a month while Papa was still alive and after Papa

died, Dad went to see Nana every other weekend. Sometimes Mom would go with him, but usually not.

When I went into the den to find her, Nana was facing away from me looking at the bookshelf. I stood in the doorway without saying anything, and watched her for a bit. She was just what you might envision of a Grandmother. She was, well, let's say, "portly." She had a big butt, a huge bosom, and gray hair that she always kept in a bun. We kids used to secretly call her "Aunt Bee," after the character in the TV show about the sheriff in Mayberry, but we'd never let her hear that. This day she had on a dark blue flowered dress and, as she bent over to look at a book on the lower shelf, the dress rode up her legs. She was not wearing stockings and I noted, I don't know why, that she shaved her legs. That made we wonder, "Why?" Mom had always complained about having to shave her legs and sometimes would say that she couldn't wait to get old so she could stop having to do it. I guess Nana didn't share that feeling, though. Anyway, it was just a fleeting thought and I cleared my throat to get her attention.

Hearing me, she straightened up and turned around quickly, a broad smile covering her face. "Jamie!," she cried, and came quickly to me. She enveloped me in her trademark hug and held me close. "Oh, God, Jamie. I've missed you so. How is school going?"

"Great, Nana. How's my favorite Grandmother?" As she hugged me, I rested my chin on the top of her head and rubbed it hard against her scalp. She remembered it and laughed, pulling away from me.

"Still up to the same old tricks, huh? Showing off because you're taller than me?"

"Always will, Nana. When did you get here?"

"Just this morning. I haven't seen your Dad yet, but Laura took me shopping and I got a few things. We had a fun day shopping." I had no doubt that they did - there was always lots of laughter when Nana was around. At that moment, we heard Dad come in and I fell to second place as the apple of Nana's eye. "Brad!," she said. "Stop spoiling your wife and come say hello to your Mother."

Dad came into the den and got his own hug from Nana. "Hey, Mom. I saw you only last month. I'm sorry I didn't get there for a couple of weeks, but work has been crazy. You okay?"

"Sure, I'm okay. I just missed my little boy, that's all."

I laughed out loud. No one would describe Dad as a little boy. I was over six feet, and Dad had a couple of inches on me. Where I was still trim, Dad had some extra pounds and sported a pretty good belly.

The three of us turned as Mom called out from the kitchen. "Anybody hungry?" That was always a rhetorical question in our household. Everyone was always hungry. I could tell by the aroma in the house that we were having my favorite, spaghetti and meatballs, and I wasted no time getting to the table.

Dad turned to Nana and took her arm. "Mom, you want to help me pick out a bottle of wine?" She nodded and, for some reason, seemed to blush as they turned to walk down the stairs to the basement.

Mom was bustling about the kitchen, filling everyone's plate. She turned her head and said to me over her shoulder, "Jamie? Take your dirty clothes down to the basement. I don't want your Grandmother to see them strewn all over the floor of the mudroom." I had dropped them when I came in, and had forgotten all about it. Mom was, to put it gently, a clean freak.

"Sure, Mom," I said. I picked them up and started down the stairs. To this day I don't know why I did it, but I made an

effort to be as quiet as I could. Maybe I wanted to hear if Dad and Nana were talking about me. Maybe I wanted to sneak up on them and scare them. I don't know why I did it, but what I know is that I was about to have one of those life-changing moments.

About halfway down the stairs, I could see over the shelves in the basement to Dad's wine rack where he and Nana were standing. Dad was kissing her and to put it mildly, it was not like anything I had ever seen before. They were really kissing. More, he had her dress pulled up and his hands were massaging her ample ass under her purple panties. "Motherfucker," I hissed to myself, in shock. It was an exclamation of shock, but it was also an affirmation of fact. Motherfucker. They didn't hear me, so I stood there, silent and watching. Dad pulled away from the kiss and Nana, with her eyes closed, raised her face to the ceiling. The look on her face was one of ecstasy. Her dress was kind of low cut in the front, and Dad reached in to pull one of her breasts out of her bra and the dress, and immediately took the nipple into his mouth - but not before I got a look at it. God, her breasts were huge, and her nipple was hard. He sucked hungrily, and she moaned softly. She had her hands around his neck, and took her right hand away. Dammit. She did it. Nana reached right down and put her hand on Dad's cock.

