

The Mom Memories: Jack's Story

alwayswantedto

This is Jack's story, from Chapters 12 and 13 of The Mom Memories, finished.

All characters are 18 years or older.

Part 1 from Chapter 12

My name is Jack and I'd like to tell you about my mom and me. We've always been close. I guess I was a momma's boy most of my life because I had a slight build and Mom was over protective of me, so I was used hanging out with Mom and being cuddled by her. But something happened when I turned 16: I had a really late teenage growth spurt; I grew, fast. By the end of Grade 11 I had grown four inches, and the following year I grew another three and really beefed up. By the time I turned 18, I was one of the better players on our rugby team.

This certainly improved my relationship with my Dad. It was my Dad who picked me up from practices and games, and though Mom seemed pleased at her husband's new interest in her son, she also seemed a little uncomfortable, as if afraid that our unique bond was weakening. That changed when Dad went away for a few days and Mom had to pick me up after practice.

She used Dad's truck the first time, two days after he left, because she and her friend had first stopped to pick up some plants at the nursery. They had loaded up the back but Mom's friend Carrie was holding a very leafy, potted plant in her lap. As I ran up to the truck, Carrie got out and motioned for me to get in. It was a single cab pickup, so it was a little awkward for me to be in the middle with my long legs but she insisted since she would be getting out first.

Carrie was my mom's best friend and the two of them could almost be mistaken for sisters. They were both prettier than average with even better figures. Of course, I noticed this on Carrie much more than Mom. Carrie had

light red hair whereas Mom's was light brown. Both wore it shoulder length in the same kind of bushy rather than long style, that is, they had thick hair, if you know what I mean. Anyway, Carrie had nice-sized boobs, a thirtysomething ass, and decent legs, just like Mom. I'd known her all my life but still got a boner thinking about her at night, which I'd done off and on since I was thirteen. Truth be known, if you dreamed about fucking Carrie you'd get horny over my Mom too, they were that much alike.

So Carrie gets out and motions me into the middle. There was no arguing with her. Carrie was used to telling me what to do, having babysat years ago, so I just got in.

"That's right, put the guy with the long legs in the middle," I complained, making it look more awkward than it really was.

"Oh what a tough life, poor baby" Carrie countered. "Here," she said after I slid over next to Mom, "hold your Mom's plant while I get in."

I took the plant while Carrie got back in the truck, taking time to look at her tanned legs as she lifted first one leg and then the other, appreciating the way her skirt slid up and her legs stretched open as she struggled up onto the seat.

Carrie noticed me appreciating her legs and smiled. She'd caught me before checking her out but took it all in stride. She never seemed upset and as far as I could tell she hadn't told Mom. At least, Mom had never taken me to task over it. I tried to pass the bushy plant back to Carrie after she got her seatbelt done up but she pushed it back at me.

"You keep it," she laughed, "you need something to keep you busy." Mom laughed at that and I wondered if Carrie had indeed told her about my prying eyes, and if it was something they joked about.

Carrie pushed the plant back into my lap and held her hand against the pot, resting it on my leg, so I couldn't swing it back toward her. Mom did the same on the other side, keeping it from getting in the way of her driving. So we drove down the road on the ten mile trek to Carrie's house—we lived in the country—me holding a huge plant in my lap, and the two women resting their hands on my bare thighs just below my baggy rugby shorts.

Carrie kept her hand there to block me from swinging the plant over onto her lap. This gave me an excuse to look down at her legs. We were just playing around but there was a definite flirty overtone to our hi-jinks. Mom kept her hand there to block the swings as Carrie pushed the plant back at me. We had gone about a mile when Mom gripped my thigh and said, "Ok, settle down now. We're on the highway."

Carrie and I settled down while Mom drove down the curvy country road she called a highway but both women kept their hands on my legs. Carrie couldn't leave it alone and kept pinching me and nudging my thigh with hers which wasn't really fair since I had to hold the plant with both hands. A certain part of me had grown since the first touch of her hand on my leg and she eventually bumped against it. Her hand froze. I looked down in shock and then at her just as she looked at me, a smile growing on her face. When her eyes met mine, she arched her eyebrows and her smile widened before her mouth pouted out into a silent 'oohhhh'.

Then she did it: she moved it further up my leg, her palm skinning over my semi-stiff dick, and then pressed in, pinning it against my thigh. I felt myself grow into her palm in small lurches, but she kept her hand pressed over me. She seemed very amused at my obvious discomfort as I looked over at Mom and then back to her.

"Are you two going to behave yourselves?" Mom asked, patting the inside of my other leg, trying to look around the plant at Carrie.

"We promise," Carrie assured her, "we'll just sit still until we get home."

So we drove on, Carrie keeping her warm hand pressed on my shorts, my hardening cock threatening to peek out the leg. That's all she did, just pressed on it, hidden behind the plant resting on my lap.

When we stopped in front of Carrie's house, she exaggerated her motions as she got out of the truck, sticking her right leg way out the door while keeping her left still instead of swinging both out together. With her legs parted like that, she leaned her head back to speak to Mom, forcing me to lean forward so they could talk. Carrie's skirt had been forced high as she opened her legs and, in my forward-leaning position, her panties were exposed to my curious eyes as she talked to Mom.

"So can you bring Jack and the truck with you the day after tomorrow so he can pick up that stuff in the garage?" Carrie asked, adding, "You know how useless Jim is, he's as bad as John," she made a lighthearted disparaging reference to her husband and my Dad.

"Oh, Carrie," Mom answered, "you know I'm busy then."

"Oh yeah, shoot," Carrie replied, sounding disappointed.

"How about I just send him over on his own? I'm sure he wouldn't mind helping you out, would you, Jack?" Mom asked me.

I was still looking up Carrie's skirt and didn't answer.

"Jack?" Mom repeated.

Carrie smiled at me, her face taking on an exaggerated questioning expression as she watched me looking up her skirt, but I turned my eyes back to her skirt when her right hand tugged it even higher so I could see the entire front of her panties.

"Oh, no. I don't mind," I mumbled to Carrie's very broad smile.

She stepped out of the truck then and her skirt fell as she turned back to grasp the plant.

"Here," she said, pulling it out of my lap, "just hold it here until you get home."

She set the plant down in the seat next to me and shut the door. Mom drove away with me still sitting in the middle, my hand holding the plant, and my hard cock bulging proudly in my now uncovered lap with Mom's hand still holding my other leg.

We drove home in silence. I couldn't get my boner to subside, not with Mom's hand still gripping my bare leg and my mind replaying Carrie's handling of it over and over in my head. Thankfully, Mom never looked down, but she didn't let go of me either. When we got home, Mom hopped out of the truck right away. Without turning to look at me, she asked me to bring the plant into the kitchen. She was nowhere to be seen by the time.

* * *

The next day was Sunday and it was just a practice. When Mom pulled up, I was pleased to see that Carrie was with her again. Carrie stepped out of the truck holding a plant very similar to the one I'd held the day before. She had a big smile on her face which I barely noticed because she was wearing a very short, pleated tennis skirt.

As I clambered into the truck, Mom apologized, "I'm sorry, Jack, but Carrie insisted I get another one to match the one we bought yesterday."

She didn't seem sorry. In fact, she was laughing and didn't even seem to be upset at catching me ogling her friend's legs and short, short skirt. When I turned to take the proffered plant from Carrie's hands before she too climbed into the truck, I felt Mom's hand slide over my bare leg to take its place, a little higher than yesterday. She got underway as soon as Carrie shut the door.

Carrie also immediately slipped her hand onto my leg but let her fingers slowly scratch the inside of my leg until I reacted and then slid her hand back toward my groin until she nudged my swelling member. Like the day before, she slid her hand over my shorts until it was resting right on my cock but this time she didn't just hold her hand still, she squeezed me. My hips lurched and I almost cried out.

"You guys aren't going to start fighting over the plant again, are you?" Mom asked, her own hand gripping my other thigh. I couldn't answer.

"No," Carrie said, "I think Jack's going to be a good boy today, aren't you Jack?" Carrie was smiling big time. She was really enjoying herself.

I nodded my head, into the plant leaves.

"Good," Mom said, her hand patting and then rubbing my leg.

I looked down at Carrie's skirt to find that she had opened her legs and was showing me her panties, holding her skirt in her hand up by her hip. Her smile widened in considerably enhanced amusement when she saw the look on my face. She squeezed my cock and twisted her hips, pushing her panties outward, and blew me a kiss.

I don't know how I didn't come. Carrie removed her hand but periodically brought it back to squeeze my cock. I think she knew I would have exploded had she kept her hand there, and I also think she knew just when she could touch me again without causing an embarrassing accident. I don't think I took my eyes off her panties all the way to her house.

"Remember tomorrow," Carrie reminded Mom and I as she positioned the plant in the seat beside me. She waved to us as we drove away, my eyes looking back to admire her legs for as long as I could. When we turned back on the road, I realized that Mom's hand was still on the inside of my leg.

"She really has nice legs, doesn't she?" Mom asked as she accelerated down the road. She didn't look at me but as she reached cruising speed, her hand slid back pushing the pantleg of my shorts higher, keeping her hand on my bare skin.

Caught off guard, I replied, "Just like you, Mom. You two could be mistaken for each other except for the color of your hair."

I had meant to assert that Carrie's legs weren't any better than Mom's but I realized after saying it that I couldn't know that unless I'd been looking at Mom's too. I couldn't help but look down at Mom's legs as soon as I said that,

realizing that she too was wearing a short tennis skirt. I guess they'd actually been playing tennis and Carrie hadn't worn it just to tease me.

Mom squeezed my leg then and gave it a little rub.

"It's ok, son. Carrie doesn't mind if you look at her legs. Actually, I think she likes it." She rubbed my leg again, then added, "I don't mind either."

Mom didn't clarify that statement. Did she mean she didn't mind if I looked at Carrie's legs, or that she didn't mind if I looked at hers, like I was doing now? Mom's legs were just as nice and, in fact, I could have been looking at Carrie's body for all that matter. My cock, lacking any sense of discretion, lurched and I could feel it graze the knuckles on the back of Mom's hand. My body went rigid. Holy shit.

But Mom didn't say or do anything. She just kept studying the road intently, her hand still on my leg. My cock throbbed again, clearly bumping the back of Mom's hand and she still didn't react. She was gripping the steering wheel, her body as tense as mine. I moved my eyes up from her legs to roam over her chest. She was wearing a zippered fleece, half open to reveal a sports bra type t-shirt thing that showed the top and insides of her breasts. The freckles distributed over those tanned swells seeming to sparkle in the afternoon sunlight.

She must surely be aware of my gaze but she acted as if nothing was happening, as if I wasn't obviously checking her out, and that my cock wasn't grazing the back of her hand. We drove the rest of the way home like that, in silence. By the time Mom stopped the truck, I had leaned her way so that my cock was steadily resting against her hand. She got out of the truck and disappeared as quickly as the day before without saying a word.

