

The Mom Memories:Evan's Story

alwayswantedto

This is Evan's story started in Chapter 16 and finished here.

All characters are 18 years or older.

Part 1 from Chapter 16. Mom pays for flirting with Ben

My name is Evan. I want to tell you about my Mom, Edith, and what happened in my last year of high school. I was hanging with some friends and we stopped at a local mall to pick up some beers on the way over to my friend Jim's place. I waited in the car while Jim and Gary went in to score some booze. Gazing around while listening to some tunes, I spotted my mother walking towards the car. She was walking slowly with an uncharacteristic exaggeration to her walk, kind of like an old time movie star making sure her fans could enjoy the roll of her hips as she strolled down the red carpet at a premiere with the lights glinting off legs accented by high-heels.

I slunk down in the front seat as Mom approached, hoping not to be seen in case she clued in to why I was there, which she would certainly do if she stayed long enough for Jim and Gary to arrive carrying armloads of beer. I swore out loud when she stopped and opened the trunk of her car directly in front of me, which I hadn't recognized until now. She turned to look back the way she had come, smiling and speaking to the store employee that had been following her with several bags of groceries clutched in his arms.

As the man set the bags in the trunk, Mom touched him on his shoulder and then his forearm, smiling and chatting to him after he closed the trunk and then slowly making her way around the side to the driver's door. Since there was no car parked next to Mom's car, the man opened the door wide for her to get in. With a final touch on his arm, Mom sat in the car, turned her face forward, and swung her legs inside. Even at a distance I could see that the man took advantage of her averted gaze to look down at her legs, probably with a good view up her skirt. It seemed to take a long time for Mom to get her legs inside the car and even then the man appeared reluctant to

close the door. He leaned down to talk through Mom's open window for a few a minute or so before she started the car, backed out, and drove away.

I sat up and, drenched in a weird feeling, alternated between looking at the man's retreating back and Mom's receding car. Mom had flirted outrageously with this man and I had the sense this wasn't the first time. I couldn't blame the guy for looking at Mom's legs. Why wouldn't he? But Mom had gone out of her way to let him look. Way out of her way. I was shocked.

I told Jim and Gary I suddenly wasn't feeling well and went home instead of partying at Jim's place. Mom was in the kitchen putting stuff away and starting to get dinner ready. She was still wearing the same dress but the heels were gone. I sat in a kitchen chair and watched her, for the first time in my life unable to keep my eyes off her stockinged legs or, despite her chatter, listening to the whisper of her nylons as she moved around the kitchen.

Suddenly, I blurted out, "That guy really liked your legs."

Mom swung around to face me, looking flabbergasted. "What?" she cried.

"Your legs," I mumbled. "That guy was staring at your legs all the way to your car."

"What are you talking about?"

"I saw you, at the grocery store. The guy that carried your bags. He was staring at your legs."

"Where were you? What were you doing there?" Mom looked taken aback and I suspected she was tossing questions out to buy herself time to think.

"I was sitting in Jim's car, right behind yours."

Mom's face went kind of red and her voice rose an octave.

"Doing what? Spying on me?"

"No. Jim and Gary wanted to party and I was waiting for them to get some booze." I don't know why I admitted that. Maybe I wanted to show we were both guilty of something.

"Evan, you shouldn't be ..."

"I'm here," I cut her off. "I didn't go."

"Right," Mom said, awkwardly looking away.

"Anyway, he really liked your legs," I repeated, getting back on track, looking down at Mom's legs.

"Oh, Ben. He's harmless," Mom tried to casually dismiss the whole thing. "He carries my bags out for me all the time. It's nice of him. He gets out of the store and it helps me." Mom paused, then continued, "So, now you know," her voice trailed off, "it doesn't do any harm."

"I see," I answered quietly.

Our conversation ended there. Mom returned to her work and I continued watching her, my eyes eventually straying up from her legs to admire her rear end and how narrow her waist was. It was weird to note for the first time in my life how much her hips flared out from her waist. I could almost circle my hands right around her.

Mom worked away as if I wasn't there but somehow I knew she was cognizant of the close attention I was paying to her. It was strange. There was something different between us now though it couldn't be seen. She seemed to pause longer between movements and she kept stretching one foot behind to steady herself by pushing her toes against the floor and tensing her calf muscles, seemingly more than necessary. Once everything was set on the stove, Mom walked over to stand beside me.

"Can you watch the stove while I get out of this dress?" she smiled, laying her soft fingers down on my forearm.

"Sure," I agreed, my eyes following her as she walked slowly away in the same exaggerated stroll I had witnessed this afternoon. Although it hadn't earlier, my cock now reacted as I watched the sway of my mother's hips. She returned just a few minutes later wearing a nondescript housedress and slippers, stockings gone, just as I heard the crunch of Dad's tires in the driveway. Mom stopped and put her hand on my arm again.

"I don't think you should mention anything about the parking lot, Evan. I don't think Dad would like the idea of you getting booze."

"Mums the word," I agreed.

Mom looked relieved. Despite what she'd said, we both knew that she was really asking me not to say anything about her and Ben. Though I hadn't said anything, she knew I must have seen her let Ben look up her skirt as she got into the car.

The rest of the evening was uneventful. Mom went into the kitchen when I got up to go to bed and asked me to bring any dishes in the living room into the kitchen, which I did. After putting them on the counter beside the sink, I turned to walk away but Mom caught my arm.

"Give your mother a kiss goodnight," she said.

I gave her a peck on her cheek and she followed that by planting a longer and softer kiss on the side of my cheek, stretching up on her toes to reach, an action that caused her breasts to brush lightly across my chest.

"Sweet dreams," she whispered.

Mom hadn't kissed me goodnight for years.

The next morning, just before I ran out the door to meet Jim who was picking me up on the way to school, as usual, Mom asked me if I could meet her at the mall after school to help her home with some groceries. This was also new. Mom had never asked me to do that before.

Mom was waiting for me in front of the grocery store after school. She was wearing the same dress she's worn the day before but without pantyhose, just bare legs, and sandals instead of heels. I followed her around with a cart as she picked things up, making sure to stay behind so I could look at her legs. I never offered to help when she had to reach up to get things though most of the things she needed were on the top or bottom shelves. Mom never let on that I was watching but I'm sure she knew.

Ben seemed disappointed to see me. I trailed behind Mom on the way to the car, which she had parked at the far end of the parking lot. She strolled along in the same fashion she had used to tease Ben which surprised me. It was one thing to let me look but another to so openly encourage it. After I dumped the bags in the trunk, Mom handed me the keys and asked me to open the door for her as she walked around to the passenger side. I was really stunned when she treated me to a long look up her skirt, looking away just as she had with Ben so I was free to peek. She wasn't wearing pantyhose. Somehow I knew that Ben hadn't been gifted with such a direct look at her panties. Her son's reward for carrying the groceries was special.

At home, Mom asked me to stay in the kitchen to keep her company, giving me an excuse to watch her. She had kicked off her sandals as she entered the house and was padding around the kitchen in bare feet. She asked me several times to help her put things away in the upper cupboards but she first stretched up on her toes and waited for me to grab whatever she was holding to take it the last few inches, allowing me to brush my body against the back of hers. It was a silly way to do this but we acted like it was completely rational.

Finally, like the day before, everything was put away and dinner was on the stove. Mom again walked over to where I was sitting but this time she raised her foot up and put the ball of her foot on the edge of my chair between my legs.

"Look at all the scratches I got on my ankles from gardening this afternoon," she said, twisting her leg to show me. "I don't know why Ben likes to look at these old legs."

"Hmmmm, yes," I said, placing my hand so I could circle her ankle loosely with my fingers. "Pretty scuffed up," I agreed, stroking my hand up her leg and then down, lightly scraping the circle of my fingers over her skin.

"Brat," Mom laughed. "They're not that bad."

"No, you're right," I agreed, running my fingers back up her ankle and continuing along the back of her calf to her knee. "They are kinda nice." I let my fingers stretch out to scratch the underside of her thigh just above her knee.

"Thank you, sir. Well, I better get out of this dress." Mom pulled her foot back and left the kitchen. "Watch the stove for me," she called over her shoulder.

Once again, Dad just pulled into the driveway when Mom returned. She walked straight over to me and reminded me to be sure to give her a kiss goodnight before going to bed.

That night, I collected the glasses from the living room without being asked and deposited them in the dishwasher. Mom was waiting when I turned around. I leaned down to kiss her cheek and waited for her to plant her softer kiss on mine, which she did. But then she surprised me with a brief kiss right on my lips before turning away and quickly walking out of the kitchen.

Mom wasn't in the living room when I finally roused myself to leave. She must have gone upstairs. I went upstairs, used the bathroom and got into bed. Thinking about the day, caressing Mom's foot and watching her all afternoon at the store and at home, my hand strayed down to first hold and then lazily stroke my cock.

I was startled when my door suddenly opened and Mom walked unannounced into my room. I jerked my hand off myself as she walked over to my bed. Her body was outlined underneath the floor length cotton nightgown she was wearing as she stood in my darkened room, the light from the hallway streaming in through the doorway behind her.

"Oh Evan, I forgot. Would you mind coming home early tomorrow?" she asked, a little short of breath. She didn't explain why and I didn't ask.

"Sure Mom."

She sat down beside me on the bed, seemingly nervous.

"I'd just like you to help me with some things."

"Whatever. I'll be here," I assured her.

Mom visibly relaxed, smiled, and looked away but her eyes raked past my waist and the telltale lump below. Quickly, she looked away and started to get up.

"I really do think you have nice legs," I blurted out, feeling the need to say anything to divert her attention yet placing my hands on her knees to keep her from leaving.

She settled back onto the bed. "Really?" she asked, her eyes scanning mine to judge my sincerity.

"Yeah, Mom. I was just kidding before. You really do have nice legs."

I pulled on the nightgown, lifting it a few inches. Mom took the hint and pulled the gown up over her knees, baring her legs down to her feet, leaning over to examine them critically.

"You're just being nice."

I took advantage to push her nightgown higher up her legs, a little more than halfway between knee and hip. It was a brazen move but Mom just smiled. I pushed the bunched up gown a little further.

"Actually, you have gorgeous legs," I said as I struggled to a sitting position. "All the guys say so."

As Mom digested my words, I slid my left hand underneath the gown on the outside of her thigh near the top of her leg.

"Really?" she asked, a twitch of her eye betraying her awareness of my hand. "No, they don't. You're just putting me on."

"No really," I insisted, letting my hand move slightly, tickling the side of her leg under the gown. I kissed her cheek. "I heard them talking once when they didn't realize I there." I kissed her cheek again but closer to the corner of her mouth.

"No way," she repeated, kissing my cheek in return.

"I'm not kidding. Your legs are wasted on old guys like Ben."

I let my fingers stroke the side of her leg again, adjusted my head and kissed her lightly on her lips.

"You're just stringing me along," she said. Her breathing quickened.

"I'm not, Mom," I answered, moving my mouth forward to reconnect with hers. As my lips brushed hers I moved my free hand up to play with Mom's hair at the base of her neck while stroking the other up her leg and over the outside of her hip to her bare waist. We were both breathing faster when my feathery light kiss ended.

"Yeah. You should let them see your legs," I said, emphasizing 'them'.

Mom laughed softly. "I don't think their mothers would think highly of that."

"Instead of Ben," I continued, ignoring her protest.

"Let's not talk about Ben," Mom tensed up. "Your father wouldn't understand."

"Ok. We won't talk about stuff like that around Dad," I agreed, moving in and kissing Mom again. Though no tongues were exchanged, it was a sexier kiss and I was getting hard. My hand slipped behind Mom's back to stroke

the hollow at the base of her spine and even ventured a little below onto the initial swell of her buttocks. There was a slight awkwardness when the kiss ended and I retrieved my hand from under Mom's gown. She got up and walked away in silence. I wished her goodnight but she closed the door softly behind her without responding.

I was home early the next day but was disappointed to see Mom in her normal housedress which didn't show nearly as much of her legs. Mom got straight to the point.

"Just to be clear, I want you to know that there isn't anything going on between Ben and I, or anyone else for that matter. I just prefer that Dad doesn't know about it. He'd make a big deal out of a little harmless flirting just to thank Ben for helping me."

I nodded but didn't say anything. Mom looked increasingly uncomfortable.

"Your father just wouldn't understand," she reiterated her point.

"I know Mom. I won't say anything," I assured her.

"Good boy." Mom came over and gave me a hug, and then kissed my cheek. I held her by the shoulders and kissed her on her lips, like I'd done the night before. She resisted a bit but then relaxed and let me kiss her. I lifted her arm and spun her in a circle when we finished the kiss.

"You really are worth looking at, Mom."

She protested but smiled and let me kiss her again.

"But I think you should cool it with Ben, Mom." She agreed and let me kiss her one last time.

The next day, I asked Jim to come into the house instead of just dropping me off. Mom was home and dressed in a house dress again. While Jim used the bathroom I asked Mom if she would put on the Ben dress to see if Jim started looking at her legs, to prove the point I'd made the other day. She argued but capitulated to my persistence and perhaps partly in fear that I'd mention the Ben incident in front of Dad. I offered Jim a beer to keep him around until Mom returned, telling him that Mom now let me have beer at home if Dad wasn't around. It was a lie, of course.

As I expected, Jim didn't take his eyes off Mom when she came down the stairs. I explained to Mom that I had told Jim she let me have a beer or two at home if Dad wasn't around. She was clearly surprised but recovered quickly.

"That's right," Mom said, grabbing a beer for herself. "Things are a little more relaxed when it's just Evan and I at home."

As we drank our beer I could see Mom start to enjoy Jim's covert glances. She was a natural physical flirt and provided him with lots of opportunities to ogle her when he thought she, and I, were unaware. She struck a variety of poses that accented her legs and revealed even more with seemingly accidental carelessness with her dress, all for Jim's benefit. Toward the end, when I knew Dad would soon be home, I pushed the envelope a little.

"Hey, Jim. I was telling Mom she has really great legs but she won't believe me. She does, doesn't she?"

Both Jim and Mom suddenly looked awkward.

"Evan," Mom cried, stretching out my name in mock horror.

"No really," I said, stepping up behind Mom, "she has awesome legs, doesn't she?"

Jim looked at Mom's legs and Mom looked even more embarrassed. "Evan, I don't think Jim ..."

"Yeah, you really do, Mrs Anderson," Jim said. You could definitely tell Jim was sincere.

I stepped behind Mom and placed my hands on her hips, sliding them down the outside of her legs. Jim's eyes were riveted on my hands as they slid down Mom's thighs. Mom stood rigidly still.

"Look, Jim."

My fingers scratched at Mom's dress, gathering up enough material for me to hold. Slowly, I pulled her dress up a few inches until the hem was just above the part where a woman's leg starts to thicken.

"What do you think?" I asked my friend.

