

The Mom Memories: Marilyn's Story

alwayswantedto

This is Marilyn and Nathan's story compiled from Chapters 18, 19 and 20, and then finished.

All characters are 18 years or older.

Part 1 from Chapter 18

Hi. My name is Marilyn. I know this is supposed to be a group for men sharing memories of their mothers but I found out about you -- I won't say how -- and I want to tell you about my son. You can do what you want with the letter. I just need to tell someone to get it off my chest, and I can't talk to anyone else about this.

Nathan is almost finished high school, something he's longed for, but the closer it comes, the more unhappy he seems. His father wants him to work for him, to learn the business and work his way up so one day he can take it over. I think this is the source of the problem. Nathan isn't a salesman type. He's bookish.

Three years ago, I found out about an affair between Mark and a woman that works for one of his big customers. We had a big fight and Mark promised to end it, but I'm pretty sure he has had flings before and now that some time has passed he's at it again. I can't be sure but I think Nathan knows about the affair because he drew away from his dad right after that and hasn't been close ever since.

Anyway, I think Nathan is afraid of confronting his father about his future and he's becoming more and more depressed the closer the time comes. And that time will arrive as soon as school ends.

So, what does that have to do with a group like yours?

Well, my heart goes out to my son and I've found myself trying to console him. If Mark is out at night, which he often is, Nathan will sit alone watching a movie. He hardly ever goes out with his friends anymore. If Mark is home, Nathan will disappear into his room but he always comes out if Mark leaves. It's clear he's just avoiding his father. In an effort to get him to talk, I've been joining Nathan whenever he's downstairs watching a movie and once even followed him to his room to chat while he surfed the net.

That was all well and fine, but the other night I had was surprised to find that although Mark was leaving for a meeting right after supper, Nathan went to his room anyway. Before he left, Mark said, "Marilyn, see if you can find out what is going on with that kid." Nathan's behavior was indeed obvious if his father noticed so I knew I had to do something before things came to a head.

I cleaned up the dishes and went upstairs. For some reason, I balked at Nathan's door and went on to my own room. I decided that I needed to relax before talking to my son, so I had a long shower. Putting on my soft, pale blue motherly robe, I walked slowly to Nathan's room, cocking my head to swing the hair out of my face and onto my back and straightening my shoulders before knocking. I didn't wait, I went right in.

He wasn't there.

Momentarily confused, I left and approached the main bathroom. The light shone through the slightly open door. Pressing my face near the opening, I quietly called Nathan's name. No answer. Cautiously, I opened the door just enough to peek into the bathroom, ready to pull back quickly in case he wasn't presentable.

He wasn't there.

Walking slowly downstairs, I was thinking Nathan had gone out and I'd missed my chance for a private talk but as I descended the stairs, I could see him slouched down in the middle of the couch, facing away from me toward the TV. All the downstairs lights were off and the living room flickered with each scene change on the television.

Quietly, I approached my son. He wasn't aware of my presence until I leaned over the back of the couch and folding my arms around him in a big hug, my damp hair falling past my ears to drape over his shoulder and onto his chest.

He was startled just enough to spill some of the popcorn from the bowl he held in his lap.

"It's so dark in here, it's like going to the movies," I remarked on the sanctuary quality the near darkness shed on our living room, like the semi-privacy people sought in theaters.

"Yeah," he replied, providing no further explanation.

"Do you want some more popcorn?" I asked, noting that the bowl in his lap was almost empty.

"Yeah, that'd be great."

I left to make more popcorn, but not before I noticed that Nathan was also dressed in a robe and he was naked except for the pair of shorts underneath the bowl in his lap. While I made the popcorn, I puzzled about why I had noticed that, and why the term 'naked' had popped into my head. Anyway, before I joined Nathan, I was careful to turn out the kitchen light.

"Can I watch your movie, too?" I asked as I rounded the end of the couch and plopped down beside him. Nathan was still sitting in the middle and didn't move over so our thighs touched. I had room to move away but I didn't.

"Oh, sure mom."

I held out the new bowl of popcorn but before Nathan could pass me the empty one I grabbed it and slid it across his lap, setting the full one into its place. I hadn't meant to drag the bowl across my son's shorts but I was aware of what I was doing when I actually did it and that I could have lifted it before pulling it away. I was even more aware that the bowl hadn't moved across an even surface. I blushed and turned to watch the movie as Nathan grabbed the new bowl.

"Is it good?" I asked, looking at the TV.

"Yeah," he replied in his usual, offhand way.

We watched in silence, Nathan concentrating on the movie and I trying to think of some way to engage him in a conversation that would let me find a way to help him deal with his worries about the future.

I couldn't think of anything so I just watched the TV and picked at the popcorn. During one of these reaches for a handful of popcorn, I noticed Nathan glance at me. I'm right handed and, since he was sitting to my left, I had to twist that way, an action that forced a gap in my robe. I was shocked. Nathan was looking into my robe!

His eyes flicked to the TV as I drew back. I acted like I hadn't noticed his look. Had he? Had he really looked? Now I wasn't sure. I finished my handful of popcorn quickly and reached for another, this time twisting in an exaggerated fashion so my robe would gap more than necessary. I could sense his eyes straying down to seek my cleavage.

I can't explain what I did then. I turned my head toward the TV, feigning a sudden interest in what was transpiring there, leaving my robe open while I held my hand in the bowl, allowing my son a long look, knowing he must be able to see the whole inside of my right breast as it hung freely from my chest.

Could he see my nipple? I remember thinking that as I continued watching the movie. I can still feel the tingle that thought sent through me. Would a young man my son's age be interested in a woman's breasts, a woman my age? Evidently. I had just passed forty but despite my husband's wandering eyes, I still attracted my share of attention from the opposite sex. But I was Nathan's mother, not just an older woman.

Eventually, I had to sit back but I took very little popcorn so only a brief moment later, I was back. Again, I seemed distracted by the movie and took longer than usual to retrieve even a small handful of popcorn, digging deeper in the bowl before finally filling my need. As I sat back to feed, I smiled to myself. I wasn't quite sure what I was up to but I felt good and the thought of my son sneaking peeks at my breasts excited me. A strange tingle traveled up and down my limbs and my breathing shortened. As I watched the movie, I shrugged my shoulders as if trying to ease stiff muscles but I was really trying to loosen my robe. Good grief, Marilyn, I thought. What are you up to?

I couldn't help myself. My robe hung loosely from my shoulders as I leaned forward further than before in search of more popcorn and I could feel my unkempt breasts sway with my movements. I searched for popcorn for so long that an independent observer would consider my behavior odd if not brazen. But Nathan didn't object. I kept fishing about in the bowl until the commercials started. Only then did I sit back.

After a minute, I asked Nathan if I should make more popcorn though the bowl was still almost half full. I reached over to grasp the bowl but Nathan held on to it tightly, keeping it in place.

"No, Mom," he cried, "there's still lot's left."

I laughed. "But we might run out before the commercials start again," I argued, tugging on the bowl.

Nathan didn't say anything but he held the bowl firmly in place and seemed agitated. Suddenly, clarity speared into my mind. He wasn't worried about popcorn. He needed to keep that bowl in place lest it reveal the effect of his observations and my seemingly innocent help with his spying. I relented and we sat in awkward silence waiting for the movie to start again.

While we waited, I toyed absently with the belt on my robe. Although I hadn't originally intended to, I found myself pulling the knot apart, surreptitiously, so as not to attract Nathan's attention. Why was I being so secretive? I argued to myself that I needed to get Nathan to talk, to confide in me so I could help him, and to do that I needed his attention. This was hogwash, and wrong, but I wasn't thinking clearly and didn't hold this ridiculous rationalization up for serious critical review. At some level, I knew I was being bad but I was enjoying myself and needed an excuse to continue a little longer.

Self doubt disappeared as soon as the movie started and, almost as if it was expected, I leaned forward to get more popcorn. Arching my back, I fished around in the bowl, my breasts stretching my breasts up and out, knowing full well that my untied robe afforded Nathan a wonderful side view of my bare breast. He should now certainly be able to see the swell of my right breast as it departed my chest and swept up toward my covered nipple. In no hurry, I repeated my distracted fishing expedition in the popcorn bowl, shamelessly digging and scratching longer and harder for my prey, knowing the painful thrill that each scrape of my fingers along the bottom of the bowl sent to my son.

I knew that my robe had parted along my thighs and though my nipples were still covered, the robe was open all down the front, exposing my tummy and the top of my panties. I held my position for as long as I could, blushing when I realized that Nathan must know by now that I was letting him look. What other explanation could there be? I drew away with a handful of popcorn, letting my hand fall along the outside of my leg, brushing the robe away and baring my thigh even more as I twisted back to settle into the couch.

Silently, I slowly munched popcorn, my robe covering my breasts but open down the middle, splaying to the sides of my legs to leave most of my thighs exposed. I felt like an actor in a lurid scene, that the movie wasn't playing on the television but here in our living room. Nathan wasn't looking at the TV. He was looking at me and though I didn't look at him I knew his eyes were on the valley between my breasts, rising and falling with the excited breathing that I couldn't quite suppress. Then they traveled further, over my belly and along the narrow strip of panties visible between through the gap in the robe.

I could feel myself warming there as his eyes lingered, betrayed by the cant of his head visible from the corner of my eye. As his eyes dwelled, I felt the urge to pull my robe together, to end this shocking hussy behavior. But instead, I slowly fed a few more kernels into my mouth, setting each one individually on my tongue and pulling it into my mouth. I could feel him tense beside me and this heightened the incredible sensation that was washing over me. I felt more seductive and desired than I had at any time in my life.

After sucking the last kernel into my mouth, I pulled both elbows tight to my sides and dragged on my robe as if drying my buttery fingers, bringing both hands down to my sides, parting the robe slightly more. I slouched down in the couch, pushing my legs out, opening my knees a little and thrusting my pelvis up. I felt a another rush go through me as my son's gaze slid from mouth, through my cleavage and over my tummy to my panties, briefly passing on to my knees and then back along my thighs to rest on my panties.

I gathered another small handful of popcorn without twisting around and we sat like that, Nathan staring at my body, and me pretending I was unaware, slowly popping single pieces of popcorn into my mouth while the warmth in my panties increased. Looking down along my body toward the TV, I could see that my pantied mound was swollen. I was more than ready for action and I could detect the faint aroma that would have signaled my pliant state to a more experienced partner. I had to put a stop to this, now.

When the commercials started, I sat up and turned toward my son.

"Nathan, I want to talk to you about your plans after school ends." I just blurted it out, surprising myself as much as he. He was taken aback and struggled for words. He looked away and I realized that in my haste, my robe had fallen wide open and completely off my left breast.

"Look at me, Nathan. I want to talk to you. I know it's been bothering you."

I reached over to turn his face toward me but he resisted.

"But Mom," he protested, his eyes straying down to glance at my exposed tit and then away again.

"Don't worry about that. I'm your mother. It doesn't matter if you see me like that."

Nevertheless, I pulled the robe over to cover my breast.

"There, Mr. Prude," I laughed. "Now we can talk." I pulled his face toward me again, this time succeeding. "Now tell me. Are you planning on going away so you don't have to work for your father?"

Nathan's eyes widened.

"Don't look so surprised. Your father may not realize you don't want to work in the business but I'm your mother and I know what you're thinking."

His eyes widened even more, perhaps thinking that maybe I knew what he'd been thinking for the past half hour.

"I know you don't want to do what your father does," I added, mostly to assure him I was talking about what he was going to do this summer rather than our movie watching behavior, but also to avoid recognition that I was also aware of what had just transpired.

Nathan recovered himself, acknowledging that he was indeed worried about his father wanting him to work for him, that he didn't know how to tell him, and that he would probably do it rather than get into a fight, or leave.

Nonsense, I told him. "You have to stand up for yourself. This is your future."

"But you know how Dad is," he replied, turning his eyes down. "You know what he's like."

I did know. Mark was bellicose and persistent, rarely taking no for an answer. I noticed that Nathan was again looking at my left breast. Glancing down, I saw that the robe had fallen back and half my breast was exposed, the lapel clinging perilously to my nipple, partly distended from the rapt attention it had been receiving.

"I know," I sympathized, reaching out with my right hand to pull his head toward me and tilting it down so he could look without fear of being caught. "But this is your life. You can't just give in."

I raised my left hand to cup his cheek. I don't know if it was this action or the extra tweak my nipple felt from his renewed attention, but the robe fell away, leaving my left breast fully exposed.

"Mom ..."

He might have been trying to tell me but I cut him off.

"I'll help you. I'll talk to your father. I'll make him understand."

"Thanks Mom," he mumbled. I could tell he was barely listening to me, his attention elsewhere.

"But you have to promise me you won't take off after school's over."

I stroked the back of his head, keeping his gaze upon me though he needed no encouragement. As I lifted my right hand to stroke his hair, I could see that my right breast began to show itself too, poking out and hiding with each movement of my arm.

"Will you promise to stay home with me, no matter what happens?" I asked. As I said this, I realized just how important it was to have Nathan stay. My voice swelling with emotion, I pulled his face to my breast.

"Promise me," I asked. "Promise me," I demanded.

"I promise," his muffled voice came back.

I relaxed my arms. I had pulled Nathan tightly to me, pressing his face into my breast as the fear of losing him swept over me. As he pulled his head back, I realized that I had pulled his mouth right onto my bare breast, just above my extended nipple. His eyes were glued to it as he drew back, as if he'd never seen one before.

"It's important for you to stay," I reiterated, my voice charged with motherly emotion. "Your father hasn't been much of a companion these past few years. You know that, don't you."

Nathan nodded, his eyes still focused on my bare breast. He became aware that he was staring at my bare tit and tried to turn away, blushing.

"Mom ..."

"Don't worry about that. Don't let it bother you. It doesn't bother me." I pulled his head forward again, tilting his face toward me. "Will you stay?" I asked.

Nathan looked at my breast for a long minute, then turned his gaze up to hold my eyes. "I'll stay, Mom. I promise."

Love welled up inside me. I pulled my son to me and hugged him, kissed his cheeks and then kissed him on his lips, on his mouth. He was visibly shocked, but not horrified.

"Did that surprise you?" I asked, laughing.

"Yeah," he replied, laughing as well, nervously.

"Me too," I laughed.

Nathan laughed again, more relaxed this time.

"Let's celebrate with some wine."

I got up and rushed into the kitchen, opening a bottle of Merlot and bringing two glasses with me. Nathan had moved to the end of the couch so I set the glasses down on the table beside him and poured the wine. My robe was still untied and I made no effort to keep it closed as I filled the glasses, keeping my eyes on the wine so he could look if he wanted. When I finished I handed him a glass and, taking one myself, sat on the couch beside him, pulling my legs up and leaning my knees toward him.

"A toast to our pact," I said. "Us against Dad."

Clink. We sipped our wine.

"Oh, the movie's over," I observed.

"But another one's probably starting. Do you want to watch another?" Nathan asked.

"Yeah," I answered, parodying his typically disinterested response to my queries.

Nathan laughed and handed me the remote. "You pick," he said.

"You trust a mere woman to operate this?" I asked with feigned incredulity.

"Sure," he smiled.

I took the remote and pulled his arm over my shoulder, leaning further toward him as I flipped through the channels. Settling on a movie, I put the remote down and stretched across Nathan, turning my back so I was laying almost flat on my back with my head resting on the arm, facing the TV. My robe was still untied and open but it covered my breasts.

We watched in silence, not even speaking during the commercials. Nathan offered me a sip of his wine and I tilted my head forward to drink. As the movie progressed, we finished his glass and then the rest of mine but Nathan didn't refill either glass. My robe gradually fell open and though it didn't fall completely away, I knew that Nathan could probably see much of my breasts and probably the nipple on the left one.

I didn't care. My mind was in a strange place and I was thoroughly enjoying laying on my son's lap, partially naked, warmed by the glow of wine, and other things. I closed my eyes and stretched several times through the next set of commercials, and I knew the exact moment that the robe fell completely off my left breast. I kept my eyes closed but stopped stretching. I lay there, satisfied and happy that my son was looking at my naked breast, knowing that his eyes were sliding down my bare tummy to my panties. I could feel them resting there, caressing the mound pushing up under the now dampish cotton.

I was excited and it was all I could do not to touch myself. I could feel my son's rise, could feel the thickening expansion of the thing he'd been hiding under the popcorn bowl until it pressed between my shoulder blades. I shifted my back, pressing down, repeating several times as the movie continued. Sometime during before the next commercial break, Nathan rested his hand on my tummy and began stroking my hair with his other one. I kept my eyes closed, afraid to break the spell, loving the feel of his fingers as they moved in a small circle on my tummy, around my navel where it pouted up, just above my panties.

As the commercials ended I spoke, voicing a notion that had just occurred to me.

"You know, it might not be that bad to work with your Dad. You don't have to be him, you know. You could do it your own way. Maybe not at first, but eventually."

"Mom," Nathan's voice was equally quiet but stretched my name out into a long sound.

"He'd probably get you to take over the local stuff so he could focus on out of state sales. You know how he likes to travel, to be away from home."

Nathan's hand stopped. I wiggled my back, rubbing on his hidden fellow which hadn't retreated.

"That feels good. Don't stop."

Nathan's fingers began tickling my tummy again but in a wider circle. I don't know if he was following a new path because of the interruption or if he felt encouraged by my explicit acknowledgement of his caress and my appreciation of it. It didn't matter, it felt good, and so did the knowledge that I was clearly pleasing him.

"It might not be a bad idea for you to take on your father's responsibilities at home."