* * *

The next day after school, Mom yelled down the stairs just as I was leaving for Carrie's to say she was coming with me. I was quite disappointed, having worked myself all night imagining various scenarios, all of which ended with me fucking Carrie in the kitchen, the living room floor, bent over the couch, on her bed holding her feet high and wide, and fifty other positions.

Waiting in the truck for Mom with a sullen look on my face, I perked up when Mom came into view carrying the plant we'd brought home yesterday. She was wearing a very short, tight skirt that I had never seen her wear. It must have been something she'd worn years ago. It rode very high up as she stepped into the truck and yielded a great flash of panties as Mom moved over to the middle, setting the plant next to her by the door.

"I want to surprise Carrie with this," she explained her impromptu decision to come along. She patted my leg, "Let's go."

Mom left her hand on my leg as I drove away. I was wearing a pair of shorts but they were tighter on my legs than my rugby shorts. As soon as her hand touched me, I started to firm up, a process that accelerated when I looked at Mom's chest. She was wearing a white cotton blouse with the top three buttons undone and I could see down between her breasts, right to the horizontal line demarking white and tanned flesh.

My shorts were bulging big time as we drove over to Carrie's and my boner was creeping down the pantleg on Mom's side. She hadn't moved her hand higher on my leg like she'd done the day before. Maybe that had been accidental. Like yesterday, we didn't speak. We drove like that right up to Carrie's house but before we got out, Mom did up a couple of buttons on her blouse.

"You know old Jim," she said, as if an explanation was necessary, sliding out my side of the truck.

I watched as Mom stepped out, holding her hand out for me to help. She didn't make any attempt to keep her skirt down as she worked her legs out of the truck, or to keep them closed. She really gave me a good look at her panties, keeping her head down so I was free to look. Was she jealous of her friend, fighting for attention? No way, I thought, but I had no other explanation for her new behavior.

I couldn't tell if Carrie was pleased or not when she saw Mom. They nodded to each other as Mom walked past on her way to put the plant in the kitchen sink, Carrie stopped me in the living room and gave me a big hug, curling her arms around my neck and pressed her breasts and hips against me.

She whispered huskily into my ear, "Hello, plant boy," kissed me on the cheek, and added, "Were you afraid to come on your own?"

She laughed as she pulled away and turned to join my mother. My boner, having renewed itself, kept me from joining them for a few minutes until Mom called me to help Carrie put some stuff in the truck that we were going to take to the dump for her. We finished just as Uncle Jim came home. While Mom was talking to him, Carrie pulled me into the garage, out of sight. She immediately hugged me again, pressing her body tight to mine, planting a soft kiss right on my lips.

She pulled back, still holding my shoulders, to say, "You're a big boy now, Jack. You can visit me without bringing your mother, you know."

I was feeling more that a little awkward, and nervous since my back was to the open garage door and I couldn't see Mom and Uncle Jim. Carrie noticed my nervousness.

"Well, you think about that," she traced her finger down my chest, then pulled it back to rest between her breasts, pouting her lips. "I'd hate to think you don't like me anymore."

"I've always liked you, Aunt Carrie," I blurted out.

She smiled at my childish outburst. "You're a man now, Jack. Call me Carrie when we're alone."

She stepped up on her tippy toes and gave me another quick kiss on my lips, then brushed past me to join my mother and her husband. When I turned to follow, I saw that Mom was on her way to the garage and Uncle Jim was walking toward the house.

Mom sat in the passenger side as we drove off. As soon as we were out of sight of Carrie's house, she unbuckled her belt and slid over into the middle. Buckling up again, Mom put her hand on my knee.

"So what were you and Carrie talking about in the garage?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," I answered, my reddening face belying my voice.

"Come on, tell me," Mom said, her hand sliding up my leg to the hem of my shorts.

"Nothing," I answered.

"Come on," she insisted, her hand sliding over my shorts, the edge of her hand stopping just before the lump formed by the end of my penis.

"Really, Mom. She was just talking about garage stuff." I could feel pins and needles on my face and knew it must be beet red.

"Tell me," Mom whispered, lifting her hand and sliding it back, positioning it over my lump, just like Carrie had done the day before except Mom held hers aloft, not touching me. "Tell me," she whispered again.

"Mom," I wheedled, my voice drawn out, begging her to stop.

"I want to know," her low, throaty voice made my cock pulse under my shorts. "Tell me," she demanded.

Mom let her hand settle on my leg, letting it rest lightly over my bulge, almost as if her touch was accidental. I grew into her palm. I was afraid. Her hand pressed down harder, curling over my hidden shaft, clearly showing she was aware of what was there.

"Were you talking about how she did this to you yesterday?"

Shocked but also delighted, I nodded. Mom squeezed me, like Carrie had, but it felt infinitely better for some reason. I don't know why.

"Did she promise to do it again, that naughty girl?"

Mom was milking my cock now, squeezing and releasing, squeezing and releasing.

I shook my head.

"Tell me the truth. Did she say she'd do more?"

Squeezing harder now. I was afraid to answer. I didn't want her to freak out on Carrie and lose her best friend. More selfishly, I had to admit I was more concerned that it might end my seemingly excellent prospects of doing more with Carrie.

Reading me like an open book, Mom said, "Don't worry, I won't stop you. If she wants to throw herself at you, she can. I just want to know this." She moved her thumb, finding the tip of my cock under my shorts, pinching it lightly, almost making me come.

"She invited me over, by myself," I gasped, my hips jerking against Mom's hand.

"The bitch!" Mom exclaimed, "I just knew it!"

Mom slid her hand down my leg, off my cock.

"I'll be alone when I pick you up tomorrow," she barked angrily.

She pulled her hand completely away a couple miles further down the road. We drove the rest of the way home in silence. You can't trust women, I thought. She'll tell Carrie what I said and then she'll get mad too and I won't get anything. I almost started to cry.

* * *

True to her word, Mom was alone when she came to pick me up the next day after practice. She didn't look angry but she didn't speak to me as we headed out of town. I settled in for a long trip home.

A mile out of town, Mom patted the seat beside her.

"Sit here," she said, "I want to talk to you."

I was still mad about the way Mom had tricked me and I definitely didn't want to talk about Carrie in case I made it worse.

"I can hear you from here," I countered glumly.

"Please. Sit here." Mom patted the seat again.

Frowning, I reluctantly unbuckled my belt and moved next to her, doing my belt up in an exaggerated fashion to indicate that I was upset.

"Don't be mad at me, honey," Mom slipped her hand onto my leg, patting it.

"You said you wouldn't say anything," I complained.

"No. I said I wouldn't stop you," she corrected me, "but I won't say anything either."

"You won't?" my voice raised in a query.

"I won't," she said.

We drove on in silence for a minute. Mom was driving slower than usual.

"So, what attracts you so much to Aunt Carrie?" Mom asked, her voice calm and quiet.

"Mom," I drawled in a whining voice.

"I was just wondering. I mean, she's as old as me. She's not like girls your age."

"That's just it. They're not interesting. They're so full of themselves, always playing silly games to make you go after them. Aunt Carrie isn't like that."

"No. And she doesn't have anything to keep her busy at home, either, like me, I guess," Mom said, surprising me with her reference to Uncle Jim which seemed contrary to her previous comment implying he was a bit of a lech. I didn't say anything to that, or the way she'd lumped Dad in.

"Well, your Aunt Carrie is just like family. You really shouldn't do anything with her that you wouldn't do with your own mother."

That statement took me by surprise. I had no idea how to respond, so I just sat still.

Mom's hand slid up my leg a moment later, right up over my shorts to where my boner had been the day before but there wasn't anything there today, her actions up to this point not being exactly encouraging. But the presence of her hand, and her strange statement, were causing a stir. Her hand kneaded my thigh.

"You won't, will you?" Mom asked.

I didn't say anything. Mom stroked her hand deeper between my legs, then rubbed her palm against me as she pulled her hand back. My cock stiffened, straightening out in my shorts under her hand. She rubbed her hand down again, rolling my hardening shaft on my leg.

"You won't, will you?" she repeated, rolling her hand back.

"No," I whispered.

"Promise?" she rolled me down.

"Promise," I answered.

"That's good. We've always been close, you and I, and you don't want to ruin that. Do you?"

"No, Mom," I whispered with difficulty, my breath catching as she rolled her hand harder over and back on my cock.

"I mean it," Mom whispered, "don't you dare do anything with Carie you wouldn't with me. I'M your mom."

"I won't, Mom. I promise," breathing quickly now.

Mom's hand suddenly slid away but quickly sprang back pushing my shorts higher, right off my now fully extended boner. Her hand slipped over my shaft, the feel of the soft skin on her palm making me gasp and my cock lurch.

"You better not," she warned me as her fingers closed around me.

Mom held me in her grip the rest of the way home. I couldn't believe I didn't come. She drove up the driveway, stopped the car in front of the garage, and turned the key off with her left hand. She sat there, staring straight ahead, as if afraid to look at me or her hand, the one not holding the keys. Her other hand loosely gripped my cock with her fingers curled around it.

Slowly, Mom began moving her hand, jacking me off. Faster and faster she moved until her hand was moving very quickly. I had a hard time breathing and was moaning softly, my head down, watching her jack my cock. I exploded, my cock bursting like a volcano, spraying the dash in front of me, covering the ashtray, spurting cum on the radio, gasping in ecstasy. Mom opened the door after my last squirt.

"You better clean the car," she said. "Your Dad will be home tomorrow."

She shut the door and walked briskly into the house.

* * *

Dad came home. The best few days in my short life were now over. I couldn't see how things could continue with Dad around, especially when he would be picking me up from games and practices. Nothing happened all week. Dad picked me up from practice on Thursday and he also took me to the game on Saturday, stayed to watch, talking with other parents, and took me home. All the way, I played those blissful few days over in my head and had to hold my jersey in my lap to cover my boner.

After Church on Sunday, we went home to have lunch. When we finished, I went upstairs to change for practice and overheard Mom asking Dad if he minded if she took me to practices. "I know you like to watch the games, dear, but I want to be involved too."

"Oh. Sure, Marg, I understand," Dad answered.

My rising star subsided on the way into town, however, when Mom didn't invite me to sit next to her and barely spoke to me. After the game, it was the same, and she didn't pat the seat beside her to beckon me a mile out of town either.

"Uncle Jim asked Dad if you could go over to help him with something," Mom finally said, her eyes on the road.

"Oh?" I commented.

"I'm sure your Aunt Carrie is behind it."

"Mom. You're best friends. You shouldn't be mad at her."

Mom looked thoughtful, then her face brightened and she said, "You're right. I'm being silly."

I shrugged. "A little," I said.

"She can't help it if she thinks you're handsome and has nice legs to attract you," Mom said.

"Nope," I smiled at Mom, "it's not a crime."

Laughing nervously, Mom said, "And I bet she showed them to you, didn't she?"

"Mom, don't start."

Mom dropped her right hand down to her knee and pulled her skirt up a couple of inches.

"Did she pull her skirt up for you?"

