The Mom

Sorian

Part 1

Chapter 1

I met my husband Josh when I was 19. We both went to the same party and after a few drinks I noticed him from across the room. He was everything I wanted: Tall, fit, confident, funny and easy to talk to. I don't remember who initiated our first conversation, but my first year of college was difficult and when I met Josh I felt like I was at home. He made me comfortable. That's what I tell people at least. But that's not why we got married so quickly. The truth is that Josh and I had a physical chemistry that I didn't know was possible.

After our first date I can say with 100% confidence that our relationship was based almost entirely on sex. We were that college couple that made other people uncomfortable. His hands were almost always on me and mine almost always went down his pants. We kissed, made out and talked dirty in public. We had sex almost everyday and often more than once a day. He was an obsession and an addiction. But when you are that young you don't know the difference between lust and love and six months later we were married. Our families had their hesitation at first (on both sides) but our chemistry was undeniable.

My sister, Jen, told me how jealous she was as the passion in her marriage left after the first year, but four years in Josh and I seemed to just get more on fire for one another. We

watched porn together, role played, experimented with toys, video cameras and even anal sex. Josh was insatiable and I loved feeling so wanted.

Then, when I was 24 I found out I was pregnant. My pregnancy was hard, my hormones went crazy and I was sick all the time. Josh was a dutiful husband, but the truth was that as our sex life suffered we didn't have much else to lean on. I told myself that once the baby was born things would go back to normal. Of course I didn't know what I was talking about. We were that couple that judged young moms on airplanes when their baby would cry. We just didn't know anything.

Then Seth was born. Having Seth was what I call a "hinge point" in my life. My focus shifted from my husband to my son. I think all mothers can go through that. Some don't. Some of my friends had some bitterness toward their baby because of the change the baby caused. I never did. I don't know why.

Josh and I began to reconnect when Seth was one and for a time it was wonderful. Josh was a great dad, he was fun and patient. But when I was 26 I got pregnant again. If my first pregnancy was difficult, the second one was almost impossible. I was sick almost every day, I grew depressed and tired and trying to be a pregnant mom to a toddler, also a dutiful wife was almost overwhelming. Once again, I told

myself that we just needed to get through this pregnancy and things would go back to how they were.

Sarah was born and suddenly our life was diapers, breast pumps and sleepless nights. How we made it through those few years is a bit of a blur to me. I found my joy in my children and Josh found his in being a dad and in his job. We were fortunate in that Josh did very well so I never had to work.

The years went on, Seth grew into a handsome and sensitive teenage boy and Sarah was an outgoing and stunningly beautiful teenage girl. Josh and I were good roommates and occasional lovers during those years. But things had changed. He was my husband, provider and the father of my children and I loved him dearly. I was happy. For the most part. I believed the passion would return. By all accounts we were living the dream.

Seth debated leaving for college. I always encouraged him to spread his wings and do what he wanted to do, but the truth is, I was terrified he was going to leave. He was a joy to have in the house and I couldn't bear the thought of him leaving. Thankfully it was Sarah that talked him into staying and going to community college for the first two years. She didn't want him to leave either.

"Thank you for talking to him," I told Sarah as we tried on dresses a few days after he decided to stay.

"Of course, Mom," she said. She was trying on a spaghetti strapped sun dress. She preened in front of the mirror and then asked me, "What do you think?"

The truth was that Sarah was gorgeous. People said we were almost twins but that felt like pure flattery. She was blonde, 5'4 and tan (like her father), with green eyes and what might be the most perfect set of tits you have ever seen. She was 36 d and perky. The kind of girl that always has cleavage in the best way. She had an hour glass figure with enough hips and butt to make any pair of jeans look sexy. She was bubbly, fun and at the same time had this kind of punk rock edge. She was moody, loud and very much a girly girl. She would often say what I was thinking but was too self conscious to voice myself. In many ways, my daughter was my best friend.

"Honestly, that is your color," I said as I looked her over then set down what I was thinking of trying on.

"Does it make my butt look big? Sometimes this cut can make my ass look huge," She said as she bit her lip thoughtfully and looked at herself in the mirror.

"No it doesn't," I replied with a laugh. I decided to buy the dress I had tried on six times. "I am getting this."

"Good choice, Mom," Sarah said as she took off the dress and put her jeans and t-shirt back on. "Your boobs look great in that."

I frowned and looked in the mirror. I tried to dress cute. I mean, my daughter was there to give me tips but I just felt like a mom. I knew I was pretty. But my bras were more and more push up these days and I worried that the rest of me was starting to sag. I worked out, possibly too much but I wanted to stay fit and I still held my own in a bikini around my friends. But I wasn't 18 anymore. Things change.

"I feel old," I said as Sarah and I left the store to head home.

"Oh please," Sarah said with a laugh. "Seriously mom, some people think we are sisters."

"You are sweet," I replied.

"I mean, they think you are my much older sister but still," she snarked.

"Shut up, you aren't helping," I said with a laugh.

We drove home and Sarah reminded me (to my horror) that several of the 18 year old seniors had labeled me "Milf of the year." If I was honest, that did make me feel good. But I didn't want Sarah to know that. I knew there was an unspoken competition among the moms in our neighborhood to be at least considered a milf. At some level, every mom of an 18 year old wants the boys to think she is hot. It is funny the measures we set for ourselves. All in all, I tried to dress cute when I went out. A girl has to try.