The movie started then and I turned my head toward the TV. The sound of my words echoed in my head. 'Take on your father's responsibilities at home'. I was talking about work but the words were loaded, especially in the current context. I smiled to myself. Was I in the twilight zone?

I was lost in my own thoughts for awhile, not sure what, but I suddenly became aware that Nathan's fingers had been traveling in an ever widening circle and he was now brushing over the top of my panties and pressing up against the bottom of my bare breasts, even nudging them up from my chest. I noticed that my right breast was bare now. Had he done that? He was hard in my back. Should I stop this? All I had to do was get up, say I was tired, and go to bed.

But I didn't. The commercials started again and I closed my eyes. His hand never paused, it kept up its loving caress over my tummy, scraping along the bottom swell of both breasts, dipping down to stroke along my waist, then up and over my panties, always above the rise to my mound but I could feel him there. Every time his fingers came close, it was almost as if he were touching me. Geez, I needed to stop this.

And then he began to caress my face. His fingers trailed across my forehead, draining any tensions held there, then down my cheek and across my lips and chin and around again, down to cross my neck but the next time across my lips again. It felt wonderful. I felt so sexy and I relished it. When was the last time a man had spent so much time trying to make me feel good?

I turned toward the TV at the sound of the movie starting again. My cheek pressed on Nathan's hand and his fingers curled around to cup my mouth. His fingers continued their caress on my torso. I closed my eyes as his finger nestled in to rest along the 'V' between my lips.

I must have dozed because when I opened my eyes again the movie was over and a different show was playing on the TV. Something felt strange. It was my mouth. Nathan's finger had bent and the tip was now in my mouth. Had I sucked it in or had he pushed it inside? I had no idea.

Then I had another shock. Nathan's fingers, the other ones, were still swirling around on my tummy. They were sliding up my waist toward the bottom of my breasts where they had been brushing by and as they approached, I felt myself tense in delighted anticipation. They came, pushed up against the weighty swell of my lower tit, then swept up and over, each finger brushing across my hugely distended nipple which flicked through them like a pick across the strings of a guitar.

Then his palm pushed my nipple over and slid down, rubbing through the valley between my breasts and up the slope onto my right tit where it replayed the same tune, strumming across that equally stiff nipple. As his hand slid down the cliff to my tummy his fingers dragged behind and just before they too slid over the precipice, they squeezed together and pinched my nipple, tugging it down before letting it spring back, vibrating like a stiff tong on a tuning fork. A matching feeling vibrated through me.

I had barely recovered my senses when I felt my son's hand brushing over my panties. It no longer seemed hesitant or afraid and continued its downward sweep until his fingers bumped across my puffy mound, pausing for a light squeeze when they fully covered my little mountain. I felt myself pulse against his cupping fingers and knew I was wet. Oh God! How long had this been going on?

I was in shock. I didn't know what to do. It would be so awkward to stop him now. I couldn't just get up and walk away. I would have to confront him about feeling me up. Unless he stopped. Yes. Maybe he'd quit and I could pretend to wake up and not know what had happened.

I lay still. His hand swept over me, teasing my nipples, squeezing and tugging, then down and over my panties, pausing to squeeze my mound, to feel me push back against him in appreciation, a reaction I couldn't stop. He moved his finger in my mouth when I did that and I couldn't help closing my lips and pressing my tongue along the length of his finger.

I don't know how many times I let him do that before I realized that he wasn't going to stop. He was eighteen and he had a half naked woman laying in his lap, letting him fondle her tits and stroke her panties. He wouldn't stop if we were hit by lightning. Only if his father came home. That would do it. Where the hell was Mark?

Another dozen circles. I was so very horny. This couldn't go on. I had to do something. As his hand dragged down my tit for the umpteenth time and approached my panties, I spoke.

"Nathan, what are you doing?"

His hand paused for only a second, and then continued.

"Taking on my home responsibilities," he replied calmly.

"Nathan, I didn't mean ..."

I didn't finish. Nathan's hand slid over my mound and squeezed. I pushed up against him. I just couldn't stop myself. Immediately, instead of going on as he had before, he pushed his hand down between my legs, cupping the entire front of my panties, then began rubbing quickly up and down, pausing to press in hard, then relaxing and starting to rub me again. My hips moved, rocking my pussy against my son's hand. When his hand paused to press against me, his thumb stretched up to flick across my clit, and then dragged down between the furrow of my lips, as his fingers, bunched together, tried to push inside me through my panties.

I was so wet. I thrust my hips up hard against his rubbing hand, groaning out loud. His finger was moving back and forth in my mouth and my lips closed over it as if I was sucking a small cock. He was rubbing hard and fast now and I was fucking his hand, all sensibility gone, overwhelmed with the feeling of an impending orgasm rocketing around inside my pussy, getting ready to explode through my body. My back arched and I lifted my ass off the couch, only touching with my head and my heels.

"I'm cumming," I yelled, my cry muffled by his finger which was expelled from my mouth allowing the sound of my orgasm to echo through the house. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhaahhhhhh!"

I fell back to the couch but my hips continued their frantic thrusting, clamping my son's hand in the vise of my clenched thighs. Slick as they were, there was no way he could have pulled his hand out even if he wanted to. Slowly, my orgasm began to subside and I loosened my legs, releasing his hand but he kept it there, not moving it, just holding it against me.

When I could, I spoke calmly. "I shouldn't have let you do that, shouldn't have encouraged you. I'm sorry, Nathan. I don't know what came over me." I crossed my forearm over my eyes to hide my shame.

"I wanted to, Mom."

"It was wrong, Nathan. It wasn't your fault. It was wrong of me. I won't let it happen again."

"But I want to do it again."

"No, Nathan. It can't happen again."

"But you ...," He paused, as if searching for a way to say something in a nicer way, then continued. "You really needed it."

I laughed at that. I couldn't help it. It was so true. "I know, Nathan. It's just been so long, but it's still wrong."

"But you shouldn't have to go without, just because of Dad." He almost spat his father's name out.

"I can't. Not with you."

"But you said ..."

"That's not what I meant." Wasn't it? Could I be certain the thought hadn't crossed my mind?

"Nathan, let me go now. Let me get up."

He was still holding me, his hand still gripping my panties, the other holding my head. He squeezed me when I said that.

"Not until you promise we can do it again."

"I can't promise that, Nathan." His hand was squeezing.

"Then at least say it won't never happen again."

"I can't say that either." Squeezing, squeezing. I had to get up soon.

"You have to say one or the other."

He was playing for time, softly squeezing my pussy, trying not to draw attention to what he was doing, delaying, hoping I'd eventually change my mind when I couldn't help it anymore. I knew what he was doing.

"No, Nathan. Now let me go." I tried feebly to lift my head.

"Then kiss me like you did before we had the wine."

"What?"

"Kiss me like you did before, on my lips."

"Will you let me up then?" He was still squeezing, squeezing, and I found myself almost wanting to drag it out a little longer too.

"Yes. But it has to be a long kiss."

He was a natural negotiator. He'd probably do well in his father's business. Squeeze, squeeze.

"Alright," I said.

Immediately his head lowered and his lips pressed against mine. Right away, his hand started to rub my pussy, no longer content to just squeeze. What the hell, I thought. After what I'd let him do, what was a little more rubbing through one kiss? And it felt so good. He had more than one natural talent, or did genetic relatives instinctively know how to touch one another?

Rub, rub, rub. His lips worked against mine. Softly, gently. I loved the way he kissed, much better than his father. I almost forgot about him rubbing my pussy. But not quite. The kiss ended.

"Ok, Nathan. Let me ...,"

His lips took hold of mine again, engaging me in another kiss. The rubbing stopped. Ok, I thought. Let's kiss a while. That kiss was longer than the first but I didn't protest when he started another as soon as it ended. After all, he had stopped rubbing me, though his hand was still there. I lost myself in his lips. By the time the kiss ended he had stretched his long finger along my lower lips and wiggled it in, pressing my panties between them. He had started rubbing me again.

"Nathan ...,"

"Shhhhhh," he whispered, taking my lips again and rubbing me harder. He kissed me hard then and at some point, his tongue must have slipped inside because I suddenly realized that I was pushing his tongue out of me and forcing my own between his lips. That moaning sound was me I realized with a small shock. So what, I thought as I resisted his tongue pushing mine back and shoving itself into my mouth again. I clamped my legs around his hand to stop it from pulling away.

"Just once more," he gasped.

"Yeah," I answered.

His tongue filled my mouth again.

OMG, I was so wet. What was that? His hand was inside my panties, rubbing my bare pussy. No! That's too far. Oh god. So good. So good.

"Ohhhhhhhhh," I cried as his finger slipped inside me, sloshed about for a few seconds, then started fucking into me.

"Oh Nathan. Oh Nathan," I cried, moaning his name.

Thicker. He'd put another finger in me and was working it in and out, in and out, quickly, feverishly. That was ok. That was fine by me. I moaned again as I quickly matched his thrusts with my own hip movements, fucking my son's hand. Where was my shame?

"Oh, god. Nathan. Finger me," I cried, bucking my hips frantically now, that recently familiar feeling starting to well up inside me again. "Please, please," I cried.

Wham. It fired through me, more intense this time. My legs quivered as I thrust my hips up from the couch, thighs straining to hold myself high to keep him inside me. Nathan dug his fingers into me, slipping yet another inside and shaking his hand, as if he was trying to loosen yet another orgasm from me.

I collapsed to the couch. This time, I got up, gathered my robe about me, and walked quietly away, upstairs to my room. I didn't even shower. I just got into bed and curled into a ball until fell asleep.

Having read many of the letters from your group, I fully expected that I would try to avoid my son in an effort to return to our normal relationship and refrain from further shameless behavior. And indeed, that is exactly what happened.

My son tried to entice me into joining him for more movie nights. As soon as Mark left the house, Nathan would make popcorn and dim the lights in the living room. If he hadn't already been to the video store, he would make a point of asking me if there was anything I wanted to see. But I was aloof.

After several weeks, Nathan stopped trying. Of course, I then began to worry that I would lose him, that he would leave as soon as school was over in just a few weeks. Had I made a big mistake by pushing him away?

I worried frantically for almost a week and tried to engage Nathan without success. Then, on a Thursday, I tried to bring up Nathan's future plans while we had dinner with just the two of us because Mark had called earlier to say he'd be late. Nathan was evasive and left the kitchen as soon as he finished eating, saying he was going to meet his friends to hang out.

To relax, I had a long hot shower and changed into a robe, the same blue one I'd worn that fateful night weeks ago. I made some popcorn and set a bottle of wine on the table beside the couch, then settled in to watch a movie. I was surprised to hear Nathan came downstairs only minutes later. I had thought he'd already gone.

"Have fun," I waved but didn't turn to look as he passed behind me to get his coat out of the entranceway closet.

"You're watching a movie?" he asked, pulling his coat off a hanger and putting it on.

"Yeah," I replied, not looking.

"What are you watching?" he asked, walking up to stand behind me but looking down at me rather than the movie.

"A chick flick."

"Which one?"

"That one where Meg Ryan loses her good girl image."

"Oh yeah," he said, obvious interest in his voice.

He watched in silence for a minute.

"I thought you were going out," I said.

"I still have a few minutes," he replied, not moving.

I filled my wine glass, deciding not to say anything else.

"She's hot," Nathan said. "Do you mind if I watch for awhile?"

"Suit yourself, but don't stand behind me."

Nathan removed his coat and shoes, then climbed over the back of the couch and plopped down beside me, almost spilling my wine as he bounced down hard.

"Nathan, how many times have I told you ..."

"Sorry Mom."

Meg was just starting to display her hot little body.

"She looks like you, Mom, except smaller upstairs."

"Yeah, right," I bantered back, sipping my wine.

Nathan watched Meg with keen interest, then turned to look at me. I ignored him and continued watching the movie. Rather than trying to sneak a peek like before, he candidly surveyed my chest before turning back to the movie, ostensibly comparing me to Meg. I should have said something, but I didn't. I should have been angry, but I wasn't. I simply felt relieved that he wasn't blocking me out, and that I may be able to find out what he was planning to do when school was over.

When the commercials started, Nathan asked if he could have some wine.

"Sure. Get yourself a glass."

"Can't we share?"

"Don't be so lazy." I elbowed him playfully.

"Mom," he protested, squirming away from me, then reaching for my glass. "It's cooler to share," he said, taking a long sip.

I pulled my feet up and tucked them under myself to sit cross legged on the couch. As Nathan finished his drink, I took the bowl of popcorn from the table, placed it in my lap and began feeding kernels of popcorn into my mouth with exaggerated slowness like I had that night so long ago. The way he watched and the act itself sent an illicit thrill through my body. Stop it, I admonished myself. Keep focused. You just want him to work things out with his Dad so he can stay home.

Nathan handed the glass back to me but I shook my head, gesturing with my hands full of popcorn. "My fingers are all buttery," I explained further. "I used too much."

Interpreting that as a request for a sip, Nathan held the glass to my lips, tipping it up until a trickle of wine dribbled into my mouth. A little spilled on my lips. Nathan reached across to set the glass on the table and then

brushed the extra wine away with his fingertip, spreading it back and forth across my lips. Perhaps accidentally, he exerted sufficient pressure to depress my lips, making his touch more of a rub than a brush.

"You should wear lipstick more often," he said. "It makes your mouth look more inviting."

I just nodded as if it was normal for my son to make such inappropriate comments about my appearance. Nathan dipped his hand into the bowl to retrieve some popcorn, moving it about in my lap much like I had done to him. He ate it slowly, mimicking my own seductive consumption. I couldn't help grinning inside at his cockiness though I allowed only the faintest smile to bend my lips. When I lowered my hand to scoop some more popcorn for myself, Nathan quickly moved his fingers to rest a kernel between my lips, pausing for a second before pushing it in.

Though conducted in a playful manner, it was still a poignant, erotic moment. He leaned across me to reach for the wine, pressing closer than necessary, his chest brushing across mine. He scraped so closely across me on the way back that I suspected he was trying to loosen my robe as much as feel my chest.

"Nathan," I complained.

"Sorry Mom. It was a hard reach," was his flimsy excuse. I didn't challenge it.

He took a drink, looking down at my robe. I couldn't help glancing down too and noticed that he had indeed ruffled my robe sufficiently to see that I wasn't wearing anything else to cover my breasts. From his vantage point, he could see deep between the inside swells of my breasts.

"Here Mom," he offered the wine to me again, perhaps to distract my attention from his line of sight. This time he spilled more into my mouth, paused for me to swallow, then tipped the glass again. Savoring the taste, I asked him if he was trying to soften me up.

"For what?" he asked. I didn't answer that and he didn't pursue it.

Placing the glass back on the table, he dipped his finger into the nearly empty glass and rubbed it on my lips again. I knew I shouldn't be letting my son touch me in such a provocative manner and suddenly felt awkward. I tried to push his hand aside to put my own popcorn in my mouth, but he pushed my hand back down into the bowl.

"Let me do that for you while you watch the movie, Mom."

Nathan opened my hand, spilling its popcorn into the bowl. Filling his own hand, he returned to my mouth, pushing a single kernel against my pursed lips. After a brief resistance, I let my lips part so he could push it into my mouth. On the third piece, Nathan's fingers followed past my lips and briefly touched the tip of my tongue. Though a jolt speared straight down my spine to my pelvis, I didn't visibly react. As he fed me the rest of the popcorn, I sat placidly watching Meg present her erotic side but Nathan never looked at the movie, even to see Meg's sexy body. When the popcorn was done, he picked up the bowl and set it on the side table, dipped his finger into the wine and again spread it over my lips, this time pushing his finger slightly inside my mouth.

"Nathan," I whispered, for no apparent reason since we were alone in the house. "Be good."

"You don't bite, do you?" he responded.

"You know what I mean," I laughed. "Behave yourself."

"You look so pretty when you pout with such ruby red lips," he bantered back. My answering laugh must have encouraged him because he suddenly dipped his hand down into my cleavage, fingers held tightly in a vertical line, and swung his hand towards himself and then away, pushing the lapels of my robe apart, significantly widening the gap between them and expanding his view of my breasts.

"Nathan!"

"What?" he cried, resting his fingers on the top of my left breast, just above my nipple.

"You know what. I'm your mother!"

"I know that," his hand brushed side to side, his fingertips teasing my breast.

"Your hand is inside my robe."

"I know," he made light of my complaint. "I didn't want to get butter on it."

"That's not the point," my voice rose.

At that moment, Nathan's hand suddenly twisted around, his buttery fingers sliding underneath to cup my full breast while his thumb pressed down on my stiffening nipple. His move shocked me so much I couldn't speak. My mouth was dry and words failed to frame within my brain though my mind was certainly not quiet. His thumb rubbed over and back across my hardening nipple as his fingers gently squeezed my tit below, and still I couldn't speak. Just as I was about to push him away, his voice shocked me again.

"I spoke to Dad."

Those four words froze me like a statue. His hand continued to fondle my breast, his fingers sliding up to join his thumb, pinching my distended nipple and rolling it their buttery grip. I finally managed a single word just as he stretched my tit up by tugging on my nipple.

"What?" I cried.

Nathan pushed my tit down, mashing and rolling it against my chest, before squeezing my nipple and tugging it up again. Even through my shock, my brain registered how good that felt.

"We talked," he said. "About the summer."

His lips covered mine in an impromptu kiss. Within seconds, I parted my lips to accept his tongue. The kiss was insistent, demanding, unlike the slow exploration I had so enjoyed weeks before. But somehow, it was just as exciting. He was different somehow, exhibiting a confidence he hadn't shown before. His hand slid off my breast and tried to push down to my panties but was blocked by the belt of my robe, still cinched tight around my waist.