"Oh, Bradley," she moaned. "I've missed that so much. You bad boy, making your Mother wait for that. I had to come to you, if you weren't going to come to me."

Dad pulled his face away from her breast and leaned down to whisper something in her ear. Whatever it was he said, it made her giggle. "I know, Baby. I'll be ready," she said to him. "Now we'd better pick that wine and get up there before we get in trouble."

I knew I was seconds away from getting caught, so I quickly retreated up the stairs and opened the door just enough so I could close it loudly. I walked down the stairs, not trying to be quiet this time, and saw them, standing innocently and looking at the wine labels. "Mom told me to bring my laundry down," I called out to them as I walked over to the washing and dryer.

"We're picking a good red for your Mom's spaghetti," Dad said, as he picked a bottle and he and Nana started up the stairs. Dad was in front, Nana was second, and I was behind her. That position gave me a good look up her dress and I got a new perspective of Nana's legs and that ass that Dad had been mauling only seconds before. Despite her extra pounds, her legs looked pretty toned and now I knew why she still shaved them.

Dinner that night was great, with a lot of talking and laughing, fueled by the togetherness, the good food, and the wine. There were times, though, when my thoughts wandered. My Dad, a Motherfucker. I had no idea. I had

never had any idea. Now I knew why he went to spend the weekend with her a couple of times a month. Damn, I had so many questions. When did it start? How did it start? What was it like? When I looked at Nana, I saw her in a different light than I had ever seen her before. I realized she was damned good-looking woman. Oh, sure, she had extra pounds, but her face was still smooth and she had a beautiful smile. I couldn't wait to tell Robbie, my brother, about this. He wouldn't believe me, of course, but damn. Dad. A Motherfucker.

And there was no doubt they were fucking. Hell, he had his hands on her ass. He had her tit in his mouth. He was kissing her like no Son should kiss his Mother. She put her hand on his dick. Yep. There was no doubt he was fucking her.

After dinner, Nana said, "Laura, you go in the den with the boys and I'll clean up here."

"No, no, Mom. None of that. You go in the den with Brad and pick a movie for tonight. Jamie and I will wash the dishes and be there in a bit. I've got to keep him trained, you know, or he'll forget how to wash dishes. He's already forgotten how to wash clothes."

Nana laughed. "Oh, you do have to train them. I had to train Brad, all the time."

I choked, I laughed so much. Yeah, she trained him, okay. It seemed like she had trained Dad pretty well.

Mom and I did the dishes. I cleared the table, scraping the remains of the plates into the garbage and stacking the plates on the counter. Mom rinsed them, put them in the dishwasher, and then put the pots in the sink of soapy water to wash them. My job was to dry them and put them away. I took the time while clearing the table to look at Mom while she was busy. I have to admit, I was seeing her in a different way. I can't really explain it. After we went to college and had our first real tastes of pussy, Robbie and I used to talk about Mom and wondered aloud whether we could fuck her. Don't all guys wonder if they could fuck their Mothers?

I even, in the crude way of ignorant youth, tried one time. I had just turned 18 and was pretty full of myself. Mom walked by me in the hall and I reached out and rubbed my hand across her ass. I remember she stopped abruptly and practically screamed at me. "James Harrison, you keep your hands to yourself! I'm your Mother, young man!"

That put the end to that. When I told Robbie about it later, he laughed uproariously. "Damn, man. I got the same reaction when I tried it. I should have told you, but I knew you'd try one day and I just wanted to see if you got the same thing." We laughed about it, but that kind of ended our

hopeful belief that Mom was fuckable. Oh, she was fuckable, alright, but not by us.

But now all the rules of the universe had seemed to change. Mothers might be fuckable, after all. I mean, if Dad could be fucking Nana, the perfect image of grandmotherly innocence, then could Mom be fucked? Was the impossible, possible?

I was, as you might imagine, still as hard as a rock from what I had seen, and my hard dick took control. After my last load of plates, I moved behind Mom and put my arms around her, resting my hands on her stomach. I bent down and softly kissed her behind the ear, whispering, "You look great today, Mom."