I nodded, wondering what she was up to.

"Like this?" she asked.

Nodding, I said, "Higher." I liked this game.

"Like this?" Mom asked again, pulling her skirt up a couple more inches.

"Higher."

"No," Mom's tone indicated disbelief.

"She did."

Mom pulled her skirt even higher. It was now only four inches below her crotch.

"Even higher, Mom."

"No way. She didn't."

I raised my eyes and nodded.

"Show me," Mom said, tipping her head, indicating I should come closer.

I unbuckled my belt and shifted to the middle, my excitement rising just by sliding into that favored position. I reached down toward Mom's skirt.

"Buckle up," Mom said.

Quickly, I buckled my belt, fumbling it a couple of times. Mom laughed at my clumsiness.

"Something on your mind, Jack?"

The belt finally clicked in and I reached down to grasp her skirt, holding the hem right between her legs.

"Show me, Jack." There was excitement in Mom's voice too.

I pushed her skirt up, bunching it before my hand. I kept pushing, very slowly, giving Mom the chance to stop me, not wanting to go too far, but she kept silent. I pushed until my hand was stopped by her tummy. She looked down, then raised her eyes back to the road. I slid my hand to the side of her hip and tugged the skirt up there too. Mom lifted her leg a little, allowing me to pull the skirt up. I slid my hand, following the hem, across to her other hip and tugged there. Mom lifted that leg as well. Shifting my hand back to the center, between her legs, I lifted the skirt up along her tummy, baring her panties. I leaned forward so I could look past her breasts which were heaving a little with her more rapid breathing.

"So, are my legs as nice as hers?" Mom asked, her breaking voice betraying her excitement.

"Man. Mom, they're awesome."

"But Jack, you're not even looking at my legs. What are you looking at?" Mom teased.

I blushed furiously but kept my eyes on her panties, in particular, on the bulge pushing out between her legs.

"Do you like that more, Jack?"

"Yesss," I hissed. "It's super-awesome, Mom."

"Hmmm, that's nice to hear. I haven't been called awesome before," Mom laughed.

Her leg rose as she moved her foot from the gas to the brake, slowing the car. "Let's take the long way home," she said, turning down Curtis Road, a country lane that looped back onto the highway but took us a few miles out of our way. "It's such a nice day."

As we drove away from the main road, I put my hand on her leg, on top of her thigh. Mom was concentrating on the road and gave no indication she was aware I was touching her. I started to scratch my fingers into her leg, slowly digging deeper between her thighs, sliding my fingers closer and closer to that beautiful mound of panties. Mom drove on, commenting on how beautiful the country was out here. Scratch, scratch, my fingers were itching to dive right in but I held them back. Slowly, slowly, I cautioned myself. Don't rush, don't blow it.

Mom tensed up and looked nervous as a car rounded the bend ahead of us but relaxed when it turned out to be nobody we knew, expelling her breath in a big sigh. I shifted my hand right down, my fingers hitting the seat between her legs. The skirt fell over my hand, blocking my view of her panties. Mom looked down, then returned her eyes to the road. I kept my hand still, against the very soft skin of her upper thighs, my hand now touching both legs.

It was a couple minutes later that she finally spoke, "You want to touch them, don't you?"

I looked defensively confused.

"My panties," Mom explained, unnecessarily.

I nodded, too excited to speak.

"Did she let you?"

I shook my head. I couldn't bring myself to lie to my Mom.

"But you want to touch mine, don't you, my panties?"

My breath sucked in.

"You like the sound of that?" Mom laughed. "My panties?"

I nodded. My whole body was tingling.

"But I'm your mother," Mom laughed again, "how can you want to touch your mommy's panties?"

I shrugged, my face going bright red. It was difficult to breathe.

Mom slowed the car, pulled over to the side and steered onto a small road blocked by a farmer's gate. She put the car in park and turned to look at me. My hand was still between her legs, so close, but not touching her panties.

"You're very naughty, Jack." I would have been upset except she didn't seem to be mad. Her eyes were sparkling and excited. She leaned her face close to mine. "How can a good boy want to touch his mother's panties?" she whispered.

I didn't answer. My body was like a stone, I couldn't move.

"Well?" she asked. Still, I didn't answer or move. "Touch them then. Touch your mother's panties, you very bad boy."

She opened her legs a little and nudged forward to bring her panties into contact with the edge of my hand along my index finger and thumb, then nudged me a second and third time.

"Go on, touch them," she insisted, "you naughty boy. Do it if you want to." Nudge, nudge.

Finally, I pushed my hand against her panties.

"Kiss me, baby." Mom's hand pulled my face to hers and I pushed my fingers against her panties as her tongue slipped inside my mouth. Oh my god. This wasn't anything like the dates I'd been on. Minutes later, she pulled her head back. My mouth felt like it was burning. Mom dropped her hand to grip my forearm, twisting it, turning my hand flat against her.

"Cup it, baby," she whispered, "hold it in your hand."

Mom returned her hand to my face as she turned more towards me. This time I slipped my tongue into her mouth first. My cock was raging in my pants as I formed my hand and moved to grip her panties. I rubbed it as I dug my tongue around in her mouth, thrilling to the feel of her grinding against my hand and the sound of her flaring

nostrils in my ear. I mashed her pantied mound with my palm until she broke the kiss, gasping for air, her hips bucking wildly against my hand.

"Rub it," she cried, "rub it hard."

I started rubbing her panties furiously. She thrust her hips out, pushing my hand back as she slipped down the seat, slumping to her side against the door.

"Hard, hard," she yelled, her hips bucking at blazing speed, her legs suddenly clamping my hand like a vice. "Oh god, oh god, ohhhhhhhhh," she was almost screaming. Suddenly, she slumped, her hips dropping to the seat, her legs still thrusting, jerking on my hand.

Finally, she stopped and her legs relaxed, allowing my hand to be pulled away. Her eyes were closed. She stayed like that, slumped against the door, until her breathing returned to normal. My hand was damp. I sniffed it, inhaling her musky odor. Mom's eyes opened.

"Am I still awesome?"

"Totally," I answered enthusiastically.

Mom smiled, sat up and squared herself to the steering wheel, not bothering to push her dress down to cover herself. "Am I your favorite older woman?"

"You're my favorite woman period," I assured her.

"Well, we can't be late after every practice, you know," she said plainly as she started the car and reversed back onto the road. She didn't wait for me to answer. As she slipped the car into drive, she added, "We wouldn't want your Dad to start wondering, now would we?" She laughed. "Not that he'd think his precious sports star was feeling up his wife," she turned to look at me, laughing, "you bad, bad boy." She looked down at the lump in my shorts. "You'd better do something about that when we get home."

Mom didn't offer to relieve me. I guess she felt she'd given me enough that day. I beat off twice in the shower as soon as we got home. I had some great dreams that night.

* * *

I couldn't keep my mind or eyes off my mom after that. I was careful when Dad was around, which was most of the time when I was home, but the few times when there was just Mom and I, I made no bones about admiring her. She seemed to blossom under my attention. Her skin looked healthier and she just seemed happier. Even she noticed it, commenting that nobody could love a woman better than her son. It was three days after that day. We were in the laundry room and I was watching as Mom filled the washer, then measured detergent into the slide-in container.

"Doesn't Dad love you just as much?" I argued.

Mom smiled. "I said better, not more," she replied, closing the lid and pushing the buttons to start the washer. It kicked in, filling the little room with noise. Mom turned to face me, leaning back against the washer.

"You haven't mentioned Carrie," she said. "Has Dad said anything about going over to help Uncle Jim?"

"I haven't even thought about her," I answered, not quite truthfully. "And no, he hasn't."

Mom smiled, seeming very pleased. My eyes ran down her body, over her ample breasts and down her legs, then back up to rest on her skirt, just below her waist. Mom watched my perusal, taking a deep breath when my eyes passed over her breasts, causing them to expand and lift.

"See anything you like, Mister?" she said in a mock hooker voice.

"Umhmmm," I nodded.

"I'm up here," she laughed.

I kept my eyes fixed on her skirt.

"Jack wants to be a bad boy, again, doesn't he?" she asked.

I nodded.

"Well, he's going to have to wait until the weekend," Mom said, pushing her hair up behind her head and striking a teasing pose.

"That's two days away, Mom," I complained. "Can't you just give naughty Jack a little look, to tide him over?"

"It's too dangerous. His Dad's right upstairs."

"But he never comes down to the laundry room. He's allergic to it."

Mom laughed out loud. "You have a point there," she said. She dropped her hands to her skirt, grasping it on the outside of her legs, lifting it a little, teasing. "I don't know, though."

"Come on, Mom," I begged, "just a little peek."

"I don't think so," she replied, but lifted her skirt up a little more anyway.

"Please, Mom. I'll be good."

"What makes you think I want you to be good?" she teased, pulling her skirt higher, now more than halfway from her knees.

"I'll be whatever you want me to." I could feel myself tingling in my jeans. I knew she was teasing me now, that she would probably let me have a look but not touch her, not while Dad was in the house.

"You really want it, don't you?" Mom's voice was suddenly hoarse, possibly reacting to my obvious need. She pulled her skirt up high enough so I could see her panties peeking out underneath. She swished the skirt from side to side. My mouth was dry, my tongue slipped out to lick my lips.

Mom smiled, "Is that true? Do you really need to see it?" I recognized the excitement in her voice. She was getting into it too.

I dropped to my knees in front of her, gambling on humor. "Yes," I gasped, feigning exaggerated sincerity, "I need to pray to the panty god."

Mom laughed out loud again but her voice was still excited when she spoke, "Then pray."

"Oh, great panty god, show yourself, reveal yourself to your true believers," I grasped Mom's legs behind her knees, pulling them slightly apart.

Slowly, Mom raised her skirt higher and higher, until she was holding it by her hips, her panties fully exposed, allowing me to see far more than I had in the car that day. She swayed her hips around in a slow, erotic tease.

I pushed my face in close, pulling her legs apart some more, sniffing her musky odor. She was excited, I could smell her dampness already. Her pussy quivered behind her panties, shaking from the washing machine as it

rumbled through its load. I slid my hands up the back of her legs, my fingers stretching around the inside of her legs. Up, up, until my fingers were resting below her panty legs.

"Stop, Jack," she said, breathlessly. "You can't touch me, it's too dangerous ... your Dad," her voice trailed off as I looked up into her eyes, then back to stare at her pussy, my need obvious in my eyes. I pressed my fingers into the inside of her thighs, pressuring her legs open.

"Jack, no," Mom said, her voice barely audible above the washer, but her hands still held her skirt high on her hips, leaving herself open to me.

I think she expected me to touch her then, to move my fingers higher onto her panties, but I think I really surprised her, judging by her gasp, when I stuck my tongue way out and pressed it against her mound where it pouted out the farthest, letting it stick there, pushing into the little cleft.

"Oh, god, Jack," she cried, "ohhhhhhhh."