I was gasping when the kiss ended.

"What happened?" I rasped, forgetting that he had just mauled my tit and pushed his tongue inside my mouth, my mind focused on the conversation that could govern my son's future.

His hand returned to manipulate my breast.

"I told him I did want to learn the business, but in my own way, that I couldn't become him."

"What did he say to that?" I asked, eagerly awaiting his response, consciously oblivious of his fondling or, to be more truthful, tolerating it and finding it easy to do so.

Nathan looked down. "Undo your belt and I'll tell you."

"Nathan!" I looked suitably shocked.

Nathan shrugged.

"Tell me what your father said," I demanded.

He held my eyes, steadily. "Undo your belt first," he repeated.

Clamping my lips together in a show of repressed anger, I nevertheless loosened the belt. Nathan stared into my eyes, not once glancing away, but as soon as the belt was undone, he let go of my breast and pushed the robe apart, clearing it off both legs. Only then did he look down at the pair of black lace panties, the only thing I wore under the robe, the sheer material and my wide open thighs leaving little to the imagination. Why had I sat cross legged?

"Tell me what your father said," I repeated, my voice demanding.

Looking up, Nathan said, "You have beautiful hair, Mom." He brushed my hair back from my face, letting it slip through his fingers.

Disconcerted but refusing to be sidetracked, I said again, "What did he say?" my voice very firm.

"He seemed very pleased. He said I should do things my own way. A man has to, to get what he wants in life."

Nathan stared intently into my eyes as he repeated his father's words, moving his hand onto my tummy and sliding it slowly down, over my panties and between my legs. There, he curled his fingers and cupped his hand against my pussy. Try as I might, I couldn't close my legs. I'm not sure I wanted to. His newfound confidence was overpowering, intoxicating.

"Nathan," I gasped, my hand clutching his forearm.

"He's not interested in home," Nathan whispered, "but I am."

His fingers cupped me tighter, released, and squeezed again.

"Nathan ... the other night ... we can't."

"Do you want me to stay?" he asked, the implication of a negative answer hanging ominously in the air.

I didn't answer. His fingers began rubbing me. His lips choked off my protest and his hand bunched my soft red hair to hold my head still while he worked my mouth. When I opened my eyes, I became aware that my hips were moving, pushing my panties against his rubbing hand. How could I expect to stop him when I responded so easily, so desperately?

"Do you want me to stay?" he repeated, his fingers still rubbing.

Reluctantly, I nodded. His hand paused to allow his thumb to hook over the top of my panties, sliding down on the inside, slipping between my damp, lightly haired furrow.

"Then, take off your panties," he whispered.

"What?" I said aloud, my surprise evident.

"Take off your panties," he reiterated, calmly, in the same firm voice.

I held firm, not moving.

"I know what he's done, what he's still doing. I want to be able to sit here in this room, while he's in it, knowing that his wife played the same game on him and took off her panties for another man, right here. For me."

I stared in shock. He and his father had already started their implicit competition but poor Mark had no idea how big the playing field really was, and just how much he stood to lose. Silently, I hooked my thumbs in the panties and slid them over my hips, lifting my ass to help, untucking my legs and raising my knees so I could snap the panties up my thighs and down my calves, held prettily together now, and off. Setting my feet on the floor, I dropped the panties in Nathan's lap.

Nathan looked down at the panties, then slid his hand between my closed knees and pulled them apart. He slid his hand up the length of my right thigh, along the inside, until his hand was poised in front of my pussy. He looked up into my eyes.

"Is that what you want?" I whispered.

"Yes." His voice was hoarse.

He pushed his fingers between my lips, brushing them up and down, soaking them before pushing inside. I opened my arms and welcomed his lips on mine again. I was so wet, I could hear his fingers sloshing lewdly inside me as we kissed. I didn't care. I loved the feel of him there. When the kiss ended, Nathan tried to pull me sideways down onto the couch.

"No, we should go upstairs," I whispered.

"We won't be able to hear his car if he comes home," Nathan answered.

He stood and dropped his pants, and then his boxers, letting his impressive, strong, young cock spring free to dangle before me. Even though I had felt it pressing hard between my shoulder blades its size still surprised me. Poor Mark. Nathan smiled when he saw the expression on my face. He took my right hand and pulled, twisting me onto my back on the couch. Kneeling, he grasped my legs under my knees and pulled me toward him, holding my legs open and pushing my thighs back onto my breasts.

"Nathan, maybe we should ..."

He moved quickly forward, pushed his pole down to meet my hole, and shoved.

"Uunnngghhhhhh." He was inside me.

"Ohhhhhh," I groaned as my son pushed his full length inside me, slowly, allowing my seldom used tunnel to expand as its walls retreated from this imposing invader. He stopped when he bottomed out, but only for a few seconds. Placing his hands over my tits and squeezing my nipples in the circle of his firm grip, he started fucking me, slowly at first, but ever increasing his pace and the strength of his thrusts.

There was a lot of pent up energy inside us both that needed to be released, and he was trying hard to break the shell that held it inside of me. I moaned and groaned shamelessly as Nathan slammed into me, bending me almost

double as he stretched up on his haunches to really dig in. Our thighs slapped loudly and wetly together. There was no way we could have heard Mark's car drive up and I wondered afterward if passersby could hear us rutting inside.

He ended suddenly with a loud grunting groan, his seed gushing forth, filling me and triggering my own orgasm. We lay gasping for breath for a couple of minutes before Nathan pulled back, grasping my hands and pulling me with him. I thought he was helping me up but he tried to twist me around. God. He wanted to turn me over, to fuck me from behind right away.

My tame sex life with Mark hadn't prepared me for crouching on all fours in my own living room. I resisted. Failing to turn me over, Nathan pushed my tummy against the back of the couch, pressed my knees apart and slid his cock into me. God. I gasped loudly with the fullness of him. As he banged into me my head rocked forward over the back of the couch, a motion exacerbated when Nathan gripped the back of the couch on either side of me for leverage and began thrusting harder. He was shoving up so hard that my tummy was lifted to the top of the couch and I ended up draped over the back with Nathan half standing, wildly shagging the shit out of me.

I had never been fucked like this. Is this what Mark had wanted? A woman to wantonly let him have his way with her, any way he wanted, wherever he wanted? Why hadn't he asked? No. Why hadn't he taken me like this? There was no need to go astray. I liked it, and his son was proving that right now. Go ahead, I screamed in my mind. Bang me. Fuck me hard. Slam your cock in me. I don't care. Yeah, oh yeah. Fuck me hard. Come on, give it to me. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me. Oh, yeah. It's coming, it's coming.

"Yeaaaahhhhhh!" I wailed, just as Nathan's second gush burst inside me.

He pulled out a minute later, gathered his clothes and walked past me without saying a word. I was still laying over the back of the couch when I heard his bedroom door close. Minutes later I pulled myself together, put my

robe on, and took the wine glass and popcorn bowl into the kitchen. Still the mother, I noticed that some of Nathan's seed had spilled out of me onto the back of the couch. I was still cleaning it up when Mark came home.

"Spill something?" he asked as he took his coat and shoes off, walking over to give me a peck on the cheek, probably not realizing he carried a faint smell of perfume.

"A little wine," I said.

"Oh, oh," he said, stooping to take a close look. "Will it come out?", he asked. "We just bought that couch."

Yeah, six years ago, I thought. It wasn't worth mentioning.

"Where's Nathan?"

"He went to bed. He seemed tuckered out." I smiled at my hypocrisy.

"Oh? Did he tell you he's going work for me, learn the ropes?"

"Yes," I replied. "He asked for my support."

"Oh yeah," Mark laughed. "Well you better help him all you can. He's going to need it. He has man up now." Mark turned to go up the stairs.

"Don't worry," I said to my husband's retreating back, "I'll give him everything he needs."

The next day I was wearing the blue robe again waiting for Nathan to come home from school. I was sitting in the kitchen, drinking a cup of coffee when he and his friend Ken came in. Nathan took one look at me and told Ken he'd forgotten that he had to do some chores he promised me so he couldn't hang out. Ken left after a few minutes. I followed the boys out of the kitchen as Nathan accompanied Ken to the front door. When the door closed, Nathan turned to find me bending over the back of the couch, digging my hands behind the cushions.

"I lost something here last night," I said. "Can you help me find it before your Dad comes home?"

"Sure Mom," he answered.

I heard him step up behind me but then he was quiet. I continued rummaging around behind the cushions, letting my bottom shake more than necessary. I wasn't surprised when Nathan's hands lightly gripped my hips, holding me gently but firmly.

"I meant help me look, not hold me still," I said, my hips still managing to sway in his hands.

My robe bunched at the side of my legs as Nathan gathered it up in his fingers. When his hands were full, he slid them over my hips, pulling the robe up and piling it on my back.

"Nathan, stop it," I complained.

Ignoring me, Nathan said, "Mom. That's so bad. You're not wearing panties."

"That's what I'm looking for," I said, acting again like there wasn't anything wrong with him baring my bottom. Talk about being obvious.

He didn't answer but I heard his belt being undone, and then his zipper.

"I guess I'm a bad girl," I said, wiggling my bottom.

"Yes," he said. "You're a very naughty woman."

I made a mental note to discard the little girl act. That was probably something Mark would like but clearly my son wanted to deal with a woman. I widened my stance a few inches and rose up on my tippy toes, tensing my leg muscles prettily. I may have put a few extra pounds on my bottom but I had nice legs. I knew that.

"God, Mom," Nathan gasped.

He was already breathing hard and he wasn't even inside me yet. I was pleased.

"Do you like that?" I asked.

"Oh yeah," he answered.

"Then don't bring your friends home with you if you want me to greet you properly," I reprimanded him.

In answer, the head of his cock probed between my legs. Nudge, nudge. I offered little resistance, having waited all afternoon for my son to come home. As soon as his manhood popped inside it slid easily up through my slippery channel until it was more than halfway in. Nathan gasped in surprise, then pulled back and paused before starting his next thrust.

"That is, unless there's something else you'd rather do," I said, wiggling my bottom again.

"No," he gasped, pushing in, slowly, back to halfway and beyond, two thirds, three quarters, as deep then as his father had ever reached.

Again he pulled back, almost all the way out. I adjusted my feet, stepping on top of his like I'd done with my Dad as a little girl, giggling as he walked me around. Mark had never done that with Nathan.

In he plunged, his thighs tensing with effort as he thrust higher just to reach the same point now that I was standing on him, attaining his previous depth and pushing beyond, holding there, filling me with his gorgeous young cock. It was so thick and long, and it seemed to shimmy, transferring the strain from his quivering thigh muscles deep inside me. Five, ten, fifteen seconds. Only then did he withdraw, tantalizingly slow.

I was surprised when he pulled right out, filling the air with a sucking sound in concert with my disappointed groan. But he immediately pushed back in, and my elated moan lasted the entire traverse as his meat passed

through me once more, meeting and exceeding its former goal yet again. I was pushed up onto my tippy toes, even standing on his feet. I could feel myself drooling on his cock. Only three thrusts and already I was creaming all over his manliness. A final push and I was lifted completely off my toes, dangling on him, impaled. I think I whimpered.

"I love it. Do you Mom?"

"Yesssssss," I hissed. "Yessssss."

"I'll try to make you love it more every day," he whispered, starting his long slide out.

He stopped talking then, and I was grateful. I needed him to just fuck me, and he did. Slowly, intensely. Never faster, just those long slow, penetrating thrusts, each time holding me up quivering on his love pole. I came after just a few more thrusts but he kept coming, relentlessly, until that overwhelming feeling began to spread through me again, and then again. Four times I came, and on the last one his cream gushed into my cunt, filling me, as his hands squeezed my tits hard, not on purpose, just reacting. Only then, in the final throes of his own orgasm, did his pace change and he jackhammered me with a series of frantic minithrusts.

Seconds later, he pulled out, just as Mark's car crunched into the driveway. Nathan stumbled up the stairs, trying to run but finding it hard to make his legs work. I was cleaning the couch, apparently, when Mark came through the door.

"Still at that?" he asked. "Didn't the stain come out?"

He tossed his coat over the back of the couch, leaving it for me to put away. He didn't give me a kiss or a hug.

"Is dinner ready?" he asked, walking quickly into the kitchen. "I'm starved."

"Just about," I called, following my husband into the kitchen to finish preparing dinner. He was sitting at the table and as I set out the dishes and food, I could feel my son's spunk trickling down the inside of my thighs.

"Can you call Nathan?" I asked. Mark was looking at his blackberry.

"Can you do that, babe?" It was a statement, though it sounded like a question. "I've got a few messages that I have to answer right away."

As I neared his bedroom door, Nathan came out wearing a t-shirt and sweatpants.

"Dinner's ready." I said quietly.

"Thank's Mom. Sorry I wasn't down sooner. I had to, you know, subside." He smiled sheepishly.

"Oh?" I smirked.

"Yeah," he replied.

"Tell your Dad I'm having a quick shower." I looked down as the lump in his sweats. "Maybe you should put on a pair of jeans." Laughing as I walked away, I added, "And don't be late tomorrow."

Nathan wasn't late. He was early. As I listened to him rushing around downstairs, calling my name, I smiled at the thought of this eagerness, picturing him roaring out of school as fast as his legs could carry him, arriving breathless at home. No wonder he sounded increasingly frantic when his calls went unanswered. Had he rushed home for nothing, bruising his favorite body part as he ran, chafing it against the inside of his jeans, thrusting harder against the rough denim with each burning thought of what awaited him at the end of his mad dash home.

"MOM," he called, his feet stamping up the stairs.

Mom," he yelled, stomping down the hallway and into my room.

Mom?" his voice drifted was more distant as he looked into my bathroom.

"Shit!" he swore, his voice closer now, in the hallway again, probably by the open bathroom door. "Shit," his frustration vented again, his steps coming closer, towards his room, to me.

The door burst open.

"Holy shit," he said but in a completely different tone.

I smiled, though Nathan couldn't see it because my face was buried in his mattress. I did, however, lift my pelvis from the bed, just slightly, so he could better see my naked ass and the strip of bare, glistening pussy through my parted legs. Lowering myself, I spread my legs wider.

The sounds of frantic undressing and tossed shoes and clothes followed immediately.

"Hurry," I said, not for myself though I had been laying there patiently for half an hour. I just wanted to step the intensity of the situation up as high as I could.

"Hurry," I groaned, reaching under myself with both hands to pry my thighs apart even as I lifted and waved my ass from side to side.

"Hurry," I begged as his weight depressed the mattress.

"Hurry," I cried joyously as his hands curled around my legs at the juncture with my hips, lifting me, readying me for his attack.

"Godddd," I groaned when he impaled me with his weapon. I laughed in joy with the slap of each frantic thrust, at the sound of his raspy breath gasping his need with each shove, thrilled to the bulge of his meaty mass inside me. My whole body rocked into the mattress. How can anybody fuck so fast? He was like a desperate prisoner returning to his cell to find his dream girl tied to his bunk. How long would she be there before they took her away?

Just as I wondered how long I could take such a shagging, he yelled out and his copious spend burst inside me. He collapsed on my back, panting hard. I allowed him only a minute.

"Did you like that?"

"God, Mom," he gasped. "That was incredible. I'll never forget it."

He still hadn't recovered his breath.

"Who said you could stop?"

"What?"

I wiggled my bum and squeezed my pussy. He was still inside me.

"Keep going," I commanded.

He was only eighteen. I knew he could rise to the challenge, but could where was getting the energy, the need? Years of what I suddenly realized was boring sex? I don't know for sure. All I knew was I wanted him ... now. I pushed my ass up, bumping against him, urging him on.

"Come on," I insisted, closing my legs to increase the pressure on his cock which I could already feel stiffening to the task.

He pulled back but not all the way out and as I closed my legs tight together, he pushed, shoving all the way into me.

"That's it," I cried. "Fuck me."

He did, in long slow thrusts like he had against the back of the couch yesterday. But this time, he slowly increased his pace. Soon he lifted himself to straddle his knees on either side of me, almost sitting on me as he thrust harder and faster. Eventually, he reached forward to cup his hands over my shoulders so he could pull himself into me even harder, hips pistoning as he dug into me from behind.

He grunted with the effort. As he lifted his weight to reposition himself, I thrust my ass back into him, catching him by surprise. He seemed to like that and held himself up, moaning each time I thrust my ass back at him, impaling myself on his root, matching his moans with my own sexy womanly sounds. He shifted higher, squatting on his feet and I followed him, lifting myself to my knees, thrusting my ass up wantonly, my head still firmly buried in the bed.

We continued to fuck in desperate need. He reached down to grasp my hands and pulled them back to my hips, pulling on them to help his cock dig as far in as it could, plugging me completely. We moaned and groaned as his thrusts grew even wilder, rocking my head into the mattress. I loved it, loved the way he was taking me. Yes. Took me. He wasn't just fucking me, he was taking me, filling his room with our guttural sounds.

We cried out together, announcing our incestuous love as he filled me again, his creamy gift squeezing out past the root of his stem, dripping as he pulled it out and wanked the dregs over my convulsing bottom and shaking thighs. He sat back on his haunches, gasping for air. I stayed as I was, head down, ass up, his cream covering my ass and thighs, dripping from my raw, puffy pussy. I lay like that with no shame so he could see what he'd done to me, to his mother, his woman.

I didn't move until we heard a car door slam in front of our house. Calmly, I climbed off Nathan's bed, put on my robe, and walked downstairs to greet my husband. Mark made several remarks about my appearance, wondering what was going on with me, dressing in a housecoat before supper and wandering around with my hair in such a mess. Was I sick, he wanted to know, because if not it was a hell of a thing for our son to see me like that.