We got home to find Seth on the couch watching TV. He smiled at me and said, "Mom you look so pretty today."

I blushed and said, "Did your sister tell you to say that?"

He shook his head. "What are you talking about? Sarah, what is mom talking about?"

"She feels old," Sarah called from the kitchen. "She is just being Mom."

"What does that even mean?" I asked.

Seth laughed. "Dad is upstairs by the way," he said. "He is home early for some reason."

I went upstairs and saw that Josh was in the shower. I poked my head into the steam-filled bathroom. "Hi honey," I called over the sound of the running water.

"Hey babe," He said.

I admired him. His back was to me as he faced the shower. I noticed the lines of lean muscle on his shoulders and back. He also had a great butt. It had been a week since we last made love so I decided to make my move. I slipped out of my clothes and into the shower behind him. I pressed my naked body against him.

"Why hello there," he said.

"Hey," I replied, my hands sliding down to his hardening dick.

"Do you have some time for your lonely wife?" I whispered into his ear as I gripped him.

He pressed himself back against me. "I think I can squeeze you in," he replied back to me.

My boobs were hot and they bunched against his back. I kept a firm grip on him. "Do you want to tell me about your day?" I whispered.

"I kept thinking about something all day," he said as he turned to face me.

I clutched his hard cock and looked up into his eyes. "Oh really? What were you thinking about?" I tried my best seductive voice.

He looked down at me, then at my chest and then back to my eyes. "I'm sorry," he said with a smile. "What was the question? I got distracted."

I held one of my tits and said, "Did this distract you, my hard working man?"

He nodded then turned me around roughly. I gasped and let go of him, pressing my hands against the tile wall for balance. He took me by the hip and pulled me back against him. He maneuvered me until his cock pushed into me from behind. We both groaned at the sensation. He began to

thrust, his body slapping against mine. I was self conscious of my boobs swinging, but I needed to press against the wall or I would fall over.

"That's it Maddy," he grunted. "You look so good like this. I love looking at your ass and your swinging tits while you take my cock."

He was thrusting hard and my face began to press against the shower wall. This wasn't the intimate moment I was needing from him, but it still felt good. I didn't want to be a selfish lover. I groaned to urge him on.

"Bend over more," he said as he pulled me against him. I was leaning forward as much as I could. Both of my hands were pushing against the wall as hard as I could. He held my hip hard with one hand and with the other held my hair and pushed my head down. I think he wanted me on all fours, but I couldn't do that in the shower. Water ran down over my head and I did my best to stay in position for him. It still felt good, but I wasn't comfortable.

He kept thrusting and grunting.

"Let's get out of the shower," I managed to say.

He let go of me quickly and I climbed out of the shower. Before I could lead him to the bedroom he said, "Get on the floor, Maddy. On all fours. I love seeing your body like that."

I need to say here that I love sex. I love all of it and I would like to think that now that I am in the back half of my forties, that I am very open sexually. Josh loved taking me doggystyle and it was hot knowing he liked my body like this. But sex is very emotional for me. I crave connection, especially at this stage. What I wanted was to look in my husband's eyes while we made love. At that moment, he wanted something else. These are the compromises that we make.

I got on my hands and knees and he was behind me. He gripped my hips and fucked me like that. It was hard, fast and furious. My tits swung, my ass slapped against his hips and we grunted and groaned together. I let myself go and focused on the sensation. I felt sexy like this. I felt wanted. Lusted after.

But as he pushed my head down against the floor and angled my ass up, I realized what I didn't feel: loved. I felt his thumb slide over my asshole. That used to make me crazy, but now it made me feel cheap. Distant. Like we were making a porno for other people to watch.

He gripped my ass with both hands and kept me in this angle. There was something sneaking into my mind. Josh grunted and said dirty things to me. The way he was handling me, fucking me and talking at me nagged at my mind. It pulled at the threads of my thoughts. A realization hung right on the edge and I couldn't quite see it. Maybe I didn't want to.

"Yes, Maddy," he grunted. "I love those tits and this ass. Yeah baby, like that!" He slid a hand down my side and grabbed one of my breasts. "Oh fuck. I am going to cum. Do you want my cum?" Hee grunted.

"Yes baby," I said. But my mind wasn't into it. This is how we used to fuck all the time. We hadn't done it like this...it hit me all of a sudden. I was not a paranoid or jealous woman. But in that moment I knew: he was fucking me like this because he was having sex like this all the time. Just not with me.

He pulled my ass against himself and started to cum.

"Maddy, you are so hot," he said with a smile and he gave my butt a slap.

Chapter 2

"Are you sure?" Jen asked me. She sipped her coffee and looked at me with concern.

"I am not 100% sure," I replied. "Unless I catch him in the act or whatever." I looked away from my sister and tried to hold back tears. I couldn't believe I was having this conversation. Why was I so sure this was why Josh was acting differently in the bedroom?

"So, I mean, ok Madison, I am not saying you are wrong. You have good instincts and I know you aren't the suspicious type. But I need to play devil's advocate right?" She said.

I nodded.