Jim didn't say anything. His face was blank and I could easily imagine him drooling if I pulled Mom's dress higher. Mom turned her head to the side away from his gaze but she didn't try to stop me, move away, or push the dress down. I slid the hem an inch higher.

"Aren't they awesome?"

"Yeah," Jim finally gasped, staring as he gulped in air.

I let Mom's dress fall and said we'd better finish our beer before Dad got home. Both Mom and Jim seemed thankful to be released. Dad walked in the house as I walked Jim out to his car. Before he drove away, Jim must have mentioned Mom's legs five times. I told him if he kept it quiet, I might let him look some more. Oh yeah. I told him to bring some beer around for me once in a while. What the hell.

Back inside the house, I found Dad already watching the news. Mom was nowhere to be seen. Walking to my room I spied her through her open bedroom door standing in front of the full length mirror, still wearing the dress, admiring her legs. With a quick look over my shoulder I entered my parents bedroom and quietly approached her. Mom didn't look but she spoke as I neared her.

"He really did like my legs, didn't he?" a trace of excitement in her voice. She raised the dress up, as I had not thirty minutes earlier.

"He was like a deer caught in headlights," I said, stepping behind her and looking over her shoulder to admire her legs myself. "I told you," I whispered, nuzzling the side of her head, placing my hands on her waist and closing my fingers around to her tummy as I had imagined I could do a few days earlier.

Mom laughed. "He really was, wasn't he?" A slight tremor in her voice betrayed the return of the erotic tension she had exuded in the kitchen.

"Of course," I whispered into her ear. "So would Gary."

"No, not shy little Gary," Mom disagreed, still looking at her own legs. I gathered her dress in my hands and began pulling it higher.

"He would if he could see these," I whispered, exposing more of her legs.

Mom was quiet but she trembled as I slid the dress higher up her legs, passing the halfway mark.

With my mouth right next to her ear, I whispered, "Imagine Gary's face if he could see you right now."

Mom gasped as soon as I said it. Gary had always been Mom's favorite of all my friends. Innocent, baby-faced little Gary was put down at his own home but was always a target for sympathy in mine.

"He's so much more deserving than Jim, isn't he Mom?"

Mom nodded.

I pulled the dress higher and higher, waiting for Mom to protest, to suddenly push it back down her thighs. But she didn't. Her panties peeked out under the hem. A little higher. Now her mound was exposed, a slight crease running down the middle. I stopped. We both stared at her panties, at the prominent bulge and mysterious crease. I

couldn't help pressing into Mom from behind, pushing her panties forward. Mom's hands finally grabbed the dress and tried to tug it down but I held it up, keeping her panties exposed. Mom tugged harder.

"Gary should see. I want you to show him."

"No, Evan. I can't do that."

"Yes you can," I hissed. "He's my best friend."

"No Evan." Mom managed to pull her dress down enough to cover her panties.

I let her dress fall but moved my hands on her waist, clinching my fingers to hold her against me. Softening my voice, I whispered, "I really don't think Dad will understand about Ben. Do you?"

There was a long pause.

"No."

I almost couldn't hear her. I kissed Mom's cheek and left.

The next day was Friday. Mom was surprised when I didn't get home until after Dad and then left right after dinner to hang out with the guys. I didn't get home until after midnight. On Saturday, I didn't get up until almost noon. Mom came in from gardening just as I was finishing breakfast.

"What are you up to?" she asked. "Watching the big game with Dad?" referring to the football game that was about to start. Dad was already watching the pre-game show.

"No, we're playing a new online game," I explained after dinner. "Gary's coming over," I said just before the doorbell rang. "That's probably him now."

Gary came in and said hi to Dad and Mom who didn't greet him in the typically warm fashion she usually did. I shrugged in response to his quizzical look and led him up to my room. We were playing for almost an hour before Mom slipped through my door and quietly stood behind our two chairs, cloistered in front of the computer. Gary was playing while I watched, waiting for my turn.

I noted with approval that Mom had changed from her gardening clothes into the Ben dress. I ran my eyes up and down her legs while Mom watched the screen. I almost didn't want to take my turn but rolled my chair in closer as Gary pulled his back to make room. Mom leaned in for a closer look at the screen as I started to play. I was aware that Gary had pushed back farther to make room for her, far enough that he was sitting slightly behind and to one side of Mom, affording a wonderful view of the back of her legs and behind as she leaned in beside me. I was barely managing to stay alive on screen.

Incredibly, I began to do better and got lost in the game again, no doubt helped by Mom's rooting and encouraging moves, her body pressing in and arching against the chair or my side whenever I made a good move or had a close call. I was only dimly aware of how good that must have looked to Gary from his rear vantage point, seeing her legs stretch and buttocks tense up under her dress. Mom draped her hand over my shoulder and leaned

down to briefly hug me during a pause in the game. I bathed in her fragrance and the soft press of her breast against my shoulder, feeling empty when it disconnected but relieved when her hip replaced the warmth of contact.

Mom joined in our sounds of triumph as I continued to outmaneuver my opponents, leaning down to kiss me when I survived a second round and letting her breast rest on my shoulder a little longer. I stretched my hand around her hips to hug her to me as she straightened up before quickly withdrawing as the game raged into action again.

I died halfway through that round and Gary moved in to take my place. As he readied himself for the start, Mom dropped her hand onto his shoulder and twirled the hair at the base of his neck, leaning in with him as he engaged the game, her arm now stretching across both shoulders. How wonderful she looked leaning over like that, her buttocks tensed and straining against the dress, jiggling with every slight movement, each cheer for Gary's success. Like mine, Gary's game improved with Mom's support and when he survived the first round he received the same hug and kiss on the cheek as had I, and the complementary press of her breast.

I stood to watch the next round, resting my hand on Mom's waist and pressing her hip toward Gary's shoulder. Again, he triumphed and was rewarded with a hug and kiss, and a longer press of warm breast. Mom's behind pressed back into me when she leaned down to hug Gary and I put my free hand on her waist on Gary's side. I couldn't help holding her back against me, delighting in the warmth and softness of her behind.

When Mom stood to allow Gary room to play, I snuggled close behind her, keeping my hands on her waist as I looked over her shoulder at the screen but pushing them around to hold her belly as we watched, swaying her over to lean against Gary. I was keenly aware that the bottom of her breasts brushed my hands as she moved in response to Gary's wins and close calls on the screen. Gary didn't survive the second round either and it was my turn again.

We played several more rounds like this. Gary followed my lead and stood behind Mom and, judging from the flush of his face, benefited from the same treats that had been awarded to me. When Gary died a few rounds later, he was disappointed to see Mom walk away to sit on the bed just as it was his turn to put his arms around her, and I didn't play nearly as well without her close support. I was aware that Gary was barely watching me. Instead he was looking at Mom as she sat on the bed, looking on from afar. Just as I died, she spoke.

"Whew, I don't know how you guys can take that excitement. It wears me out." Mom swung her legs up onto my bed and laid back onto the pillows, her bent knees allowing her dress to slide down her thighs almost to her hips, baring her legs down to her sandals. Crossing one knee over the other, Mom dangled her foot up and down, trying to slip her sandal off. Succeeding at last, she switched legs and repeated with the other foot. It took a lot longer for this shoe to fall despite the intense scrutiny and wishing of both Gary and I. Not until that shoe fell did I realize that the game had already started and I had been killed early in the round.

I stood and walked over to sit on the edge of the bed.

"Are you alright, Mom?" I asked, concerned. She was laying on her back with her eyes closed.

"Oh sure," she replied. "My legs just got a little tired watching you guys play. I can't believe how tense I got just watching you. These old legs are a little sore from straining so much."

I reached back to run my left hand up the inside of her leg, from her ankle to her knee.

"Oh, that feels good," Mom said.

"Would you like us to massage your legs?" I offered. "It might relax your muscles."

I continued stroking her calf muscle as Mom nodded her head and I jerked my head to send Gary around to the other side of the bed. He sat down and very tentatively began stroking her other leg. When she smiled at his touch, we both shifted our weight to better sitting positions without breaking contact with Mom's legs. Mom's smile stayed on her face but otherwise she didn't react as Gary and I stroked and stroked her legs. We stroked her legs for so long, her smile faded and I thought she had actually fallen asleep.

It was Gary who made the first move above her knee. Mom's smile returned and slowly faded again as we stroked and scratched and tickled all around her thighs, from the muscular and weathered tops and sides to the incredibly soft bottoms and insides. Their warmth grew the higher we ventured and again it was precocious Gary who calmly flipped her dress onto her pelvis so we could see what we were doing on all of her legs.

We could see the bottom of her panties. I could see her mound and the cleft running down the middle much better than I could when I had bared them a few days before. By pressing my fingers in harder on the inside of her thigh before dragging them back, I could make that mound move. I was first to try this but Gary followed suit right away.

We were resting our armpits on Mom's bent knees, each running a hand up and down the inside of a thigh and one on the outside and up the underneath of her legs, stretching our fingers so close to her we were almost touching her panties.

The flush of the upstairs toilet jarred me and I jerked my head in panic toward my bedroom door, relieved beyond comprehension when I saw that Mom had closed my door. I could hear Dad's heavy footsteps as he rushed down the hallway back downstairs, presumably wanting to miss as little as possible of the football game.

I looked back at Mom. Her eyes had fluttered open but only halfway. They closed and my eyes rested on her face. I waited only a minute before I scored another first over Gary. I let my fingers briefly brush Mom's pale yellow panties. Not to be outdone, Gary followed suit when Mom didn't react.

Every nerve in my body was zinging and my muscles were tensed to the breaking point. Again, I brushed up to the base of that fantastic mound, allowing one finger to stretch out to flutter across its front. There was a sharp intake of breath and I almost jerked my hand away when Mom's arm came up but it just bent to let her forearm lie across her eyes. Soon, every stroke Gary and I applied involved a brush or press on Mom's panties which seemed to be getting warmer and slightly damp.

We shifted our weight again so we could hold Mom's legs at a higher and wider angle. Her thighs were now at almost a right angle from her body and held wide over each of our own thighs. Hair strayed out through the resulting gap at the sides of her panties. It was Gary that took the triumph of placing his fingers on Mom's panties and leaving them there, pressing lightly in a tiny circular movement. There was a longer intake of breath, matched only when a minute later I found room for my own fingers above Gary's, sliding their tips up that mysterious groove to make my own little circle around the little bump I found there. Mom's wrist bent and moved around her arm but other than that she was still.

Mesmerized, Gary and I kept applying our tiny finger movements, both scared to make any move that might jeopardize the gains we had made. But Mom didn't seem predisposed to cancel our success. Her breathing was becoming rapid and short and her hips began to move below our fingers, gyrating around and pressing up erratically against our probing, rubbing fingers.

This was the best game either of us had ever played. We glanced at each other, ecstatic and enthralled. Mom's hips were bumping up against us now and we had to press harder just to keep our hands in place. She was making sounds. Sounds I had never heard her make before. It was tremendously exciting. My own breath was becoming

short and I realized I had a huge boner that was uncomfortably constrained inside my jeans. I was close to coming and I hadn't even touched myself.

Thrusting. Mom was pushing up off the bed now. There was no pretense. She was shoving herself against our hands. Gary had cupped his hand over her panties and I was rubbing the flat of my fingers against the top of her mound.

"Oh, god, oh god, oh god," Mom gasped as she moaned and dug her heels in to the bed, her hips frantically shoving, her thighs clenching. "Oh, yeah ... yeah ... yeah." One final, long thrust pushing our hands high and she collapsed back to the bed, followed by a long, long sigh.

The two of us sat there with our hands still on Mom's panties and cocks bent painfully in our jeans, not sure about what to do. Should we just get up and leave, go play our game, and maybe let Mom pretend to wake up a few minutes later. That sounded to me like a good idea. I was about to motion that intention to Gary when Mom's eyes opened.

"Pull my dress down, sweeties," she said in a soft, husky voice. There was no embarrassment. It was just a simple request, simply stated.

Awkwardly, and somewhat mortified, we pulled Mom's dress down and straightened her legs. Mom took our hands in hers.

"Did you like that game?" she asked, her eyes now sparkling.

We both nodded dumbly.

"Better than the computer?" her eyes twinkled.

We nodded vigorously in unison.

Mom pulled each of us down in turn for a quick kiss, mouth to mouth. She sat up and swung her legs to the floor, forcing me to back out of her way.

"There won't be any more talk about Ben now, will there?" she whispered just loudly enough for me to hear.

I shook my head.

She turned at the door to smile back at our stunned faces, holding her index finger vertically across her lips in the universal shushing signal. And then she was gone.

Gary and I turned to look at each other, the blank look on both our faces attesting to the shock both of us felt, Gary more so since for him this had come completely out of the blue. Looking down, I noticed a wet spot staining one side of Gary's jeans. His head followed my gaze down and then he looked over to my jeans where I was just noticing a similar stain on my own jeans. We burst out laughing, commemorating this incredible moment which I knew neither of us would ever forget.

Part 2. Losing Jim

"Hey, man. Then I'm gonna take my beer," Jim's tone turned aggressive. He had brought a twofer over and we had stashed it behind a pile of crap in the corner of the garage.

"Come on, man. That was a one-time thing. It just happened. I can't get her to let me do that anytime I want."

Jim, of course, was referring to the skirt-raising incident in our kitchen. He had brought some beer over, as per my suggestion, expecting another show.

"Fine, then I'm taking my beer and you can find your own ride to school. Jim got up and started walking out of my room.

"Wait, wait," I cried.

Jim turned and stood with one hand on his hip in that universal smart-ass stance. He added the common gesture that said, 'Well, show me the goods'.

"I'll give it a try. Let me go downstairs first. Give me five minutes to see if I can get her into a fooling around mood before you come down."

I tried to pass Jim but he blocked my path. "I want to see more than last time. I mean, I brought a twofer dude. You let on that if I brought some beer over you could make it happen again."

"Hey, it's not my fault she freaked out on me after you left last time. I'll do my best, but this is the last time."

I hadn't told Jim about what happened when Gary was over. I couldn't trust him to keep something like that quiet and obviously Gary, as I expected, had kept his mouth shut.

"Ok, okay. I'll leave you the beer but only if I see some panties, and I ain't pickin you up anymore if there aren't anymore shows."

"Whatever," I shoved him aside. "Five minutes, and as soon as her skirt's down, you get the fuck out of my house." I turned in the hallway and leaned back in my bedroom door, "And if you say anything to anyone, I'll beat the crap out of you!"

Mom was in the kitchen getting dinner ready.

"What's up, honey," she said as I came up close behind her, put my hands on her hips and gave her a quick kiss on the side of her neck.

"Nothing, just thought I'd come down and see how my gorgeous Mom is doing?"

"I'm fine. You guys playing that new game?"

"Nope," I nuzzled Mom's neck.