I took Mark's words to heart and the next night, I didn't arrive home until after him.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"Shopping," I replied. "Make reservations for dinner somewhere for the three of us. I want to go out," I said, carrying my bags upstairs.

Moments later, before Mark could finish his calls and join me in our bedroom, I came downstairs. Mark was sitting in the living room having a drink. Nathan stood just inside the kitchen doorway, out of his father's line of sight but well positioned to see me travel the entire flight of stairs. I stepped down slowly, allowing the muscles in my legs to tense nicely to show them to their best advantage. The look on Nathan's face was all the reward I needed. Mark hadn't seen me yet.

It wasn't until I neared the bottom of the stairs and Nathan whistled his appreciation that Mark looked up and saw my new dress, a very cute, sleeveless dark green number that offset my eyes and soft red hair perfectly. It was a simple dress with a high neckline but it hugged my figure closely, somehow giving the illusion of being very short yet the hem fell more than halfway to my knees. The high sandals that wrapped around my ankles matched the dress perfectly.

"So, you really want to go out, then?" Mark asked.

"Yes," I replied simply.

"I suppose I have to get dressed up if you're going like that," he muttered, looking at his watch.

"If you have to be somewhere, Nathan can take me out," I replied tersely.

"No, no. But I'll have to be done by nine. I have a late meeting." I could tell he was lying.

"That's lots of time," I said, turning to Nathan. "Please put on a nice pair of slacks, dear."

"Right away, Mom." He bounded up the stairs but I was pleased to see his reluctance to tear his eyes away from me. I don't think he'd stopped staring at me since he first saw me at the top of the stairs.

"Gregor's would be fine. They should have room." Gregor's was more than casual and fairly expensive.

"Uh, sure," Mark replied, getting up and walking toward me. "I better do a quick change, then. You look much better today, Marilyn."

"Thanks," I acknowledged his grudging compliment. "Why don't you take your own car so we don't have to worry about the time. Nathan can drive me home."

"Sure," Mark agreed, starting up the stairs.

I rode to the restaurant with Mark while Nathan followed in my car. We had a lovely meal and took our time in the rear booth I selected after rejecting the table near the other customers that the host initially chose for us. Mark was more attentive than usual, perhaps unconsciously competing with his son. He seemed genuinely reluctant to leave just before nine but he had set the stage for a 'business' meeting and although hesitant I'm sure he didn't really want to back out.

"Will you order a couple of drinks before you go. I want to relax over dessert and I want Nathan to keep me company."

Mark did as I asked without complaint or even an askance look, which was a little out of character for him. He even had the thoughtfulness not to leave until the waiter had delivered the drinks and brought our desserts, in case there was a hassle with Nathan's age.

Nathan and I had a nice time alone, I enjoying my wine and he the drinks his father had ordered. It took him fifteen minutes but he gradually edged closer to me after his father left. It was amusing to watch him innocently change his position but each time end up an inch closer to me. It was very flattering. Soon he had moved so far that he was just a few inches away, more than two feet from his original position at the center of the U-shaped booth.

Our conversation stayed on a completely platonic level and if anyone overheard us without seeing our age difference I'm sure they would have thought we'd been married for at least ten years. But there was no denying the tension in the air, a wonderful libidinous ether that seemed to surround us tightly, binding in our own little world. Maybe that was the invisible force that drove Nathan to sit so close to me.

It was only after the waiter had brought the bill and we were nearly finished our second drink that I introduced an explicit reference of an even remotely sexual nature.

"Do you like my new dress, Nathan? You seemed to."

"I absolute love it. It makes you look so beautiful, and your legs look astounding. Every man here noticed when we came in."

"Nonsense," I pooh-poohed his comment, nonetheless very pleased.

"You're beautiful," he repeated.

We continued talking for awhile, in no hurry. Nathan didn't make any further references that could be considered inappropriate between a mother and son. He seemed to have an innate understanding that it would have been the wrong thing to do. Mark, I'm sure, would have made some kind of tacky reference about how he could hardly wait to get me home, especially within earshot of the waiter or another male patron. But my son had class and I was going to reward him for it.

Outside, I didn't have to signal Nathan to open the car door for me. He guided me to the passenger side with a light touch on my arm, nothing inappropriate to be observed in public. In the car, he turned to say how much he had enjoyed dinner and that he hoped we could do it again, on our own. He didn't try to put his hand on my leg, or kiss me, but he didn't dawdle on the way home.

As I expected, Mark wasn't home. While Nathan put my car in the garage I went in the house. By the time he came in the front door, I had removed my coat and was leaning against the back of the couch waiting. As Nathan took off his coat and slipped off his shoes, I lifted each leg in turn and pulled off the sheer knee highs I was wearing. I took extra time with the second leg, knowing that I had caught his attention. As I tugged the end of the nylon off my toes, I glanced sideways at my son, flashing him the softest, most seductive smile I could muster.

Leaning back and resting my bottom on the top edge of the couch, I widened my stance and cooed softly, "Can you unhook my neck for me before I go to bed?" I held the knee highs out behind me and dropped them onto the couch. I lifted my heels, holding myself up on the balls of my feet so the muscles in my legs would tighten and make them look sexier.

Nathan approached me but he didn't rush, which I appreciated. I knew his teenager hormones must be pushing hard, the lust in his eyes told me that, but I could also sense that he understood how much better these moments were if you savor them. I'm sure if he was with a young girl his own age he would have given in to his initial instinct and rushed in, pulling his cock out on the way, but being with a mature woman was teaching him how much more there was to extract from each new experience.

He paused in front of me, waiting.

"Aren't you going to turn around, so I can unhook it?" he asked.

"Just reach around," I instructed, huskily.

He stepped forward, placing his feet outside of mine so he could get close. I pushed him back.

"I want to feel you between my legs," I whispered.

As he stepped back, I moved my feet farther apart to make room for him. As he stepped forward, I tilted my head forehead to rest it on his shoulder and pulled my hair aside to bare my neck so he could find the little hook at the top of my zipper. My open thighs brushed the sides of his. Nathan had difficulty opening the hook with his big hands but he persevered until he finally succeeded. By that time, I had slipped my arms around his waist and was gently pulling him closer to me with my hands pressed into the small of his back.

"There you go, Mom," Nathan said in the most gentle voice I had ever heard from him.

I turned my head to the side, twisting it up so my mouth connected with his neck. Speaking into the side of his throat, I spoke in that same husky voice, "Please do my zipper too." I nuzzled his neck.

Nathan dragged the zipper down my back with the same relish he had exhibited on his deliberate, sauntering approach. His hand slowed as it slid into the sway of my lower back, as if it wanted to defer the end of its journey. When the zipper stopped, Nathan stood still and his hand continued to grasp the little handle on the zipper. I pulled my hands from his waist, dropping them to my sides. Nathan stayed close, breathing in deep, inhaling my perfume, reluctant to step away.

I pulled the dress up my legs until my hands were on my hips and the hem was high enough to expose me. Nathan looked down and could see what I saw, the lightly colored, sparse tuft of hair above my pussy. I could feel the shock in the tensing of his body.

"Mom, you didn't ..."

I cut him off. "Of course not."

I knew it would shock him to think that his mother would go to a restaurant without wearing panties, and sit there with her husband and son. But further explanation was required, words that might excite him even more.

"Do you remember when your Dad left?" Nathan nodded. "I went to the ladies room?" He nodded again. Comprehension lit his eyes.

"You didn't ..."

"Yes," I whispered. "For you. I felt so wicked, speaking so properly with you, knowing that I was sitting there, open and bare for you." I slipped my hands around him, pulling him closer, spreading my legs more to fit him in. I could feel his hardness, could even feel it growing.

"I can't believe it," Nathan gasped.

"Believe it," I whispered.

I slipped my hands around to his front and undid his belt, then pulled his zipper down. I pulled his pants apart and immediately slipped my hand into his shorts, grasping his cock and pulling it out, tugging it up into full stance.

"Is this for your lady?" I asked.

Nathan groaned, and repeated that wonderful sound several more times as my hand closed around his shaft and stroked his gorgeous cock while my other hand cupped his cockhead, my thumb rubbing its underside.

"I want to feel this inside me before your father comes home."

"Let's go upstairs," he moaned.

"I can't wait. Put it in me here." I lifted myself onto the end of my toes, like doing point in ballet, lined his meat up with the entrance to my pussy and slipped it up and down in my slit, and then pulled the head inside me.

"Ohhhhhh. That's right. Fuck me, baby," I cried, my voice guttural. I slid forward, shifting my weight from the couch onto my son's fine cock, sliding all the way down to his root, lifting my legs to encircle his hips with my knees and closing my feet behind him.

"Oh, god Mom," he grunted, struggling to accommodate my weight.

"That's right, that's my name. Fuck your Mom," I urged, pushing my hips down and squeezing him hard, instantly rewarded when, as his legs strained up to hold me, his cock bulged deep inside me.

He fucked me differently than the day before from behind. Instead of long, slow thrusts he jolted into me with quick hard shoves, quick retreats, and fast, short jams upward. Quicker and quicker they came, in concert with our pants, my moans, and his groans. We were both grunting within a few minutes as he bounced me up with each upward shove.

"Mom, mom, mom," Nathan began gasping my name, his pace frenzied now. I struggled to hang on, holding tight, lifting and tightening my legs and, I hoped he'd forgive me, biting his neck. I unleashed a stream of womanly sounds, sounds of a wild, abandoned bitch in heat, a woman in the throes of ecstasy, the frantically desperate sounds that vault a man higher, too close to pull back from his own exploding release.

There. He was flushing his fluid into me, legs strained to the breaking point, not thrusting, just straining to hold his cock as far in me as he could. I was rigid on him, claspng him with every limb I had, then relaxing slowly, subject to sudden spasms, before finally resting, draped over him, slack legs held up only because his hands gripped the bottom of my thighs.

Nathan started to pull out.

"No!" I yelled. "Stay inside me."

Shocked by the intensity of my commanding voice, he turned into a statue.

"Take me upstairs, like this," I whispered, in sudden contrast from my previous tone.

I could have laughed the way my son struggled to hold me as he dipped down, making sure that my open legs stayed close enough not to lose his softening manhood as he reached to pull his pants up his legs. I grabbed his pants, hooking my fingers in the belt loops and holding them beneath my legs, high enough that he could walk awkwardly on his rubbery legs toward the stairs. Slowly, we shuffled our way up the stairs, swaying from side to side as we negotiated each step with difficulty, the rocking motion changing his semihard stick into a thick hard shaft by the time we reached the top.

He was thrusting into me again as we wobbled down the hallway, desperate to reach his bed. Frustration spilled out when I flung my hands out to grasp the doorway, preventing him from getting me to the bed.

"MOM!" he cried, puzzled by my sudden resistance.

"Work for it," I laughed.

He pushed hard but my grip held.

"Don't you want it?" I laughed. "It's going to be good, I promise."

"Unnnngggghhhhh," he yelled, lunging, breaking my grip on the doorway, stumbling forward, losing his footing and falling on top of me just as we reached the bed, slipping out of me.

"Ahhhhhhh," he cried, flinging my knees back, grasping them from behind and pushing them to the mattress beside me, rolling my ass up from the bed, opening my pussy, now defenseless before him. His eyes were wild with desperation, fiery with passion and glinting with victory. I stared at his eyes, then let my eyes fall to his wobbling cock, hard and hungry, hovering near my entrance. Smiling wickedly, he lowered it until it nuzzled my soaking slit. He flicked his hips, rubbing the head of his cock up and down my puffy lips, grinning as my eyes glazed and my mouth opened to release a long moan.

He pushed the head inside, but no more. Leaning half over me, holding my legs firmly in place, he taunted me, "Say please."

I tried to push up, to suck him inside me but he held himself aloof. He laughed then, enjoying his payback, wiggling the tip of his cock, teasing me.

"I said say please," he panted.

"Never," I shot back, reaching up to grasp him just below his arms, trying to pull him down on me, but he was too strong.

"Say it," he laughed again, moving his cockhead in me again.

"No!" I was defiant, at least outwardly, but my resolve was weakening. Then he twisted he knife.

"Beg me, and I'll lick it." He smiled that wicked smile again. And then, just as he had been appropriately classy in the restaurant, he became appropriately lewd. His tongue slid slowly out of his mouth and squirreled around in mock manipulation of my pussy, swirling around my lips and then digging up through my slit to flick and circle my clit, then stabbing stiffly inside my cunt.

I disintegrated.

"Please," I whispered, my toes spreading as my feet arched in anticipation.

"Please," I whispered. "I beg you. Please fuck me."

Relenting, Nathan leaned even further over me, down, down until his lips met mine. As his tongue slipped between my lips he shoved himself home inside me. I wailed loudly, my glee muffled by the tongue deep inside my mouth. Having tortured me for such a brief moment, he now lavished my frayed nerves with thrusting bursts of pleasure, hard, fast, and deep.

My defiance, resistance and pleading had worked him into another frenzy. He pounded me furiously, crouching above my haunches, literally rising and dropping on me, bludgeoning me with his cock, forcing the breath out of me in loud groans. Suddenly he pulled my legs flat, continuing to shove himself into me at the same frantic pace, laughing when I raised my legs and struggled to hold them back, opening myself in unprotected submission again.

"You like it like that?" he laughed.

"Yesssss," I hissed.

He scrambled to his feet, straddled my thighs again, and triumphantly lowered his cock into my gaping cunt.

"Then take it," he cried, slamming into me, quickly regaining and surpassing his previous intensity.

It wasn't much longer before he filled me again, taking almost a full minute to unload, squatting over me to drip every last drop on me while I held my ankles beside my head. Finally, he dropped to my side and I stretched my legs out normally. We didn't speak for several minutes.

"Wow, Mom. That was awesome."

"Yeah," I said, turning to smile at him.

"Are you ok with that? It was pretty intense."

"Yeah," I said.

"Awesome," was his only response.

I turned on my side, brushing his chest with my fingers, reaching up to stroke his face and cup his cheek.

"You're my lover now. I'll do anything for you, at least once."

Nathan looked at me intently, seriously. Then he smiled and looked down at his cock, and reached over to touch his finger to the corner of my mouth.

"Anything?"

I couldn't help but laugh. What a little bugger.

"Yes, anything," I confirmed. "But not tonight, and you, mister, have a promise to keep first."

I got up then, surprised to find that my dress was still on, in a band around my waist. I stepped out of it and stood in front of my son, still wearing my bra above my bedraggled dress. "Goodnight," I said and walked to my room.

Mark came home sometime while I was in the shower. He was passed out. I turned out the lights and went to sleep, waking up to a beautiful, sunny Saturday morning. Mark always slept in on Saturdays.

I got up, though it was earlier than my norm. I didn't bother putting on a dressing gown, leaving our room in just my nightie. It was a three quarter length affair and, though not of erotic design, it was still obvious that I wasn't wearing anything underneath. Not the kind of thing I had ever worn outside my bedroom in front of anyone but Mark without being covered by a robe. But I was just going to get a coffee and come upstairs to read the paper. So out I went.

At the top of the stairs, I changed my mind, and turned back, walking carefully and quietly into Nathan's room. He was laying on his back, dead asleep. How beautiful my son looked. I stood admiring him, love swelling up to spread through my body, flooding my mind.

Gingerly, I crawled onto his bed, slowly, taking great care not to wake him. Finally, I reached my goal, and straddled his chest, knees on either side of his shoulders, and thighs wide open. I turned to look back at the open doorway, listening for and comforted by the distant sound of my husband's gentle snoring.

I began to gently stroke Nathan's face. So softly. It took several minutes to wake him. He'd been sleeping so deeply he was even startled when his eyes fluttered open and he saw me looking down at him. Confusion turned to questioning and then to concern. I rarely woke my son.

"Mom! Is something wrong?"

"No sweetie." I smiled.

"Then ... what ..."

"You promised," I said, looking down at my lap, my nightie pulled back to my hips.

Nathan followed my eyes, only then noticing my wide open, bare pussy, now nice and clean and perfumed. I pushed my hips forward, grazing his face with my eager, already moistening pussy. I lifted his head up slightly to bring his mouth into firmer contact, making our orifices one.

"Yes," I groaned as his tongue slipped through his lips to toy with my lower ones, flicking them side to side, then running up and down my slit a dozen times. Soon he was digging deeper, gouging a trench which kept filling with my fluid.

It's hard to believe I didn't wake Mark with my moaning appreciation over the next twenty minutes. I climbed off my son's bed with a huge smile on my face and left his covered in my juice. I turned to look back before I left his room, my smile turning to sympathy as I saw the huge moving tent on his bed. He had already begun to take care of himself.

I swirled my tongue quickly around my lips and whispered, "You have a huge treat coming sometime today."

I went downstairs for my coffee, completely forgetting to put on a robe.

Part 3 from Chapter 20

"You have a huge treat coming sometime today."

That's what I'd said to Nathan Saturday morning after he'd fulfilled his promise, selflessly licking me to a thunderous orgasm, letting me squeeze my juice all over his beautiful young face. He seemed to truly enjoy it, keeping his eyes closed while he patiently worked his tongue inside me, then swirling it all around my lips and up to my sensitive little button. He worshipped every part of my pussy I pushed against his mouth, content to let me control the what was most deserving of receiving a religious experience from his moist little snake. And when I was coming, when I was bucking my hips and jerking my cunt all over his jutting chin, sucking his tongue inside ... he opened his eyes and sent me over the top, lost, flailing about in uncontrolled ecstasy.