"So, he has been really into sex lately. I get it, it's not super intimate. He is a man. Maybe he thinks this kind of thing is what you want," She tried to smile. "Maddy, I know you. I mean it's not like you are a vanilla sex girl. I mean you are the one that bought me that anal toy and the big black dildo. At my fucking bridal shower!"

I laughed.

"Remember the look on mom's face? It was horrifying," Jen added. "Madison, you used to be this, like, sex fiend. Maybe he is just trying to bring that back out in you or something. You used to masturbate four times a day and that was just when you told me about it." She sipped her coffee.

She was right. I used to be extremely sexual. But life happens, things change, kids, marriage and the grind. But that wasn't fair to Josh was it? But something about all this still bothered me. "Ok yes. I used to be way more sexual or whatever. But it's just that I know him. We have been in a dry spell for a while and things feel different. He talks to me one way when we are just talking and then it's like a switch is flipped. Something is different." I frowned. "He treats me like a girl he met in a bar. Or something." My argument felt weak. I knew she was right. This wasn't "evidence" that Josh was cheating. The worst case was he was just watching porn and then acting it out. Guys did that right? Or, she could be right, he iss just trying to revisit our past.

"Mads," Jen touched my hand. "I am sure this is just a man thing. Like instead of buying a corvette he is trying to fuck like he used to or something. People do weird things in their forties. I mean, at least you are doing it. More than I am getting at home. Sometimes I want to just go to a bar and meet a random man."

"Stop. Trust me, you don't. Whatever I am feeling right now, you do not want Jerry to be feeling. I know he isn't great in bed, but you love him too much for him to feel like this. Trust me," I replied.

Jen nodded. Sex and relationships was a complicated thing. I realized that I wanted what Jen had, a very attentive and adoring husband and she wanted what I had: a husband that fucked me like we were in college again. The truth was that we both wanted to keep what we had, and just add on the other stuff. Was that even possible?

"Sometimes a girl just wants to cum, you know?" She said to me, almost a teary look in her eyes.

"Oh stop, I bought you that wand and the big black dildo. You can cum harder when you use both like I showed you...when you use both hands," I said and, of course, at that exact moment our early twenties male waiter walked up. Jen was red faced and glaring at me. I just looked away.

"I..um...shit," the guy said awkwardly. "Do you need anything else?"

Jen and I burst out laughing. I mean, what could we say? I looked up at him and said, "No, we are fine." He was looking

at my chest. I was wearing a low cut top and a cute bra. I tried to act natural. I probably failed.

"Ok, just checking," He said with a pause. He looked at both of us in turn.

We said nothing and waited awkwardly for him to leave then burst out laughing.

I drove home feeling better. I knew talking to Jen was the right call. Josh wasn't cheating. He was horny. He was trying to reconnect with me. I knew it. I needed to focus on connecting with him in those moments. Like we used to. I laughed when I thought about our waiter. He was cute. Young men were cute. He blushed the rest of the time he served us. I liked being checked out by other men. What girl doesn't? I imagined he would tell that story to his friends. "Shit. I don't think I can go there anymore," I said to myself with a laugh. I wondered it he would jerk off to Jen and I. The thought was a little repulsive and a little hot.

"Hello dirty mind," I said to myself with a smirk. "It's been a while. I think I missed you."

Jen was right. I was a bit of a horn-ball. I always had toys, lingerie, plugs, and even some hand cuffs somewhere. I needed to embrace that side. My kids were old enough now that I didn't need to be so hovering all the time. Josh and I could get a little wild again. I thought about getting naughty when he got home later. I pictured him coming home too find me in some lingerie and telling him to fuck me in the ass. I smiled as I got a bit damp thinking about it.

I walked into the house to find Seth asleep on the couch. Sarah's car wasn't in the driveway or the garage, so she was out somewhere. I glanced toward the kitchen. I needed to think about getting dinner started. But I wasn't in the mood. I decided to order some take out later. Right now I needed to indulge in these thoughts I was having. I went upstairs, closed the bedroom door and went to the closet.

"It has been a long time," I said as I realized what I was looking for was on a top shelf covered in old clothes and shoes. I took down the box with some effort and set it on the bed. I smiled as I opened it and memories flooded back. Josh and I never used birth control besides condoms. That is to say, we used condoms and anal. I used to play with myself before I met Josh and purchased my first butt plug not long after we were seeing each other. Since then I had owned several for different situations but as I pulled out my first

one, I smiled and my heart beat hard in my chest. I held it up and smiled. "I remember you," I said.

It was small, teardrop shaped with a pink crystal on the stopper. Simple, small and cute. Moreover it was visible with the right light and I knew that it would make Josh wild. He loved to fuck me from behind and just tap the stopper with his finger. I wanted to be his dirty girl again. When did I stop?

"I still am his dirty girl," I muttered thoughtfully.

I set the plug aside, put the box away then looked over my lingerie. I decided on a black teddy with a tiny g-string thong. The teddy held my tits nicely and the g-string would give him the hint of the plug.

I glanced at the clock and then hurried to get prepared. Josh would be home any time and I wanted to be ready. I lubed the plug, worked it in place then slid into the lingerie. I loved good lingerie. Why didn't I wear it more? I decided to text Seth just in case he woke up.

Mom: "I am upstairs lying down. Don't come up, I need the rest. I will order take-out when I get up."