I pushed my tongue against her hard then and when her hands came down to grasp my head, she held me instead of pushing me away. I chewed on her, munching her pouting lips in my mouth. Mom was going wild, 'ohhhhing' and 'ahhhhing'. I spread her legs wide and pushed in, letting her legs slip onto my shoulders while I munched away. I ran my tongue hard side to side under her panties. She really seemed to love that but the best part, I think, was when I pushed my tongue up her center and dug it into her above her mound where I thought her clit would be. She went crazy, jamming her pussy against my face, jerking crazily until, finally, she suddenly slowed down and just shuddered on my mouth, pressing my nose flat against my face. Then she went still and pushed me away.

Mom turned as I stood. Her voice was almost normal again, "You may as well take those jeans off while you're down here," she said. "Come on, you can take a clean pair from the dryer. It'll save me carrying them up and down the stairs."

I shucked my jeans off. I never knew what to expect from her. I tossed my jeans on the floor in front of the dryer.

"Your shorts too," she said.

I shucked those too and tossed them down. Mom turned then, smiling, looking down at the rock hard, youthful pole aiming right at her.

"Well, well," she said, "what have we here? You're very naughty, Jack, to show that to your mother. What would your coach say, if he knew you were showing your cock to your mother? You're very bad."

I didn't say anything, afraid to break the spell of whatever game she was playing. I stood there, my cock wavering before her, not the least bit interested in dying down.

Mom suddenly stepped forward and grabbed my cock, hissing in my face, "I have to punish you Jack. I'm going to have to be rough with you." Mom started jacking my cock, slow but hard, almost painfully.

"How do you like that?" she hissed, jacking me harder and faster. "You don't, do you?"

Yank, yank, yank. Mom's eyes were wild, watching herself manhandle my cock.

"Are you going to behave, now? Huh? Are you?" she yelled, forgetting her caution about Dad being right upstairs.

Mom pulled her skirt up with her free hand, baring her panties again. She pressed closer to me, jacking my cock, pulling it toward her until my tip was nudging her panties. She stopped then and rubbed my head on her mound, slowly jacking me against that puffiest part of her panties. She was gasping now.

"You bad fucking boy," she hissed, repeating it over and over, yanking my cock against her panty clad pussy.

It was too much. I came, splashing my cum all over the front of her panties and up onto the skirt where she was holding it above her belly. She moaned as I released spurt after spurt, holding my cock still against her mound, quivering. I think she came.

When I was finished, Mom dropped her skirt, and turned her back to me.

"Get dressed in clean clothes and go upstairs to visit with your Dad," she said. She didn't make any move to clean herself or take her spunked clothes off. She just stood there, though I knew she was covered in my cum. I dressed and left.

* * *

"Don't you dare tell your mom," Carrie insisted, looking out the kitchen window into the backyard, watching my Dad and her husband drink a beer on the lawn as they chatted. She was holding her skirt high, showing me the back of the little panties she'd been telling me about since Dad and I arrived after my game on Saturday,

supposedly to help Uncle Jim with some chores. But he'd forgotten all about it, so he and Dad decided to have a beer, leaving Aunt Carrie and I alone, just what Mom didn't want.

"She's so prudish, always has been," Carrie insisted, looking over her shoulder at me. "Do you like them?"

"Love them," I answered, the truth of it obvious in my eyes as I gazed at the delicate little triangle trying to cover at least part of her ass. Her ass really was surprisingly nice. Her cheeks were quite prominent, sticking out, but they had a really nice pear shape to them and were quite firm, something that wasn't that obvious when covered by jeans or a skirt.

"You have a really great ass, Aunt Carrie."

"You shouldn't talk like that. Anyway, you're supposed to be looking at my panties, not my ass."

"But your ass is beautiful, Aunt Carrie."

"I told you, you can call me Carrie when we're alone."

"Don't you like me calling you Auntie?" I stepped closer to her. "I kind of like it," I said.

"I don't mind," she husked, "if you like it."

"I do," I whispered in her ear, standing very close behind her, touching her panties on the outside of each cheek where they desperately tried to cover about a quarter of her supple ass.

"I didn't say you could touch me, Jack."

"I know," I whispered back, sliding my palms onto her little pears, squeezing them lightly in my hands.

"Oh, Jack. You're being very naughty."

"I know," I whispered, continuing to massage her cheeks. "Does Uncle Jim do you like this, from behind?"

"JACK!"

"Does he put his thing against your bum?"

"Of course not. He would never do that."

"He's crazy, then. You have a gorgeous ass, Auntie," I whispered in her ear, then kissed it. I used the distraction to hook my thumbs in the waistband of her panties, and tugged them down her cheeks.

"Jack, stop," she protested.

"Are they coming back in?" I asked.

"No."

"Then let me see. You showed me your panties, but I want to see your bare ass."

"No, that's too far."

"I'll tell Mom you showed me your panties," I threatened. I tugged her panties down from her cheeks, leaving them stretched across the top of her legs. "Just let me look at it," I purred. A second later, I added, "It's so beautiful it should be a shrine."

I kicked her feet wider, parting her legs. "Wow, just awesome." I ran my hands over her ass despite my promise just to look. "That's incredible, Auntie," I whispered, sliding my hand along her crack and underneath her bum. "You have the most awesome bum in the world. Are you sure Uncle Jim doesn't touch you from behind, like this?" I slipped my hand right under her, sliding my fingers forward to rub along her bare pussy.

"Jack, Jack," she gasped, her hips jerking forward, and then back as my finger slipped into her damp groove.

"Are they coming?" I whispered.

"No. But stop. You can't," she cried, but she didn't resist as I used my left forearm on her back to press her forward, reaching down and pushing my fingers into her, right up into her wet cunt. Quickly, I jammed my hand against her, fingering her cunt rapidly, the wet squishy sound bearing witness to how horny my aunt really was.

"ohhhh, ohhh, ohh, ahh, ahhh, ahhh," she gasped, pushing her bottom out to provide better access for my supposedly unwanted touch.

"I'd take you from behind, Auntie," I whispered harshly, shoving my fingers in and out, reaming her pussy, "like this, against the counter."

"No, Jack ... don't," she moaned. I slipped my hand around to lightly grasp her by the throat.

"Don't you want get fucked from behind?" I gasped, feeling my load surging from my balls, mentally trying to stop it before I messed my shorts. I shoved my fingers right in and held them, vibrating, until she came. I couldn't help shooting into my own pants as she did.

When we were done, Carrie stood at the counter, not even pulling her panties up. Perhaps she was in shock, realizing that she had lost control of her little game with me.

I rubbed my hand over her ass. "Awesome," I said, dipping down to rub the wet part underneath. "I need to have you," I said, "I can't wait long."

"I can't, Jack. I just can't let you do that."

"Think about it, Auntie," I nibbled her ear, "next time you're in bed with old Jim on top of you, and then think about me instead, behind you, hard and ready."

I left. On the way home I held my jersey in my lap to hide my soaked jeans from Dad. I couldn't believe how confidently I had handled my aunt. I don't know where that had come from, but it came easily to me. As soon as I showed a little confidence she let me take over. Women must like a man to be decisive, I realized. It was like if the man was in control, then they weren't responsible for what happened.

I could hardly wait to get home so I could crank my little game with Mom up another notch.

* * *

"How was the game," Mom asked cheerily when Dad and I got home.

"Okay," I tossed back as Dad and I sat at the kitchen table.

"Okay?" Dad said, "the kid was awesome, he was the star of the game."

"That's great," Mom said. "So, did you go out to celebrate? Its almost dinner time."

"No, no," Dad replied, "we dropped in to see if Jim still needed help."

"Oh." Within a single syllable, Mom's tone became noticeably less cheery. "And did he?"

"No, no," Dad said, "he'd forgotten all about it. You know Jim."

"So what kept you?" Mom was fussing around in the cupboards as she talked.

"Oh, we just sat outside and had a couple of beers," Dad answered.

"To celebrate Jack's game?" Mom casually asked. I could tell she was digging for information but Dad didn't seem to see it.

"No. Just Jim and I. Jack stayed inside and visited with Carrie."

"Oh, I see," Mom said, quietly, turning to work at the far counter, her back towards us.

Dad got up to get another beer out of the fridge. "Jack?" he held the beer up toward me. I shook my head. "Call me when dinner's ready," Dad said, walking out, "I'm gonna watch the news."

I sat alone, watching Mom, knowing she was pissed that I'd been alone with Carrie. I watched her, admiring her legs, at least from the part that was showing from her knees down. I liked the way her bottom shook as she cut vegetables up on the counter. Carrie had a dynamite ass. I had been really surprised by how awesome it looked, how sexy her protruding cheeks were when bared. Mom's ass looked to be the same, just like everything else about them. Her cheeks jiggled under her pleated skirt, making my cock tingle. I was surprised that I hadn't

noticed her bottom before and, despite my desperate need for a shower, I couldn't pull myself away from watching it. Having seen Carrie's magnificent butt, I could hardly wait to see Mom's.

I stood and walked to stand about five feet behind Mom, still holding my jersey in front of my shorts.

"Nothing happened, Mom," I quietly offered. "We just talked. Aunt Carrie wasn't about to do anything with Dad and Uncle Jim right outside."

Mom kept slicing and dicing for a bit but then responded, "No. I guess not. But I bet she wanted to."

"Maybe," I laughed, "She looked pretty good from behind, I have to admit."

"From behind? What are you talking about?"

"I mean she looks good in tight pants, that's all."

Mom seemed angry again. "Oh, so she was showing off her tush?"

"Well its worth showing, Mom. Almost as much as yours."

"Uh huh. So you think I'll feel better if you tell me I have a nice fanny too?"

"What do you think I'm looking at?" I laughed.

Mom whirled around, the knife still in her hand. "Oh, you," she cried, her face flushing red.

I backed off. "Whoa Mom," I laughed. "I was just looking. I just wanted to make sure yours was the best."

Mom looked down at the knife in her hand and at me backing away and laughed herself. "And?"

"Definitely, Mom. You're the best."

I turned to leave for the shower.

"You'd better say that, young man," she called after me.

I whacked off in the shower, partly because I was remembering Carrie's ass, partly because I was imagining Mom's, and partly because I'd sat and talked to Mom with my shorts full of cum after fingering her best friend.

Unfortunately, there was no practice tomorrow, so I didn't know how to get some alone time with Mom.

* * *

Mom had made a roast beef with yorkshire pudding and potatoes around the roast, the way I loved them. We had wine for dinner, to celebrate my great game. I helped Mom with the dishes after we had custard for dessert while

Dad disappeared into the living room. Since the good china couldn't go in the dishwasher we did the whole lot by hand. I spent a lot of time behind Mom, drying dishes, and watching her behind.

"I know what you're doing back there, mister. You just remember your Dad is right around the corner," Mom gave me a quiet warning to behave myself. "I don't think he'd understand you staring at your mother's butt."

"I'd hear him coming," I defended myself.

"I don't care. Cut it out."

I put a bowl she'd just washed back into the sink.