But I didn't follow up with my own promise. I couldn't. Mark was with us all day and he was keen to go out for dinner again. Nathan declined but Mark didn't appear too upset. So hubby and I were out late, and we were both a little inebriated when we finally got home. I meant to make it up to Nathan after Mark fell asleep but I drifted off while waiting for my chance to sneak out of bed and didn't wake up until early the next morning. Mark was still snoring, so I quietly made my escape and went downstairs.

It was too early to wake Nathan, so I made a pot of coffee and sat down with a cup, thinking about how I'd take care of my son the same way he'd looked after me yesterday morning, and afterwards crawl back into bed with my cheating husband. The wickedness of it all started a tingle in that little triangle down below. Maybe I'd do more than service him with my mouth. I smiled at the thought. Mark and I had taken a taxi home, so maybe I'd get Nathan to drive me over to pick up his father's car and get him to fuck me in the back seat. My reverie was interrupted when Nathan stumbled sleepily into the kitchen.

"Hey Mom," he mumbled sleepily.

"Hey yourself. You're up early."

"Yeah," he answered, looking from me to my cup and then to the coffee pot, dozily shuffling over to pour himself a mug.

He turned around to lean back against the counter, sipping his coffee black.

"You and Dad were out late. Have a good time?"

"Actually, yes," I replied. "Your father was very attentive for a change. I don't know what got into him."

I smiled knowingly at Nathan, then added, suddenly not wanting him to be jealous, "We were both a little tipsy when we got home but we were so tired we just crashed right away."

I turned in my chair to face him but Nathan didn't give any indication if he was upset or not.

"He's still sleeping," I added.

Nathan just nodded and sipped his coffee.

"You may have to drive me down to get his car. We cabbed it home."

Nathan's nod was similarly noncommittal.

I felt like I'd lost control of the situation. It wasn't going the way I'd played it out in my mind and I wished he'd just stayed in bed so I could have sneaked in and surprised him awake with my mouth. My eyes dropped to the bottom of his t-shirt and beneath, to his bulging shorts. Was that a piss hard, or had he already relieved himself?

"You don't have to wear that."

"What?" I asked, caught off guard, not sure I'd heard him correctly.

"You don't have to wear a robe, at least when Dad's not around."

My hands automatically clutched my robe, pulling it tighter about my neck.

"You are wearing a nightie aren't you?" Nathan's gaze seemed suddenly reproachful.

"Yes, I am." Why was I nervous?

Nathan abruptly pushed himself from the counter and stepped deliberately toward me, taking care not to spill his coffee. He stopped in front of me but didn't say anything or make any gestures. He simply stood there, looking down at me.

I twisted to face him more squarely. Slowly, uncertainly, I relaxed my hold on my robe, allowing it to open just enough to reveal my neck. Nathan smiled.

I smiled back, faintly, still curiously unsure of myself. Nathan sipped his coffee. I opened my robe wider, then again when he didn't smile, continuing to display more of my cleavage until he smiled again. Nathan calmly sipped his coffee, watching me. My hands fidgeted in my lap, then timidly began to loosen my belt. Nathan smiled.

I pulled the belt apart and opened my robe, exposing the sexy nightie I had put on last night. It was cut low. I must have been expecting something from Mark last night or I wouldn't have put it on, but he was passed out by the time I came out of the bathroom, and I must have fallen asleep shortly after because I don't remember sitting up awake.

Nathan's eyebrows raised when he saw how low cut the nightie was, my breasts almost spilling out in front. I suddenly felt inexplicably guilty for wearing a sexy nightie for my husband. Nathan kept staring vacantly, so I pulled the robe completely open, then opened my knees a few inches so he could see my legs. He smiled at that so I opened them more and pulled my nightie higher. Nathan nodded, taking another sip, so I pulled the nightie slowly up, and up, until my pussy hair was showing.

He nodded, as if confirming something he had suspected. I had gone to bed in my sexiest nightie without any panties on. Whether or not I got any, I had wanted to get fucked.

I felt annoyed by his knowing smile, yet guilty and apologetic at the same time. The emotions that washed over me were confusing, but the rising excitement wasn't. I was exposing myself to my son and acknowledging that I'd wanted to get fucked the night before, but didn't. I pulled the nightie up that last little bit so he could see my lightly haired pussy, open and hungry. My tits were shaking with heightened breathing, and I slid my hands up my waist to tug on the nightie until it spread wide enough to let my one of my nipples spring out.

Nathan stepped forward until one of his knees leaned against the chair between my legs. I stared at the growing tent in his shorts, right in front of my face. I looked up.

Nathan smiled and nodded. Tentatively, I pulled the waistband of his shorts out and down, freeing his own hungry beast. It almost touched me as it sprang out and rested on the stretched out elastic band of his shorts, his balls still hanging inside. I tried to take him in my hand but he batted me away. Confused, I looked up seeking direction but he just stared back, his eyes listless.

I tugged his shorts further down until his balls were free, slipped my hand underneath and tickled his hairy scrotum, lightly scratching his nuts. He seemed to like this but when I moved my hand up to grip his shaft he pushed my hand away again.

When I looked up, he leaned forward until his cock bumped against my chin. Our eyes locked. I cast mine down and tilted my head forward, allowing his cock to slide forward, the helmet rubbing over my lower lip. When I opened my mouth, he slid inside.

I sucked him. For the first time in my life, I sucked my son's cock. For the first time in my life, I sucked a man's cock in my kitchen, for the first time anywhere in my house outside of my bedroom. My son was the first man to

fuck me in my living room and here he was with his cock in my mouth. I licked and swirled my tongue around, bobbing my head, slicking his shaft and teasing the tender underside of his tip.

I tried to take his cock in my hand again, to jack him in my mouth, but again he pushed me away. Fine. I slid one arm behind his ass to pull him closer and dropped the other to my lap, slipping it between my legs onto my pussy, rubbing the damp mat of hair I found there.

I was surprised when his cock suddenly lurched forward an inch, filling my mouth and pushing my head back. I renewed my sucking effort, swirling, licking, bobbing my head, losing myself in it. Mark could have walked in and I wouldn't have noticed.

Again, he caught me off guard with a sudden thrust into my mouth. Deeper this time, gagging me. I coughed on his cock and he withdrew, holding back as if waiting to see if I was alright, only then slipping his now very slick cock back into my mouth.

I worked harder at sucking him now, as if I needed to make up for the interruption I'd caused by coughing. I was still surprised the next few times when he suddenly lurched forward in my mouth. I couldn't predict it. Each time, he pulled back, waited, then pushed inside me again, each time more quickly, and each time his cock grew slicker as my saliva became more copious.

The next time he lunged forward his hand cupped the back of my head, holding me while he kept his cock in place for me to cough on, finally pulling out to wait for me to recover, a string of goeey saliva connecting his throbbing muscle to my open mouth. He seemed more eager to get back inside that time.

The next time came quicker yet. Again, he held my head, pushing himself into me while I gurgled around his cock, only pulling back when the squelching sound showed how desperately I needed to breathe. I felt used, gasping for breath, his slick pole wagging around in front of my nose, waiting to shove back in.

He wasn't concerned about my comfort. The thought flooded through me like a revelation. He was using me as a warm, wet orifice, and he was enjoying the roughness of it. Had I done the same, mashing my cunt against his face? My own juices suddenly surged and I pushed my fingers inside myself, opening my mouth wide at the same time, beckoning him.

He plunged in quickly and didn't wait for me to start sucking him. Instead, he started fucking, sliding his cock in and out, holding the back of my head, fucking my face. Strangely, I was aware of him setting his coffee mug down on the kitchen table beside me, grasping my head in both hands, increasing his thrusts until I was gagging again, pulling back, waiting for me to recover, thrusting inside as soon as I did.

I don't know how long this went on. I lost track of how many times he paused, waiting, before starting the onslaught again. Each bout of squishy, squelching thrusting lasting longer and longer as I learned to take him, to let him sloppily fuck my mouth, taking him deeper, matching his oral attack with my own assault down below, my fingers jamming in farther and faster with each passing second.

Finally it came, bursting, gushing, filling my mouth, then back and blasting into my face. Splat, spat, splat. His hard cock was rubbing back and forth on my cheek, along my nose, to the other side of my face, back into my mouth. He was moaning. Had he been moaning all along? Were we loud?

His body was shaking, his legs straining with the effort to squeeze the last drops of his jizz inside me, his cock sliding about between his mother's lips until, finally, he pulled out.

Once so strong, he now seemed barely able to stand. I pulled my robe tightly around me and, despite the white deposits flung across my cheeks, nose, and forehead, mustered a motherly tone.

"You'd better go back to bed."

Nathan nodded and turned away.

I got up and walked half shocked to the sink, bending over to wash my face, my knees buckling as the second wave of my orgasm thundered through me as the warm water splashed over my face.

Later that morning, while my husband was lying hungover in bed, we drove down to get his car which was sitting by itself at the end of the parking lot. And yes, I did entice my son into the back seat of the car, opening my legs wide and laughing at his fumbling eagerness to get his pants down as soon as he saw me lay back in the seat, pulling my skirt up to reveal my bare pussy. His thrusts were frantic, goaded on by my whispers in his ear and my flicking, swirling tongue, urging him to fuck me hard, that I'd need him again that night.

And now, here's the surprise. A letter from Nathan, unaware that his mother had already written us.

Hello. You're such an interesting group of people. Let introduce myself. My name is Nathan. I've enjoyed learning about your experiences and I'm looking forward to sharing mine with my mother Marilyn. My mother is one of those just past forty women that look younger than they are, mostly because they have worked hard to preserve their figures, but whose sexiness isn't recognized by the men that pass by without noticing them. And this is largely because these women have long stopped committing the effort required to look sexy since they're focused on their family and have more important things to do. But given the right set of circumstances that could change and once their sexuality is rekindled, though intrinsically different from that in their younger days, is likely to be far stronger.

My father's attitude triggered such a change in my mother and I have been the beneficiary of a revived woman that now exudes sexuality from every pore in her body. For several months now, since before I finished high school and joined my father to learn his business, I have been fucking my mother on a daily basis. Missionary, doggy, standing in front and from behind, kneeling, licking her and letting her grind her pussy all over my face, riding me face on and from behind, and her sucking and letting me spunk all over her face. Sometimes, we're at each other as soon as my father leaves but then we can spend hours together -- talking, reading, watching a movie or working in the garden -- before something triggers one of us into action.

I'll tell you how all this started, but first I'd like to tell you how I convinced my mother to cede the one joy she had not provided me, or anyone else for that matter. Strangely, it all came about because of my father, although it certainly wasn't intended.

My father is one of those successful, outgoing types with a huge ego and a way with women, at least, certain types of women. My mother knew about his escapades and this was, in fact, what first opened the door for me with her because, though he promised her it would end, he started up again after a few months.

Dad didn't pursue women that worked for him. He was smarter than that, but everyone else was fair game. Typically, he chased women working for companies that did business with his, sometimes customers but more

often suppliers that had a vested interest in falling to his amorous advances. I guess everyone uses an edge if it's available.

But my father wasn't above seducing the wives of his business colleagues if they were attractive and he sensed an opening, either because they were ignored by their husbands, as his own wife was, or their husband's bread was buttered through doing business with him, and they were unlikely to complain. After all, it was just a few fucks.

In the typical scenario, Dad would arrive in town for a supposed business meeting when the husband was out of town, something he had assured himself of earlier. He would act as if he was supposed to meet for a dinner meeting with the woman's husband, being miffed at first but soon turning into an accommodating gentleman. He would insist that the husband not be called, lest it embarrass him, and that she share this secret with him to spare her husband. How kind, right?

Of course, he would mention that he was now in a strange town with nothing to do. If there were no children there, he would allow himself to be talked into staying for a bite to eat and a drink or two. Dad would casually remind his target of how important his company was to her husband's business, usually grossly exaggerated, while directing compliments to him but later exclusively toward her. Eventually, he would have her comfortable and laughing and would manage to get her to put on some music, suggesting something they could dance to.

A slow number would soon play and while he wouldn't make a move on the first one, he would get closer and closer with each subsequent song, making her aware that she was in the company of a handsome, personable man. Between her loneliness and the drinks, she would become aroused. My father would sense the right time to make an explicit move, direct or subtle, depending on the woman. It might lead to immediate, fervent sex right there on the floor, or the need to laugh off that initial suggestive move and keep her going, slowly working her around to the idea. If he had to, he would refresh her memory about how important he was to her husband's success.

Evidently, he enjoyed this latter type of conquest the most. He was almost addicted to the thrill of slowly winning a reluctant woman who, though very aroused, was loath to capitulate her honor. In the end, he knew she would succumb, they always did. The joy of losing her breasts, of dragging her panties off and spreading her legs, of shoving his cock deep inside her as she turned her face away, forcing an involuntary groan from her tightly clamped jaws. The thrill as first her arms and then her legs wrapped around him, pulling him closer, moaning as she realized how much better he was than her husband. He'd laugh as she abandoned herself while he thought ahead of all the ways he would fuck her until he finally tired of her months later. Often by then she would be hooked on the excitement he brought into her life and would still be available for a periodic fling if he felt like it.

The end wouldn't change if children were present, just the route. He would implore her to join him for dinner, at a nice restaurant in a romantic setting, consuming lots of wine over a dinner far more expensive than she was used to with her husband. Of course, they would have to stop by his room, in the hotel or close by, to pick up some papers he wanted to leave for her husband. Once in his room, the same game would play out. It would always end with his cock inside her, mouth or pussy, typically both. Strange as it seems, he usually found the women to be wilder in their own homes.

Eventually, one of these plays went dreadfully wrong. I'm sure that others had misfired before but he was probably able to keep those situations quiet because it would be mutually embarrassing but also because the offended wife would leave things alone if her husband's business wouldn't suffer. But this time, Dad moved on the wife of a major client, and it was his business that was in danger of a major blow. He just couldn't help himself, she was so attractive, and he misread the signs that showed her complete lack of interest in him.

I was called in to manage the disaster. I was dispatched right away with the authority to do whatever it took to placate my father's most recent target to ensure that her husband never found out. Dad told me this woman had misunderstood his social nature as an advance. He just couldn't understand it and was unable to persuade her that she was mistaken in the short time before he was given the bum's rush out the door.

Given my father's unconvincing story, I was pretty sure about what had happened. This was an embarrassing task but one I had to do if our family was to retain a viable business, for the word would certainly spread. I also knew that if I was successful, and let Dad know that the truth had come out, I would forever have an advantage over him. So I went and, though reluctant at first, my enthusiasm for the task grew as I drove.

She was a very attractive woman. In her mid to late thirties, just a few years younger than Mom, a second wife married for several years but still no children—I had done my homework—yet her husband's attention had turned back to the business and then to other distractions, like my father.

I approached Greta with honesty. I turned up at her door because I was certain she wouldn't meet me otherwise. There, I told her about what my father had said, and my instructions, and how utterly convinced I was that it was total bullshit. I added that my father had done this before and that he was an extreme embarrassment to my mother and myself.

Mentioning my mother was a godsend; Greta invited me in. I following her, admiring the fall of her long black hair cascading over her pale yellow sweater, falling just short of the black stretch pants clinging to her long legs. The movement of her finely shaped behind rhymed with the sway of her hips. She was naturally seductive and I could see why my father thought she was worth the risk. It was an effort to tear my eyes away from the perfectly timed pair of animated half-pears and but I forced myself to concentrate on what needed to be done.

Greta led me through the house and outside down a stone path that led over a small bridge between a pair of ponds to a garden-surrounded gazebo. She motioned for me to sit on one of the cushioned lounges and poured us each a glass of orange-pinkish looking juice from a large pitcher that was almost full. The ice cubes clinked as they tumbled into the short stubby glasses. I was surprised by the taste of alcohol.

Over the next hour or so, I explained my suspicions about my father's transgression and made my pitch to assure her that it would never happen again and that in future I would handle her husband's account. There would be no uncomfortable chance meetings with my father. I talked about how messy the situation could become and acknowledged the emotional damage Dad may have caused. In compensation, I described how, soon after I took over the account, I would negotiate a more amenable business arrangement for her husband which he would assume was achieved because of my youth and naivete.

She smiled when I finished. "I don't think you're a very naive young man," she said.

"Nevertheless," I replied, "he will assume so, if he's anything like my father."

Her smile widened, "I believe they are cut from the same cloth, your father and my husband."

I was disconcerted by this remark and wondered if she knew just how much like my father her husband really was. What a shame to waste a woman like this, and my mother, on men like them. I tried to continue outlining plan but Greta turned the conversation around to focus on me and my mother. She needed to know what we were like, she said, before she could make up her mind about whether to go along with my plan.

So we spent another hour chatting, very pleasantly, about myself and Mom, with a few anecdotes about Greta thrown in that were relevant to the discussion at the time. When Greta refilled our glasses, I was surprised to see that the pitcher was empty. I was feeling quite pleasant. Eventually, there was a pregnant pause in the conversation.

"Well, I'd better be going," I said, pushing myself to my feet. "I shouldn't have stayed so long. I hope I didn't overstay my welcome."

"Not at all, Nathan." Greta stood with me. "I'm very glad to have met you and I'm glad you came. This was the best afternoon I've had for some time. You're welcome anytime."

"So you'll think about my proposal, then?"

"Perhaps over dinner," she smiled.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I have stayed too long. Is your husband coming?" I had thought he was away for a couple more nights and was a bit flustered that he might arrive at any minute.

"No," she laughed. "Don't panic. He'll be gone for a few days yet."