I looked in the mirror and messed with my hair. I smiled. I looked hot. I felt hot. I looked like a mom that wanted to fuck. I waited for a minute, clenching my muscles and fiddling more with my hair. "How do you make that bedroom-hair look?" I mused.

I heard the garage door opening and I turned down the lights then got on the bed. I rolled over and sighed and decided an ass-facinng--the-door pose was best. I heard him coming up the stairs. I was already so wet.

The door opened.

I arched my back.

"Hey mom," Seth said. "Mom...what the fuck?!"

I was mortified. I rolled off the bed, yelped and fell on the floor. "Seth?! What are you doing? Get out!" I poked my head over the bed as my son backed away, his eyes wide and then he closed the door as he left the room. He was red faced and horrified.

"Oh fuck," I mutterred. "Fuck." My heart pounded and I grabbed my phone. My eyes went wide as I realized I never actually sent the text. The message sat waiting for me to press send.

A second later my phone buzzed as Josh sent me a message: Going to be working a bit late. Go ahead and eat dinner without me. Love you.

I tossed the phone back to the bed and I realized my right nipple was sticking out of my bustier.

Chapter 3

I was horrified. I got dressed and made an effort to take all the sexiness out of my look. Sweatpants and a t-shirt. As basic as it gets.

"Stupid," I muttered to myself as I tried to calm down. Seth was basically an adult, we could talk about it later. Or something. "Why couldn't it have been Sarah? Girl to girl was so much easier."

I walked down the stairs and saw Sarah sitting at the table looking at her phone. She looked up at me when I entered the room. "Hey mom, what is wrong with Seth? He stormed out of the house and barely said hi to me."

"I have no idea," I lied. I was relieved that he was out of the house and that would give me a chance to think.

Sarah and I ordered take out and then hung out while we waited for it to arrive. Seth came back around when the food got there. I was hoping to have some kind of idea on what to say to him. I didn't. Thankfully he acted pretty natural and by the end of dinner I wasn't thinking about him seeing me ass first in expensive lingerie and a butt plug. Not really at least.

Seth and Sarah went out for ice cream and I stayed home to clean up after dinner. I was still so embarrassed. The truth was that this wasn't the first time I had been seen in a compromising position like that. Josh and I had a stint where we both got off on other people watching us have sex. We were getting pretty wild right before I found out I was pregnant with Seth. It didn't bother me at all until I became a mother. I am not sure I would have felt so bothered by this except that it was my son that saw me. I was his mother and he needed to see me like that. Not as some middle aged woman wanting to fuck.

I thought about talking to Josh about it. Maybe this would give us a laugh and he would calm me down and then we could talk about being more wild. That is what bothered me. I wanted Josh and I to talk this out and to be on the same page. We usually did. Maybe this whole thing with Seth was a good way to broach the subject. Certainly better than

leading the conversation with, "Hey are you cheating on me?"

I laughed to myself. Josh would find this funny. Then I would be relieved to find out he isn't cheating, but just wanting to get back into some kink. Everything was going to be fine.

I glanced at my phone as a text came in from Josh: Still stuck here. Going to be much later.

Madison: No problem, Love. I have a funny story for you when you get home.

He gave that a thumbs up.

Madison: It involves some lingerie.

He didn't reply.

Josh has been so busy these days at work. His paycheck was reflecting it, so I wasn't complaining. But it was always hard to know what the balance of work and life and marriage and kids was supposed to be. I don't think anyone knows that.

I went upstairs and pulled out some of my toys. The house was empty and there was this tingle in the back of my mind. When I began to think about sex, it was almost impossible for me to stop. I needed to get off so I could clear my mind. I felt like I was approaching a door in myself that had been closed for a long time. I used to think about sex all the time.

I frowned as I thought about the look on Seth's face. It didn't put me out of the mood, it just made me feel awkward. "We are all adults now," I said, as if rehearsing an upcoming conversation with him. "I am an adult too, not just a mom," I mused as I grabbed my wand. This was my fourth wand. "Life time guarantee, my ass," I said with a laugh. I loved these things and I wore them out from fucking myself.

I got comfortable and turned it on. It felt like an old friend. I closed my eyes and thought of Josh. But my mind went quickly to the waiter from earlier. I liked the look in his eyes. "Yes, my sister and I talk about fucking," I whispered imagining I am saying it to him. The wand was on my clit and I tingled all over. I thought about the waiter pulling out his cock and stroking it. "That's it. Beat your cock for me," I said to him in my mind. A torrent of feeling flooded into me from somewhere. It felt good. I thought about the waiter jerking off in front of me. He kept staring at my tits.

I had been so wound tight for so long. I had not thought like this in a long time. It felt good. So good. I moved the wand

to a new angle. My mind drifted. It was just in a current of need and fantasy. I liked being a hot mom. I thought about one of Seth's friends, Brandon was his name. I caught him checking me out when I got back from the gym. I just wore my yoga pants and a tight black top. His young hungry eyes roved over me. "Do you like what you see?" I whispered, replaying the scene in my mind. I thought about letting him see me in my thong and sports bra. "Do you want to work me out?" I whispered.

My clit throbbed. "Oh fuck," I muttered. I needed this. I needed this badly. I rolled over, my face down on the bed and my ass up. I pushed up with one arm so my tights would hang, my nipples brushing the bed as I worked the wand over my clit. "That's it, look at mama's tits," I muttered to Brandon in my mind. I thought about being in this position for him. "Yes, mom's like to fuck," I moaned. "We love fucking young, shy men..." I muttered as I rocked back and forth.