"I'm not coming up there, Evan, if that's what you're after. I more than paid for the Ben thing and I don't want to hear anymore about it. Anyway, Jim isn't Gary."

"I know Mom. I wasn't thinking anything like that. Just..."

"What?"

"A little leg show, like last time. That's all."

"No way. I'm not putting on peep shows for your friend's to get their jollies," Mom voice rose in anger.

"I know, I know. I didn't mean that. It's just that..."

"Just what?" Mom shoulders tightened. I could tell she was mad.

"He brought over some beer."

That did it. Mom whirled around. "You think I'm going to hike my skirt because some pervo friend of yours gave you some beer?"

"No, no way. I told him to forget it, that it was an accident last time, that it just happened."

"Then why did he give you beer?"

"He had the wrong idea, that's all. I straightened him out."

"So, what's the problem."

"He wanted me to try again. He thought if we were goofing around, it might happen again."

"Well, it's not going to."

"Ok, ok. I just said I'd try, if he promised to never say anything to anyone, ever."

Mom's expression changed from anger to apprehension. "You think say something?"

"Not if he gave his word," I said.

"Did he give his word?" Mom was worried.

"Yeah, if he got so see your panties," I blushed, felling bad about lying to her.

Mom's voice softened. "All right, if he gave you his word and you believe him."

"I said I'd beat the crap out of him."

Mom's face softened and she put her hand on the side of my face. "Ok. Go get him, but we'll make it look like a spur of the moment thing. I'm not going to stand here while he thinks I'm putting on a show for a case of beer."

"No, Mom. I told him I'd see if I could get you fooling around and make it happen by accident. I told him to give me five minutes and then come downstairs."

"All right. But this it. Right?"

"Right, Mom."

I heard Jim's footsteps on the stairs. Mom looked out the kitchen doorway and then back at me.

"Get out," she cried and pushed me back hard, Elaine style, laughing as I stumbled back.

Jim appeared in the doorway and leaned against the door jamb.

"You're so full of it," Mom cried, laughing so convincingly I almost believed she was having fun for real.

"I was waiting, man. I have to go in a couple of minutes."

"Oh, sorry, Jim. I was just horsing around with Mom."

"Oh, yeah?" Jim said, straightened up, suddenly more interested.

"He's trying to make me believe that guys your age would think I have a nice butt. Can you believe it?"

Mom half turned around and presented her butt to Jim, raising her nearest hip to accent her right buttock. Even under her skirt, it was sufficient to glue Jim's eyes to Mom's behind.

"Well, Mrs. G, I think your son has something there," Jim replied.

His mouth opened and his tongue actually hung out, the creep. I finally got into the game, grabbing Mom's hips and, while turning her butt directly toward Jim, lifting her skirt up, almost high enough to reveal a glimpse of her panties. I thought I'd get this over with quick and then hustle him out the door and to his car, making sure he didn't stop to take the beer.

But Mom, not knowing what I was up to, ruined my plans by suddenly shoving herself tightly against me, trapping her skirt between us in its raised state and pulling my hands tightly around her waist and crossing them over her stomach.

"Oh no you don't, mister," she yelled, still laughing like this was a big game.

Mom pushed up with her feet. Taking the hint, I lifted her up and spun her around. Jim's eyes were focused intensely on the bottom of Mom's skirt which was very high, only a few inches below her panties.

"Ok, okay," I cried. "I take it back," I laughed, sounding much phonier than Mom.

I slid my hands up, trying to raise Mom's skirt to produce the requisite panty shot. I knew I had succeeded when Jim's goggling eyes nearly popped out of his head. I looked down and saw that Mom's skirt had been pulled almost to the top of her hips. Most of her panties were exposed and, with the way I was holding her, they were stretched across her mound so tight he could see everything. I held Mom and she struggled, putting on quite a show. Jim stared and stared. Gradually, Mom quit fighting and then stopped.

"I give," she submitted.

"You give"" my laugh was strained but Jim wasn't in a mindset to detect fraud.

"Yes."

"Okay."

I loosened my hold and Mom's skirt fell back in place. Disappointment darkened Jim's creepy face. He looked like he was trying to think of something to continue the 'game' but just then Dad's horn sounded outside.

"You didn't park in my dad's spot, did you?"

"Uh, yeah."

"You better move it quick," I said.

Jim looked torn and desperate, likely driven by the boner evident under his jeans. "Yeah, ok...see ya." He turned and ran to the front door, leaving it open as he raced to his car.

"Yeah, good riddance," I said to his retreating back.

"You can say that again," Mom said

I knew with Dad there I didn't have to follow Jim to protect my beer. I also realized I was still holding Mom, my arms around her with my hands on her stomach, and she was pushing against me even though I was no longer pulling her. The softness of her ass pressed on my jeans and I was suddenly cognizant that she was still faster than normal, recovering from our exertions. I lifted my hands and tightened my hold as I heard Jim yelling to Dad that he'd be out in a jiffy. I looked down to see that Mom's skirt had risen again. Not as far as when I'd lifted her off her feet, but still high enough for me to see lots of leg.

Jim flooded his car. I could hear him cranking it over. Dad honked again, impatient with waiting on the street. I could see the front of his car on the street through the open front door and the left rear quarter panel of Jim's car.

I ducked my head and nuzzled Mom's neck.

"Hey, I'm still mad at you, mister," Mom protested.

I kissed the crook of her neck where it curved out to form her shoulder.

"You can't stay mad at your only son, can you?" I asked.

"No, I suppose not," Mom sighed.

I nuzzled her again, brushing my lips along the length of that graceful curve.

"But I have good reason to be mad," Mom made it clear that I wasn't yet out of the doghouse.

I agreed with her but added with a quiet chuckle, "That was quite the show," capping my statement with a kiss in the apex of the curve concomitant with one hand sliding lower over her belly while the other kept her skirt up. Dad's horn honked again and Jim went into another long cranking attempt to start his car.

My lower hand reached panty territory but it was still covered by skirt. I used my upper hand to claw it higher. Seconds later my fingers were lying directly on Mom's panties but I had just achieved that goal when I was startled by the slam of a car door. I froze.

Dad appeared, stomping up the driveway. "Jesus Christ!" He walked up the side of Jim's car and disappeared. I could hear him giving Jim loud instructions through the driver side window. "Let it sit for a minute and then put

the gas right on the floor and keep cranking. Murphy, you kids don't know anything these days except speeding around." No wonder he wouldn't let me get a car.

Mom laughed quietly. "Will you listen to him? You'd think he'd never been young."

"Mmmmmm," I agreed, tentatively brushing my fingers over the swell in Mom's panties, hoping she would keep ignoring what I was doing.

"Hey, I said I was still mad at you." Mom words admonished me but her pelvis pressed welcomingly outward, her mound embracing my fingers.

"I know," I whispered, brushing my fingers around more actively, my excitement threatening to boil over because Mom had not only not stopped me but she seem to be actually encouraging my caress.

Jim's car started turning over again and Dad yelled at him over the din, telling him to keep going with the pedal on the floor. I pressed into Mom's soft behind, pushing her firmly into my hand. The car sputtered and Dad yelled again. Jim obeyed, continuing to crank the engine and it sputtered, almost starting. Suddenly, the car roared to life and Dad retreated, stomping down the driveway. Jim's car backed out, the moved forward and out of sight. I pushed my hand lower and fully cupped Mom's panties, urging her against my palm and pressing my erection into her ass, aligning it with her crack.

"Stop it, Evan. I said I was still mad at you. Anyway, your father's coming now."

I just laughed, making a game of it, and whispered into her ear, "No."

Mom returned my laugh but insisted that I stop just as my tongue pushed wetly into her ear. I pulled my upper arm across the bottom of her breasts to keep her in place. A little higher and I was pressing her soft flesh against her chest.

Dad's car door slammed. I let go at once and Mom stepped forward, her skirt falling into place just as Dad appeared, climbing up the single broad step to the door and inside. He spotted us in the kitchen.

"Can you believe that kid?" Dad said to Mom.

"We were watching," Mom replied.

"What a day," Dad sighed. "Do I have time for a drink before dinner?" he asked.

"Sure, honey. I don't know why but I'm a little behind today. Take your time and enjoy your drink. I'll call you when it's ready.

Dad walked over to pour himself a drink and I, and my hardon, slipped out and upstairs.

Part 3. What now?

So now I wasn't sure exactly where I stood with Mom. I was fairly certain that playtime with my friends was over but not for me. But how far I could go, I didn't know. I was glad to be rid of Jim but was sorry to lose Gary's

participation, partly because I found it hot that Mom let him touch her and partly because his presence made me braver.

I had more mundane problems to face the following week. I had to walk to school which was uncool to say the least, especially after I had been used to riding there and back in Jim's car. Gary, it seemed, was in the same boat. Jim had dumped him too, probably because he knew we were best friends.

Nothing happened with Mom for the next two weeks. I wondered if I was wrong about where I stood and stressed about it when I wasn't feeling like a geek for having to walk to school. I supposed in her mind she had allowed something to happen that shouldn't have but for a good cause—nipping any fallout from her flirtation with Ben in the bud. But now, it was done and she was putting it into the past.

I was complaining about walking to school the Monday of the third week when Mom offered to drive me to school. Looking a gift horse in the mouth, I pointed out that arriving with my mother wasn't the same thing as cruising around in a friend's ride. Mom offered to drop me off at the mall which was a short distance from the school and I could walk from there. She would also pick me up since it was on her way home from work, at least on the Monday to Wednesday when she worked and the Thursday when she shopped. This worked out perfectly because I could be there by three o'clock and Mom got off then.

After school, I was there and Gary tagged along. Mom seemed as happy as always to see Gary and when we got home she told him he should come over to our place in the morning and catch a ride with us. So, Gary and I started riding to and from school with Mom four days a week.

All that week, Gary and I vied to see who could sit in the middle next to Mom. Neither of us sat in the back, which was odd, but Mom never commented on it. Gary usually managed to worm his way into the car first and he always

sat closer to Mom than I did, managing to keep his leg pressed against hers all the way home. Once, Mom complained about it.

"Gary, give me some more room."

"I can't Mrs. G," Gary replied, "or I'd be right up against Evan. Guys just don't do that."

"Oh, for crying out loud," Mom said. "Nobody's going to think you're that way just because you're sitting close to each other in a car."

Gary didn't budge and Mom didn't mention it again. After that, I noticed every time he got out of the car at home, he had a hard on. I can't believe Mom didn't notice with him sitting next to her at least three times a week.

It was on the second Thursday that Gary and I arrived at the mall a little late to see Mom walking out to her car in a very breezy summer dress with Ben trailing behind her, watching her legs which were nicely shaped by the half-height sandals she was wearing. I held Gary back and we both watched Ben put the grocery bags in the trunk, then walk around the side to hold the door open for Mom. Both of us saw Mom spy us watching her but, nevertheless, she took her time swinging her legs around, giving Ben a very good look up her skirt. Mom smiled and exchanged a few words with him before backing out and driving off. Ben turned and walked back to the store after Mom was about fifty feet away. A minute later, Mom pulled up in front of us and waited for us to get in.

Gary hadn't said anything to me but I could tell he was excited by what we'd seen. He was particularly eager to get into the car. Mom didn't say anything about the episode, not even explaining why she had driven away despite seeing us waiting. I prompted her when she pulled out of the parking lot onto the street.

"I see you picked up some groceries."

"Yes," Mom replied.

"And that was Ben helping you?"

"Yes. He's a very nice man, and quite helpful."

"Yeah. He seems to be a nice guy," I said.

Mom flashed me a quick smile, then returned her attention to the road. "I'm glad you think so."

At the next light, I leaned over to turn the radio on and adjusted it to my favorite station. While I was doing that, Gary moved his hand from his lap and placed it on Mom's thigh. Mom didn't glance down or even flinch. It was as if it wasn't there. I leaned back slowly into the seat but my attention was on Gary's hand. It didn't move. He just kept it on Mom's leg. The light turned green and Mom drove away. Still, she paid no heed to Gary's hand. We drove along for about four blocks in silence, turned and drove another three blocks. Mom missed the turn for our road.

"Damn," she said. "Where is my head? We'll have to go down to Fir street and turn around, or go down to the other end of Evergreen and come back all the way around the crescent."

That's what Mom did. She didn't hurry and Gary got to keep his hand on Mom's leg for seven minutes longer than he would have. Gary moved his hand back to his own leg as Mom turned into our driveway. When we got out Mom

asked us to bring the groceries in for her and opened the trunk before walking into the house. She was waiting as we carried a bag each into the kitchen.

"Just put them on the counter," she said, an odd smile on her face.

I put my bag down and turned to see Gary lift his onto the counter. I could see what Mom was smiling about. Gary was still wearing his sweatpants from gym class and his erection was blatantly obvious. By the color of his face, he knew. Gary turned away from Mom after depositing his bag and walked out of the kitchen. Mom, perhaps mischievously, called him back.

"Gary?"

Gary stopped but only turned slightly toward Mom, still facing mostly away to hide his excitement. "Yes, Mrs. G?"

"Would you like to join us for dinner?"

"Tonight?" the panic was evident in Gary's voice.

"No, on Saturday," Mom clarified.

"Oh, oh sure. That would be great, Mrs. G. G. Well, I'd better get home," Gary said, and ran out of the house.

Mom laughed out loud. "I wonder what got into him?"

I shook my head.

"Would you like a ride tomorrow? I'm going to be out and about so I can take you and pick you up at the usual times if you'd like."

"Yeah, that would be awesome Mom. Thanks."

"No problemo," Mom said. "Ok, get out of my hair while I make dinner. Oh, you'd better give Gary a call and let him know since he didn't stay around long enough to hear."

* * *

The next morning, Gary sat in the middle again but he didn't put his hand on Mom's leg. I don't know if it was because he was spooked from the day before or if he just thought it wasn't an appropriate thing to do in the morning.

After school, Gary was nervous and he didn't fight me for the middle position. I wanted to see what would happen, so I held the door open and waited for him to get in. I would have been too chicken to do anything myself anyway. When I got in, Gary was staring straight ahead and Mom had that odd, faint smile on her face. As soon as I shut the door, Mom pulled away but she didn't follow our normal route, instead deviating a couple of blocks away.

"Do you mind boys? There's a house for sale that I'd like to take a look at."

Gary and I both professed not to care, not being in any hurry to get home. Gary must have found his courage because, as we drove slowly down the shaded street, his hand found its way onto Mom's leg. His eyes were held rigidly on the road ahead. Mine were on Mom's leg and his hand, and Mom's were casting from side to side, looking for the house that was for sale.

It took us quite a while to find the house, driving up and down streets and around several blocks. Finally, it was there. Mom stopped at the corner of its yard under a tree in the boulevard hanging over the street. She peered at the house. I followed her gaze but Gary sat looking straight ahead. Mom made several comments about the house, pointing out what she liked and disliked about it.