"Oh, hush," she said, softly, as she hunched her butt back to push me away. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, she hunched back onto my hard cock. She gasped, which told me she had felt it and knew it for what it was. Without turning around, she whispered, "What has gotten into you? What if your Nana saw you doing that with me? Now get control of yourself and go into the family room with them. I'll finish up here and be right in." I knew what she meant when she said, "...get control of yourself." She meant to get my hard cock under control. That meant she knew what I was thinking and this time she hadn't flown off the handle. She had whispered. I don't know why, but that meant a lot to me. She hadn't told

me to keep my hands to myself. She had worried about what Nana would think. Hmmm.

I laughed. I thought if Nana had seen it, she would have known exactly what I was up to. "Okay, Mom, but it's true. You are beautiful. Today and every day." I lightly patted her butt as I said it and turned quickly to go before she could respond. I turned at the door to look back at her, and she was standing there, stone still, with her hands in the dishwasher. "Fat's in the fire now," I thought. "I'll bet I catch hell later." It was worth it, though, because I had had my hand on Mom's ass.

I opened the door to the family room quickly, to see if I could catch Dad and Nana at it again, but there was no joy this time. Dad was on the floor pulling out movies to hand up to Nana to review. She was standing beside him and, title after title, would say, "Oh, not that one. I've seen it."

I sat on the loveseat and watched them. Then it hit me. Dad was sitting on the floor with Nana right beside him. It wouldn't have taken much for him to be able to see right up her dress and I wondered if that was what they had been doing. After a moment's thought, I decided that was exactly what they had been up to. Just then, Nana said, "That's a good one. Let's watch it." Nana walked to the other loveseat and sat in the corner, saying "Come here, Brad. Sit with your Mama." Dad got up and turned around and I could not help

but notice he had a boner of his own, which immediately caused mine to spring up again. Yep. No doubt. They were fucking. How could I not have noticed this before? Now that I thought about it, Dad had always been affectionate with Nana, and she had always doted on him. But fucking? Nana was in her 70's by then, and they were still fucking? Oh, Lord.

With Dad and Nana sitting in the one loveseat, Mom had no choice but to sit with me. As she did, she gave me a wary look and raised her eyebrows at me. I had lived my whole life with her and I knew what that look meant. "Am I going to have trouble with you, young man?" That's what that look meant, and I couldn't help but laugh. That got a laugh from Mom, and caused Nana to ask, "What are you two up to?"

Mom continued to laugh. "Oh, Mom. You know what Sons are like. There's no predicting what they're going to come up with."

That got Nana laughing. "Oh, I well know. Your husband was always a handful." That got me laughing, because the image in my mind was of Nana holding Dad's handful. Now that I knew about them, I started to see a hidden meaning in almost everything Nana said. I simply could not wait to tell Robbie about all this.

The movie started and it was a British detective movie. I was prepared to be bored to tears, but it ended up being pretty good and in no time I was into it. I was so into it that I didn't notice what Mom was doing until she turned and put her legs across my lap. "Honey, I've got to stretch out," she said. "Is it okay?"

It was better than okay. She was wearing loose-fitting shorts and her bare legs were right across my cock. It didn't take long for it to get hard again and I couldn't help it. I put my hands on her legs and pushed them down onto my dick. If she didn't feel it before, she had to feel it then. I knew she couldn't, or wouldn't, blow up at me with Nana and Dad right there so I sat smugly, pushing her legs down onto me. I was expecting a whispered admonishment, but what she said instead surprised me. "Jamie, it's a little chilly. Reach behind you and get that throw for me." I did, and she spread it over her legs. I kept my hands on the top of the cover but then thought, "In for a penny,...." and I slid my hands under it so they were resting on Mom's legs.

Nana looked over at us. "Now that looks comfortable. Bradley, would you mind if your old Mom rested her legs?" Dad looked over and quickly agreed. Nana turned her body into the loveseat as Mom had done and rested her legs on Dad's lap. She said, "Honey, get our throw too. It is chilly in here. Don't you have to pay for your air conditioning?" She laughed as she said it. I guess Dad could have said he'd raise the thermostat, but he quickly grabbed the throw instead,

and spread it across her legs. He wasted no time in getting his hands under their throw.