I had a small orgasm and my body shuddered. But all that did is make me need more. I rolled back over, my eyes closed and I thought about more of Seth's friends. I liked that they wanted me. But as I indulged I knew there was something I wanted more. Something in their eyes. I kept rubbing my clit and turned my wand all the way up. The muffled vibration sound with my wetness filled the room. It felt so good. I was right there. I was right on the edge. I scrunched my eyes shut and kept imagining. Then suddenly Seth's face filled my

mind. His face as he looked at me earlier. I knew what I wanted at that moment. I knew it in my core and I saw it in his face. I loved being lusted after, but I needed love. I needed that look of love and desire. My son loved me.

"Cum on my tits," I whispered as I started to move my hips. "Cum on Mommy's tits." I pictured him stroking himself for me. One of my hands gripped my right breast as if I was presenting my nipple to him to cover in his load. My other hand moved the wand and I felt myself letting go. The coil inside me released and I imagined my son stroking his cock until he came all over my tits. In my mind's eye I fixated on his eyes: his deep lust and his intense love all culminating in his thick, warm cum spurting all over me. My hips gyrated and I groaned as my body shook with pleasure. "I'm cumming, I'm cumming baby!" I moaned.

I lay there as it washed over and through me. The release was indescribable. I just lay there and for the first time in a long time, I started to relax. I took a deep, cleansing breath and opened my eyes. "It's just a fantasy," I said as I realized what had finally made me cum. "It's not real."

I got cleaned up just in time to hear Seth and Sarah announce they were home. I went down stairs and smiled as Seth set a pint of ice cream down on the table. "I thought we could share it," he said to me.

"Yeah, mom," Sarah said. "It wasn't the same without you there."

She got some bowls and I smiled at my two kids. "You guys are sweet," I said. "Always thinking of your old mom."

"We never stop thinking about you," Seth said with a smile.

We held a look for a moment. "You are sweet," I said to him.

"Ok you two, enough with the mom and son cheesy moments," Sarah blurted. "Let's watch a movie. Something dad wouldn't mind missing out on."

I felt warm, calm and close to my son. I winked at him, like I always did and then we went over to the couch and sat with Sarah.

Chapter 4

I have always been a cuddling mom with Sarah and Seth. So sitting on the couch between them as they both leaned against me was nothing new, even though they were basically grown adults at this point. For the first time in a while I felt completely relaxed. I knew it had to do with the

release I had given myself and I set in my mind that indulging again like that was important, if anything for my own mental health. I found I laughed easier, was more attentive with Sarah and Seth and I also knew it would spill over to times with Josh.

As the three of us watched a movie together I was struck with just how much being a mom had taken over my life. A woman gives so much of herself to her children and her husband that she can lose any sense of herself in the process. Once again, this "false alarm" with Josh would likely lead to good things. My mind drifted to my husband talking dirty to me and fucking me. I knew in my heart that this was his way of wanting me back, back to the days before kids. I frowned at that thought. I loved my life now. I was going to show him that I was kinkier than ever. The problem with thinking like this is it put me right back in the mood. I resolved in my mind to fuck Jossh'ss brains out when he got home. That would show him. I smirked at the thought.

"I love this part," Sarah said with wide eyes as she watched the TV. She was so enthralled and enthusiastic.

Seth put his arm around me. I snuggled against him. Our weird encounter was obviously no big deal to him anymore. He likely just realized that I am his mother and an adult woman with needs. No talk was going to be necessary. I breathed easier.

"Usually you get scared at this part," He said to me.

I glanced at the TV and nodded. "Yeah you are right. I guess I just feel safe with my big, strong son next to me," I said in as sweet and maternal a voice as I could.

He smiled and squeezed me closer to him. It was not lost on me that I had made myself cum thinking about him. But, if I am honest, that wasn't the first time that had happened. I am no psychologist or whatever but I knew it was likely just the way he reminded me of Josh when Josh was younger. I told myself that at least. Otherwise the entire scenario was way too fucked up for me to handle and this put my mind at ease. Obviously I wasn't sexually attracted to my son and clearly when he saw me earlier today that was not an erotic experience for him. My heart skipped a beat as I remembered the awkward scene again. I couldn't imagine anything more horrifying for a son to walk in on: his mom on all fours in lingerie, a tiny thong and a butt plug. I cuddled against him at the thought of his shocked expression.

"Are you ok?" He asked me, his finger stroking my shoulder as he pulled me closer.

"I guess this part is a little scary," I lied. I didn't like thinking of my son being traumatized like that.

"Don't worry Mom," he said. "I am here."

"You two are too cute," Sarrah said as she looked back at us. "Mom, you are such a wuss. This movie is not that scary."

"Maybe I just like cuddling with you guys," I said with a smile. "And I pretend to be scared."

"Holy fuck!" Sarah yelped at the TV then pressed against us. Clearly she was scared by the movie as well.

I laughed and held her. Seth continued to stroke my shoulder with his finger.

The movie was over and we all decided to head up for bed. I said my good nights then retreated back to my room. I was a little worried about Josh. He was staying late more and more nights now. I knew it was all for us, but I needed him home too.