"There's nothing wrong with that, it's clean," she complained, carefully turning it over in her hands, inspecting it closely.

"It's dirty," I insisted, but Mom was suspicious.

"You're just trying to make this take longer, you little brat," she accused me.

"Why would I want to take longer to do the dishes?" I asked.

"I wonder, Mom," replied sarcastically.

I laughed at her implication. "Come on, Mom. You may have a great heinie, but I don't think I'd do dishes all night just to look at it."

"Really?" Mom asked, taking a plate she'd just put in the rack and rewashing it, "So I guess it's not all that great then, maybe not as nice as Carrie's."

I leaned close to her and quietly said, "If you lift your skirt so I can see better, I could tell for sure."

Mom pushed her elbow back to shove me away. "Stop that nonsense," she whispered. "Your Dad is sitting right there in the living room."

I took a plate to dry and wandered over to the kitchen door while I dried it and peeked into the living room. I sauntered back, put the plate on the counter, and stood behind Mom, without taking another dish.

Leaning over her shoulder, I whispered in her ear, "He's sleeping. Passed right out."

"No way," Mom replied.

"Go see for yourself," I suggested. "He and Uncle Jim had more like four or five beers, so with a couple glasses of wine, he's probably done for a couple of hours."

Mom was angry. "He knows he's not supposed to have that much alcohol, especially while he's on his medicine. Damn it. When will he ever learn?" Mom started scrubbing quite vigorously, venting her anger on a pot.

"Jeez, Mom. Your little tush looks wonderful when it's angry?"

Some of her anger dissipated when she heard my ludicrous comment.

"Good grief. One track mind. Can't you think of anything else?" she said, exasperated.

"Not when you're in the room," I admitted, "and I think about you most of the rest of the time too. I even thought about you while I was visiting with Aunt Carrie," I added, truthfully.

"You didn't."

"I did."

Mom's scrubbing relaxed to a gentle wash, slowly rubbing the scrubber lightly over the same pot.

"Let me see it, Mom."

"What?"

"Your butt."

"No!"

"Just a little peek."

"Your Dad is right next door."

"He's sleeping, Mom," I argued. "Just let me lift your skirt for a quick peek," I pleaded, "you're wearing panties anyway."

"Jack, for god's sake."

"I didn't look at Aunt Carrie's," I lied, "because YOU'RE my Mom."

I dropped that bomb, feeding off her similar statement to me, hoping to push her jealousy buttons. Mom didn't reply, she just kept scrubbing that same pot, but more roughly now. I could see she was pissed about me mentioning Carrie, reminding her that I'd been alone with her while Dad and Uncle Jim downed several beers, and no doubt not liking the implied threat to do something with Carrie if Mom wouldn't.

I walked over to the doorway and checked on Dad and then back to Mom. "He's snoring, Mom."

She didn't acknowledge me, she just kept scrubbing that same pot.

"I'm going to take a quick peek," I said, reaching down to grasp the hem of her skirt behind her knees. Mom kept scrubbing, ignoring me. "Just a peek," I said, slowly pulling her skirt up the back of her legs, feeling a little thrill as the back of her thighs were revealed, then her panties as I lifted the skirt up and over her bottom.

I was right. Her butt was just like Carrie's, sloping out from her back in a gentle curve, like following the surface of a pear from the top onto the bulbous part of the fruit. Her cheeks were widely separated, leaving a distinct divide between them, unlike some older women whose cheeks were mashed together. Her panties covered less than half her butt, and there was an enticing gap where they stretched across the canyon between her cheeks.

"My god, Mom. You're awesome!" I cried, stunned that her butt was even nicer than Carrie's. How did these older women hide such great asses?

"It's demeaning," Mom said, "you looking at me like that. It's gross."

"Demeaning?" I repeated incredulously. "How can it be demeaning to look at something so beautiful? You have the most gorgeous ass, Mom."

"It's just a bum, a place for doing your business. It's not beautiful."

"You're wrong, Mom. You have an incredible ass and I love the look of it." I released one hand from her skirt and moved it to rest on the bare skin of her hip above her panties. "You can't tell me that Dad doesn't spend a lot of time looking at this little wonder," I patted the side of her right cheek to make my point.

"Of course he doesn't!" Mom barked, in her anger not realizing I was touching her bottom, having let my hand stay on the side of her cheek.

I pushed her further. "I don't believe it. You mean, he's never put you over on your tummy?" I let my fingers slide over the underside of her cheek. God, what an ass.

"Jack! Don't talk filthy like that. That's how animals do it."

"That's how women like to do it nowadays," I whispered, squeezing her right cheek, "that's what the guys at school say, anyway."

I moved my hand away and let Mom's skirt drop. She seemed to be pretty rattled and I didn't want to go too far. She seemed to breathe easier once she was covered her again.

"Are you sure Dad doesn't touch your bum?"

"Of course he doesn't."

"He's nuts then. I'd love to touch it."

"Why?" Mom seemed genuinely perplexed.

"Because it's beautiful, and it's yours, and ..." I pushed another button, "because I'd be the first, the only one you let touch it."

I watched her face, from behind and to the side, noted the flicker of her eyes as my words sunk in. I spoke again, before she thought too much about it.

"You haven't, have you?" I asked. "Let anyone else," I explained further.

I put my hand on her cheek, outside her skirt, possessively, like I had a right to do so.

"No," Mom replied quietly. "You'd be the first."

"That's great," I whispered, letting my hand slide across to her other cheek, then brushing around in an oval across both. "Just me then, not even Dad."

Mom's face tilted forward, her chin hitting her chest. I continued brushing my hand across the back of her skirt, hoping to trigger a sensation she hadn't experienced before.

"All right," she said quietly.

As soon as she said that I put both arms around her, hugging her from behind, whispering in her ear, "I love you, Mom."

"Mhmm."

"Will you let me look again when we're by ourselves?" I asked.

"Yes," she sighed, sounding a little exasperated.

* * *

The next day produced a rare event right. My father missed church. Mom was still mad at him so she had little patience for his complaints about not feeling too well. She wore an angry demeanor as we left for church alone, She was dressed in a conservative, grey tweed dress with matching jacket and white blouse. Try as I might, I couldn't see the outlines of her magnificent ass while following her to the car, and there was no flashing action as I held the door open for her.

On the way home, I suggested we take a Sunday drive since it was such a nice day. Mom agreed, being in no hurry, I think, to rush home to her hungover husband. I headed out on a circular route that would take us through pleasant country and several small burgs on our way home, stopping at the first little place for ice cream cones. Before we got back in the car, Mom took her dress jacket off in case the ice cream dripped, laying it carefully on the back street. We were now far enough from home that we were unlikely to meet anyone we knew but, even so, I was surprised when Mom slid into the middle as we drove away.

Mom didn't say anything. She seemed to be interested in surveying the sunny countryside which suited me. I was able to glance down at her figure and enjoy the closeness of her body, her thigh touching mine, even though it was covered by a thick tweed skirt that covered her knees and offered no opportunity for me to slip my hand between

her legs. So my eyes shifted elsewhere, drifting up toward her neck and face, but soon slipped lower when my brain processed the input from my retinas.

It had taken a moment for me to register that Mom's white blouse, pleasantly filled out by her nicely sized breasts, seemed to fit her rather closer than usual. As I stared, it slowly dawned on me that there were no heavy lines indicating the presence of a motherly bra under the white cotton of her blouse. What the hey? Mom wasn't wearing a bra? Did she always dress this way when going to church? I racked my brain, dredging up memories of us getting ready for church. Mom usually didn't put her grey jacket on until we were about to leave, and I didn't remember ever seeing her like this, and there's no way I wouldn't have noticed her walking around in a blouse with her breasts jiggling about. Nope. This was a first.

Immediately, my real brain stirred between my legs, flooding my consciousness. As soon as I finished my ice cream, I casually stretched my arm around Mom's shoulders, resting my hand on the outside of her upper arm. Mom didn't say anything but she turned and smiled, snuggling in closer to me. As we drove, I brushed her arm, from her shoulder to her elbow, with my fingertips. The presence of her unencumbered breasts so close to my hand sent electric tingles up my fingers, sparking all the way to my shoulder and then splitting, traveling up to my head and down to my groin. I grew a substantial semi-stiffy.

When we drove through another small village area Mom asked if I wanted to stop and walk about for awhile, but I declined, stating that I was really enjoying just driving like this. Mom gave me a peculiarly satisfied smile before hugging her head to my shoulder, keeping it there as we drove on. With Mom twisted forward to keep her head on the front of my shoulder, I let my stroking fingers slide to the sensitive back of her upper arm. When she giggled, twisting her right side even further forward and saying that 'tickled', I slipped my fingers down to stroke along the side of her waist.

I lengthened the strokes of my fingers as we drove, managing to brush along the edge of her breasts. There was no question, she wasn't wearing a bra. I could feel the swells as her tits sagged and jostled from the lack of support. I was thrilled, and so was my cock. I became more daring, brushing the side of her breasts intentionally.

"I thought it was my rear end that fascinated you so much," Mom suddenly spoke.

"What?" I responded, surprised, trying to sound innocent.

"You heard me," Mom said.

"I just tickling your arm," I protested, "and your side," I added lamely.

"Oh? Does that feel like an arm to you?"

I placed my fingers right on the heavy part of her breast, on the side, and tapped it toward me.

"You mean this arm," I answered with a laugh.

Mom laughed in response. "Yes," she said, "are you going to keep tickling my 'arm'?"

"Absolutely," I replied, "as long as it feels good to you."

Mom didn't answer so I let my fingers splay out around her breast, massaging her womanly meat in an obviously sexual grope. I tried to shift my arm further around her to increase my grip but couldn't until she lowered her shoulder, allowing me slip my hand in to cup her tit in my fingers and palm. We drove for a mile or so before Mom

straightened up, squaring her back to the seat and forcing my hand off her breast and up to her shoulder. I was disappointed but realized she was probably uncomfortable sitting scrunched down like that. Imagine how pleased I was when my dear mother took my hand in hers and dragged it off her shoulder, pulling it down closely around her neck, to place it, palm down, right on her right tit.

"There," she said, patting my hand before dropping hers away, "that's better."

For the next few miles, I gently massaged Mom's right tit, feeling her nipple swell and stiffen as we drove in silence. Though I tried, I couldn't reach her left tit but I was satisfied with just the one. We even drove through the next small place with my hand in place. Mom made no move to push me away, or to cover it with her own. On the way out, Mom complained that it was really getting warm but stopped me from undoing the window.

"That was the last town before we get home, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Yup," I acknowledged.

"Can you take that old road, what is it ... Enderby Road?"

"Sure," I agreed. I was happy to take the long way, even down a windy, not very scenic road running through the middle of nowhere. I would have gone through China as long as she let me play with her tit.

As soon as I spoke, Mom's hands came up and started undoing the buttons on her blouse. I almost missed the road watching her.

"Keep your eye on the road, mister," she admonished me.