Now Dad and I both had our Mothers' legs across our laps. Mom was turned so that her back was to Nana and Dad but I was facing forward so I could see them out of the corner of my eye and could see them fully when I turned to look at Mom. Now that I knew what to look for, I was not surprised by what I saw. My hands were on Mom's calves. Dad's hands were much higher up, and I thought he might even have his hand on Nana's pussy. Oh, boy. This was a night to remember.

About halfway through the movie, Nana announced she had to go to the bathroom. Dad said he could go, too, and they headed upstairs. Why they didn't use the downstairs bathroom, I didn't know. Oh, hell. Of course I knew. They were both as hot as firecrackers and they were going upstairs so they could do whatever they were going to do, but in private. I suspected it would be a repeat of what I had seen in the basement.

Mom watched them go and then said, "Come with me in the kitchen and let's get some snacks." I nodded, without saying anything. I figured I was in for a good roasting. I had been rubbing Mom's legs, not going above her knees, but what could have been viewed as perfectly innocent was belied by

the fact that occasionally I had pushed down on her legs against my throbbing dick. Yep. I was in for it.

As soon as we got into the kitchen, Mom turned to face me and I thought, "Well, here it comes. Get ready, Lad."

But she wasn't mad. She said, "What are you up to? Do you know your Father and Grandmother are right there? What if they see you? Be more careful, dammit."

I knew I had some time because I knew what Dad and Nana were probably up to, so I stepped toward Mom and took her in my arms. "Mom," I whispered. "I love you. I can't help it. I love you."

"Oh, Honey," she said. "I know you love me, but I'm your Mother. There have to be boundaries. And I mean it. You can't let them have any idea of what you're up to. Okay?"

I nodded and then slid my hand down to rub across her butt. She hugged me harder and laughed. "God, you're incorrigible. You must be a real menace with the sorority girls."

I laughed, too. "If they looked like you and I wanted them as much as I want you, then they'd be in real trouble." There. I'd

said it. I told her I wanted her. I laughed as I said it, but now it was out there, in full view. She looked in my eyes and I thought that I had pushed it just a bit too far, but she only sighed.

She spoke quietly, emphasizing each word. "Do. Not. Let. Them. See."

"I won't." No, I wouldn't let them see, but I noted that Mom didn't say, "Don't touch me again, you little perv." No, she simply said not to let them see. That, in itself, spoke volumes.

When Nana and Dad got back downstairs, we resumed the movie with everyone sitting in the same positions as before. I wasted no time. Where before I had kept my hands on Mom's lower legs, now I waited until everyone was engrossed in the movie and gently slid my right hand up Mom's leg, above her knee. She put her hand on mine, squeezing, and cleared her throat, trying to get my attention. I remained looking forward without looking at her. After awhile she sighed and released the pressure on my hand. I gently squeezed her leg and softly said, "That's a good girl," lightly stroking her thigh. When I looked at her, she had a quizzical look on her face. The paradigm had shifted. I was taking charge. I took my time, but incrementally moved my hand up her leg, going a little higher with each gentle stroke. When I crossed a boundary she again squeezed my hand, stopping it, but each time she eventually eased up and left my hand where it was.

I was a college student. I was a master of slowly getting to the right place. It was all about pacing. You want your hand on her pussy. She may want your hand on her pussy. But if you go right there and grab it, you're going to get shut down and slapped for good measure. But take your time, ease up there, and you'll get to your goal. Sometimes. I hoped this was one of those times, so I kept it up.

Mom's shorts were loose in the legs, as I said, so eventually I had my hand under her shorts on her upper thigh. I could sense her breathing, and it was getting deeper and slower. She knew exactly what was going on, and she was as aware as I that my hand was mere inches from her pussy. What would she do when I closed those inches? Would she freak out? Would she let me?