My attention wandered back to Gary's hand. It moved but Mom's voice didn't waver. My eyes were now riveted on Gary's hand. His fingers seemed to tighten, squeezing Mom's thigh. Still she didn't look down, flinch her eyes, tighten her face, or provide any other indication that she was aware that Gary was fondling her leg. His hand slid forward, toward the center of Mom's lap, pushing down between her legs.

"It's an older house. I wonder if there's a lane behind where we can look at the backyard?" Mom asked. I knew she wasn't expecting an answer, as she hadn't with the rest of her monologue.

We drove to the end of the block, turned right, and found a lane. Gary's hand moved the whole time, not so much rubbing as kneading Mom's thigh. We drove down the lane until the house was on our right. This time, Mom stopped in the middle of the lot and I had to look at the house instead of Gary's hand since Mom's line of sight was directly across the front of my chest. I doubted that Gary stopped his hand because when the car began to move again, his hand was still squeezing Mom's leg.

Gary's hand moved all the way home, gently rubbing Mom's thigh slightly on the inside, quite high up. He didn't even pull it away when we pulled into our driveway. Mom stopped the car, applied the brake—something she never did—and turned off the motor. None of us moved. Gary's hand was finally still, but it remained on Mom's leg. Mom broke the silence.

"What would you boys like for dinner tomorrow night? I was thinking of making a ham. Is that all right?"

We both nodded. Gary's hand started moving again, but more slowly if that was possible.

"What would you like for dessert?" Mom asked, then, not waiting for an answer, "How about fresh apple pie, warmed up, with ice cream?"

"Yeah, Mom," I croaked. "That would be great."

"I know it's your favorite, Evan," Mom laughed. "But what about you, Gary? What do you like." Mom turned to look directly at Gary, still ignoring his hand that moving on the inside of her thigh, pushing her dress deep between her legs.

Gary's face was flushed almost pink. Amazingly, he had the gall not to still his hand, replying after a brief pause, "Yeah, that would be great, Mrs. G."

"What would be great?" Mom smiled.

"What Evan said," Gary choked out.

Mom kept smiling. "The pie, the ice cream, or both?"

Gary struggled to find a response and finally came up with just, "Uh, both."

"And do you like it hot," Mom's smile broadened and she searched Gary's face closely, "or at least warmed up?"

"Yeah, hot," Gary managed.

"Good. So do I," Mom replied. With that, she opened her door. When she turned to get out of the car, Gary's hand slid off her leg. Mom walked briskly to the house. It was several minutes before Gary and I moved. We didn't say anything to each other.

Part 4. Back in the saddle again

Saturday was ham day. It was also chore day, and game day for Dad. He watched a game all afternoon while I cut and raked the grass. He then pointed out that the garage needed tidying up, so I got busy doing that. I didn't mind. I needed something to keep my mind occupied. I played the Thursday and Friday rides home from school over and over in my mind. Something was going to happen tonight. I just knew it.

Gary came over for dinner early. He must have had the same sense about the evening as I did. Mom bustled about in the kitchen and Gary and I kept trying to help out. Mom told us to go set the table, more, I think to get us out of

the kitchen than anything else. When we finished, she banished us to the living room to watch the end of the game with Dad.

"Dinner will be ready in a few minutes, dear," Mom told Dad. "We should have time to eat before the big game starts."

Dad nodded in acknowledgement but didn't look up from the game. Gary and I were both watching Mom.

"I'm just going to go upstairs and get changed," Mom said to no one in particular. "I've been cooking in these clothes all day."

We sat downstairs but our minds were upstairs in Mom's room, imagining her undressing. When she came downstairs, she was dressed in very similar attire, a summer dress with a modest bodice, no sleeves, and a billowy skirt that covered her legs to just below her knees. She was wearing a flat pair of plain, beige sandals but there was a gold chain around her right ankle. I had never seen Mom wear jewellery on her legs before.

"Come on boys. Come and get it."

Gary and I sprang up and followed Mom into the kitchen where she immediately put us to work carrying bowls out to the dining room table. Dad lingered in the living room and Mom asked me to carve the ham. I was so excited that I almost cut myself.

We finally sat down to eat. Gary and I were on our best behavior, polite to a fault. The game started just as Mom brought dessert to the table. Dad asked if Mom minded if he ate his while watching the game and she said she didn't mind. Dad was already half way up anyway.

Gary and I ate our dessert absent mindedly. Our attention was on Mom, searching for any sign that she was open to flirting and finding none. When we were done, Mom gathered our plates and cutlery into a stack on the table.

"We'll help with the dishes, Mrs. G," Gary eagerly offered but Mom declined. She preferred to do it herself, she said, since it was her good china.

"You boys don't have to watch the game," Mom spoke to me. "I know you're not that interested. Why don't you and Gary go up and play your game. I know you'd rather do that."

Gary and I sauntered upstairs, half expecting to be called back, but we weren't. The evening was turning into a major disappointment. We fired up my computer and logged in to play online. It was almost an hour later that there was a light knock on the door and Mom stepped inside.

"Am I disturbing you?" she asked. We both assured her that she wasn't. Mom was wearing a full length robe and I presumed she had changed into her nightgown in preparation for bed. I supposed she just wasn't quite tired enough yet to go to sleep.

"Do you mind if I watch you play your game for a while?" Mom asked. "Baseball is so boring," she added.

Mom sat on my bed and we continued playing. I wished she would come stand behind me and lean her hip against my shoulder like she had before but Mom stayed on the bed. She stayed there for Gary's turn too. We were both better at the game now and our turns lasted longer. It was during my turn that Mom leaned back, swung her legs up and shifted to the middle of my double bed, and lay down. My turn didn't last at long, and neither did Gary's next turn.

As I started my turn, I looked over at Mom. She was looking back at me with a calm, relaxed smile that was partly covered by a strand of hair that had fallen across her face. She turned onto her back and crooked her arm across her eyes.

"Are you boys going to play that game all night?" she asked.

Gary and I looked at each other, not moving, then both of us jumped to our feet. We quickly went to the bed, one on either side, and sat down. Mom lay quietly, her shallow breathing forcing her chest slightly up and down, pressing her breasts against her robe. We weren't sure what to do since her robe was cinched tight around her waist and it covered her from head to toe. There wasn't any bare skin to stroke or massage, nor had she provided an invitation by remarking about how sore her legs were like she'd done before.

"That light is so bright," Mom said unexpectedly, startling us both.

I got up and turned my light off, leaving the room lit only by the computer screen and the small lamp on the table on the far side of my bed. I always turned it on when I came into my room because I didn't like to get into my bed in the dark. We sat in the dim light, looking down at Mom's slender, covered form.

As usual, Gary took the initiative. He leaned to his side and pulled Mom's slipper off her foot. I didn't react fast enough to do the same before he removed the one on my side too. Sitting straight again, Gary began fumbling

with the belt on Mom's robe. I joined in that task. We didn't hurry but instead concentrated on disturbing Mom as little as possible, afraid she might stop us at any time.

When the belt was undone, we parted Mom's robe from her feet to her neck. The gold chain still surrounded her right ankle. She was wearing a shimmery pink nightgown bordered with off-white lace around the hem and the bodice. The latter wasn't cut low but it showed the swells of her breasts and, more importantly, the distinct outline of her nipples which pushed aggressively into the thin fabric. This was the first time I had seen my mother without a bra and I was very impressed. So was my cock which instantly swelled to fill all the spare space in my jeans. Gary and I looked at each other and smiled. What to do now?

Gary took the initiative again. He put his hand on the top of Mom's foot, curled his fingers around to caress her instep, then starting moving up her calf. I followed suit with Mom's other foot, managing to catch up with him by the time we reached Mom's knees, pushing the hem of her nightgown ahead of us. Expecting Gary to continue, I was caught off guard and had to play catch-up again when he stroked his way down Mom's leg to her foot and lightly scratched her instep and then her sole.

Back and forth, we stroked Mom's lower legs and massaged her feet, all the time looking at her breasts under the nightgown. They slowly seemed to become firmer, swelling up to fill the nightgown and her nipples definitely became more prominent. Gary paused at Mom's knee and I looked up to see him watching me. He smiled and nodded higher up Mom's legs. This time I didn't fall behind. In unison, Gary and I pushed our hands onto Mom's thighs, shoving the hem of her nightgown ahead of us until it wouldn't go higher because it was pinched to the mattress by the weight of her legs.

We concentrated on stroking Mom's thighs now, periodically retreating to caress her lower legs and feet, always watching each other to act in tandem. On the way back after one such excursion to Mom's feet, Gary paused by Mom's knee, slipping his hand inside and stretching his fingers underneath. I matched his move. Gary then moved his other hand to lie palm up on the bed, above Mom's knee. I did the same. He pressed against the bottom of

Mom's leg, lifting her knee and then swept the other hand up toward Mom's hips, pushing the nightgown under Mom's legs until it reached her bottom.

When Gary released Mom's leg, it remained slightly lifted and pulled toward him, as did the leg on my side. We now proceeded to caress Mom's upper legs, following up the inside of her thighs, pushing the pink nightgown up, all the way up, stopping just short of her panties. There, we reversed direction and repeated our caressing strokes, once again periodically tracing our fingers all the way to Mom's feet.

Mom's breathing quickened and became uneven. Her chest was rising and falling in a similarly quick fashion, almost heaving her breasts off her chest. She was very excited, like she had been that night so long ago. I couldn't believe how hard that memory and the sight of her made my cock. I was so hard I half expected the seams on my jeans to burst apart.

For once, I took the initiative. I just had to see her panties. They would be pink I knew, but would they be of the same shimmery material, or a delicate, lacy affair? I grasped the hem of her nightgown and waited for Gary to follow suit. When he didn't, I lifted the hem and tossed it up onto Mom's belly.

My god! Mom was naked under the nightgown!

Gary and I stared, stunned, our hands for once still. Mom's pussy was covered by a neatly trimmed bush. Her faint, aroma filled out nostrils. I looked up to Mom's face but it was still covered by her arm. Her mouth was open, lips slightly parted and her chest was heaving in concert with her deep, raspy breaths. She was ready for something and it wasn't just stroking her legs. Last time, she had let us brush our hands over her panties and she had let me do the same in the kitchen. What would she allow tonight?

I pulled Mom's leg closer to me, lifting it up a bit. Gary did the same. A narrow, pink slit appeared, glistening with moisture. I ran my fingers up the inside of Mom's thigh, stopping short of Mom's pussy, and Gary traced the same path along his thigh. I pressed in on Mom's thigh, into that hollow part inside leg just before the leg ends. The slit widened and then again as Gary followed suit, turning into a pink gash.

I pressed forward, the tip of my index finger riding point. I reached my goal and ran my fingertip up and down, testing the moistness of that maternal slit, pulling the lip on my side apart. Gary joined me and repeated my actions exactly. We took turns running our fingertip up and down Mom's wet slit, holding it apart for each other. Mom's breath was now coming in ragged gasps. On my turn, I inserted my finger inside up to the first knuckle and paused, waiting for my friend. Gary inserted his finger below mine and then, together, we pushed inside, and kept pushing until we couldn't go any farther.

We fingered Mom. In and out, in and out, slowly, then faster, then slowly again. We moved our fingers so they were side by side instead of top and bottom. Mom moaned aloud when we first did this. Her tits were heaving and it was me again who first leaned forward to cover a nightgown-covered nipple with my mouth. Gary's head quickly joined mine on Mom's chest and he began sucking with gay abandon on Mom's tit.

I was surprised how long Mom took to come. At first, I thought she was coming multiple times based on the sounds she was making, but she didn't slow down. Her pussy was grinding in response to our manipulations. Then, I thought we weren't doing enough and I inserted my middle finger too, and was soon joined by Gary's longest digit.

Four fingers now gently fucked Mom's pussy. I alternated between long hard sucks and rapid flicks of my tongue across her stiff nipple. Mom's nightgown was so wet with my saliva, it was like a second skin. She was moaning constantly now and her hips suddenly began bucking wildly. I knew for certain when she came because our fingers were flooded with a deluge of slippery fluid and her bucking slowly subsided, punctuated by brief, harsh relapses.

Finally she was still. I pulled my head up, as did Gary, and marveled at how her nipples were still trying to poke through her nightgown. I was surprised that Mom's arm was off her face and that she was regarding us without embarrassment. Gary and I were breathing harshly.

"That was very nice boys," Mom's voice was almost a whisper, but not quite. "Why don't you undo your jeans?" she suggested.

Gary and I were surprised by her request but quickly undid our belts and zippers, excited by her husky breath.

"Kneel beside me," Mom said. Then, when we had complied, she added, "Push your pants right down."

We obliged and laughed in embarrassment when our hard cocks sprung out, hanging over Mom's belly. Mom took us each in hand and slowly began sliding her soft hands up and down our shafts, applying exactly the same manipulations to each cock, whether stroking or swirling her fingers and palms over our tender heads. We didn't take nearly as long to come as Mom. Within minutes, we were both spilling our stringy seed all over her belly. Mom got up when our last spurts were done. She pushed her nightgown down and calmly wrapped her robe around herself and tied it.

Looking at Gary, Mom laughed quietly and said, "It should be easier for you to get out of the house without a wet spot on your jeans."

With our cum still wet on her belly, Mom told us to pull up our pants and she'd walk downstairs with us. Gary said goodnight to my father and asked who was winning the game. I guess he felt guilty and, like a novice perpetrator, called attention to himself so he could brazenly display his innocence. Mom stood next to me in her robe and when Gary was gone, told Dad she was going to have a quick shower and go to bed. Dad's only acknowledgement

was a quick nod without even looking Mom's way; he wasn't happy that Gary disturbed his game. I was lying in my bed when I heard the shower start. I was so exhausted, I fell asleep even though it was early.

Monday, Mom insisted that I sit in the middle. Gary was heartbroken since he now expected to have the favored seat. My delight quickly faded, however, when I looked down to see Mom wearing jeans. Gary and I had been so intent jostling for position that neither of us had noticed that Mom wasn't wearing a dress. I had been waiting outside by the car to secure the favored spot so I hadn't seen Mom after she had gone up after breakfast to dress.

I wasn't sure what to do so I kept my hands to myself. Gary made sure I was aware of the smartass smirk he had painted heavily across his face. Mom backed out of the driveway, changed from reverse to drive, and the car gained speed down our street. Gary's smirk disappeared when Mom's hand dropped from the gearshift onto my hand, lifted it, and dropped it onto her thigh. Envy appeared when Mom's hand pushed mine between her legs before regripping the steering wheel. I rubbed the inside of her thigh all the way to school.

On the way home Mom once again insisted that I sit in the middle. Again, she took my hand once we were underway and pushed it between her legs. It was Gary's turn to watch again and I reveled in his jealousy when I twisted my hand from Mom's thigh so I could cup her pussy. Mom's only response was to open her knees slightly to accommodate my embrace.