I couldn't help looking relieved.

"I was just about to make some supper, that's all."

"Oh." I felt awkward. "I'm sorry, I should have invited you to dinner. It's the least I could do."

"No, but thank you." She stepped through the glass doors into the house, carrying the pitcher and two glasses. I hadn't even thought to bring my glass inside. "Isn't that one of your father's tricks?"

"Yes, I guess it wouldn't look good for you to be out with someone when your husband's out of town." I realized as soon as I said it how silly it sounded. After all, I was just a kid barely out of high school. I actually shuffled my feet. Good grief. She was teasing me.

Greta smiled, but it was a smile that didn't make fun of me.

"Actually," she said, "I wouldn't say no to some pizza, but we've both had too much punch to drive, don't you think?"

I nodded.

"Right," she said. "You order some pizza -- there's a number on the fridge -- and I'll make some more punch."

I didn't think I should have any more punch, in case I lost my head. It would be easy to think she wasn't just being nice.

She handed me a full glass when I got off the phone and turned to walk into the living room. I followed, unable to keep my attention from her seductive assets. When the pizza arrived half an hour later, Greta let me pay for it without any argument. She was in the kitchen refilling our glasses while I was at the door and waited there until I brought the pizza in.

"Let's eat it right out of the box," she said, enthusiastically. "I haven't done that for years. Come on, bring it along" she said in a sparkly voice, leading me back to the living room.

As soon as I sat down, Greta handed me another glass of punch.

"I shouldn't," I said.

"Nonsense. You have to keep me company. It's part of the deal."

That was a good sign. It sounded like she was going to go along with my plan. I took a sip.

"That's better," she said. "Dig in."

The time passed quickly while we gorged ourselves on pizza. Greta talked more about herself, especially her college days. It made me rethink my own future, that maybe I should go to college instead of learning Dad's business. College hadn't appealed to me but as Greta recounted the joys of her past I began to reconsider my choice.

My glass was empty and, though I shouldn't have had any more, I was in the mood for it. The pitcher more than half gone. Greta saw me glance at the pitcher, grabbed it, and refilled my glass.

"No, I shouldn't," I protested.

"Have you booked yourself into a hotel?"

"Uh, no. Not yet."

"Then go out to your car and bring your bag in."

"Bring my bag in?" I was stupefied.

"Yes. You're staying here tonight."

"I can't do that. I can't impose like that. You don't even know me."

"I know you better than you think. Enough to trust you more than some men I've known for years."

I was pleased that I'd earned her trust but even more please that she'd referred to me as a man.

"Still, I can get a cab. It wouldn't look right."

"You can't go riding about in a cab trying to find a room. Go out and get your bag while it's still light outside. Go on, don't argue." Greta stood and stepped toward the front door.

"While it's still light?" I asked, not comprehending.

"Of course. You're my second cousin's son," she explained, cooking up a story for curious neighbors. "Why wouldn't you stay?"

As I walked to the door, Greta said, "We're having so much fun and you can't drive now so you may as well stay here. You can leave in the morning, and I'll give you my answer then."

I didn't see anyone outside. Greta's words sunk in as I pulled my case out of the trunk. She wasn't going to tell me until tomorrow morning, not at dinner like she said. Then I remembered, she said she'd think about it at dinner. She hadn't said she'd tell me. Just relax, I thought. Don't push, and be yourself. There's no need to treat her like a client. She's really nice and fun to be around. Just relax and everything will be alright. I felt better walking back into the house.

Greta wasn't there when I came in, but as soon as I shut the door, her voice rang out.

"Up here," she called. "In the spare room."

I carried my bag up the stairs and walked down the hallway toward the light coming out from an open doorway. Greta was inside, just finishing laying a set of men's pajamas out on the double bed.

She walked past me as I entered. "Put those on and we'll have a movie night," she instructed, walking out of the room. "See you downstairs." She sounded quite pleased.

It was a strange situation I found myself in, one I certainly wouldn't have predicted starting out on the highway this morning. I tried to think while I got changed, but wasn't able to come up with a plan, or even if I should have one. Just go with the flow, I thought. Have some fun.

I walked downstairs in her husband's flannel pajamas, holding the bottoms up. He was a little broader in the hips, or paunchier, than I. I found Greta in the kitchen, just closing the oven door.

"That will make a nice snack later," she said. "I love hot apple crumble with vanilla ice cream and tea. Don't you?"

Greta was wearing a pair of flannel pajamas that matched my own. It was a bit of a disappointment really because the loose flannel hid the small breasts and supple bottom I'd been noticing since I'd arrived, though I had tried hard to be discreet and kept my glances to a minimum. Still, I had the feeling that Greta was aware of my disappointment and my attempt to find the curves hidden by the shape hiding clothes. Though she didn't look it, somehow I thought she was amused.

Greta regarded me with a soft look. "Come on, let's go watch a movie."

She grabbed my hand and pulled me into the TV room where a large flat screen was fixed to one wall with three sofas arrayed in a semi-circle in front of it. She sat in the center one and gestured for me so to sit beside her.

"Tell me more about your mother," she demanded.

I sat down before the reaction of her mentioning Mom in this setting stimulated embarrassing effects in me. Within a minute, I became flustered as my member stiffened in response to thoughts about my mother that didn't match

what I was telling Greta. Thankfully, I was saved by the previews ending and the screen awaiting the push of the play button, which Greta did. The chick flick started.

There were no heated sex scenes in this movie. It was a chick's chick flick. Was Greta seeing if I would go the distance to keep her happy, to see if I was willing to pay a price for her silence? Well, she'd find out, no matter how many chick flicks I had to sit through. I settled in to watch.

Sometime during the movie, I settled in the corner of the sofa and put my feet up on the seat. Greta had done the same in the opposite corner. Our feet mingled together, touching lightly, by accident at first, but by the end of the movie, they were nestled together. It was quite comforting and, though intimate, only mildly erotic and then only because I couldn't forget how fantastic her ass had looked as she'd walked ahead of me when she first invited me inside. But now I could only see her bare feet and her ankles up to where her calves began to thicken with muscle. And her very pretty face, of course.

I tried to see the outline of her cheeks as I followed her to the kitchen for our dessert but the flannel defeated me. Only for the brief moment when she bent over before the open oven to retrieve the apple crumble was I treated to the sculptured behind I'd witnessed that afternoon.

"Get the ice cream, silly," she admonished me as she straightened up to put the dish on top of the stove. Her tone could have implied, 'You're not your father, you know.' I felt the blood rush to my face.

"Let's eat it here on the counter."

She let the crumble cool while she made two tall mugs of tea in the single shot machine. We sat, on stools either side of the counter, eating our hot crumble and ice cream, face to face, smiling at each other. The alcohol buzz

had worn off but I felt another now, one not entirely in my head. She really was a pretty woman. There was something so soft and feminine about her.

I was glad for the counter separating us because as I watched her delicately deposit each spoonful into her mouth and then close her lips tight as she pulled the spoon out, savoring each tasty molecule. I got a boner.

I tried to will it down, but every time that spoon entered her mouth and she raised it up in front of her upturned nose before spinning it upside down to drag it slowly out, digging her tongue into the concave bowl, my cock lurched.

What a moron her husband was. He was probably out in a bar or club, getting drunk, hitting on some tawdry tart half his age, the kind that would actually go to bed with an old fart like him. That was if he hadn't been able to influence some woman he worked with to offer herself up. Just like my Dad I thought, but a few years younger.

"Oops! Whoa!!" Greta cried out, grabbing at her chest. "Whoa. That's cold!"

She was digging at her pajama top, undoing a button, trying to get her hand inside to stop the downward progress of a spoonful of ice cream and crumble. She grabbed a dish towel and dabbed at herself, laughing, undoing another button.

I was enthralled. I could see the hint of her small breasts, even glimpses of her bare flesh, as her pajamas were briefly dragged apart so she could get the towel in, and then again as she wiped it away. I was further thrilled when she looked down between her breasts and slipped yet another button undone, reaching down to wipe something unseen from her tummy below the divide of her breasts.

"You can dress her up ...," she laughed. Standing, Greta grabbed her freshly poured mug of tea and stepped down from the stool. "Let's finish our tea while we start the next movie before I spill on myself again," she giggled.

I was very aware that she hadn't refastened any of the buttons even though her top was now loosely flapping between her breasts. They were small, so there wasn't any breast flesh bursting out, but I could make out the sides as she passed by. I was thankful that Greta didn't look at me until I'd settled back into the couch, giving me time to get my boner under my hands which I held crossed in my lap.

She started the movie right away. I would have noticed that it was steamier than the last one, restricted but not X-rated, except that my attention was on her blouse that opened whenever she stretched around to reach for her mug of tea. When she finished it, she turned to put her feet up on the couch like I had only this time she stretched her feet out past mine to nestle them under my thighs. A moment later, I let mine stretch out too, the feeling imparted by the soft underside of her legs giving me more cause to keep my hands covering my lap.

Greta's back was square to the end of the sofa but her head was twisted toward the screen, pulling her pajama top apart. Though I couldn't see her breasts because their small size still kept them hidden under the flannel, I could see the skin between all the way down to her navel. It didn't help my condition that every once in a while, seemingly in reaction to something on the big screen, she would scrunch her toes, scratching them down the underside of my thighs. There was no hope of quelling my raging boner. I gave up trying.

I became aware that this chick flick was about a woman who, depressed by her adulterous husband, by chance found new meaning in her life when she takes a holiday alone and meets a young artist living in a cabin down a lonely stretch of beach from the one she rented. Flashbacks show the young man to be much like her husband in his youth, before other recounted life events changed him, and her. The woman falls in love with the young man who is afflicted with a rare terminal disease, and she ends up sharing her bed with him in a very romantic but steamy fireside love scene before the inevitable tear-jerker ending.

The parallel with her own life was obvious but I couldn't help my own thoughts, despite the tear that ran down her cheek near the end, from noticing the camel toe between her legs which had opened as the movie progressed. The flannel was pulled tightly across her crotch and there was no mistaking the clear outline of her pussy and the crevice between her mound.

My eyes were on her face when the final scene ended. There were tears running down both cheeks when she turned to face me. It was heartbreaking actually, and my heart went out to her. She stretched her hands toward me and I raised mine to take hers. They were so small and delicate.

"Would you dance with me?" she asked, quietly.

How could I decline?

"Sure," I replied.

Greta stood, grabbed the remote and punched a few buttons. Music, slow and gentle, softly filled the room. She held her arms out to me, lifting her pajamas away from her chest, revealing a little more of herself. I tried very hard not to look but probably didn't succeed. As her arms circled my neck, I remembered my condition and kept my hips away but as we moved, she stepped closer and I stepped back, trying to avoid contact. Try as I might, I knew I couldn't avoid that embarrassing moment when she'd discover me and realize what a cretan I'd been all evening. Just after the start of the second song, I felt my tented pajamas graze hers and braced for her rebuke.

"I know about my husband, Nathan," she whispered, stepping closer, bending me up against myself.

"What?" I cried. "You do?" I was surprised that she wasn't angry, but flustered as well and I tried to act as if my condition didn't exist, even though she must be able to feel me.

"Yes. I've known for a long time. But I wasn't about to take revenge with someone just like him, like your father."

Her arms slid down to my hips and she pulled herself closer to me, pressing her belly firmly against my hardening erection. Her face turned up into my neck.

"If that's for me, it's very flattering," she whispered. She rubbed herself against me.

There was no need to hide anything now, but I was still trying to act like I was a little innocent, at least, that I hadn't been planning anything. She stood up on her tippy toes, bringing my stiffness into line with the mound under her flannel pajamas. Her mouth pressed against the side of my neck, pinching my skin between her lips.

"Keep dancing," she whispered, circling her arms around my neck.

I pulled her around the carpet, slowly turning in an oval in front of the big screen. I wouldn't have won any awards, that's for sure, but Greta murmured her approval.

"That's it, that's nice," she whispered, nibbling my neck, her arms circling tighter around me.

I shuffled from one foot to the other, turning slowly, arching back so she folded over the front of me, pressing on my erection, chafing against it. I twirled and twirled and all the while she hung from my neck, nuzzling and nibbling on my neck and, though I wasn't certain, a few times I think she pressed her pelvis harder against me in a brief rub.

Tugging herself up higher, completely hanging from my neck, her flannel covered pussy aligned perfectly with my knob. As she held herself pressed against me, her tongue slowly circled the rim of my ear several times and then dug into the center. When it pulled out her mouth remained, enveloping my entire ear, whispering.

"I love the feel of it."

"What?" I cried, in the hoarsest sound I'd ever heard emanate from my throat.

"Your cock."

I was totally blown away. In celebration, I emitted the most inane comment ever to exit my mouth.

"Thank you," I replied lamely.

Greta laughed. A low, throaty, amused roll of sound. "You're welcome."

I groaned as her legs lifted and circled around my hips, her pussy opening and surrounding my knob and the upper section of my shaft.

"Take me upstairs, Nathan," she whispered.

I didn't move. I wasn't sure I'd heard her right. Maybe that was just my mind wishing.

"Quickly," she whispered. "Take me upstairs."

I ventured my first stumbling step, then another. Her arms and legs tightened around me. As I climbed the stairs, her heels dug into my buttocks.

"Hurry," she whispered.

I did, goaded by her mouth sucking on my neck and the softness enveloping my hardon. I didn't know where her bedroom was but somehow it was the first one I entered. My legs were weakening and I stumbled the last few steps before falling onto her bed. She was laughing, and she kept laughing as I struggled, pushing her farther onto the bed, hampered by her legs that continued to hold me like a vice.

She giggled at my frantic efforts to pull her pajamas down, and mine. I had to pry her feet apart, unlocking her hold on me, yanking her bottoms off and thrusting my hips down to meet hers, between her open legs. She laughed as I tried to enter her, moving her hips, denying me. Her arms were still locked around my neck, her mouth by my ear.

"Do you want it?" she laughed.

I grunted in reply, stabbing away with my eager stick.

She shrieked with laughter, then suddenly went still. Her tongue snaked into my ear and she spoke clearly, "Fuck me."

She was waiting. I pulled back until my cock fell between her open legs, then slid forward, tracing along her inner thigh into the little hollow before the final treasure, bumping there, finding the crevice, the head slipping and sliding easily between her moist lips, into the wet slit of her cunt.

"Yessss," she hissed in answer to the long moan I emitted as I slid up her clutching channel, reacting ecstatically to her magic grip. I paused when I reached bottom, groaning loudly. Her hands pulled my head closer to her but she didn't say anything. She never said another word the whole time I fucked her, pulling out and shoving in, slowly, then fast and hard, then gentle, grinding around, doing my best to jerk a moan or a grunt from her mouth. I loved it when I succeeded but the best was the mewling whimper she started to make when I was near and continued as my cum spewed inside her.

She didn't move when I stopped. She lay there, her fingers tracing up and down my back, over my buttocks and up my sides. Steadily, lazily. I was still inside her, soft, almost slipping out. Then, I began to harden. Her arms locked around my neck again and her legs lifted, her feet settling into the small of my back.

"Again," she said.

It was a much longer fuck. I tried very hard to please her and found that if I held myself high she would stretch her lithe body up to stay with me. I pulled so high I pulled out and her long legs strained with the effort to reach high enough to capture me again, back deeply arched, only her head and heels touching the bed. A dozen strenuous thrusts and I did it again. We played that game over and over until we finally climaxed in thunderous orgasms.

Laying quietly, recuperating, she shared an intimate laugh. "So you enjoyed making me work for it too, did you?"

I smiled, exhausted.

She got up and a moment later I heard the shower running. I didn't have the energy to join her, though the thought of warm water running over her beautiful, slender body was almost too much to resist. Returning to towel herself dry, she prodded me to get cleaned up. I thought she might be done with me and wanted me gone so I dragged myself up and into the shower. When I came back, she was laying on the bed, on her tummy, legs together with one foot resting on the back of the other. My eyes were drawn to the triangle outlined by her buttocks and the top of her thighs. Her head twisted to look back at me.

"You liked my ass when you first followed me in, didn't you?"

I was caught. How had she known? I thought I'd been so discreet.

"Yes," I answered honestly.

She smiled and unclasped her feet, spreading her legs. Her ass lifted and waved from side to side the tiniest bit.

"Take me this way," she said in a throaty voice, turning her face down and pressing it into the mattress, lifting her hips until I could see her pussy come into view between her parted thighs.

I tossed the towel to the floor and advanced, still wet, onto the bed, waddling on my knees between her legs, my cock rising to full mast by the time it was able to nuzzle against her furry delight. My hands gripped her hips as my knob started to nudge into her slit. Her head turned to the side.

"I don't let him do me like this anymore," she said, still in that husky voice.

God. I held her hips and shoved in, pulling back on her at the same time. Her "ohhhhhhhh" turned into a series of moans as I thrust in and out of her, full length. I wanted to get into her as deeply as I could, to make her moan louder. I got up onto my feet, straddling her hips and rocked my hips forward, plunging my cock down until my balls were lying on her ass, and then dug into her as far as I could.

She grunted. God, what a sound. I almost came. I thrust into her long and hard a dozen times and then dug into her again as far as I could, grinding. Another grunt, longer this time. I pounded her for a full minute, then the same grinding dig. Grunnnt. Oh god. To make this woman do that, grunting to the rooting of my cock. Incredible. I did it again. Sliding my hands down her front to grab her small tits, squeezing them, pinching her nipples, hanging onto them through the next volley of thrusts, pinching them harder as I dug into her again, rewarded with a louder and longer grunt.