There are some questions that can't be answered until you try. So, I tried. I slowly, ever so slowly, eased my hand up until the backs of my fingers brushed against her pussy. She stiffened and jolted as if she had an electrical shock. She grabbed my wrist and squeezed, hard, and tried to pull my hand away. I rubbed her pussy lightly with my fingers and she eventually relented, breathing even deeper by that time. I'll swear, I think I detected a slight hunch against my fingers. I know I detected a downward push from her lower legs, still resting on my hard cock. She knew. She knew exactly what I wanted. She wouldn't let me get my fingers inside her

panties, but she let me rub her pussy on the outside. As I continued to rub, there was no doubt that she was making slight hunching movements against my fingers. I could feel the moisture of her pussy as she soaked herself.

Not a word was said by anyone. Mom's eyes were fixed on the movie. I couldn't let myself look over at Nana and Dad because I was afraid my face would give away the fact that I had my fingers on my Mother's pussy. Through the corner of my eye I could see that Dad and Nana were focused on the movie, too, and I wondered what was going on over there. To an outside observer, it must have looked like that was the best movie ever, with four sets of eyes glued to the screen. I wondered if any of us knew what was going on in the movie, though. I know I didn't.

With no warning, Mom pushed my hand away and jumped up. I had no idea if she was going to storm away or not, but she just said, loudly enough for everyone to hear, "Damn, it's cold in here. Jamie, do you mind if I lay down so I can cover myself with the blanket?"

"Sure, whatever," I said and without another word she laid down with her head in my lap and pulled the throw over her. She could have laid down the other way, but she chose to lay with her head in my lap. She was laying on her side so her cheek was resting against my cock. I don't know if she did it because she wanted to get my hand off her pussy but

if that was the case, she hadn't counted on her face being on my hard dick.

"Well, I'm cold, too," Nana said, and assumed the same position with Dad. I noticed she didn't ask if it was okay with him. I was sure it was. Mom didn't even notice, I don't think, because she was breathing just as hard as she had been before. Mom was always a sucker for a head rub, so I started lightly running my fingers through her head and scratching her scalp. She sighed. If she had been a cat, she would have purred.

I kept that up for awhile, and then put my hands under the cover so they were both resting on her stomach. I noticed she had a little pooch going on. She had put a few pounds on and I could tell, but I didn't care. To me, her stomach felt soft and womanly, and I loved it. I started rubbing her stomach and again started the upward movement of my hand, but this time the goal was her boobs. She had her hands on the outside of the throw and couldn't really stop my hand without it looking obvious. At any rate, I wasted no time in getting to those breasts. In my rational mind I thought if she had let me rub her pussy, she wouldn't object much to feeling up her tits. It appeared I was right.

She was laying on her left side, and I moved my left hand up until it was at her breasts. I don't know why I hesitated. I had had my fingers on her pussy, but those breasts were what I

fantasized about. Finally, after that pause, I lightly rubbed my hand across her nipple. I could feel it through her bra, and it was as hard as a little pebble. I pinched it lightly, eliciting another jolt from her as if she had been shocked again. I cupped my hand and took her whole breast in it, squeezing gently. She couldn't help it. She moaned softly so only I could hear, and I squeezed again. They were not very big, but were a nice handful.

She must have read my thoughts. She turned her face upward and whispered, ever so lightly so no one else could hear, "I wish they were bigger, like Nana's."

Whoa. What was that about? A little envy? Did she know what was going on between them? It didn't matter to me at that moment. Dad and Nana were engrossed in the movie - sure, they were - and were not paying any attention to us. I bent down and whispered at a level that I wasn't sure even Mom could hear, "I think they're perfect." I couldn't hide my grin. Mom was talking to me about the size of her breasts, and if that's not a sign I was going to be in there, well....

That must have been the right answer, because she sighed.

Before any of us knew it, the damned movie was over. I wished it had gone on for many more hours. Dad took the remote and clicked the television off, then both Mom and

Nana stood up and folded the throws to put across the backs of the loveseats. Playtime was over, for all of us. I wondered if either couple had an inkling what the other couple had been up to. I was the only one who knew both sides, and my suspicions were answered when I noticed the flush on Nana's face.

Nana said, "Well, it's late for an old lady, so I'd like to go to bed."