That's the way the rest of the week played out. Mom wore jeans all week. Gary tried to sit in the middle every time and once, I felt sorry for him, so I held the door open so he could play too. But Mom wouldn't have it. She made him back out so I could take his place. Except for Friday.

Mom offered us a ride even though she was going shopping and not to work. She took a detour to that house she had shown us before, driving down the back lane and parking behind the shed against the back fence of the house next door. She got out and stood close to the power pole positioned on the property line between the two houses, leaving no room for us to stand on either side of her. Despite being last out of the car, I managed to grab the spot beside her. We stood for a couple of minutes, looking at the house.

"It's such a lovely back yard," Mom said, admiring the gardens. "It's so beautiful. I don't know how they keep it up so nice," she mused. "You'd think they were retired and home all day instead of being working stiffs like us."

Gary and I both nodded, listening and eager to please, though neither of us could give a rat's ass about the garden. Mom leaned close to me and slipped her arm around my back at waist level. I put mine around her shoulder. Gary looked smitten, being left out.

That was nothing to the look on his face when Mom started to unbuckle my belt. Both of us looked down, stunned. As soon as the belt was undone, Mom unzipped my jeans, adeptly twisted the snap undone and fished my cock out of my pants. Without hesitation, she started jacking my cock. My head swiveled around. After making sure nobody was coming down the lane, or hanging out in their backyard, I peered intently at the back windows of the houses near us for any sign that we were being observed.

Gary hadn't stopped watching what Mom was doing and she was still commenting on how lovely the yard was, how she liked this flower and that, and wondering what the plant in the far corner was, wouldn't it look great in our yard? All the time, she was wanking my now very hard cock, faster and faster. Her hand was moving quickly, blazing away. Mom leaned in tight to my chest, finally looking down to concentrate on what she was doing.

Wham! Spurt, spurt, spurt. My cum shot way out, all the way to the fence. The new Tom Sawyer applying his own brand of white wash. Gary was shocked. So was I. Mom let go and turned away.

"We better get going or you'll both be late for school."

I stood there, reeling from this wonderful experience, cock still hanging out for anyone to see, suddenly seeming more exposed now that Mom had let go. Gary, recovering from the realization that he wasn't to receive the same treatment, was standing by the car, holding the door open for me. Mom honked the horn. Panicked, I turned away, stuffing my spent cock into my pants, shuffling hunched over to the car. As we drove slowly down the lane, I frantically scanned the houses to see if anyone had witnessed this bizarre event.

Mom told us she couldn't pick us up that afternoon. I barely heard her but Gary was crushed. Obviously, he must have been hoping that his turn was to come on the way home. To top it off, Mom didn't invite him for dinner on Saturday.

* * *

Gary showed up at our place Saturday night after dinner. He hadn't told me he was coming over and looked a bit awkward at the door when Mom answered. She made him feel welcome though.

"Gary, how nice to see you," Mom greeted him cheerily. "Evan's in his room," she said, turning as she heard me coming down the stairs.

"I thought you might want to play the new game," Gary said as he stepped into the house, coloring slightly and glancing at Mom. "The computer game," he explained further.

"You boys better get going," Mom chided us, reacting to my father's impatient glance, not happy with us disturbing his game.

I nodded and started up the stairs. I had to pull Gary by the arm. He was watching Mom walk into the kitchen. You would have thought she was naked the way his eyes bore into her rather than dressed in a long, dark brown pleated skirt that fell below her knees. I could understand his fixation. I hadn't been able to avoid looking at Mom myself that day but the focus of my attention was on the pale yellow blouse she was wearing. It was one of the criss-cross affairs that wonderfully emphasize a woman's mammarian assets.

I was pretty worked up myself, having observed Mom all day but Gary was probably beside himself thinking about what happened to me Friday morning, and not himself. I bet he couldn't get the picture of Mom's delicate fingers wrapped around my pole, wanking and wanking. I had to steady him once as we walked up the stairs, just as Mom disappeared into the kitchen.

We made a pretty dismal pretense of playing on the computer. We put the game on, just so it would be on screen in case Mom came in but then we just sat around like a couple losers waiting to be activated. Quite pathetic really.

"Go see if she's coming," Gary finally cried in desperation, stating out loud what we'd both been thinking for over an hour.

"I can't just go down and ask Mom if she's coming up to my room, moron. What do you want me to say, Can you come up and play, Mom? Gary and I are getting really horny."

"Fuck off," Gary replied. "Just go down and start making some hot chocolate or something. Then I'll yell down that it's your turn and you come running but ask her if she'll bring it up when it's finished."

Not bad, I thought. Gary was little, but he was a thinker. I found myself in the kitchen two minutes later with the kettle plugged in. Mom wandered in from the living room and sidled up to me where I was waiting by the counter. I was very encouraged when she leaned her hip against mine. Looking down at the pale yellow blouse that tightly wrapped her individual breasts, I immediately began to stir.

"What are you boys up to?" Mom's husky voice inquired. I straightened another notch at the first sultry note.

"Oh, playing our new game," I replied, emphasizing the last word as I put my arm around Mom's shoulder.

"Oh really?" Mom's voice rose a teasing octave. "Just the two of you?"

I leaned over and kissed the top of Mom's head, pulling on her shoulder to squeeze her close. "It would be more fun with another player," I suggested.

"But only one can play at a time on the computer anyway," Mom taunted, turning away and starting toward the door.

Afraid she would leave before Gary called me—where was that dolt?—I sprang forward and grabbed both of Mom's shoulders, pulling her back. My momentum carried me forward and my emboldened groin pressed into the soft folds of her pleated skirt. We were standing near the doorway. Another step and we would be in my father's line of sight.

Mom stood still. I let my hands fall down the outside of Mom's arms until just below her elbows where I transferred my hold onto her hips, tugging her closer, not to get her farther from escape through the doorway but to press her ass tighter against my bulging jeans.

"Mom," I whispered hoarsely.

Mom whirled around in my arms, I suppose to still my voice so close to my father. I felt lightheaded with her so close and the memory of her hand on me filled my mind.

"Mom," I repeated, my hands on her hips sliding up to cup the sides of her full breasts over that magnificent blouse.

SLAP!

I reeled backward, stunned! She had slapped me. Hard. I stared at her, shocked. She wheeled around and was in the middle of the doorway when Gary called.

"Evan. It's your turn."

The kettle began to whistle behind me. I turned, groggy, and watched steam billowing from the kettle and spreading out under the cupboard, then folding around and rising to the ceiling. I stumbled toward it and pulled the plug just as it began screaming at full pitch, matching the sound inside my head. What the fuck? I ignored the two waiting mugs, already prepped with hot chocolate powder.

"Evan!" Gary yelled again.

I stumbled out of the kitchen, avoiding the living room where I was sure Mom had gone. I crashed through my partly open bedroom door and whirled around to shut the door, leaning my back against it.

"What happened?" Gary asked, surprised.

"Mom slapped me," I replied numbly.

"She slapped you?"

"Yeah." I was almost in tears.

"Why? What did you do?"

I shook my head and stumbled to the bed, flopping down onto my back, raising my hands to my head, covering my face.

"What did you do?" Gary repeated. I shook my head.

"I don't believe it. You fucked it up. You fucked it all up," he accused.

I turned my head away from him. My face stung. Mom had really walloped me. She must have really meant it, must be really mad. Tears welled up and fell onto my cheeks.

"You fucked it up," Gary's voice evoked despair now rather than anger. "You fucked it up."

Oh, fuck off, I thought, turning further away, too depressed to voice my feeling. I heard my door open and softly click shut. Gary was gone. I heard him say goodnight and a begrudging reply from my father. There was no reply from Mom.

Part Five. Was it really all over?

I hadn't gone downstairs after Gary left. I stayed in my room until my parents went to bed, then quickly used the bathroom and went to bed, stripping down to my shorts and lying on my back, arms folded over my face. I felt exhausted, emotionally drained. Mom hated me.

I woke with a start. It was pitch black in my room which was odd. The faint glow from the street lights usually filtered in my window. I turned toward the window but it was black. Had I closed the blinds? I didn't remember doing so but I must have.

I froze. What was that? A rustling sound. A mouse? No way. My snake? No, it died years ago. Could it have had babies? Had one been living in my room all this time? Ridiculous.

There it was again. Movement. I couldn't hear anything but I was sure something had moved. I strained to hear.

Shit. My shorts were down. I could feel them stretching across my thighs. I was hard, really hard, sticking straight up, as if trying to touch the ceiling. Had I been dreaming? Could I have pulled my shorts down while I was asleep? Weird. Was I so hard because I was scared? Why was I scared?

I almost jumped out of my skin but I only flinched and I didn't cry out. The barest touch, a gentle tickle on the underside of my shaft, just below my tip. My imagination had gone wild.

There it was again. The slightest brush and then gone. My mind almost didn't believe it but my cock was certain of the touch, wagging desperately, willing itself toward my feet, trying to regain that intriguing sensation.

Oh, god. On my tip, on the top. Fuck, that felt good. I couldn't move. My hands were stiff at my side. I didn't want to move. I didn't want to do anything that would make this dream stop.

Ohhh, that soft caress again, sooner this time, longer, grazing down the slope of my helmet, so soft, so fucking feminine. Please, more, more.

On the underside again, then again. On top. Oh christ. Stop teasing me. No don't stop. Keep doing it, it's so awesome. Another brief touch, then again, staying circling, around and around. Don't leave, don't leave. Staying, falling, tracing a faint line, over the ridge and down, down, to the bottom, then around and up the underside of my throbbing meat. Then emptiness. Please, don't stop. Touch me.

The touch, the circle, down and around and back. Lovely, lovely. I love you.

"Mom?" I whispered. I couldn't help it but immediately I was afraid, afraid she would go again.

"Did you think I would like that, Evan?"

"Like what?" I cried.

Two fingers traced a feathery-light path down my cock, one on bottom, one on top. They circled around to join at my root and pulled up, closing in a tight ring around the ridge at the bottom of my helmet.

"Feeling me up near your father?"

Down the ring pulled, stretching my skin tight, delivering excruciatingly divine pleasure.

"No. I'm sorry, Mom. I'm sorry. I didn't. I won't do it again."

"You won't do it again," Mom whispered, her fingers jacking moving up again, then reversing, jacking down my extremely sensitive cock, her breath blowing across my tip.

"No. I won't. I promise."

Mom jacked my cock half a dozen strokes, each time blowing her breath across my tip. Memories of old punishments flashed through my mind. Mom always followed her punishments up with promises of rewards for better behavior. Relief flooded through me. In a way, this was eerily familiar. I was to be forgiven.

"You shouldn't make a promise like that," Mom whispered.

"Why?" I cried, trying not to come in case it made her mad, doubt returning.

Mom's circled fingers pulled down to my base and stayed there, stretching the skin tightly on my shaft.

"Because I liked it," her throaty voice purred.

A tongue flicked out, damply stabbing my tip, then again, and again. It curled moistly around my cock, licking my knob, making it wet.

"Ohhhhh, god," I groaned. "Please, please Mom," I begged for release, knowing it was coming anyway, that nothing could stop it.

"You shouldn't want to fuck me, Evan. I'm your mother. That's so bad. You shouldn't think about it, fucking me, picturing it in your mind, seeing yourself inside me."

As the image Mom conjured up flooded into my brain, Mom's mouth enveloped my cock. She held me loosely in her mouth, hovering over me, surrounding the tip with her swirling tongue, her hand shaking my shaft, rattling my knob off her teeth. That was it. I was surging, rushing upward, a volcano wave about to erupt.

"Fuck," I yelled, thrusting off the bed, feeling my cock sink deep into Mom's mouth, her elbow digging painfully into my belly, pushing me back.

"Unnnnggghhhhh," I groaned my hot, molten lava pouring into Mom's mouth.

I tried to grab Mom's head, to hold her on me, but she pushed my hands away. Thankfully, she didn't move away. Her mouth kept sucking, milking my failing cock, sucking and sucking. My hands flopped to my side and I lay there, gasping for breath, pelvis jerking spasmodically, filling Mom's mouth less and less as my balls emptied and my dick softened.

Suddenly, I was bare. The air was cold on my limp, wet cock. Where was she? The door opened and closed. Mom was gone.

Part Six. I'm in charge, I think

Sunday, Mom was like a fifties TV Mom. She made a big, old fashioned breakfast: scrambled eggs and toast with hashbrowns and bacon, large glasses of freshly squeezed orange juice and coffee for her and Dad. In the afternoon, Mom gardened while I cut and raked the lawn. Dad worked in his shop, fussing with his boat, and we all sat together for a mid-afternoon break sipping ice cold lemonade. Dinner was traditional roast beef with roast potatoes, mashed carrots and turnips, and gravy. Pie and ice cream for dessert.

I was keen to stay in the kitchen to make advances on Mom, perhaps fondle her near Dad in the hopes of being rewarded with another late night visit but I was firmly rebuffed. I was now totally confused. I went to bed frustrated, lying awake for hours until finally, sometime in the early hours of the morning, I fell asleep. I didn't wake up until Mom called me. She wasn't whispering this time. She was standing in my open door.

"Get up. You're late."

I struggled out of bed and down the hall to the bathroom. I was still half asleep and very tired. How many hours had I slept? Two? Three? I didn't get half my breakfast eaten before Mom called me to get in the car, reminding me that she couldn't be late for work.

Gary wasn't outside waiting by the car. Why would he be? He must still be freaking out. He had no idea what had happened after he had left me sulking in my bed. I clambered in the car but sat by the door. I had no excuse to be sitting beside Mom. As we drove down the street, I looked longingly at my mother, so bright and attractive in her loose summer skirt and cross-over blouse similar to the one she'd worn on Saturday. She looked gorgeous.

"Stop gawking at me, Evan. It looks weird."

I looked away and noticed Mom was driving away from school.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Gary must be late. You do want to get your friend, don't you?" Mom turned and smiled sweetly at me.

"Uh, yeah."

We turned to the right down Gary's street. He was halfway down, walking toward us. Mom pulled up and stopped beside him. Gary looked nervous. I opened the window and told him to get in, happily shifting closer to Mom.

"Let little Gary into the middle, you big hulk," Mom said, pushing my shoulder.

Begrudgingly, I slid over and got out of the car. "Get in," I grumbled, grabbing Gary and shoving him toward the car.

Gary swung inside and stuffed his bag on the floor between his knees. As soon as I got in, the car started moving. I closed the door and put my seatbelt on. Gary had forgotten about his and I didn't bother to remind him. He was staring straight ahead, avoiding both of us even as Mom pulled into a driveway and backed out, turning the car around and driving slowly back the way we had come despite our late departure and detour. Gary was clearly uncomfortable, not knowing what to expect.