Madison: Are you coming home soon?

I sent the text then went into the bathroom to wash my face. I looked in the mirror and fiddled with my hair. I was blonde with just a hint of grey in one place. I frowned at that little spot.

"Too soon!" I said to myself.

My 36 D tits still had some perk in them. My bras worked harder than they used to, but I always got compliments on them. I pulled up the front of my shirt. I didn't have much pudge there, just the unavoidable mom tummy. But I wasn't self conscious and I took care of myself. I ate well, worked out, stayed limber with yoga and pilates. I turned to the side and laughed. My sweatpants did no favors for my legs or ass. I knew I had good, strong legs and butt was round and firm for the most part. I didn't look 18 any more, but I am not sure I looked my age either. Josh liked being behind me when we fucked, so clearly I still did it for him from that point of view.

"I wish he looked me in the eyes more," I muttered. I would tell him that.

I was horny again.

"Where are you, Josh?" I asked absently. I picked up my phone and smiled.

Josh: Just finishing up.

Madison: Good. I want my husband in bed with me. I'm in the mood.

I waited for him to reply. I decided, no lingerie, no kinky introductions. Not yet and I couldn't even let myself think about what happened earlier again.

Josh: I am really tired. Don't feel like you need to wait up for me.

I frowned. I almost typed something racy, but I decided not to push it. But hints were ok.

Madison: Ok. But the bed is so cold without you.

I could see that he read it, but he didn't reply. That was ok. It was late and I didn't want to put even more pressure on him.

I went down stairs to turn everything off and lock the doors. Then I went back upstairs and looked over toward Sarah's room. Her light was off and she was likely asleep. I saw Seth's door was slightly open, when the heater clicked on that would happen unless it was closed all the way. It looked like his desk light was on, so I walked over to say good night. Often he would fall asleep reading, so I would turn his light off, kiss him and close his door like I always did.

I approached his door quietly and I could hear him breathing or whispering or something and there was a slapping sound. My heart beat faster and I stood still for a moment. What was he doing? I knew what it sounded like. I knew I should leave it alone. If he was masturbating then he deserved his privacy. I was his mother, I didn't need to see that. I turned to sneak down the hallway and I heard him.

"You are so beautiful...Your ass, your tits, your face...ask me to cum...please ask me to fucking cum..." he groaned in a strained whisper.

My heart pounded in my chest. I had never heard him speak like that. I mean, of course he was a guy and he had urges. Of course. But I had never heard him like this. I was curious. What got my son off? I didn't know. He was handsome, to me of course. He had gone on dates, but to my knowledge he had never had an actual girlfriend.

I kept hearing the slapping. He was really going for it. I took a breath. I needed to give him his privacy.

"Ask for my cum...please...tell me to cum..." he muttered again.

I swallowed hard. Fuck it. I want to peek. I leaned in and looked into his room. His back was to the door, his shirt off and his pants were down to his thighs. His butt was cute and flexing along with his back muscles, while his right hand worried furiously. What was he looking at? His head was down, clearly looking at his desk, but his laptop was in his bag, I could see it and his phone was on his bed, so no porn.

He was holding something in his left hand as he leaned over in that hunched, jerking off pose that guys did when they stood up.

Then he said it and it all hit me at once. He was holding the framed picture of me and him at his high school graduation.

"I'm gonna cum for you, Mom," He grunted as he stroked himself furiously. "Please...I'm gonna cum all over you. Want me cum...wannt me please...fuck!"

He began groaning, flexing his hips in rhythm and I knew he was cumming on the picture. He grunted as he milked himself.

My throat went dry, my stomach dropped and I turned quickly and walked down the hallway as quietly as I could. I slid into my room and closed the door then climbed in bed. My hands were shaking. My heart pounded.

"What the actual fuck?" I muttered. My mind racing. "What the fuck?" I lay on the bed unsure how to process what I had just seen and heard.

Seth couldn't think of me like that. I am his mother. This didn't make any sense.

Part 2

Chapter 5

I woke up the next morning to the sound of Josh getting out of the shower. I rolled on my side and looked at the closed bathroom door. I had no idea when he came in last night. My head was foggy from sleep but still reeling from what I had witnessed with Seth. It didn't feel real. Was this something to talk to Josh about? Between the awkward scene with me in a compromised position and now this, I didn't feel like trying to parse it out with Josh. The whole thing was so embarrassing and fucked up.

I sat up and put my usual morning clothes on. I wanted to be sure Josh had breakfast ready before he left and that was a good way to move ahead like nothing had changed. The truth was that nothing had actually happened. Just a sudden look into my son's masturbation life and he into my more sexual side. Nothing had actually happened.

I told myself that and it did make me feel better. I can be just a "move forward" kind of person and I think now was the time to just move forward. Nothing happened that couldn't be ignored or written off to weird kinks or whatever. I knew I masturbated thinking about Seth and I also knew that nothing would ever actually happen. Things in the mind

could, with effort, stay in the mind. I tried to file this incident with Seth as just more "Mom knows" information like diapers and puberty and body odor.

Josh came out of the bathroom in a bit of a rush.

"Good morning babe," he said as he put on his belt.

"Hi, my working man," I said as I tried to shake all my conflicting thoughts out of my mind. "What time did you get home last night?"