I gathered her long hair and pulled it as I thrust, tugging her head back just as I started the grind. I was fucking like an animal, crouching on my feet, thrusting repeatedly. Finally, I got so carried away that my weight pushed her flat onto the mattress. I straddled her hips, continuing to fuck her, to dig into her from behind, holding her hair, tugging just enough to raise her head so I could hear her sounds. I came soon after that.

Catching my breath, I was about to slide off her when she stopped me.

"No, stay there. I want you to lie on me like that. I want to feel you covering me."

I fell asleep laying on her. When I woke up, the sun was streaming in the window and Greta was laying on her side, gazing at me, smiling. The morning sunlight shining on her face accented her natural beauty. An incredible feeling rushed through me, culminating in a zing that zoomed up my cock and burst in a shower of teasing tingles.

"What should we do today?"

I can't describe the look on her face but it made me want to start making love to her right away.

"Today? I should get back. I have to work."

Greta frowned. "Isn't our account big enough to hold you until this afternoon?"

"It's not that. You know I don't care about that."

Greta put her finger to my lip, silencing me. "I know, she said. I was just teasing. But I do need your help. Will you help me?" Greta lifted her finger for me to speak.

"Yes," I replied.

Her finger pressed down on my lips again.

"I'm going to cleanse myself of my husband's crap."

Greta paused and didn't continue until I nodded to acknowledge that I was listening.

"Last night was a start. I gave you something I won't let him have again, but there's two things I never gave him, though I know he wanted them, and he deserves it if I give them to another man. I choose you."

I nodded.

"Do you understand?" She lifted her finger, indicating a nod wasn't enough.

"I think so."

"Do you know why you're so deserving?"

I shook my head. Greta smiled.

"Because you been laying there, patiently listening to me and all the while I've been holding your cock." Greta laughed out loud.

I was shocked. No wonder my cock felt so wonderful. I was suddenly blissfully aware that her small, soft, womanly fingers were wrapped around my knob. A groan escaped my lips.

"You have a girlfriend, don't you Nathan?"

I shook my head.

"It's ok. I don't mind."

"No," I groaned. "I don't have a steady girl."

"If you say so. But I know there's a woman in your life."

"Why?" I groaned as her hand slid down, gripping me hard at the root of my erection.

"Because you talk in your sleep," Greta explained. "You slept like a rock but you started mumbling when I teased you with my fingers, stroking it softly, like this." Greta shifted closer to me and started jack my cock slowly, squeezing her fingers tight as she rubbed up and down my length.

"Mumbling?" I gasped.

"And talking," she said, "when I did this." Greta bent her head and took my knob into her mouth, swirling her tongue around, her hand receding down my rod, followed a second later by her enveloping mouth. Quickly, she bobbed her head up and down, then pulled off with a loud sucking pop.

"Who's Marilyn?"

"Ohhhhhhhhhhuuunnnnhhhh," I gasped. Her fingers gripped my knob as her thumb kept rubbing underneath.

"That's what you said this morning, and when I took you into my mouth again, you whispered her name, so I know she's the woman you want to do this."

Greta bent her head again, folding her lips over my cock and pushing down until she met my belly, holding her head there. What an incredible feeling. She pulled off with another loud sucking sound, gasped for air and dove down, rapidly and loudly sucking my cock with wet, squishy sucks. If she thought the wet sound of her mouth would get me really horny, she was right. She pulled off and looked at me again.

"I'm going to give you a treat now. Something I wouldn't give him, and I want you to take it."

She turned and propped her pillow against the headboard, then laid on her back, head on the raised pillow. She tugged on my cock, pulling me around and up towards her mouth. I followed, too surprised to respond under my own power. I think my cock was going there whether I wanted to follow or not.

My knees straddled her shoulders and I towered over her face as Greta pulled me into her mouth. Her hands slipped around my hips to grab my ass, pulling, forcing me forward until I was plugged all the way into her throat. She held me there again, until she had to push me off, gasping for air.

"Fuck it, Nathan. Fuck it until you come all over," she panted heavily, chest heaving, eyes wild, "so when he brags to me about some stupid deal, I can smile and remember the feel of your jizz all over my face."

She pulled me forward hard, into her mouth, and I started fucking it. So this was all about revenge, last night, and this morning. Alright. My hips moved faster. I could do it. As many times as she wanted. I'd fuck her face. I moved faster, reaching down to grasp the sides of her head, now loving the sloppy wet sound, the squishing and gurgling. Fuck yeah. Fuck yeah.

I bounced up and down on her head, only pulling out of her face long enough to let her breath, then jamming back in again. Fucking a woman's face is a real rush but one that is as pretty as Greta is a real special treat. She must have taken something in her mouth to numb her throat. Otherwise, I don't know how she could have taken cock like that. She was drooling out the corners, soaking the pillow but I couldn't slow down, though I meant to make sure she was ok. I just got carried away.

I felt close to the lord when it burst up my pipe and I yelled as splat after splat struck her face, nose, forehead, hair, headboard, back to her eyes and nose, squeezing my cock to get the last dribble onto her upper lip. I pushed my cock into her mouth for a few gentle thrusts and pulled out as the second cumming surged up my shaft, dribbling it all around her face, as she pushed it up to take it all. I rubbed my cock all over, spreading my spunk, rubbing it to engrain the memory, the easier for her to recall in her husband's presence. 'Fuck you,' I shouted to a man I'd never met.

"Yeah. Fuck him," Greta cried.

I'd said that aloud?

I looked down at this gorgeous woman, buried under a sea of my white spunk. We both burst out laughing. A long purging and, yes, cleansing laugh. I pulled the sheets over and wiped Greta's face. She didn't stop me but she didn't help either. I got off the bed and fetched a facecloth, rinsed in warm water, and returned to gently clean her.

"Thank you," she said when I finished. "I know that must have been a hard thing for you to do."

Again, we burst out laughing, our mirth lasting for several long minutes, restarting twice as soon as our eyes met. We had a shower after that. Both of us, together, washing each other but not initiating anything sexual. We dressed and walked downstairs together. We talked about inane things as we ate a light breakfast and drank coffee.

It was almost noon when I finished my second cup of coffee and started making movements like I was getting ready to leave. Greta filled a container with very hot water in the sink, fetched something from the fridge, and put it into the makeshift bath. When I stood a few minutes later, about to say my goodbye, she took my hand and led me to the sink, pulling a bottle out of the sink.

"There's still one more thing I need you to do, Nathan."

"Today?"

"Today," she replied, firmly, walking toward the kitchen door, tugging me along.

I trailed behind her, admiring the sheen of her freshly washed hair, still damp from the shower, my eyes dropping to the panties that stretched across those gorgeous little pears that defined her ass, about halfway down where they bulged out into the fleshy bits that moved so enticingly under her panties. My scrutiny switched to her hand and the bottle she held. Some kind of oil. A massage? She wanted me to give her a massage, with warm oil?

Ok. I guess I could force myself to run my hands over that athletic body of hers. Was I up for another fuck? The tingle below provided my answer. My eyes looked down into the gap where her panties stretched across her cheeks, cupping the part that jutted out. I remembered last night and I started getting hard. If I could get her on her tummy, maybe I could take her from behind again. I topped the stairs with renewed energy.

She allowed me to slip my hand out of hers as we walked down the hallway toward her bedroom, perhaps realizing that I wanted to lag behind to watch her sexy ass. I followed my boner as it pursued her beckoning buns. She stopped at the end of the bed, stooping to grab the covers, pulling them off with one sweep to leave only a sheet covering over the mattress cover. She turned to face me.

"Take off your shorts."

She watched as I obeyed her, smiling as my hard cock sprang forth. I stood looking at her, waiting for her next instruction, but she said nothing. Slowly, she twisted the top off the bottle she held in her hand, tipping it to fill her hand with a clear, oily looking liquid. She lowered her hand and held it in front of me. I stepped forward until my cock hovered above it. Her hand rose and closed around my shaft, rubbing down and then back, repeating, slowly, working the warm oil into my skin.

Was I to get the massage?

Just as the thought flashed through my mind, she dropped the bundle of my nerves in her hand, recapped the bottle and turned away from me.

"Take my panties off," she whispered.

Eagerly, I pushed the panties over her hips and down her upper thighs. As I was about to bend down to tug them down her legs, she stopped me with another command.

"Push them the rest of the way with your feet."

Hooking my toe into her panties between her legs, I pushed them down. It was a struggle because she kept her legs apart, stretching them tight. I had to push first one side, then the other, then the front waistband, followed by the back. Finally, I succeeded. I waited.

Greta turned to face me again, stepping sufficiently close for my cock to rest upright against her belly on the slope down to her belly button. Silently, she uncapped the bottle, filled her hand, and again worked the slippery warm liquid up and down my rod. Refilling her hand, she worked the next palm full in just as thoroughly, then recapped the bottle and put it in my hand before stretching up to kiss me lightly on my mouth.

"You must do this for me," she whispered.

I nodded. Though I wasn't sure exactly what she wanted, I knew I would do anything for her.

"He threw my love away," she hissed, almost spitting. "Take everything, Nathan. Take it all."

She turned and crawled up on the bed. I expected her to lie flat and waited, deciding that I would work my way slowly up her entire body, from her toes to her ears. I would give her the best massage of her life, the most memorable experience I could create for her. But she remained on her knees, bending forward to rest her head on folded arms, ass high in the air, knees slightly parted.

She wanted to get fucked. From behind. I crawled up onto the bed, almost disappointed to miss the massage now that I could picture her body almost begging for my touch. But that feeling passed, superseded by the anticipation of rooting my cock into her from behind like I'd done last night.

I almost dropped the bottle.

The bottle. Why had she given me the bottle? She had gotten so wet last night, why would I need it? I knelt behind her, looking at her open ass, her little hole crinkling above her pulsing slit, bracketed by those incredible cheeks, waiting for me.

Like lightning struggling to find its way through heavy rain, understanding wiggled through my brain. I glared at the bottle, then stared at her ass, my eyes riveting on the tight little hole above my previously intended target. 'Take it all,' she'd said.

Numbly, I twisted the cap off and tossed it aside. Reaching forward to hold the bottle above her back, I tipped it until a thin stream of oil fell onto her bum and trickled into her crack, running down over that little brown asterisk. Her breath expelled in a sudden gasp and her hips lurched, first forward and then back. Waiting.

I dipped my finger into the bottle and tipped it up to drench it, pulled it out and reached forward to award that awaited touch.

She flinched but then held her ground as my slippery digit worked a circle around her tiny target. I poured the oil across the top of her buttocks, dropped the bottle and rubbed her cheeks with my free hand. My oily finger never left the vicinity of her secret spot, that dark little treasure that evidently only I had ever been invited to touch.

I slipped my fingers into her slit, loving the surprised little gasp, and pushed two fingers easily inside her, twisting them back and forth before suddenly and rapidly thrusting them in and out. I pulled up with my fingers, lifting up to her dark side, letting them slip out to drag across that forbidden spot. Drag slowly, pressing in, dipping my fingertip, making her gasp again.

I picked up the bottle and poured more oil onto her buttocks but before it could drip over her pussy and onto the bed, I plugged my cock into her, forcing the oil to pool above, against the bottom of her anal ring. Dipping my thumb into the oil, I spread it upwards, rubbing it across her crinkled bud, thrusting my cock slowly in and out.

She was moaning but she gave it a little extra each time my thumb rubbed its little circle around her asshole. I kept coming back to tickle her there, trying to surprise her. She certainly wasn't avoiding my touch. On one rub, I suddenly pushed my thumb inside, plugging her hole. I was surprised how easily it slipped in and by her gasp, so was she.

I slammed my cock into her hard five or six times and then stopped to twist my thumb around in a semicircle, back and forth, working her hole open. Keeping my cock still but fully inside her, I pulled my thumb in and out, fucking her ass with my little pretend prick.

I traded off, fucking her pussy with my cock and then holding still while I worked my thumb in her, pausing between to pull on her hole, trying to stretch it wider. I don't know why, because her ass was slippery from the oil, but on impulse I leaned over and drooled a large dollop of saliva onto her hole. Greta gasped and then moaned, as she heard me spitting on her ass. It was gross, and wildly exciting at the same time.

I slammed into her hard a dozen times, this time trying to work my thumb in tandem. I stopped and dug my thumb into her as far as I could, pushing the wider part inside. I pulled my thumb out and gobbled on her, replacing it with two fingers, pushing them easily inside. I pulled my cock out and concentrated on working my fingers in her. Kneeling to her side, I reached across her back and under her tummy, stretching my hand over her belly and slipping my fingers through her slit and into her cunt, rubbing my palm on her clit. I began frigging her ass in earnest.

I kept this up for quite a while, surprised that she let me continue my rough massage. She was moaning and groaning yet I was still surprised how much she liked it. I'd had the impression she wasn't expecting to enjoy it, that it was some kind of price she was prepared to pay for revenge. But revenge, it seemed, was sweet.

I stopped, pulled my fingers out of her holes and gripped her shapely cheeks, spreading them wide. Leaning down, I pressed my mouth to the top of her crack and drooled as much saliva into it as I could produce. Twisting my face around, I stretched my tongue down her crack to her little hole, catching and swirling my spit around, then plunging my tongue inside.

God the sound that came out of her! Quickly, I lined myself up behind her and pushed my cock to her gaping hole, and pushed.

In. I was in. Oh, it was so tight. The resistance, the chafing as I shoved. Push, push. My first ass! My very first ass. God, I was only halfway in. Shove harder. What was that? What did she say?

Nothing. She was grunting every time I pushed. I shoved again. Another grunt. Groaning. Moaning. Take it, my mind screamed. Take it.

I pushed her forward, forcing her flat to the bed, straddling her ass with my thighs as I continued shoving my meat between her cheeks. Almost all the way now. Just a little more.

"Unnnngggghhhh," I cried, jamming my cock in that last inch. I pressed her into the mattress, rocking on her cheeks.

"Take my cock," I cried. God. I'd yelled that out. How loud? Grunt, grunt. God, I loved fucking her ass. I grabbed a handful of her hair, leaned down close to her and rasped into her ear, "My cock is in your ass. In your ass. My ass."

"Yesssss," she hissed. "Fuck it, fuck it."

Incredibly, she lifted her ass against me, bucking against the cock embedded between her cheeks. I answered her thrusts, fucking her as if I was in her pussy, just as hard. I couldn't believe it. I was so hard. She was so wild. She was going nuts. The sounds she was making were like they were from another planet. Her whole body was shaking.

We kept it up, pounding and thrusting, gasping and moaning. We may have cum simply because we were running out of energy. I know I couldn't have gone any longer. I meant to pull out. I thought about it as I fucked her and planned it but in the end I burst my load inside her. Like the night before, I collapsed on top of her, keeping my cock inside, but unlike the night before, I didn't offer to slide off. I stayed where I was.

It was a long time before our breathing returned to normal.

"Wow," I summarized our mutual first time anal experience.

Greta laughed that soft laugh.

"Did I hear you right? Did you say my ass was yours?"

"Uh, I got a little carried away. I, uh ..."

"Nathan, just tell me."

"Yes."

"Ok, then. It's yours."

The End of a Successful Day

I had only heard the tail end of the conversation. Dad had yelled for me to get in there, so I was standing there listening as he wound up. He had been talking to Dale, Greta's husband.

"Boy, I don't know what you did up there but it worked bigtime," my father exclaimed after getting off the phone. "We've got a bigtime contract coming in, bigtime," he emphasized, slamming his hand down on the desk. Dad got up and walked around the desk to confront me, shaking both my shoulders. "Got a little of the old man in you, that's for sure," he boomed, winking. My father spun me around and slapped me on the back as he steered me to the door. "Let's get make sure everyone's ready for the biggest one we've done. Atta go, son." The last slap nearly floored me.

Later, on the way home, I asked Dad just how big the contract was and if it was certain. I could hardly believe Greta had convinced her husband to keep doing business with my father.

"It's the biggest we've ever done, son, and it's all on account of you. Dale wants to sign off on the broad strokes tonight and then turn it over to his wife and you to work out the details. We'll should be able to clinch the deal by the end of the day tomorrow. You'll be the manager for their account. His wife said you're a fine young man and she trusts you." Dad flashed his big smile and gave me a big wink.

"Tonight? He's phoning you tonight?"

"No, no. They're coming down. I asked them over for dinner. No one can barbecue a steak like I can. I'll just put on the finishing touches, but it was you who did this deal, Nathan." Another big smile and wink. "I just knew you'd be good at this business."

Christ! Greta was coming here with her husband? To my mother's house? Oh, Good Lord.

Dad was quite worked up when we got home. Did Mom get the best steaks? Was she sure we had enough whiskey? What kind of wine did we have? He was a man in panic trying to be in control. Mom, who had seen this before, calmly answered his questions, adding that everything was fine, not to worry. She smiled at me when Dad wasn't looking and rolled her eyes.

"All you have to do is get ready. Go upstairs," she told Dad.

"It's casual dress. They're coming for a barbecue, not a fancy dinner."

"I know, I know. Go get ready, they'll be here soon."

"Good grief," Mom sighed as soon as he left. "How does he manage to run his own company?"

"Mom, the staff run the company and everything goes much smoother when he's not around." She may as well benefit from my observations since working for Dad. "He's a super salesman, but he's a disaster in the shop."

"I know," Mom concurred. "Why don't you put on a clean pair of jeans, or those navy blue shorts. You look good in those," she raised and lowered her eyebrows several times over her mischievous smile. How was I going to survive the evening with her and Greta? I figured Greta's husband Dale wouldn't be any harder to deal with than my father, but two women? A huge pit formed in my stomach.