Mom pulled up to the stop sign at the end of Gary's street. She didn't proceed after slowing down to check the traffic like she normally would. Instead, she came to a dead stop. After a few seconds, I looked at her, my eyes questioning. Gary looked partly my way, then partly toward Mom but still mostly ahead.

Mom's hand fell casually to her right thigh and began slowly gathering her skirt. My eyes were riveted on her legs and Gary's head turned toward her in a series of small jerks. Mom's hand, full of skirt, pulled back to her hip, baring her right leg completely, with the skirt angled toward the door but still showing most of her left leg. Gary's hand reached slowly out, hovered tentatively over Mom's leg, then dropped lightly onto the top of her thigh.

"Ask Evan," Mom said.

"What?" Gary croaked.

"You have to ask Evan for his permission," Mom stated calmly, deliberately.

Gary paused, as if not comprehending, then turned his head haltingly toward me.

"Can I, Evan?"

I nodded but before Gary could move, Mom spoke again. "I didn't hear you, Evan."

"Yes," I said, my voice as hoarse as Gary's. "Go ahead."

Gary's hand slipped between Mom's legs. The car moved ahead, we turned the corner and gained speed down the street. Gary stroked Mom's thigh all the way to school. That's right. Mom didn't drop us off at the mall, she drove right up to the front of the school. It was a good thing we were late. Nobody was there and Gary still had his hand between Mom's legs. Mom stopped, put the car in park. and twisted to face us. She spoke directly to me, ignoring Gary.

"Do you want to let him put his hand all the way up?" she asked. "Do you want to give him something to think about all day?" Mom smiled sweetly as if she had just asked if we wanted a ride home. Then she made herself clear, "Do you want to let him touch me there?"

I nodded.

"Speak up, Evan."

"Yes, let him touch you...there."

Gary turned his arm and pushed his hand farther up Mom's dress. His breath was coming in small gasps. Another car pulled past and parked in front of us. Two kids got out and started running for the front doors. I could see the woman looking at us in the mirror.

"That's enough," I told Gary.

Gary didn't listen. I don't think he heard me; he was in another world.

Mom put her hand on Gary's arm and pushed it away.

"Gary, you have to stop when Evan says," she said firmly.

I got out of the car and waited for Gary. I leaned down to say goodbye when he got out. Mom blew me a kiss.

"Pick you up at the mall?" she asked.

"Yeah," I replied, and closed the door.

We didn't get a chance to talk until we were walking to the mall together. Gary couldn't figure out what was going on.

"What happened after I left? How did you fix things? I mean, she hit you man."

"Nothing happened," I lied. I wasn't about to tell anyone about what had transpired between Mom and I. That was a special memory just for us as far as I was concerned. "I'm as shocked as you are."

"What's with this whole permission thing?"

"I don't know. Maybe she gets off on it. Maybe she's just fucking with us."

"It's weird," Gary observed.

"I know, but it's her game," I concluded, "and if we want to play, it's going to be by her rules."

"That's ok by me," Gary said with enthusiasm.

"You haven't said anything to anybody, have you?"

"Come on, man. Don't be an asshole. I'm not Jim."

"I know. Sorry."

"I'll never say a word to anyone. Ever."

Gary was emphatic, holding his hand out for me to grab. We did a little handshake thing and started hoofing it to the mall. Neither of wanted to keep Mom waiting.

Gary had to ask me if he could sit in the middle. Mom didn't pull her skirt up but didn't object when Gary did because he asked me first, quickly getting into Mom's game. He caressed Mom's inner thigh for a minute or so before asking me if he could go higher. I granted my permission, leaning forward to watch.

"You forgot to say please," Mom stopped his progress, closing her legs tight.

"Please," Gary whispered.

"Not to me. To Evan."

Gary's head swiveled around to me. "Please, Evan. Can I?"

"All right," I said and Mom's legs parted.

Gary jerked around. His hand had already twisted about to cup Mom's panties by the time he was facing her.

"Gently," I commanded.

"Yes sir," Gary acknowledged.

Mom drove the long way home, taking the route past that house and down the back lane where she had jacked me off in front of Gary. Mom stopped the car but left it in gear, holding her foot on the brake. Gary's hand became more active. Gary was panting loudly and I wasn't much quieter. Mom was the calmest of the three of us. A minute later, she moved her foot from the brake and we drove slowly down the lane and back onto the street.

I saw that Dad's car was in the driveway when we turned onto our street. Gary started to pull his hand away as we approached our driveway.

"Leave it there," I commanded.

Gary turned to look at me but did as he was told. He didn't even look at Mom for confirmation. Mom looked my way, concern showing on her face, but she turned into the driveway and pulled up beside Dad's car. Mom turned the car off and pushed the brake down. Dad wasn't anywhere in sight but the garage door was open.

"Keep touching her panties," I instructed my friend.

Gary did as I said, but with less enthusiasm. He looked very nervous. After a minute, his fear hadn't subsided but a new excitement began to overtake it. Mom seemed to be experiencing the same emotions. Strange as it must seem for us to be still sitting in the car, I allowed it to continue. I could detect the faint odor of my mother's excitement now that we weren't moving and the wind wasn't blowing by my open window. I gathered that Gary and Mom's ramped up excitement was triggered by Mom's panties getting wet.

"Use your finger," I told my proxy, firmly, in control.

Mom's knees moved further apart, anticipating Gary's need for more room. I couldn't see directly but the angle of Gary's hand and its movement told me he was trying to move Mom's panties aside so his finger could gain access to her bare pussy. I knew he had succeeded when Mom suddenly sucked in her breath. That's when I saw Dad's head out of the corner of my eye, bobbing toward us along the side of the house.

"Stop!" I barked, the urgency in my voice causing Gary to jerk his hand from between Mom's legs. Dad was almost to the car when Mom regained her senses and pushed her skirt down her legs, reaching for the door handle and opening the door.

"Something wrong with the car?" Dad asked. "I heard you pull in a few minutes ago."

"No, no. It's fine. We were just talking about the new computer game the boys are playing. I saw it the other night. It really is quite exciting." Mom was breathing excitedly, perhaps hoping that Dad thought that was why. "You should come up and watch them play," she suggested.

"Computer games," Dad cried disdainfully. "Is that what they've been up to? I thought they were studying up there. What a waste of time."

"They were, in a way, honey. It helps with their computer classes and I told Evan he can't play on school nights," Mom assured my father. "Just Friday and Saturday."

"Still a waste of time. He should be studying."

"The boys have to have some time to play around," Mom said. "And they're always looking for new things to do. You remember what it was like when you were their age."

Dad nodded, "I suppose so," he begrudged. "But that computer was supposed to be for school, not for horsing around."

I doubted Dad ever had fun, even when he was my age. And certainly not the kind of fun I was enjoying.

"I'll keep their playtime under control," Mom said. "Do they have your permission to play, if I keep a watch on them? They won't disturb you if they're upstairs," Mom added.

"And Wednesday night, Mom. We have computer class Thursday morning and the teacher always asks what we've been doing on the computer," I lied.

"What are your grades like?" Dad growled.

"He's the top of the class, Mr. G," burst out, lying his face off too.

"He needs a little reward, honey" Mom interjected quietly. "He's earned it."

"All right, but only on Wednesdays and only if your mother keeps an eye on you, and you'd better stay at the top of your class." Dad turned and huffed away.

Mom followed him and I followed her. Gary started to follow me but I turned and said, "Go home."

I was getting used to being in command. I liked it.

* * *

Dad was exiting the kitchen with a bottle of beer in his hand when I entered the house. Mom had just passed him.

"Dinner won't be long, dear. Why don't you watch the news."

I dropped my bag by the bottom of the stairs, watched Dad manipulate the remote to the news, then edged quietly into the kitchen. Mom was getting things out of the cupboard. She bent down and fetched a large pot from the bottom drawer of the stove and filled it with water before putting it on a burner. She opened the fridge and removed a bag of frozen peas. The light skirt, unlike the heavier pleated one she'd worn on the weekend, outlined her buttocks and hinted at the separation between her cheeks. As she closed the freezer door, I grasped her by the hips, slid my hands into her waist, and nuzzled her neck.

"Evan, you better go upstairs and let your father know you're doing your homework."

I nibbled Mom's neck, moving my lips up and down the side of her neck, pulling her waist back, and pressing my jeans into the softness of her buttocks.

"Evan, your father's in the living room."

"I know," I grazed her neck with my teeth and ground my cock into her, pushing her against the fridge.

"Do I have to slap you?" Mom asked. Her voice was threatening but her ass wasn't.

"Maybe," I mumbled into her neck.

"I'm warning you," Mom threatened me again. Then her voice softened. "Evan, do as I say now."

"Ok," I reluctantly agreed, leaning back. I looked down at Mom's ass. "You look awesome."

"I'm sure that's very flattering," Mom said.

"But you have to do something I say, too."

"Like what?"

"Like taking your panties off."

"Evan!"

"I'll put them in the laundry for you," I said.

Already I was sliding my hands up Mom's legs, underneath her skirt. Mom's hands reached back but it was too late to stop me. My hands had already latched onto her panties on each hip and were dragging them down. I kneeled behind her and pulled them past her knees. Mom lifted her foot to help me get them off but I got the leg tangled in her sandal. The TV went to a commercial and I jerked my eyes toward the kitchen doorway, panicking, struggling to get the panties off Mom's foot. I finally succeeded and Mom lifted her foot to remove the panties from her other foot. I stood and she handed them to me. She kept looking at the fridge door and didn't look at me. I pocketed her damp panties and left. I didn't put them in the laundry; I put them in my drawer.

After that, I watched Mom studiously whenever Dad wasn't looking. Did he know she wasn't wearing any panties? Could he tell? I could. The back of her skirt clung to her buttocks. How could he not notice that great ass?

After dinner, Dad got up from the table and walked around from the head of the table toward the living room. I got up and stood behind Mom, pulling her chair out for her. As she stood and turned out from the table, I slipped my hand onto her back and let it slide down over her skirt. What a thrill to run my hand over her unencumbered cheeks; their looseness under the skirt inflamed my cock. I kept my hand in place even as Dad turned and sat back in his chair, facing perpendicular to us. He easily could have turned our way before I could move my hand but it

was behind Mom and she was facing him so I kept moving my hand in a slow oval, rubbing over her cheeks. Dad reached for the remote and I cupped Mom's bottom, my fingers finding the bottom of her crack.

"Go upstairs and do your homework, now," Mom said.

"I can help you with the dishes," I said.

"No, I don't need your help."

"I insist. You can't do them all by yourself."

"Evan. I said, go do your homework."

Mom's abruptness made me stand back, my fondling hand falling to my side. I did as she said.

Mom didn't come to visit me that night.

* * *

Gary was at our house early the next morning. He was ready to fondle Mom all the way to school but I didn't give him permission, though he asked twice. When Mom pulled into the mall, nearly empty this early in the morning, I instructed her to park off to the side away from the few cars that were there and far from the storefronts.

"Wait here," I told Gary, leaving him standing beside the open door. I walked around the front of the car and approached Mom's open window. I leaned down on my elbows beside her.

"Take off your panties."

Mom looked at me, surprised by my instruction and my tone. "What?" she asked. Gary was staring at me over the roof of the car.

I didn't repeat myself. I just looked at her. Her hands dropped to her lap and pulled her skirt up. Gary leaned down and peered inside. Mom had her skirt up as far as it would go. She pushed down on her feet and pressed her back into the seat, lifting her ass from the cushion. When she sat back down, her hands emerged from her skirt tugging her panties down her thighs. Gary was mesmerized. This, I could tell, made up for his lack of play time on the drive over here. Mom had difficulty in the cramped space behind the wheel getting the pale blue panties over her knees and off her feet but she managed it. She didn't look when she handed the panties to me. I shoved them into the front pocket of my jeans.

I leaned down and whispered to Mom. "I want you to be a little late this afternoon."

Mom looked at me then, comprehension growing in her eyes. I leaned in and kissed her, full on the mouth. "Park here and wait for us to come to you," I said.

I walked away and Gary scrambled to catch up.

Mom did as I asked. Gary was antsy as hell, worrying that she wouldn't come. He was pretty worked up when Mom finally showed up and parked way off. He kept trying to hurry me but I sauntered to the car. He waited for me, sensing that it wouldn't turn out well if he ran ahead. Gary asked permission to sit beside Mom and slid in quickly as soon as it was granted. I left the passenger door open and walked around to Mom's window. I leaned in and gave her a quick kiss on her lips.

"Pull your skirt up."

Mom pulled her skirt up to the top of her thighs.

"Higher," I insisted.

She pulled it up, exposing the hair covering her pussy.

"Open your legs more."

Mom obeyed.

I looked at Gary. "Don't touch her."

I walked away, taking my time. I went into the grocery store, got a cold pop and went to the counter where Ben was working even though it wasn't the express lane. I finished paying, looked Ben in the eye, and said, "Mom says hi."

I walked even more slowly back to the car, swigging my coke, knowing eager eyes were watching my progress intently. The car door was still open. I stopped beside Mom's window and offered her the coke. She shook her head but I put it to her lips anyway and tipped it up. Mom gulped but a little spilled over her lips and ran down her chin. I walked around the car and got in the other side. Both Gary and Mom were breathing rapidly. Mom's skirt was still high, her pussy fully exposed.

"Let's go," I said.

I didn't let Gary touch Mom all the way home and, since Dad wasn't there, I made Mom stay in the car with her legs open wide. Gary was waiting, knowing that now I would let him touch her. I didn't. I opened the door and took Mom's hand, helping her out of the car.

"Go home," I curtly instructed Gary.

Dad drove into the driveway just as Gary was closing the door. Mom fumbled with the keys at the door. I took them from her trembling fingers and opened the door.

"That was cruel, Evan," Mom said as we stepped into the house. "I didn't know you had a mean streak in you."

"Neither did I," I replied matter-of-factly. I didn't bother to defend myself.

Looking out the door, I saw Dad talking to Gary who was standing rather awkwardly, facing away from my father as he talked, for obvious reasons. I pushed the door partly closed, leaned toward Mom to curl my left hand around

her waist, and kissed her, cupping her the bottom of her breast with my right. I held on to her when the kiss was done. "You taste good. Are you wet?"

The way Mom's body stiffened in response to my bold question, I knew she didn't wouldn't answer and was angry that I'd had the gall to ask. Her breathing told me what I wanted to know anyway.

"Goodnight, Mr. G."

I didn't hear Dad's response but I let go of Mom and bolted up the stairs. Mom avoided me that night.

* * *

Wednesday morning. I waited until Dad had left for work before suggesting that Mom change into her tight jeans, the ones that made the men turn and look at her after she walked by.

"They don't," Mom rejected my claim.

"They do," I repeated.

"Don't."