I slowed down instead, keeping my eye on her as she undid the second, and third button. I was shocked when she undid the fourth and then the fifth, right down to the waistband of her skirt. She dropped her hands into her lap, not saying a word about what she'd just done.

Tentatively, I moved my fingers over and hooked the edge of the open blouse, dragging it over to the side, just a bit. Mom didn't react, she just watched the road. Emboldened, I pulled more, far enough to expose her nipple and, when she didn't berate me, pulled it all the way over, exposing her entire breast. I was in my glory when my hand closed over her her bare tit, feeling her nipple poke into my palm, relishing in the jolt that contact sent through my entire body.

"You're so beautiful, Mom," I cried, "the most gorgeous woman in the world."

Mom laughed at my boyish enthusiasm. "So you like these as much as my bottom?"

"I love them. Can we stop, Mom? Just for a few minutes?"

"OK," she laughed, enjoying my obvious excitement. "Pull over up there," she pointed ahead to a flat grassy part off to the side of the road, overlooking a farmer's field.

I swung quickly in, keeping the car facing away from the road, and quickly shut it off, turning to face her.

Mom said, "Just for a few minutes. I want to get home and get Dad to do some things for me, out in the back, before supper."

"Ok, Mom," I quickly agreed, grasping her blouse and pulling it wide, seeing her heavy breasts completely for the first time in my life. I slipped both hands down to cup a tit in each hand. Mom turned toward me to help. I rubbed and squeezed them, trying to get her nipples in the hollow between my thumbs and forefingers so I could pinch them. She seemed to like that quite a bit, sucking her breath in each time I did it, sighing and even moaning when I learned to keep them pinched like that for longer, and pulling them away from her tits without letting them fall from my hands.

Our few minutes turned into almost half an hour working her tits and nipples around in everyway I could think of, and I was kissing her, right on the mouth, with my tongue inside, for the last five minutes, whispering between, "I love you, Mom."

My cock was rock hard and Mom was panting just as hard as I when she finally rasped, "We have to get home. We can't be seen like this."

Reluctantly, but having no choice in the matter, I pulled away, started the car and headed down the road while Mom buttoned her blouse and fixed her hair in the mirror. Mom was sitting by the door long before we turned into our driveway.

True to her word, Mom sent Dad out to the back of our few acres to start the new garden area she'd been telling him she wanted. He dutifully headed off on the little John Deere he liked to play around with so much but not before she gave me instructions too, in front of Dad, "Jack. I need you to help me with some things around the house." Mom turned and marched upstairs, "Come on," she said.

I followed Mom up the stairs and into her bedroom. She walked over to the bedroom window overlooking the backyard, watching Dad putt out toward the back of our property. I stood about five feet behind her, waiting for her to tell me what to do.

I guess I shouldn't have been, but I was quite shocked when Mom's hands casually lifted up to the waistband of her grey, tweed skirt, pulled it away from her back, unhooked it and slid the zipper down its eight inch length. Mom's feet agilely kicked her shoes off and she dropped the skirt down, bending her knees to help her step out of it one foot at a time. Holding the skirt to the side, Mom told me to fold it and lay it over the chair.

Numbly, I took the skirt and Mom's hands disappeared around to her front to unbutton her blouse as she watched Dad slowly drive away on the little tractor. She shrugged her shoulders to help her slip the blouse off, tilting her head back to shake her hair before holding it out to the side for me to take.

"Throw it on the chair," she said.

I could see her gorgeous tits bouncing a little from my vantage point behind and to her side. Mom was now naked except for the panties that graced her lovely ass with similarly frugal coverage as Carrie's had. Her buttocks sloped down in the same separating sag, jutting out in a cock engorging invitation. Stunned, I stared as Mom gripped each side of her panties and pushed them over her hips, down her thighs to below her knees, then let her toes drag them over her calf and off her lifted foot, one leg at a time.

"Oh, sorry," she remarked casually, "I guess you might have wanted to do that."

My cock was diamond hard now.

"Pick my panties up and put them in your pocket," Mom said, still watching my dad.

Moving sluggishly as if I was in a dream, I bent down to grab Mom's panties, stuffing them into my right pocket as Mom stepped closer to the window and leaned forward, reaching out to put a hand on each side. Her feet were more than a foot apart, and her legs tensed prettily with the slight strain of pushing herself against the window. Her bare ass was the most incredible thing I have ever set eyes on, including Carrie's when I had dragged her panties down below her cheeks.

"You'd better get your church clothes off if we're going to get our chores done," Mom said.

Chores? Did she think I could do chores after seeing her like this?

Nevertheless, I obediently began to undress. Slowly, at first, and then quickly as I watched Mom watching Dad trundle away, in the distance now. Her legs swayed slightly and her ass moved in concert but it also dipped forward slightly and then rose backward, enticing, inviting. Come to me, I could imagine it saying. My pants hit the floor with a thump and Mom's head turned slightly to the side, her ear cocked, listening as I stumbled around, peeling my socks off.

"Is it as nice as you imagined?" she asked when I was finally still, moving her ass in an exaggerated circle.

I rushed forward, dropping to my knees behind her, grasping her bare hips and pressing my face to her soft buttocks, kissing each one in turn and rubbing my cheeks against her nether ones.

"Is it as good as hers?" Mom demanded, trying to move her butt away from my face but unable to avoid the rain of kisses I showered on her cheeks.

The only answer I could muster was to moan between kisses and nibbles on those pear-shaped wonders until Mom pushed away from the window and reached down, covering my hands on her hips with hers, pulling up and tugging them around onto her breasts that, though heavy enough to sag, still sprang proudly from her chest.

"Touch me," she whispered, "play with them."

I hugged Mom to me, kneading her tits, rolling and pinching her nipples, watching Dad, as did she, until he turned and rolled behind some trees, not once looking back to witness my illicit molestation of his wife. Mom allowed everything, even letting me press my steel hard boner between her cheeks with the head poking out above her crack, rocking against her like we were starting to fuck. My brain screamed out in the charged silence after Dad disappeared on his toy tractor, I want to fuck my Mom!

"I want you, Jack," Mom whispered as soon as he was gone, "to lift me onto my bed and put me on my tummy."

* * *

I guess most of you folks know how it felt to lift my mom and walk her to the bed, the rapture of her firm ass cheeks folding over my cock and the thrilling strain of the effort to keep it there as I awkwardly moved her onto the mattress. Mom didn't help the transfer at all, because it was new territory for her and she didn't know what to do, or she was too horny to command her muscles to move, or, most likely, she simply enjoyed making me work for it. At any rate, she was like a rag doll.

I finally got her laying in the middle of the bed, legs parted to make room for me to kneel behind. I pulled her hips up until she was on her knees and pressed forward to rub my cock in the crack of her ass. She had raised herself onto her hands as I pulled her up on her knees, coming to a doggie stance, but as I rubbed my cock between her cheeks, I pushed on her back until she collapsed onto her shoulders with her head turned to the side. My whole body tingled when she presented herself like this, with her ass high in the air, face turned expectantly toward me but not enough to look me in the face. The feeling of power and control heightened the sensitivity in the tip of my cock, now rubbing through her wet pussy lips with the higher pout of her ass, so much I struggled not to come. It didn't help that she was breathing as fast as me.

"Do you like it from behind, Mom?" I was feeling cocky, no pun intended.

As I rocked against her ass to emphasize my demand for an answer, she nodded and cried, "I don't know. I've never done it this way before."

I was stunned. I felt in danger of losing contact with her glorious butt, of floating completely off the bed. My first fuck was to be Mom's initiation from behind. Two cherries burst in one act.

"You'll only do it this way for me, right? Not Dad." As if I was in a position to demand. What would I do if she said no?

But Mom nodded and her shoulders rocked forward as I lunged against her several times, her neck bending to absorb the shock. Her pussy lathered my cock as it slid beneath her and a thrill shot through me when the first moan escaped her lips. I continued rocking her bum and sliding my cock through her slippery lips until her moans merged into an almost continuous hum.

"Onto your tummy, Mom," I whispered.

"On your tummy," I repeated, louder, but she still didn't acknowledge me...she was in her own world. Perfect, I thought. I slid one hand up to rest on her ass above her crack and used the other to line the tip of my cock up for its first triumphant entry to her pussy. Carefull, I inserted the head, then, pressing down down on her hips with both hands, I shoved my whole cock into her.

"No, Jack don't," she gasped. "Your father's still home."

That didn't make any sense at all. She knew he was way out back. What did she think was going to happen, teasing me so, undressing in front of the window and commanding me to lay her on the bed on her tummy?

She grunted as I quickly banged into her a half dozen times.

"Ohh...ugghh...unnngghh...ohhhh...unnngghhh...don't...don't."

"Yes," I gasped, thrusting into her again and again.

She moaned, "Please, Jack...stop...don't."

I paid no heed. I lunged into her even harder.

"Get down on your tummy," I urged her forward. "Flat on your tummy."

Mom finally collapsed under my weight. I spread my knees outside her hips, straddling her thighs, and digging my toes into the mattress. Moving my hands from her hips to her ass, I spread her wide, my thumbs opening her pussy lips around my embedded cock. I lunged in as far as I could, forcing a grunt from both of us.

"Bad Mommy," I cried, shoving my cock into her again. "Naughty, teasing Mommy," I gasped.

I pulled out and pushed home again, and again, and again, shoving her deep into the mattress. I sat on her like that, fucking and fucking until she cried out and I spilled my son seed inside her as her wail filled the room, grinding around until I was too soft and slipped out.

Mom was crying when I collapsed on her back, hugging her, reaching around to grasp her tits.

"Don't cry, Mom," I begged her, "I'm sorry, I couldn't help myself."

She cried softly for a minute in silence.

"I know," she finally whimpered, "neither could I."

"But I'll need you again," I admitted, squeezing her tits and pinching her nipples softly. "I can't help it."

"I know," Mom answered, her fingers reaching over her shoulder to touch mine. "Neither can I," she sobbed.

"Then what's wrong," I pleaded, "Is it Dad?"

"No," she answered quietly, a salty tear running down her cheek. "I have to go to confession next Sunday."

Part 2 from Chapter 13

I had been a nervous wreck ever since Mom brought me crashing down from the highest point in my entire life. From vigorously fucking her from behind, those simple words, "I have to go to confession next Sunday," threw me into a deep depression. Was it all over? Would she really confess?

Strange ideas ran through my mind for days. I could kidnap Mom and run away with her. I could commit suicide, or kill Mom, or both of us. None of these ideas, you can imagine, were satisfactory. Could Carrie help? She was Mom's best friend. If Mom would listen to anyone, it would be Carrie. Could Carrie convince Mom not to go to confession? Could she convince Mom that she hadn't committed a sin?

Maybe. I resolved to enlist Carrie's help, and the best way to do it, I figured, would be to ensure that Mom's confession would involve her demise as well. What better way to motivate her? I needed to reconcile them.