"Late," he said. "I have this new project and it is sucking the life out of me."

"Can I suck the life out of you before you rush off?" I said in my best sultry voice.

He looked up at me with an odd look. "Now?" he said with almost a laugh.

"Yes," I said with a wink. "I waited for you all day yesterday." With plenty of weirdness I might add, I thought.

He frowned and said, "I thought you didn't like it in the morning."

I cocked my head and smiled, "Sweetie, I wanted to talk about that. I know I have been neglecting you and I want to remedy that." My hand slid down to his crotch.

"Really?" He asked, in an almost incredulous tone.

I nodded and unzipped his pants. I felt him stirring beneath his underwear. "Let me take care of you before you go. Please," I said to him as I pulled out his hardening dick.

His hand was in my hair and my mouth took in his dick. I loved taking my time with his cock, but I knew instantly he had other ideas. I looked up at him as he pushed his dick all the way into my mouth. He was getting harder and I sucked it like a straw. He grunted and gripped the hair on top of my head with one hand and his other hand under my chin. He had never held me like this before and he used his hands to move my head up and down on him.

I held his hips for balance and looked up at him as best as I could. His eyes were shut and he was breathing heavy.

"That's it...that's it...suck my cock," he muttered in a whisper. "That's it...like that..."

I shifted my weight trying to get comfortable, but the way he was handling me was so impersonal. I liked being handled some times but I needed more connection. I made a moan and looked up at him again. His eyes were screwed shut like he was concentrating very hard on something in his mind.

I am right here, I thought at him.

He grunted and moved my head fast. I almost fell over, but I held his hips.

"I'm gonna cum like this. I'm gonna cum," he moaned and his cock erupted in my mouth.

I swallowed him as best as I could and held him in my mouth until he was done. He pulled out of my mouth slowly and let out a deep breath. I swallowed the remainder and wiped my mouth, falling back to my heels. He looked down at me and smiled, but there was something in his eye. It was just a split second. But it was there. It was like he was just seeing me for the first time.

"I needed that, Mads," He said as he stepped back and put himself back in his pants. "Thank you for that."

I smiled at him and stood up. "I love you, Josh," I said to him, fixing his collar. "I am here for you, any time."

He smiled at me. "I know. I love you too. Now I need to go."

And he gave me a kiss on the cheek then left.

I spent some time cleaning myself up in the bathroom. There was a pit in my stomach and I felt unsettled. I looked in the mirror and asked, "What is wrong with me?" Josh and I were intimate. I mean I told him that I wanted to suck him, so what was the issue? I sighed. I remembered a friend of mine in college. She and I were always talking about sex. The difference between her and I was in one area: connection.

She loved to fuck and she loved men. She loved taking it from different guys and literally didn't care who it was as long as she thought they were hot. She told me stories about being with two and even three guys at once. It wasn't that I didn't think that was sexy. I did. But I wasn't an anonymous

sex person. I needed the connection, the intimacy and the chemistry. Josh and I had chemistry and that built a connection. It was backwards perhaps, but it worked for us.

But it felt different. It felt anonymous, like we were strangers using each other to get off. Only I wasn't getting off from this. The look in his eyes haunted me, like he was just realizing I was there after cumming in my mouth.

"What is going on with you?" I asked Josh absently as I looked in the mirror. "What is wrong with me?"

I wanted to feel wanted. Needed. Noticed and yearned for. I wanted lust that was laden with need and love. I didn't think that was unreasonable. But how to talk about this with Josh? I didn't know. He was under so much pressure with his job and providing for us. Was I being the selfish one?

I took a cleansing breath and decided to just get on with the day. It was still early, so Seth and Sarahh wouldn't be up yet. I left the room and started toward the stairs then stopped. I looked at Seth's door. It was closed now. I thought about what I had heard and seen. My heart beat faster. I wondered what he was doing.

"He is my sweet boy," I muttered, trying to push these weird urges away that were swirling inside me. I faced the stairs

but then turned back to his room. I needed to check on him. I was his mother afterall. This is what mothers do. Right?

I walked to his door and touched it. I could hear him inside. He was talking. I put my ear to the door.

"My cock is always so hard for you," he said.

My mouth went dry. He was masturbating again. I supposed that was the age. I needed to give him his privacy.

I heard him grunt and I could barely make out the slapping sound of his hand against himself. "You are so beautiful. You are so sexy to me,"he muttered.

I wondered who he was talking to. I thought about the picture from last night. My heart was pounding. My son was so sweet. He was so earnest. But surely he wasn't doing the same thing again. With all the access to pictures and porn and not to mention Sarah's hot friends that were his age. I knew some of the workings of a young man's mind. He had plenty to jerk off to. But I still couldn't pull away from the door. The urgency in his voice drew me. I was his mother. It was like I could feel his heart and it was desperate.

"I need to step away," I whispered to myself. "This is so weird. I need to give him his privacy."

I began to move away from the door.

"Mom, I am gonna cum for you. I am your good boy and I need to cum for you," His voice was forced out, like he was struggling. I didn't know what to do. My heart raced. My mouth was dry. My body tingled.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" he groaned through the door and I knew he was finishing. "Please...please want my cum. I love you so much, Mommy."