"Do," I insisted. "Put them on and see what happens today."

Mom returned wearing a nice tight pair of jeans topped by yet another criss-cross blouse. How many of those did she have? She had to know the effect they had on Gary and me. Her nipples were muted by some kind of stretchy bra worn underneath but the structure of the blouse accented the shape of each breast. That blouse really made me want to touch them. Why not? I thought. I whistled as Mom bottomed the stairs and walked toward me where I was waiting by the door.

"You look awesome in those jeans, Mom."

"You're just saying that because I'm your Mom," she smiled. "Come on, let's go," she urged when I remained standing in front of the door, blocking her exit.

"There's something I want to do first, before we go."

"What?" Mom stamped her foot playfully.

"This," I answered, taking possession of both breasts, holding their supple weight in my palms and gently massaging them between my fingers underneath and my thumbs scraping over the tops.

"Your friend's waiting," Mom admonished me.

"Let him wait." My guy stiffened in my jeans.

Mom sighed. "We'll be late, Evan."

"All right." I leaned down and gave Mom a nice kiss. "You're the most awesome Mom in the world."

I opened the door.

"Try not to be so mean to Gary today," Mom pleaded.

At first, Gary was as impressed as I was when he saw Mom in those jeans but in the car he realized that there was no skirt to slide his hands under. Despite Mom's plea, I didn't offer to fix the problem for him.

"Do we have time to take another look at that house, Mom?" I asked.

"We can make time if that's what you want to do," Mom replied.

"Good. Then let's go."

I really liked it when Mom acted like I was boss. Just the way she responded made my cock hard and I could tell it excited Gary too. I mean, I'm sure he'd rather be the one she was submitting to but he was getting off on the fact that she was putting herself in anyone's control. The simplest acquiescent act was highly erotic, like the way she opened her legs a little wider the day before when I told her to.

Mom drove quickly to the house and I didn't have to tell her to go down the lane in back. She drove right up to the corner of the lot, behind the neighbor's shed, and turned the car off. Mom waited for instructions.

"Did you want to get out and look?" Gary asked.

"Shhhhhh. Be quiet," I said.

Nobody said anything for thirty seconds.

"Show Gary how that blouse works, Mom," I spoke quietly.

"How my blouse works?"

"Yeah, the way it crosses over like that."

"Well, one side goes over," Mom waved her hand in front of her chest, "and the other comes back over top of it." She waved her hand back the other way.

"Yeah, I know. But show him, so he can understand how it lifts and separates your breast to make them look so awesome. They're awesome, right Gary?"

"Yeah. Awesome."

"They can't look like that naturally, can they?" I voiced the question as a statement. "It must be the blouse." I waved my hand at Mom. "Show him how it works."

Mom looked at me quizzically, not understanding what I wanted her to do.

"Undo it," I said.

Comprehension flickered over Mom's face. Dutifully, she began undoing her blouse. Gary and I watched intently as her blouse loosened, first one side, then the other.

"Pull it apart," I whispered.

Mom pulled the blouse apart, exposing her breasts covered in an uplifting bra.

"Hmmm," I mumbled. "They're still unnaturally perky. Open the bra."

Mom removed her bra. Her tits sagged a little onto her stomach but they actually seemed to stand out more, freed from the confines of the bra. Her nipples definitely stood up to be counted.

"Wow," I whispered. "I was wrong. They're even more awesome on their own."

Gary agreed. "I've never seen any so good."

"Touch them for me," I instructed him. "Tell me how they feel."

Gary reached out and took the closest breast in his hand, sliding his closed fingers and palm underneath and hooking his thumb above the nipple, then closing to squeeze it between.

"It feels beautiful," he said. "Soft but firm." His hand was milking Mom's nipple which was noticeably stiffening from the attention.

"You can have one kiss. Then we have to go. Quickly now," I looked behind us. "There's someone coming down the lane."

Gary immediately dipped his head and captured Mom's stiff nipple in his mouth, his cheeks hollowing as he sucked. Mom looked into the mirror to confirm my comment about the approaching intruder. Her eyes widened slightly as she saw that I spoke the truth.

"Suck, Gary, suck," I urged. "Quickly. She's almost here."

He slobbered on Mom's tit, audibly drawing her nipple into his mouth.

"Enough," I yelled.

Mom pushed Gary's head off her tit and started the car, throwing it into drive and peeling out down the lane. She almost turned onto the street before realizing her tits were flapping free. Flustered, she pulled her bra over her breasts, quickly adjusting for minimum comfort, and deftly refastened her blouse. We were gone. We were late. Mom drove us directly to school.

The ride home later that afternoon was uneventful. I didn't allow Mom to be fondled but queried her extensively on how many men looked at her butt and her boobs. Evidently, quite a few had taken advantage of opportune moments to sneak a look. When Gary got out of the car, I reminded him to come over about eight to play on the computer. Mom looked surprised, so I reminded her that she told Dad she would monitor our play on Wednesday nights.

In the house, Mom went upstairs right away. "Your father will wonder what I was thinking going to work dressed like this," she explained. I didn't follow her, mainly because Dad drove in just then.

Gary arrived promptly at eight. He seemed pleased to see Mom in a skirt again but disappointed that she was wearing an ordinary, white blouse that didn't shape her tits. We headed straight upstairs. Halfway up the stairs, I called down to Mom.

"You can come and watch us, if you think you really have to."

Dad glanced toward the kitchen, where Mom was, then looked at us and smiled before returning to his book. We had only played one round apiece when we heard footsteps approaching, sooner than I had expected. We must have excited Mom over the past few days. Was she keen to have her tits touched some more? My boner was already starting to grow and I'm sure Gary's was too. There was a brief knock before the door opened.

"Let's see what this game is all about," Dad's gruff voice bellowed.

Right then, you could have sucked me off and called me dusty. And I expect the same held true for Gary.

Dad watched us play. Gary and I took turns playing and explaining the game to Dad. By the time Mom arrived with a tray full of mugs of hot chocolate and cookies, Dad was playing himself and managing to stay alive while Gary and I stood on either side of him. He didn't appear to think the game was so stupid now; he'd been playing for over half an hour.

Mom set the tray down on my desk and offered a mug to Dad but he waved it off without looking up. Mom shrugged and handed it to Gary, another to me, and then took one for herself. She sat down on the edge of my bed near the foot, behind Dad's left shoulder. I was on the far side of Dad behind his right shoulder and could easily watch Mom nibbling her large peanut butter cookie. Gary's back was turned toward Mom but he rectified that when he saw where I was looking.

With a mug in one hand and a cookie in the other, Mom wasn't able to pull her housecoat together—she had changed into her bed clothes—after it split over her crossed legs. The split was quite high on Mom's thigh and the robe held together only because of the belt cinched tightly around her waist.

Mom's smile widened when Gary's head swiveled around and it didn't disappear even when she bit into her cookie. After that was gone, Mom took a big drink of hot chocolate and laughed quietly, as if we were sharing a private joke, when the mug tipped so high it left a brown, foamy ring around her mouth. Her tongue slipped out and slowly swirled around her lips in exaggerated fashion to clean it away. Only then did I notice that, though she had changed into her night clothes ready for bed, Mom had applied fresh lipstick.

Mom leaned over and placed her unfinished mug on my dresser, then leaned back on the bed, stretching one leg straight out in the air and casually twisting her foot left and right before allowing it to relax. She made a point of fixing her robe but managed to actually loosen it, revealing a very sexy nightie curling over the swells of her breasts. When she turned slightly to the side, we even saw the round bottom of her right tit as it swept up and away from her chest, but only for a moment because she quickly closed it, acting as if she'd made an innocent mistake. Then she turned her legs away from us and lifted the bottom of her robe up, exposing her entire left leg and the fact that she was wearing panties with no side panels at all. All we could see was a brief flash of a narrow band circling her waist.

Dad died but quickly began playing again.

Mom swiveled her legs toward us and adjusted the belt on her robe again. Then she placed both hands flat on the bed behind her and leaned back on her braced arms, arching her back as she stretched. The robe fell away and her breasts appeared, covered only by the flimsy nightgown, their heavy roundness straining against the fabric, nipples threatening to rip right through it.

"Damn!" Dad lost his first man.

Mom sat up, carelessly leaving her robe open. She looked down and examined her right breast, pulled the robe open even wider with her right hand and then slipped her left hand underneath it, lifting it up for a close examination.

"Shit!"

Dad lost another guy.

Mom looked up and smiled, dropped her breast and stood. Picking up her mug, she walked over to my desk and put it on the tray beside the full one Dad hadn't touched. Lifting the tray, she turned to us and held the tray out for us to put our empty mugs on it. She was now in Dad's line of sight, standing slightly to the left and in front of him, but her robe was still carelessly left wide open and her right tit, the one she had examined so closely, was hanging almost completely free of the nightgown. Gary and I stood with our mouths open as my smiling Mom stood, robe open and one tit nearly fully exposed, waiting for us to put our mugs on the tray. Mom pushed the tray toward us to prompt us into action. She was laughing quietly when she left the room.

Mom returned about fifteen minutes later, her long robe cinched respectably tight.

"That's enough, dear. Let the boys play for awhile now." Mom took Dad's left arm and pulled, maintaining her upward pressure until Dad stood up.

"That's quite a fun game," Dad spoke for the first time in over an hour. "I can see why you play it so much."

"That's right," Mom said. "It's addictive, and that's why I'm going to shut the boys down in half an hour. You go get ready for bed, dear. I'll be there in a bit."

Mom gave Dad a kiss on his cheek. "You're just a kid at heart aren't you. You should get a good night's sleep if you're meeting with the boss first thing tomorrow," Mom reminded Dad about the big meeting he'd talked about at supper.

She shooed him out of the room and waited he went into their room, then pushed the door almost closed. She walked over to my bed and sat down on the edge. Neither I nor Gary had taken my father's seat. We still stood on either side of the chair. Mom looked at us while she unhurriedly untied the belt on her robe. When it was loose, she leaned back on her arms, smiling when shock swept across our faces as the robe fell away and we saw that the revealing nightgown was no longer there. She must have taken it off when she left the room. Gary and I stared at Mom's upstretched tits, capped by a pair of healthy nipples.

"You didn't seem overly interested in your father's game, Evan. Whatever were you looking at?" Mom's cheeky voice purred. She turned toward Gary. "And you Gary, where was your mind?" Mom opened her legs enough to cause the robe to spill from her thighs, revealing a narrow strip of panties that barely covered her pussy and widened only slightly before meeting the narrow band circling her waist above her hip bones. The panties were stretched tightly over her pubes, sinking between to clearly outline their feminine structure. Mom smiled and followed our eyes to her pulsing pubes.

"Oh, look at that," she said, stretching languidly back, arching her back and lifting her hips, thrusting herself even tighter into her panties. "Can you fix that for me Gary?"

Gary simply stared, frozen in place, as was I.

"Pull them out a bit for me," Mom clarified her wish.

Gary moved toward Mom until he was right in front of her, between her open legs. Slowly, he fell to his knees. I shuffled ahead so I could watch. Tentatively, Gary reached out and pinched the leg of Mom's panties between his fingers.

"That's it," Mom purred. "Pull them out."

Gary tugged lightly at Mom's panties. She reached out and put her hand on his head, palm against his forehead and fingers in his hair, as if to stop him. She looked up at me and smiled seductively.

"Is it all right, Evan, if your friend fixes my panties for me?"

I nodded. My mouth was too dry to speak.

"Go ahead, then," Mom whispered, tugging Gary's head slightly forward and glancing toward the hallway through the slit in my partly open door.

Gary tugged and tugged but each time the panties snapped back into place, embedding themselves even deeper between Mom's pubes.

"Slide you finger inside and then pull," Mom advised.

Gary crooked his index finger and, from the right side, slipped it under Mom's panties, across her bare pussy. My cock was shoving hard against my jeans and, barely realizing what I was doing, I loosened my belt and unsnapped the button to relieve the pressure. Gary was tugging away but the panties weren't cooperating. He didn't seem too concerned. In fact, he seemed quite happy moving his finger around inside Mom's panties.

"A big, strong boy like you should be able to pull harder than that," Mom cooed.

Gary tugged harder but Mom's panties still didn't give. He gave another yank just as Mom lifted her hips. The panties were suddenly halfway down Mom's thighs.

"Well, I never," Mom sounded surprised. "Well, if you're going to do that, you may as well take them all the way off," Mom husked, closing her thighs.

Gary pulled Mom's panties down and over her knees, then slid them down her calves and over her ankles. Mom lifted her feet, pointing her toes down to let her slippers fall to the floor. As soon as the panties were clear, Mom opened her legs and, still holding Gary by the hair, pulled him closer.

"I think you need to be taught some manners, young man." Mom sounded semi-angry but quite excited. "You never," she said in a teacherly voice, "remove a woman's panties without immediately paying tribute."

Gary, like me, was paying tribute with his eyes which were glued on Mom's bare, glistening pussy lips.

"Kiss it," she commanded.

Gary's head lowered but Mom stopped him. She looked up at me.

"Is it OK, Evan? Can he kiss it?"

Again, all I could do was nod. Mom's gaze dropped to my jeans and I realized that I had pushed them down onto my thighs and pulled the elastic waistband of my underwear away. My cock was in my hand. Mom's hand tugged Gary's head, pulling it between her legs which widened to accommodate him.

"I'll watch for your father," Mom glanced toward the hallway, then back to my cock.

Fear made me even harder. Mom beckoned with her eyes and I stepped toward her. Her hand moved to take a firmer grip at the back of Gary's head. Her mouth opened in an O of ecstasy as she ground his face into her pussy, her head dropping back and her eyes closing. I moved closer, pushing my underwear down to join my jeans. When Mom lifted her head and opened her eyes, I was holding my cock in front of her face, moving my hand slowly up and down its length. Gary was slurping loudly below.

Mom smiled wantonly, opened her mouth, and slipped her tongue out. I lowered my cock onto its wet pinkness and moaned as she wiggled it across the underside of my head. Such an incredible feeling, but soon, I wanted more. I tried to push inside Mom's mouth but she tipped her head back, silently laughing at me with mischievous eyes. I made several more futile attempts, each time stymied by her tilting head and teased by her laughing eyes.

Just before my next shove, I grasped a handful of her hair and prevented her head from tipping away, thrilled by the surprise in Mom's eyes and the way they changed as her mouth struggled to accommodate my invading cock. I didn't have to hold her hard because she didn't try to pull away. Loosening my grip on her hair, I slid my hand behind her head, using the other to guide my cock in and out of her mouth. Quickly, I moved that hand to also hold Mom's head as I began to steadily fuck her face.

Mom's eyes were closed and she moaned quietly around my cock, mostly I'm sure, from Gary's tongue moving in her pussy but also because she knew she was letting her son fuck her mouth while her husband waited in her bedroom, probably already asleep, but perhaps not. I concentrated on the feel of my rod moving within her frothy

mouth, the feel of her slick tongue underneath, and the sight of the beautiful face that was about to accept my seed.