Dad was fussing around when I came back downstairs. The doorbell rang when I was in the living room. Mom was just coming down the stairs dressed in a dark colored dress that flattered her figure and showed just the right amount of leg. I hung back.

"Get the door, get the door," Dad yelled. The bell rang and Dad rushed out of the kitchen. "What's the matter with you?" he shot me a look. He rushed forward and opened the front door, greeting Dale and Greta loudly, a salesman's welcome.

Greta glanced at Mom. I could see she was surprised, probably because Mom was far more attractive than she had expected for the wife of a man who had come on to her. Not that that was uncommon in the world. Still, I could see Mom's looks surprised her.

Dad, of course, introduced Mom as 'his wife'.

"Marilyn," Mom smiled, holding out her hand.

"Hi. Greta," she returned Mom's smile, then her brow furrowed briefly, "Marilyn?"

"That's right," Mom confirmed.

Greta turned to me. "How nice to meet you again, Nathan." She offered her hand to me but didn't let it linger. No one would have noticed anything other than a professional, business relationship. I watched Mom closely and was certain that she didn't suspect anything. So far, so good. But as my father led everyone out to the back Greta

glanced at me and I knew she had recognized Mom's name, the one I had cried out while making love to her. It was going to be a long night.

It was hard, especially after dinner when the drinks began to flow, to keep my eyes off Greta. She was wearing a girlish outfit that looked anything but girlish on her. A dark grey skirt spawned long, broad straps, from large buttons on the front waistband of the skirt over her shoulders and down to button off on the back waistband. The straps rested on a white turtleneck top made of a soft material that fell like a gentle snowfall over the hills and valleys of Greta's body.

I say after the drinks started to flow because that's when I felt safe casting anything but the fleetest of glances at Greta. The men were completely focused on their visionary discussion. The broad strokes of the deal had been dealt with, in all of three sentences, or phrases, each. Dad and Dale mutually agreed the details could be easily handled the next day by Greta and myself. That produced the warmest smile yet from Greta. Unfortunately, it was one my noted by my mother, producing a brief flicker of an eyebrow.

I tried very hard after that, perhaps too hard, not to pay attention to Greta. But the few drinks I consumed myself made me forget the effort a few times. I found myself sitting almost directly opposite Greta outside on the deck and her long legs were impossible to ignore, especially since she had crossed her legs, allowing the short skirt to ride up her thighs. I caught myself staring once without any memory of recent conversation and no idea how long my eyes had been locked on her legs. Thankfully, Greta was gazing casually over at Dale, waving her empty glass at him.

I jerked my head away to make sure Mom hadn't witnessed my indiscretion. She was looking directly at me, a knowing look in her eye.

Greta got up and wandered over to Mom, her empty glass held by her thigh with two fingers.

"Well, Marilyn, I think we'll have to look after ourselves. If Mark is anything like Dale, the two of them will be trying to out-BS each other until dawn."

Mom burst out laughing. "Two pees in a pod. I feel for you."

"The feeling's mutual," Greta laughed. Her eyes were sparkling and she looked stunning the way she stood in front of Mom with one knee slightly bent, accenting the slimness of her form. "Why don't we go inside where we can talk without listening to the din?"

Mom agreed and stood, reaching down to take Greta's glass. "Let me make up some special drinks for us. I make some pretty good highballs." Mom turned and toward the house but paused, looking back, when Greta didn't immediately follow. I was caught looking at her legs. Mom smiled.

"You belong with us, Nathan," Greta said, then turned and followed Mom.

Mom made us all drinks and then led us out to the living room. She sat in the large, plush sofa. I headed for the matching chair, expecting Greta to sit at the other end but she grabbed my hand and pulled me toward Mom, pushing me down in the middle before sitting down herself.

Mom and Greta talked about various things, mostly their garrulous husbands for about ten minutes. I sat kind of awkwardly between them, conscious that both women's skirts were higher than halfway up their thighs. Greta started off on a new track, leaning over me to put her extended index finger onto Mom's knee.

"You know, Marilyn. I've heard your name before."

"Oh?" Mom could tell by Greta's tone that it wasn't through normal chatting with her husband. She waited, poised, for Greta to elaborate.

"Yes. From Nathan."

"Oh," Mom laughed. "So he does know who does his laundry?"

"I don't know about that," Greta responded slyly. "But I do know by the way he said it that it was the name of a very special woman? Actually, I thought he was referring to his girlfriend," Greta laughed conspirationally.

"Really?" Mom replied, stiffening. "Why did you think that?"

"Because he screamed your name when he came inside me."

Mom's mouth dropped open. My heart stopped. Greta's finger traced down Mom's thigh until it reached the hem of her skirt, then crossed over to my leg, traced down to my crotch, and scratched over my bulge to rest briefly on my other thigh before her hand plunged deep between my legs.

"I think you and I both know that Nathan, your son, is twice the man those two bozos out there are, and I don't see any reason why we can't enjoy that together." Greta paused. Mom's mouth was still open and I wasn't breathing yet. "Do you?"

Greta's hand twisted until she was cupping my balls. Mom recovered and twisted more to face Greta. Her hand stretched out to grasp Greta's but she didn't say anything. I waited for her to yank it away and scream at her to let go of her son.

But she didn't. I felt Greta's hand being pushed harder against my lump and looked down to see Mom pull her hand away and push it onto Greta's leg. Slowly, Mom pushed her hand between Greta's knees and then slid it up, pushing the short skirt higher until her hand disappeared underneath. Still, Mom's hand kept going and I knew she couldn't go any higher when Greta sucked in her breath. Mom looked intently into Greta's eyes but she didn't say a word.

"My," Greta exclaimed, expelling her breath loudly. "What do you put in those drinks?" She smiled at Mom, then leaned forward to kiss me on the cheek.

"It's my own special recipe. Would you like to stay over in our guest room tonight so I can show you some more?" Mom asked, leaning over and kissing me on my other cheek.

"I'd like that," Greta said. "But let's not ask the men."

"No, of course not," Mom agreed. "Should I make them a special nightcap so we can enjoy the rest of the evening ourselves?"

"That would be best, I think." Greta's had gripped my bulge. "What do you think, Nathan? Can you keep up with a couple of older ladies?" She kissed me again but this time on my mouth.

"Yes, Nathan. Can you keep up, son? No pun intended," Mom laughed, her eyes sparkling at Greta. Mom kissed me on the mouth too.

"I'll try," I said, barely able to speak.

"You see how different he is?" Greta said.

She leaned forward and I readied myself for a longer kiss but she paused in front of my mouth, still looking at Mom, and waited. She didn't have long to wait. Mom leaned forward and their mouths joined. They kissed leisurely. Greta's hand didn't forget my balls and I'm sure Mom's hand was active too. When the kiss was done, their mouths parted only an inch or so and they looked into each other's eyes.

"I'm so glad I met you," Greta whispered.

"Me too," Mom responded.

"And your son."

"Come on," Mom said. "You can watch me while I make the drinks."

"Come, Nathan," Greta said, getting up to follow Mom and offering me her hand. "I'm sure we can make better drinks for our husbands with your help."

Mom pulled the blender out and then procured ingredients from various cupboards and the fridge. The kitchen was lit only by the pot lights so, while not being dim, it wasn't brilliantly lit either. Nevertheless, Dad and Dale could see inside, as evidenced by my father waving to Mom when he happened to look toward the house and saw her through the long kitchen window that spanned the length of the counter, including the sink.

Greta stepped in beside Mom and waved too, prompting Dale to answer. While she was waving, she slipped her other arm around Mom's waist and let her hand casually stroke up and down from Mom's hip to the side of her breast. The men returned to their loud conversation and Mom continued preparing the fancy drinks, seemingly oblivious to Greta's overly familiar embrace. My cock, finally over its shock, swelled.

"Nathan, come over here and do something useful."

I obliged, stepping forward to stand behind and between the two women, looking eager to help.

"Be a sweet fellow and undo your mother's dress." Greta turned her head slightly and spoke in a softer tone to Mom. "I mean, Marilyn's dress. That's such a sweet name. Not harsh, like mine."

I unhooked the top of Mom's dress and started sliding the zipper down, trying to be as unobtrusive as possible, afraid any sudden move would wake me from this dream. The zipper reached Greta's arm, still stretched across to Mom's hip where her hand continued to stroke Mom's side. Greta's hand stopped up high, by the side of Mom's breast, and squeezed Mom. In full sight of the window, Greta leaned toward Mom and kissed her on the cheek. I watched, amazed, as Mom turned and engaged Greta fully on the mouth. They weren't in a hurry. I had the sense if the men saw them, they would have dealt with it but the risk wasn't worth ruining their first kiss; or they didn't even think about it.

Greta pulled back and they both smiled.

"You've done this before, haven't you?"

Mom just smiled. I was shocked. "And you too," she said.

Greta nodded and let her arm fall. I didn't move until she glanced me. I quickly pulled the zipper down the rest of the way. Mom wasn't wearing a bra underneath; her back was bare all the way down to the top of her ass which I could just see. I couldn't see any panties but I was certain she was wearing some, probably stretched across her butt about halfway down her cheeks.

Greta's hand snaked into the gap in Mom's dress and slid across to her waist again, and then up. When Mom sucked in her breath, I knew Greta's fingers had folded around her breast.

"Just like mine," Greta whispered. "Quick to harden, and sensitive."

Mom's breathing quickened. Greta's hand was moving under Mom's dress and I knew she was manipulating her nipple. I looked over Mom's shoulder. Dale looked up and Greta waved back. He raised his half empty glass and she nodded and smiled back at him, then blew him a kiss. He looked back at my Dad and started talking.

I stooped and slipped my hands under Mom's skirt, bringing it up with me when I straightened, lifting it up to Mom's hips and proving my conjecture about the smallish panties stretching across her ass, halfway down her cheeks. Greta looked down at my revelation.

"I don't think your mom should be wearing those when she takes these drinks out to your father and my husband, do you?"

I loved the way her eyes sparkled and the corner of her mouth turned up when she said stuff like that.

"I think you should take your husband's drink out to him yourself. I think he deserves it, don't you."

I smiled as mischievously as I could.

"Yes, I do. Good idea, Nathan."

"And no, I don't think either of you should be wearing panties."

"Well," Greta said. "Do something about it."

I dropped to my knees and pulled Mom's panties off her cheeks, kissed each one, then pulled them unhurriedly down her legs, gently working them over Mom's sandaled feet. I moved over to Greta, lifted her skirt and pulled her panties down too. She pushed her butt out as soon as her cheeks were free.

I kissed them both and she murmured, "It's still yours any time you want it."

Mom turned and gave Greta a strange look. I removed Greta's panties in the same languid fashion as I had Mom's then stood and shoved a pair into each pair of my shorts.

"All done," Mom announced. She reached up into the top cupboard and pulled out a small sugar container, lifted the lid, and sprinkled a small spoonful of the contents, clearly not sugar, into each drink. "Sometimes," she explained to Greta's quizzical look, "I just need to have some peace and quiet and I can't wait until his next trip."

"Will you let me have some of that before I leave tomorrow?"

"Absolutely." Mom handed one of the drinks to Greta. "Shall we go?"

I watched through the window as the women walked saucily out to their husbands and presented their drinks to them. Mom's dress was still undone all the way down her back. I couldn't help being reminded as they bent over that their behinds were bare, and perhaps still damp from my recent kisses.

"Aren't we the luckiest men alive," Dad loudly slurred to Dale. They clashed glasses and resumed the raucous story their wives had so rudely interrupted. Dad hadn't even noticed the state of Mom's dress.

The prance back was even saucier than the walk out but the husbands weren't even paying attention. No matter. I don't think it was for their benefit. They were laughing and hugging when they came through the door.

"Nathan, bring those drinks up to my room," Mom instructed.

"Hurry, Nathan," Greta cooed, "or we'll start without you."

I gathered the three drinks in my hands, one in each and the other pressed between, and rushed out of the kitchen as fast as I could go without spilling them. They hadn't got far. Mom and Greta were standing at the bottom of the stairs, each with a foot on the first step, kissing. It was a long, deep kiss. Their hands were moving over each other, Greta's insided Mom's dress, Mom's pulling the turtle neck out of Greta's skirt and disappearing underneath. I waited until they were finished. The both turned to look at me and smiled.

"Come on lover," Mom said and turned to go up the stairs. She paused when Greta didn't immediately follow her. Greta lifted her skirt up high on her right hip, baring one full cheek. Mom laughed, then did the same with her left hip. They giggled as they walked up the stairs in front of me, exaggerating the sway of their hips. At the top, they both stopped to kick off their shoes, then sauntered down the hall, arms around each other.

"Close the door," Mom whispered, looking back as I entered. Greta was already dropping her skirt.

I pushed the door shut with my foot and walked to the side of the bed to set the drinks down. Mom was pulling Greta's white turtleneck over her head, peeling it up her slender arms. Greta dropped her hands to her sides and stamped her feet before crawling up on the bed and flopping down on her back with a flourish. When her tits stopped bouncing and her nipples almost settled down, her sparkly eyes focused on Mom from the midst of her tousled hair.

Mom pushed her dress off one shoulder and allowed it to fall down to her elbow. She turned her head to look at her other shoulder and then pushed the dress off it too, arresting its fall in the crook of her elbow. Slowly, she uncrooked her arm, eyes returning Greta's gaze, and allowed the dress to slide over her hips with a rustling hiss until it crumpled on the floor.

Mom looked over at me. "Can I have her now, Nathan?"

I nodded, confused by her question but strangely pleased that she had asked for my permission.

Mom put one knee on the bed, then the other. She crawled over Greta's legs until she was hovering over her on all her hands and knees. She leaned down and gently kissed Greta lips, then back down and planted a similarly soft caress on each of Greta's long nipples. Dipping her head, she swirled her hair in a large circle around Greta's abdomen until Greta reached up and pulled her head back up to hers, lifting her mouth up to meet Mom's.

During the kiss, Mom lowered her body onto Greta's, whose legs opened to receive my mother's pussy against her own. Belly to belly, breasts to breasts, their bodies writhed in an intense embrace. I could see their muscles straining and their bodies began to glisten with sweat. The kiss ended and the women smiled and nibbled each other, hands smoothing each other's hair and gliding over shoulders and faces. Then engaged in another long kiss. In the middle of this one, they swapped places, Mom rolling off, twisting, and pulling Greta over to lie on top of her. The same nibbling and fondling followed. I began to creep quietly away to leave them in the joy of their first union.

"Where do you think you're going?" Mom said in the stern version of her motherly voice.

"Uhhh, I thought I'd, uh..."

"Come over here."

I turned and walked to the foot of the bed.

"Get up behind Greta."

I did as Mom asked, kneeling between four parted legs. Mom's hands stroked over Greta's back and along her sides.

"Nathan, were you born in a barn? Take your clothes off first." Greta's back shook and I could tell she was laughing. "Can you believe it?" Mom said. "All that work and he's still a man."

"What can you do?" Greta chuckled. "All you can do is try."

I clambered behind Greta again, my previously rock hard boner now dampened somewhat. Mom reached up to take my hands, then pulled them around Greta and between their bodies, pressing my palms against Greta's tits, and my knuckles against Mom's. Mom cock, hanging down between Greta's open thighs, stiffened, nudging against the bottom of her pussy.

"Now, what was that you said to my son earlier? My ass is still yours any time you want it. Something like that?"

"Yes. Something along those lines," Greta laughed but the excitement she felt from the implication in Mom's voice and the foreshadowing of what was to come was betrayed by her butt pushing up against me.

"Nathan, we're going to get a bit busy here, so I want you to do what you want, whatever comes into your mind. But try to stay on the normal side for awhile. I want to feel you in her, pressing her down against me. We're all

together now, from now on. And before you cross the line, remember to use some slippery stuff. It's in the drawer here." Mom waved her hand at the bedside table on her side of the bed.

There wasn't another word from Mom, or Greta either. At least, not spoken to me. They began kissing right after Mom finished and didn't seem to stop for the whole duration of that first time. I waited as long as I could before pushing my cock inside Greta. I was content for some time to watch the way Greta's cheeks clenched as their pussies ground together, but eventually, I just had to join in. It was a long slow fuck, governed by the slow, languid pace set by the two women. They took their time, and took my lead from them.

When I came inside Greta, they had already been there once. Shortly after that, they visited that place again. They were sweating profusely now but their kissing was just as intense as when they first started. They didn't pay any attention to me as I stood beside the bed greasing my cock but when I got in behind Greta, Mom whispered, "Gently now, son."

I was gentle. At the beginning at least. By the end, I was too worked up, but then we all were. Every nerve in my body was on fire. I don't remember much when it was over. I fell asleep quite soon after. When I woke, the little red dots on Mom's clock radio said three am. Mom was leaning over Greta now, kissing and suckling her breasts. Her head ducked down to taste Greta's secret place and I got up on my elbow to watch. Mom pulled up and looked at me a few minutes later.

"You're awake?"

I nodded.

"Good. I want to feel you behind me now."

Mom returned to suck Greta's tits, then moved up to her mouth, sliding over her body to lie on top. Greta opened her legs and adjusted herself until their pussies were pressing together. Mom turned to look back at me, waiting. I got up behind her, and sipped my hard cock inside.

"Remember to put the slippery stuff on later," she reminded me.

The next day, though the men were quite hung over, Greta sent them away and told them not to come back until dinner time when they could take us all out. She said we needed all day to work out the details, undisturbed. Go fishing, or something, is the way she put it.

I wouldn't have thought, after that night, that I could do anything but sleep the next day.

But I was wrong.