Then a wonderful thought struck me. If life as I knew it was to end on Sunday, I might as well fuck Mom as much as I could until then. What did I have to lose? What would it matter if she didn't want to? But first, I would try to reason with her. After all, she seemed to love it from behind. According to Mom, nobody, not even Dad, had never

treated her to anything but the stock, church sanctioned, missionary position. I decided to approach Mom with my thoughts that night and cursed myself with wasting a whole day and a half stressing out instead of shagging Mom.

After dinner I helped Mom with the dishes but wasn't able to explain my ideas to her because Dad kept wandering through the kitchen. I did manage to refresh the memory of our interlude in her room that Sunday afternoon and I could tell it excited her. After the dishes, Mom sat next to Dad on the couch and watched TV for half an hour, then got up to change the laundry. I followed her downstairs a few minutes later.

I got ideas, I can tell you, watching Mom lift clothes from the washer and bend over to stuff them into the dryer. She hardly seemed interested in what I had to say, but her face and neck flushed as I quietly recalled how nice it was doing her from behind, and how we probably wouldn't ever have a chance to do it that way ever again after Sunday.

But Mom seemed to be getting cross, jamming clothes harder and harder into the dryer. After starting it on a new cycle, she folded the warm clothes she'd just retrieved quickly and haphazardly rather than in her usual efficient but neat fashion. She seemed so agitated that I finally pinned her arms to her sides from behind and held her still so she would pay attention to what I was saying. I laid my head against Mom's back and she leaned forward onto her elbows over the folding counter, hanging her head between her hands.

"What is it you want, Jack? What do you want me to do? I have to confess. I have to."

Mom was very stressed. I tried to soothe her with my voice.

"I know, Mom. I'm not arguing that. But you can't confess until Sunday, and you can only pay the price once, don't you see?"

"No. I don't see."

"On Sunday, you have to pay the price for all the unconfessed sins that came before, right?"

"Yes."

"All of them at once, right?"

"Yes."

I slid my hands from her shoulders down her arms to hold her wrists, stepping close behind her, my jeans brushing her dress.

"From this moment right up to Sunday, right?"

"Yes."

I bumped myself into her behind, holding her wrists tight. My cock was already hard, bent into an uncomfortable bulge in my jeans that I pressed against the softness of those gorgeous pearish twins.

"The punishment is the max for what you've done, isn't it?" I ground myself into her.

"Yes," came the forlorn answer.

I humped into her bottom several times.

"It doesn't matter how many times you commit the same sin, it can't get worse."

"So?"

I hunched into her butt, pushing her against the counter, and spread her legs by pressing her knees out with mine.

"Oh god, Jack. Stop it. I know what you're trying to do. It's not right."

Mom's voice went up and down in cadence in response to my thrusts against her behind. I was continually thrusting my bulge into her bum now.

"That's just it Mom. It's not right, right up to Sunday morning." Bump, bump, bump.

"Jack, no. Stop it."

"If you want me to stop, call him. Call Dad, Mom, if you want me to stop."

Mom fell silent, her head rocking forward as I continued to hump against her ass, and I knew she wasn't going to call out, wasn't going to stop me.

"Remember, Mom? How it felt when I put you on your tummy?"

"Jack, please stop."

I stopped...to unbuckle my jeans and push them and my underwear down to my knees, my cock springing out, ready for action.

Mom stood still, leaning on her elbows with her legs spread about two feet apart. Her breathing was ragged. She sucked her breath in and held it when my hands grasped her hips and pulled her back a step, then pushed her back forward, forcing her to lean against the counter at a sharper angle. Immediately, grabbed the hem of her dress and pulled it up over her hips, bunching it around her waist and stuffing it between her tummy and the edge of the counter.

I marveled at the beauty of her ass, her panties only partly covering the protruding cheeks that jutted sharply out after the gradual fall from her hips. I tugged the panties down her thighs to her knees.

"Lift," I instructed.

Mom bent her knee to lift her foot, allowing me to pull the panty off, then repeated without instruction with the other foot. She replaced her feet in their spread position, and waited.

I ran my right palm over my mouth, licking it and my fingers, then cupped her pussy from behind, rubbing my saliva over her cunt lips. I didn't wait, I pushed my cock forward until the tip hit her wetness and quickly slipped the head inside.

"Oh, god, Jack, oh god."

I shoved in, all the way. I couldn't wait. I started fucking her hard right away, rocking her like a rag doll over the counter. She became wet very quickly and our fucking generated a loud slap, slap, slap racket that was thankfully covered by noise of the washer and dryer. Mom was grunting with every thrust. I don't know if it was from my frenetic pace or if she was really getting off on my cock slamming into her from behind. A little of both, I guess. It didn't matter, I loved it!

Spurt, spurt, spurt. I slowed down to grinding hunches as I emptied my sperm into her, finally coming to a stop. Mom was leaning flat on the counter.

"Every day until Sunday, Mom. I'm going to fuck you every chance I get."

I pulled my cock out and watched my semen trickle down the inside of her right thigh. God she looked hot, hair wild, legs trembling with my cum dribbling toward her knees. Amazingly, my cock stiffened.

I grabbed a bunch of stacked towels and threw them onto the floor, followed by a couple of sheets, then dragged Mom upright and gently laid her down on her back. Without delay, I kneeled between her legs, pushed them high and against my shoulders, feet on either side of my head, then leaned far forward, bending her almost double.

I aimed my cock and slipped it into her wet hole again, and used my hand to feed its semi-hardness deeper. Grabbing a tit in each hand, I squeezed each firmly, the long distended nipples poking through thumb and fingers.

Then I started, working up to another vigorous, strenuous fuck. It wasn't long before our skin was again slapping together but it was Mom's ragged, gasping that almost overwhelmed the sound of the machines.

I fucked like a demon. Mom couldn't move on her own. In that position, she could only take what I gave. But when we were close again, near her second orgasm in half an hour, she craned her neck up and bit me on my neck. I don't know if it was the pain or the timing, but cum burst up my rod and out in a geyser that took half a minute to empty into her shrine of her holy cunt.

For more than a minute she kept her legs hooked around my neck. I gouged my cock into her every ten seconds or so in spasmodic reaction, jerking the last dregs of my cum into her. At last, I stood, looking down at Mom lying on the floor, limbs akilter, exhausted.

"I don't think I can take this until Sunday," she gasped, turning onto her side, breasts still heaving and tummy pulsing with each gulp of air.

As I watched, her hips twisted slightly forward, gracing my eyes with her ass once more, her beautiful cheeks creasing against the back of her thighs, a shadowy triangle forming where her thighs met. Mom turned to look up at me as she got onto her knees and I panted above her. Her features configured into surprise as she recognized the lust returning to my young face.

"No. Jack, you can't be serious," her words echoed her countenance.

"What?" I said, leaning down to grasp her ankle and pulling it up to prevent her from standing.

"No, Jack. It's not possible," Mom cried as she tried to twist into a sitting position, but her eyes were on my cock, lurching as it stiffened before her.

"What?" I asked again, grabbing her other ankle, pulling it up too, twisting her legs, turning her over onto her tummy.

"It's not natural."

Mom tried to raise herself on her hands so I shifted down, slipping her legs through my curled arms to her knees, holding her up like she used to do to me when I was little, playing wheelbarrow.

"Jack, don't."

My cock tingled as it bounced to full hardness. Impossible? Give me a break, I thought, gazing down as her ass, her parted legs, her pussy, wet and used, open and pink, but ready. How could I not be hard again? Show me one eighteen year old who wouldn't have a raging boner looking at this no matter how many times he'd just done it.

"Feel it Mom," I panted, slipping my knob inside her, "its not natural." I grunted as I shoved my cock into her, feeling every millimeter of her soaking, gripping glove. "Holy fuck," I cried.

"Holy fuck," I grunted, again and again, crouched with knees bent, holding Mom's thighs splayed about my hips as I plunged my cock into her over and over.

"Holy fuck," I cried, with Mom's bent knees and curled toes beside me, stretching her pussy to enhance the feel of my cock digging into her cunt, hips jackhammering furiously. "Fuck ... fuck ... fuck," I cried until I burst into her a third time, heard her wail through another orgasm, felt her spasm on my cock, lunging, slower now, stopping, slipping out of her, finally soft.

Gently, I lowered her knees to the ground. Hovering over her, I whispered, voice hoarse and ragged, "Not natural? That's what God's love should feel like."

As I stumbled upstairs, yanking my jeans up and cinching my belt, our words played over in my head.

"It's not natural...Holy fuck...God's love."

That's it, I thought. That's the key. I could hardly wait to get to school tomorrow. To see my art teacher, the one with the tattoos.

Jack Gets Religion

"Airbrush?" I exclaimed. "So, that's not, like painful, right?"

"No", my teacher patiently explained. "But if you don't want a permanent tattoo and you want one of good quality in a lighter color, then it's your only option. Henna is too dark. InfnitInk is almost permanent and takes about as long as a real tattoo to do."

"So, this airbrush thing is quick, can do light colors, and looks good?"

"That's right. Its like a stick-on tattoo but with more control of the artwork at the time of the application. How fancy is the tattoo you want to do?"

"Oh, nothing fancy. Just a cross."

"A cross? Like a Gothic cross?"

"No. Just a plain one."

"How big?"

"Small. About two inches high and an inch across."

"For your arm?"

"Here," I patted my shoulder.

"And you want it a pale yellow, like a light?"

"Yeah, kind of holy looking, not dark and evil."

"Ok. You don't need an airbrush for something that simple. I can show you how to make a home-made stick-on, but it won't last long. You'll have to redo it fairly regularly if you want to keep it."

"That's great, Mr. Hicks," I said, rushing toward the door and my next class. "Awesome. After school?" I held out my hand, thumbs up.

Mr. Hicks didn't answer. He was already looking critically at the project he'd been working on when I interrupted him.

* * *

Mom and Aunt Carrie picked me up in Dad's truck after Saturday's game. Carrie was nervous. I had told her about Mom's plans and she was very worried that Mom would involved her in her confessions the next day. I climbed into the middle of the truck and kept my hands to myself as Carrie shut the door and Mom drove away from the field.

"Can we go down Enderby Road, Mom?" I asked.

"Way out there?" Mom was surprised.

"It's so nice out and I don't want to go home right away. My game sucked and you know Dad, he'll be asking how many goals I scored as soon as we get out of the truck."

"I don't know," Mom said. "It's already a few miles out of the way to take Carrie home."

"I'll come too," Carrie broke in. "I haven't been out there for ages. It's so pretty this time of year."

"Ok," Mom acquiesced, "but your father will wonder what happened to us. He'll be wanting his dinner so we can't be too long."

I was good on the way out but Mom noticed as soon as Aunt Carrie put her hand on my leg. She didn't slide it up near my crotch but Mom placed her hand possessively in the same spot on my other thigh. These two friends couldn't help but compete with each other.