I didn't warn her that I was about to come, and I didn't release her head, not even when she pulled away after the first two bursts. I kept her in place as I overflowed her mouth despite her gagging attempts to swallow it all. When I looked down at Mom's upturned face, I would have come again if I had any left when I saw two trickles of my cum dripping from the corners of her mouth, but all I could manage was to pull my cock out and scrape it back inside, then slip back in for a final cleaning.

Mom abruptly arched her back, pulling free of my hands and flopping onto the bed. Gary had found a spot that was driving her wild. I stepped back and pulled my pants up as Gary climbed half onto the bed while Mom thrashed about, locking her legs around his head, moaning wildly. Panicked, I turned to the door and pushed it closed but no sooner had I done that than Mom stiffened tensely and suddenly relaxed.

Then, like that night so long ago after she had first let Gary and I fondle her pussy, she smiled softly and gazed at us. After a moment, she got up, closed her robe, and cinched it tight. Looking down, I noticed that Gary had come in his pants again. Mom smiled and kicked her panties, still lying on the floor, toward him.

"You can keep those," she said. Mom turned to me, gave me a soft kiss on the lips and whispered, "Goodnight, baby."

She opened the door and was gone.

Part Seven. My mom, my lover

I didn't sleep very well. I stayed awake for hours waiting for Mom to visit me but she never came. The sleep I did get was fitful, marked by dreams of Mom's open legs and bare pussy hovering right in front of me but somehow never attainable. I was bagged the next day and was not in a good mood despite having experienced one of the most fantastic nights of my life.

Mom looked stunning again in her uniform style summer dress with loose skirt. Gary was waiting by the car when we exited the house and wasn't happy when I opened the door and slid into the middle beside Mom. I put my arm around her shoulder instead of on her leg and didn't once touch her in an inappropriate way the whole trip. I did the same on the way home. I sensed confusion from both Mom and Gary. I would have explained if I could but I didn't understand my own behavior.

We had an ordinary evening at home and the next day, Mom didn't offer to drive us to school or to pick us up. As we walked home, Gary asked if he could come over to play the game—he didn't expand on which game he meant—but I put him off.

"How about Saturday night? I'm not up to it tonight."

I thought he would be pissed but Gary was evidently happy not to be cut off from the game altogether. So we arranged for Gary to come over after lunch. Dad was already home when we got to our place, which might have made it easier for Gary to accept my decision.

Dad was sitting in his chair watching the news. I dumped my stuff by the bottom of the stairs and said hi, then walked into the kitchen to greet Mom and stopped dead in my tracks. I don't know why because she was dressed in a simple dress. Though the skirt was less loose than usual it wasn't tight. Still, it hugged her body and imparted a sense of how curvy Mom really was. But that wasn't what stopped me. It was because the material of her dress settled over her buttocks in a way that screamed in my mind—there's no underwear under there!

There was no way I could know that for sure and, peer as I might, I couldn't find anything to confirm the suspicion in my mind, yet I knew it to be a fact. I'm sure Mom heard me come in the door and expected me to give her a hug. She turned when I didn't arrive and the first thing that smacked me in the face was her lipstick. It was the same, sexy pale pink color she'd worn Wednesday night when Dad was playing the computer.

"What's wrong, sweetheart?" Mom asked, leaning back against the counter, an odd smile on her face.

She's naked under that dress, I thought, and she knows I know it.

Mom's smile deepened as she looked at me, highlighting a vertical line in her cheeks bracketing her mouth.

"Where's your friend?"

"Gary?"

"Yes, of course. Gary."

"I told him I wanted to stay home tonight, on my own, to be with my family."

"That's nice, sweetie. that you want to spend time alone with your, family."

I couldn't stop my eyes traveling down Mom's body, pausing at her neck for some reason before sliding over her chest, stopping at her tummy, and then down her legs. My eyes retraced their path with the same stops on the way back. Mom's eyes were sparkling and her hands lifted toward me.

"Come give your mother a kiss," she said.

I stepped forward and put my arms around Mom, lowering my face as she tilted hers upwards. I was about to kiss her full on the lips when she pulled back.

"There's some things," she whispered, "that simply have to be kept just for family. Don't you agree?"

"Yes," I rasped, taking her lips in mine, kissing her deeply.

When the kiss ended, I realized how foolish I'd been and whipped my head toward the doorway and my father sitting in the living room watching the news. Mom's hand pulled my face around toward her and, looking down, I realized that I had leaned forward during the kiss. My body was pressed tightly against Mom's.

"Why don't you set the table for me. I want to eat in the dining room tonight."

I dutifully set the table. Dinner was excruciating as I could barely keep my eyes off Mom. Something was up, something was different. Although I was sure Mom would visit me tonight, I didn't think I could wait until the middle of the night to feel her hands and mouth on me again. How could I get rid of Dad? We were getting up from the table. In a minute, Mom would be in the kitchen and Dad would be sitting in the living room.

"I think I'll go play my game for a while," I announced. "You're welcome to come upstairs in a while and stop me before my mind turns to mush," I mustered my most sarcastic voice.

"Hey. That's a good idea, son. Let's go."

Dad turned away from the living room and headed upstairs. I looked dumbfounded, aghast at this turn of events. Mom, however, looked amused.

"Come on Evan. I don't know how to get the game started."

I followed Dad up the stairs. He had already crested the top of the landing and was quickly disappearing down the hallway.

Mom called out, "When it's your father's turn, Evan, I want you to come downstairs to help me for a few minutes."

I waved at Mom without looking back. Ok. Maybe I could tire him out after a couple of hours and he would go to bed early. Fine.

We had each had two turns, two long ones for me and two short ones for Dad, when I heard Mom calling up the stairs. I had forgotten about her instruction to help but Dad hadn't.

"Go help your mother, Evan."

He was eager to dismiss me so he could play by himself. I got up and walked downstairs to see what Mom wanted me to do. She wasn't in the living room having her tea as I expected. I went into the kitchen and found her standing with her back to the fridge which was odd since she wasn't facing it and didn't have anything in her hands just retrieved or about to be put away.

Mom smiled and raised her arms above her head, her hands curling around to grasp the top corners of the fridge. My body tensed and the hairs on the back of my neck bristled with anticipation as I recognized the same quixotic smile Mom had graced me with when I'd first come in the house.

"What was it you wanted me to do, Mom?" I croaked.

"Is your father busy with the game?" Mom asked, her hips swaying slightly across the fridge door.

"Yeah."

"Is he as enamored as he was the other night?"

"Uh huh."

"That's good," Mom said, twisting her hips and scraping her ass across the fridge. "Actually, I was thinking about something I think you wanted to do."

I stepped closer to Mom. She was like the center of a magnetic field with waves pulsing with strong attractions that were resisted by a strange fear within me. She 'pulled' me closer.

"Something I want to do?" I repeated.

"Yes," Mom almost hissed.

"I don't..."

"Isn't there something you wanted to know about this dress?" Mom interrupted me.

"Uh...,"

I looked down at Mom's dress, at her hips. Mom's right leg lifted and her foot, toes tightly curled, rubbed the side of my calf, urging me forward, sliding me behind me as I stepped close to her. Mom's back arched against the fridge, pushing her breasts against me.

"Go ahead. See if you were right," she husked.

"Right about...,"

"What you were thinking when you came in the house," Mom's throaty voice finished.

I bent, lowering my hand to reach under her skirt.

"Don't," Mom hissed.

I was taken aback. "But you said...,"

"Not with your hands."

"But how...,"

"Use your cock," Mom's now firm voice rang in my ears. Use your cock. Had she ever used that word speaking to me before? I felt faint.

"Undo your pants and take it out," Mom instructed. "Hurry," she urged.

That prompted me into action. I tore my jeans apart, pushing them down, bending my knees to dip my hard, lunging prick under the hem of her skirt. Mom laughed at my eagerness and that made me want to rip her from the fridge and throw her on the floor so I could impale her with my hard cock.

"Lift me up," she cried. "You have to lift my legs up."

Dimly comprehending, I grasped the back of Mom's thighs and lifted, pulling her ass away from the fridge. Mom's hands clung to the top corners of the fridge, keeping her head against the door.

"Find out what you really want to know," Mom gasped as I shifted her weight around, poking against the bottom of her thighs with my urgent cock. "Get your answer now."

I did as my mother told me. I searched for knowledge, probing under her skirt, my cock nudging against Mom's open, wet pussy, frantically trying to gain entry.

"Stop!"

Stop? What was she saying? How could she tease me like this?

"Tell me you love me," Mom said. "Don't ever do that without telling me you love me first."

"I love you," I gasped, pushing my knob between her wet lips.

"I love you I cried," sliding my shaft through her clinging, slippery sheath.

Mom's legs locked behind my waist and her arms dropped away from the fridge, falling to my shoulders and curling around my neck.

"Fuck me, son," she whispered. "My sweet, lover son."

Oh yes. You can believe I did as I was told, the good son. I started rocking my hips, pushing in and out of her velvet glove, laughing almost hysterically as I watched her head sliding up and down the fridge door. She was fantastic. Totally awesome. So far beyond the two girls I had managed to get into. This wasn't even comparable in the least degree. The feel of her, the smell, and the sound. From her pants and moans to her throaty laugh, all mixed together, so unpredictably.

I reached up and pulled her hands from behind my neck and, to the sight of the simultaneous fear and trust in her eyes, pulled her head away from the fridge. I held onto her arms and lunged into her pussy, delighting in the way she rocked in reaction to my thrusts. After a particularly loud moan, Mom glanced toward the doorway, an 'oops' look coming over her face. Laughing back at her twinkling eyes, I walked her toward the open doorway and dangled her head and shoulders through it, increasing the power and speed of my thrusts until her head was flopping back as she gave into the feeling and let it fall dangle from her shoulders.

We came like that, hanging halfway through the doorway at the bottom of the stairs, Mom's flopping head looking up the stairs. I pulled her up and we kissed, still joined, Mom's legs locked tightly around me.

"He's still playing," I said when I recovered my breath, listening to the faint sounds of the computer and bulging my fading cock into her flooded pussy. Mom loosened her legs, getting ready to push my cock out of her.

"Don't be greedy, Evan. We've been foolish enough and we got away with it. It's time to get smart."

"But I know he'll keep playing," I persisted.

"Yes. He will. And while he is, I'll make him a special hot chcoloate that will make him very sleepy. Wouldn't that be better?"

"I guess so," I responded. I wasn't really convinced and my cock certainly wasn't.

Mom was already smoothing down her skirt.

"You go upstairs and keep your father company until I get there. Go on, now. Shooo."

Fifteen minutes later, Mom arrived. I had to insist on a turn to get Dad to drink his hot chocolate and he was back at the keyboard as soon as I died, which I didn't do until he had finished his mug. Ten minutes later, he shook his head a few times, then slumped forward onto the keyboard. He was out. I guess Mom used more of whatever was in the hot chocolate than intended because she was quite surprised, and worried. Her concer disappeared when we ascertained that Dad was fine, just out.

Despite his smaller size, it was a struggle to get Dad's dead weight into my parent's room. Mom wanted Dad to wake up in bed as if he had gone there as usual. After getting him onto the bed, Mom began to undress him. I didn't really want to see this and was about to leave when the sight of Mom's swaying behind made me stay. She had removed Dad's shoes and socks and was undoing his belt when her jostling buttocks, which had captivated my attention, called out to be seen. I flipped Mom's dress up and threw it onto her bent over back, exposing her bare ass.

"Evan. Stop that and help me get your father's pants off," Mom said, pulling Dad's zipper down.

"Undo his shirt first," I replied.

Mom started undoing Dad's buttons and I pushed my own pants down. She was on the third button when she felt my steed pushing into her from behind.

"Evan. No! Your father could wake up."

"No way. You gave him enough to knock out a horse." I found her slit and pushed my head inside.

"Evan, don't. It's too dangerous."

I pushed halfway in. This woman, who had played around with me and my friend in public, was going to shy away from danger? I didn't believe it for a moment. I shoved my cock all the way and grabbed Mom by the hips, then rocked her forward so she had to brace her hands on the bed on the other side of Dad to avoid being pushed on top of him. I started fucking her.

"Evan," Mom gasped. "Stop it. This is awful."

"Don't worry, Mom. I'll only do it as long as I keep my grades up."

The woman I was getting to know laughed and I rewarded her with a series of hard thrusts. I knew she liked it, not just by the gasping moans, but by the way she suddenly became very wet and opened her legs for my cock to sink deeper inside her, twisting her behind around to make it easier for me to sink quickly inside her. Very quickly, my

hips were slapping wetly against Mom's ass. I became too excited and pushed her right over Dad, pounding frantically until I loosed my second deluge of seed inside her soaking hole.

When I got off her, Mom continued unbuttoning Dad's shirt as if nothing had happened. I helped her get his shirt and pants off and we covered him up, then folded his clothes, as was his habit, and laid them on his dresser.

Mom took my hand and led me out of her room but before we passed through the door I pulled her around and pressed her back against the wall. I quickly grasped the back of her thighs and lifted her legs, pushing my cock up, finding her pussy and sliding inside her again. Immediately, I started her fucking her against the wall.

"Evan, please, please," Mom gasped. I ignored her plea, legs straining, hips hunching upward.

"Please, Evan. Take me to your room," Mom pleaded.

I relented, and released her legs. Mom straightened her hair, then smoothed her dress, and walked gracefully ahead of me to my room. I followed, awkwardly pulling my jeans up far enough to walk.

I was about to spend the best night of my life.

* * *

Mom eventually sucked Gary. We never fucked in front of him and I never acknowledged that we did. I told him a blow job was all Mom would do and he believed me, since that's all he got. I convinced Mom that she should do

that to keep him happy. She didn't mind. She had always liked Gary. He just wasn't family. Soon, Mom told me, she would cut Dad off, feigning early menopause, so my cock would be the only one to grace her body.

* * *

Mom liked it face to face. I didn't know there were so many variations to the missionary position but Mom could twist herself around and do things with her legs that made her feel quite different. Amazingly, she had never been on top herself and that became her favorite face to face.

Mom didn't particularly like it from behind but knew I really like having her that way. She would always let me do it my way before or after indulging herself in her chosen position, or when Dad was in the house and I just couldn't wait. She knew I would always come faster if she was bent over.

Now here's a funny thing. Mom didn't consider it from behind if we were lying on our sides, spoon fashion. In fact, next to her being on top, she liked it that way best. She loved having my arms wrapped around her as I slowly fucked her from behind—excuse me, spooned her—while whispering how much I loved her. Those were some of our longest and most intense fucks and we usually finished with me braced on my elbow leaning over Mom, her face twisted back to look at me, kissing.