"Okay, Mom," Mom answered. "We're putting you in Jamie's room because Robbie's is an absolute mess and I'm leaving it that way to teach him a lesson. Jamie, you'll have to sleep in the basement. You can sleep on the couch down there, but don't be up all night playing video games. Okay?"

"Sure, Mom." So 30 minutes ago I had my fingers on her pussy and two minutes ago I was playing with her boobs, but now she was Mom again.

"I have to use the bathroom, then I'll get some sheets for you and be right down to help make a bed. You brush your teeth and I'll meet you there. Mom, the sheets on Jamie's bed are fresh and you have his bathroom."

"Okay, Mom," I answered. There was no doubt I'd be right down, because I wanted to see where this was going. I must

have broken a land speed record in brushing teeth and getting downstairs and I didn't even pay any notice to what Dad and Nana might be doing upstairs. When I got down to the finished part of the basement, I opened the door and saw Mom, bent over the couch and making a bed for me.

I quickly made it over to her and put my arms around her, from behind. This time I made no pretense of being discreet. I pushed my cock against her butt and pulled her back onto it. She straightened up and put her hands over mine, turning her head to the side so she could lightly kiss the corner of my mouth. "Things got a little out of hand up there, Jamie." She seemed sad. "I hope you don't hate me." She sounded like she might be crying a little.

I wasn't ready for this. I was ready to throw her on the couch and fuck the shit of her. I wasn't ready for tears. "Mom," I groaned. "Are you kidding me? I love you. I have always loved you. You're my Mother. How could I hate you?"

"Because it was my fault all that happened. I should have stopped you." She turned in my arms and I hugged her, all thoughts - well, some thoughts - of sex forgotten. What I had to do in that moment was to reassure her, and I tried my best.

"I wanted that to happen. I love you. Please don't think what we did was wrong. For me, it was the most right thing I've ever experienced."

"Oh," she said. "Of course I've always known. When you boys turned 18, you became animals. But I thought it was a phase you both would pass through. All the books said it was a phase you'd pass through. I guess the books were wrong."

"If it's just a phase," I said, "I hope it lasts for 50 more years, because that's how long I'll still be wanting you."

Wait a minute! She had not said, "...a phase you would pass through." She said, "...you both." What had Robbie been up to that he had not told me about? He was at a school out of state, and I noticed he always seemed to time his visits home to times I was committed at school and couldn't get away. What the hell?

With my thoughts elsewhere, it must have seemed to Mom like I was waiting for her to say or do something. She angled her face up and lightly kissed me on corner of my mouth. She sat down and patted the cushion to her side, inviting me to sit. She didn't have to ask twice. As soon as I sat down, I took her in my arms and kissed her for all I was worth. I put everything I had in that kiss. She was hesitant at first, but

then she relaxed in my arms and gave it right back. Damn, she seemed hungry for it, she kissed me with such passion. This time, there was no hesitation as I reached to hold her breast. She arched her back, pushing it into my hand.

Quick as a wink, she stood, turned, and sat down in my lap, facing me with her legs outside mine. She bent down to kiss me again, and the race was on. I put my arms around her, my hands on her back, and then slid them down until I was cupping her ass. She pulled back, reached down to the hem of her tee shirt, and in a single movement pulled it up and over her head. She looked in my eyes and said, "You want to do it, or should I?"

Ever the quick study, I said, "What?" She sighed, smiling, and reached behind her. Pulling the straps off her shoulders, she spun her bra around, unsnapped it, and threw it over the back of the couch.

There they were. The breasts I had fantasized about. The breasts I had spent hours trying to get a peek of. The breasts I had felt every time she hugged me. They weren't big, not like Nana's, but for me they were perfect. They were milky white, scattered with freckles, and the nipples were standing proudly at attention. I reached up and took them in my hands, looking into her eyes. She smiled, and I understood Madonna's famous smile. Leaning forward I took first the one, then the other, nipple in my mouth, sucking hungrily.