When Mom turned down Enderby Road and slowed down to travel the windy country road, I leaned back and stretched my arms along the seat behind Mom and Aunt Carrie's head. I lifted my knees and moved my feet around to get more comfortable, jostling the women's hands and causing them to fall up my leg, right next to my crotch.

"Can we stop at that spot, Mom?"

"What spot?" Mom kept her eyes looking rigidly ahead, jaw tightening at my mention of our picnic spot in front of her friend.

"You know the one," I said smugly.

Mom gritted her teeth and sped up. I think she knew something was up. That was my mom, never shirk a difficult task, just face it head on and get on with it. Aunt Carrie looked similarly determined. She must have assumed that I wanted a private place for her and I to confront Mom about her confession and she was girding herself for a battle. My mother was a stubborn woman.

We bumped down the road up and around the little knoll and then off the road. Mom stopped the truck near the spot we had made love looking over the valley below. She threw the transmission into park before the truck had fully stopped and shut the engine off. We jerked to and fro with the truck as the motor dиеseled in pre-ignition and finally sputtered out with a gasping roar.

It was suddenly quiet. All of us stared straight ahead, not looking at each other. Strangely, Mom and Aunt Carrie still gripped the inside of my thigh, each hand partly on and partly off my shorts.

"Well?" Mom asked, impatiently triggering the anticipated intervention.

"Marg, we've been friends for a long time." Aunt Carrie turned to look at Mom, her body shifted around to follow. "I know things have gotten a little crazy lately."

Aunt Carrie lifted her hand from my thigh and shifted it across to cover Mom's, fingers sliding underneath to pry it off my leg.

"We have to talk about it. We can't waste all our years of friendship. My gosh," a tear ran down Aunt Carrie's face, "we've been friends since Grade Three."

Mom turned to look at Aunt Carrie, tears running down her cheeks as well. She looked down at her hand held tightly in her friend's, then looked her in the eye.

"I know Carrie," she choked.

Mom used her free to clasp the one Carrie was using to hold hers and shook them. Carrie added her free hand too and both women looked into each other's teary eyes, pouring out their love for each other, their shaking ball of knuckles scraping the large lump in my shorts. I grasped a wrist from each woman to join at the edge of the union, pulling their hands closer to my crotch.

"But I have to do what I have to do," Mom was cried. "I have to do what's right."

"But you'll ruin your life," Aunt Carrie cried. "You'll ruin all our lives," she began balling.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," Mom sniffled.

"Do you have to mention me?" Aunt Carrie whimpered.

"I won't say anything but if he asks, I can't lie. Not to God."

"Oh, Marg. I know, I know." The tears really started to flow and both women leaned forward to rest their foreheads on each other's shoulder.

It was hard, but I released my grip on the women's hands, loosening their contact with my bulge, and put an arm around the shoulder of each woman.

"There's no need to confess," I assured them.

Both women straightened up.

"What do you mean?" Carrie asked, as the same time Mom reiterated, "I have to confess."

"God already knows, and he's pleased."

"Of course He already knows," Mom retorted angrily. "And don't use His name in vain, you have no idea what He thinks."

"Yes," I countered emphatically, "I do."

"How?" Aunt Carrie asked, desperate to keep any chance of salvation alive, no matter how slim.

"Because I can hear him. I know he doesn't want Mom to confess to the servants of the Church because they wouldn't understand. But He wants me to continue to spread His word through love. He said there's lots of love in the world but it needs to be released, from the mothers of the world. Only they, He said, can save the world, and I am to be His messenger."

Mom's hand flew to her mouth. "Jack. That's blasphemy!"

Aunt Carrie's eyes narrowed as she scrutinized my face. "How do you hear him?"

"In a dream. He had a booming voice. I could see Him but He was obscured in a swirling mist with a bright light behind it. He told me what I just told you. He said I had to make love to the mothers of the world."

Mom relaxed and leaned forward to put her arm around me. Aunt Carrie followed suit, patting me on the back.

"Oh Jack," Mom comforted me, clearly thinking I believed what I said but my mind was simply reacting to stress.

"He left a mark," I said, putting my gambit into play. "He said it was to remind me of my mission and to use it to convince nonbelievers."

"Jack, Jack," Aunt Carrie murmured, her hand patting me more rapidly.

"See for yourself," I challenged them.

"Jack....," Mom began.

"Look," I cut her off, grasping my shorts and yanking them apart, sending the two front buttons flying. My cock, which I'd been careful to uncover after the game by removing my sweaty jockstrap, sprung out fully formed. Both women looked dumfounded, then started to laugh.

"Jack," my mother said, "that's not funny."

"No. It certainly is not," Aunt Carrie sounded amused anyway but the way her eyes latched onto my boner betrayed more serious thoughts.

"Look closely," I demanded. "It was there when I woke up."

Both women looked at my cock, more seriously now, though still confused about what I was on about. I pushed my cock forward with a finger until it was standing out about forty five degrees. Aunt Carrie peered closer, catching sight of something. She held out her own hand and placed the tip of her index finger above mine, just below the ridge at the base of my helmet. She pressed my cock down toward the seat so she could see the back of my shaft.

Mom gasped. Aunt Carrie sucked her breath in hard.

"What's that," they exclaimed in unison.

Mom reached down with her own index finger and gingerly touched the faint yellow, elongated mark stretching up the middle of my rod. Nearer Aunt Carrie's finger, the thick line was crossed by another.

"Oh, my God," Aunt Carrie said, curling her finger around my helmet to hold my cock more firmly, then engaging the assistance of the rest of her hand until my cock head was wrapped gently within the soft skin of her palm.

"I don't believe it," Mom said, running her fingertip up and down the cross.

Aunt Carrie gently squeezed my cock head. "Does it hurt," she asked.

"No, but it feels strange, like there's something alive inside, something powerful."

Mom's fingertip traced the outline of the cross, then ran down and up the stem again. She kept moving her finger along the same path. "It's like it's lit up inside," she whispered.

"I think it's Him," I groaned. "I feel this enormous pressure to let him out," I explained, expelling a soft moan as Aunt Carrie twisted her hand over my knob.

"Let me touch it." Aunt Carrie released my cock head and used her finger to push Mom's out of the way.

Mom's hand fell away, then cupped around my balls. "Are you sure it doesn't hurt, sweetie?"

"No," I gasped. "There's just this strong, pressure, this urge for release. It's getting worse," I cried.

"There, there," Mom leaned forward to kiss the side of my face, her arm curling around my neck.

Aunt Carrie leaned down, and kissed the tip of my cock. Her mouth opened and she sucked my cock inside, locking her lips behind my helmet. I felt her wet tongue swirl around my head and I groaned loudly. Aunt Carrie's fingers curled around my shaft and starting jacking my cock, urging it into her soft, mushy mouth. I pushed my hand around to the back of her head and pulled it closer, further onto my cock. I twisted my head to side in ecstasy and Mom's mouth closed over mine, her tongue snaking inside. She stretched up in the seat, excited, pulling my balls up with her and shoving my cock deeper into Aunt Carrie's mouth.

"Suck him," Mom cried when she pulled her mouth from mine. "Help him," she demanded.

I hunched my hips up, pushing as far as I could into Aunt Carrie's mouth but, despite my hold on her head, she pulled back until my knob was just inside her lips, pouting and rubbing my tip through her frothy softness.

"Let him mark me," she gasped, eyes wild, hand frantically rubbing my cock all over her lips.

I hold it. I blasted a huge wad of come all over Aunt Carrie's face, then another, and another. Aunt Carrie's head fell away, toward the dash, her face deliriously happy. She was unceremoniously bumped farther away as my mother's leg swung over mine and she dropped on top of me, straddling my thighs. She was in a furious hurry, yanking her dress up and snatching at her panties, pulling them way over toward her right leg.

Mom rose up on her knees, holding her panties to the side. "Put Him in me, put Him in me," she cried, desperate for consummation. Frantic, consuming her hysteria, I grabbed my cock and was suddenly engulfed and Mom dropped onto my cock and recklessly shoved herself down hard. Immediately, she started bucking her hips wildly against me, slipping her hands under my armpits to help pull herself down as hard as she could. She was wild, moaning and groaning loudly, flinging her head back, gasping and laughing until finally, in a huge convulsion, she let out an ear splitting scream.

"Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhrrrrrrgggghhhhhh!"

Mom slumped forward against my chest but before I could hug her tight, Aunt Carrie was pushing her off behind the steering wheel and at the same time trying to pull me over her way. As soon as Mom was off my lap, Aunt Carrie replaced her and started humping me just as frantically as Mom had done. She lifted her shirt, ripping her bra up and over to bear her tits and shoved them into my face, trying to steer her nipples into my mouth. She was possessed. She used me until she, too, collapsed against me, her chest heaving as she struggled to regain her breath.

I got out of the truck and had to push Aunt Carrie back inside after she half fell out after me. Mom seemed to be almost in a coma and Aunt Carrie was not much different. I tried to push her farther in on the seat, her legs dangling out the door. When she seemed steady, and not about to fall out, I turned to leave but her marvelous ass caught my attention.

I was still rock hard, having not come while each woman fucked me. I leaned forward until my tip pressed against Aunt Carrie's cheeks. Man, what an ass. I spread her cheeks and nudged my tip against the large brownish blemish and its crinkly center. I spread her cheeks wider and it opened into a nickel-sized hole. I shoved and my tip popped inside.

"Unnnngghhh," Aunt Carrie moaned.

"Here come's God's love," I moaned back.

I pressed forward, relentlessly until my cock disappeared and my hips were tight against Aunt Carrie's butt. I looked up with my eyes squeezed tightly shut and grimaced at the sky, then lunged into her ass and bulged inside her. I rocked back and forth and kept it up until I was sliding in and out almost the full length of my cock. Aunt Carrie was sliding back and forth on the truck seat and Mom was draped limply over the steering wheel, her head flopped on its upper arch, facing toward me, watching as I fucked her friend in the ass. I grasped Aunt Carrie's hair and pulled her head up so they could look at each other while I furiously reamed Aunt Carrie's butt, the way each of them had done me.

When I finished and pulled out of Aunt Carrie, I straightened her up and pushed her dress down over her ass. A thrill swept through me when I spotted my cum squeezing out of her butt hole. I strapped Aunt Carrie into the seat belt and carefully closed the door. After gently prodding Mom into the middle and fastening her in, I started the truck and headed home. The women still seemed to be in a daze.

"We better head home. It's going to be a long day tomorrow." There was no response.

"It's Sunday tomorrow," I reminded them. They both nodded. "I don't want you to go to church, Mom. I want you to stay home because you're not feeling well, but send Dad anyway, understand?"

Mom nodded.

"And you come over to look after her," I looked over to Aunt Carrie. "Alone."

Aunt Carrie nodded.

Sunday school will be in session tomorrow, I grinned to myself. Big time.

* * *

Jack finished school that year but he didn't go away to college. Everyone was surprised when he became involved with the church. Marg and Carrie began hosting meetings for a new church women's group in the evenings. They always sent their husbands away, but insisted Jack stay behind to help. But that's another story.