She leaned her head back, moaning, and put her hand on the back of my head, holding me to her tit. I sucked. I licked. I nibbled. I did everything I could imagine with those perfect breasts. I had been massaging her breasts with my hands as I sucked. With my right hand, I reached down to her pussy and slid my fingers inside the leg of her shorts. To my surprise, she had no panties on and my fingers immediately touched her bare pussy. She must have taken her panties off when she went to the bathroom. I didn't pause but a moment, and slowly and gently slid my finger into her pussy. It was as wet as I could have hoped, maybe wetter. Working my finger in and out slowly, I ran my thumb across her clitoris. If she had given jolts upstairs, this time it was like she had been electrocuted.

She had been holding my head to her breasts, and she took her right hand and put it right on my hard dick. She moaned. I moaned. My Mom had her hand on my cock. Could anything ever be better than that? She rubbed it through my shorts while I slowly, and then more quickly, fingered her pussy. She was hunching involuntarily and as I fingered her faster, she humped faster. She squirmed on me, moaning softly. Then more loudly. "Yes, like that," she whispered, and I continued doing what I was doing. Sucking her tits. Fingering her pussy. Tweaking her clit. She quit moaning, held her breath, and then started the whimpering, squeaking little sounds of a woman having an orgasm. She squeezed my dick, shuddered, and then collapsed forward onto me, resting her head on my shoulder.

"Oh, my god," she said. "Oh, my god." I had given my Mother an orgasm, and I don't think any woman in the future could ever give me a greater gift.

"Mom, I love you. I want to fuck you so much I can't stand it." I had heard Mom say "fuck" before, so I thought it was safe to say it, but I wasn't totally sure. But hell. I said it.

She stroked the back of my head. "We can't do that. I won't let us. I won't do that to your Father. But be patient, Honey. I'm sure I can make you happy until you meet some girl who will be your wife."

I laughed. I couldn't help it. "I won't do that to your father?" Hell. He was probably getting a hummer from Nana right now.

"What are you laughing at?"

"I'm laughing because if I do get married, I'll still want you and will always find a way to slip away with you to do this. That's what."

She had cum, but she continued to stroke my dick with her hand between us. "Honey, I have to go up before they get suspicious, but I'll make it up to you. I promise. Okay?"

I reached to my zipper and started to pull it down but she put her hand on mine and stopped it. "Not now," she said. "This is not the right time."

I kissed her and she kissed back with equal passion. "Okay, but I want more of this."

She stood up and put her bra and tee shirt back on. She kissed me lightly on the lips and said, "Sleep tight, little bug," then walked to the door where she paused and looked back at me.

"Oh, Mom," I said.

"Yes, Baby."

"You really are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, and you always will be."

She laughed a little. "I'm going to hold you to that, Buster." Then she walked upstairs. I did what anyone would do and

the minute the door closed, I smelled my fingers. Her smell was delicious, musky and exciting. I vowed right then to eat that pussy as soon as I could.

My mind was a whirlwind and I barely slept. Of course I jerked off, maybe two thousand times, but I also had questions, questions, questions. Had Dad fucked Nana while we were downstairs? Had she given him a blowjob? Had Robbie fucked Mom? Was she going to fuck me? How had I gotten to this point, all in the space of less than a day? Could I have done it before? Did Mom know about Dad and Nana? How long had Dad and Nana been fucking?

But most of all, I pondered life, and how things can change so quickly. Who would have thought, eight hours ago, that I'd have my fingers buried in Mom's pussy? It was impossible. It became possible only because I had seen Dad with Nana. What if I hadn't seen them? Would I have ever had the bravery to make another move on Mom? Then I had my epiphany. It was impossible because I made it impossible, by assuming away that it might be possible. Most men think it impossible to fuck their Mothers. But if they knew that 10-15% of Mothers and Sons are fucking, then it becomes possible. What is possible for one, becomes possible for all.

That is what took me to pondering life. My grades, at that point, weren't stellar and I had given up on my dreams of

going to law school. It was, I thought, impossible. But now I knew. Nothing is impossible, as long as you cast aside your doubts and give it a try. I suppose that was the greatest gift Mom ever gave me.

I fell asleep, holding my fingers to my nose, with the smell of Mom's pussy in my heart. I had no idea where this was going, but I was sure happy to be along for the ride.

THE END