I almost went into the room. Hearing him want my attention and love like that caused a visceral reaction in me. My maternal instincts were taking over. Thankfully I stopped myself when I realized that I was shaking. This was not a normal cry out for attention and I couldn't go in there now. This whole thing was so weird.

I took a step back and realized that my body was tingling. Everywhere. I wanted Seth to know I loved him. He needed to know that; to feel that love. But not like this. This is not what moms and sons did.

I carefully stepped away from the door and went to the stairs. But I couldn't think straight. I was horny. That was the truth. So I went into my room, locked the door, got out my toys and fucked myself.

Chapter 6

The next several days had a similar morning routine: Josh and I would have sex. Each time would have an erotic intensity to it and at the same time I would feel disconnected from him almost completely. We had no eye contact, often Josh's eyes were screwed shut and he would drive his cock into my pussy or my mouth hard and fast and then he would be done. He would say something to me and then he would leave for work. Next, I would sneak over to Seth's room and the door would always be closed. Sometimes I would hear him masturbating. The steady slapping of his hand was a comfort or an intimate sound compared to what I felt with Josh.

Seth often spoke when he was beating off but I couldn't always hear what he said. I had to keep a watchful eye for Sarah unexpectedly walking out of her room each time and twice I had almost been "caught" by her as she burst out unexpectedly. Thankfully Sarah was not a morning person and she usually looked at me like I was a pest before wandering to the bathroom to get ready for the day.

When I did hear Seth he generally said the same sort of things: Confessing his love for me, promising to be a good boy and always asking me if he could cum. Hearing him like this conjured a swirl of emotions and physical responses in me. The longing in his voice made me want to go to him and to comfort him. This was so fully maternal. At the same time, it did spark an arousal in me that I had never experienced before. I felt it in my gut, my pussy and my heart. It was as if I had a similar longing that he did: A need for deep connection mixed with an insatiable need to cum.

I would spend the next few minutes to an hour in my room using my toys. It was amazing to me how hard I would climax playing the words of my son in my mind in comparison to the actual sessions I was having with Josh. I was highly orgasmic and I found I wasn't having any with my husband anymore, or small ones that were all physiological and yet when I was alone with my wand or dildos or vibrator I was cumming so hard and more than once. The issue was that instead of satisfying my appetite, these sessions seemed to just make me need more. Tiny things would set me off, whether a comment from Jen over text or a show I watched or worse a hug from my son and then his simple, "I love you, Mom." These would send me into a mental and physical spiral that had to end with me in my room fucking myself. My pussy was so hungry. I would get on my knees in the bathroom, use my suction cup dildo and ride it while I held my tits. My tits were always so sensitive anyway but now they needed attention. They

needed to be handled. I would lick and suck my own nipples as best as I could. But it just made me hornier.

I thought I was a horn ball before, but this was all completely different. Something had been unlocked or opened inside of me and I had no way of stopping now. I wondered if this is what an addiction was like. Historically, I had no patience or understanding for people dealing with addiction and now I felt like I could fully appreciate how hard it was to do anything else.

I went to the cafe to meet Jen and I arrived early. As fate would have it, the same young man from the other week was there. He was cute with shaggy young man hair, blue eyes and a big smile. He gave me a knowing look as he greeted me. I was cordial and probably a little awkward but I dismissed him quickly when I explained that I was waiting for Jen. He didn't linger, which was good, but I caught him looking at me. My mind raced and I inadvertently pushed my chest out a little as I interlaced my fingers on the table and waited.

"Shit," I muttered as I felt warmth in my body. "What is wrong with me?"

I had a sudden image flood through my mind: I pictured myself pulling my shirt up and my bra down, then gripping

my left tit so he could suck it. I could see his cheeks concave as he sucked my nipple, his eyes fixed on mine. "That's it, suck Mommy's nipple. That's it honey, suck it..." I could see his desire.

"Fuck," I muttered as my pulse quickened. I looked up to see Jen walking in through the entryway. I smiled at her as she sat down.

"Hey Maddy," she said as she got situated.

"Hey," I said, almost croaking. "I..need to pee. I will be right back," I said, getting up quickly.

"Sure thing," she said as she looked at her phone.

I ignored everything and made it to the bathroom and then into the stall as if I was sick. I sat on the toilet and took a deep breath. Without hesitating I yanked my pants and panties down and began to rub my clit with two fingers. Immediate pleasure and warmth ran up my torso and down my legs. It felt so good that I gasped. With my other hand I slid it up my shirt and grabbed my nipple from my bra. I bit my lip so I didn't groan. I worked my hands like that for a bit and it didn't take long. I tugged my nipple with my forefinger and thumb and kept working my clit. I pictured the waiter in my mind, but quickly he shifted into Seth. I pictured my son

sucking my nipple and I worked my hands in perfect simulation. It felt so good.

Then I came. I let out a long breath and whispered, "I love you too, baby. Mommy loves you too."

"Was everything ok in there?" Jen asked me with a smirk. "The way you got up made me wonder if you ate some bad eggs or if you are on a cleanse that I don't know about."

I smiled and gave a chuckle. "Yes, I am fine and this is not a cleanse week," I replied, thankful that my body had completely calmed down.

"Did you notice who our waiter was?" Jen asked conspiratorially.

"Yes, I did and I am ignoring him," I lied.

"Well he is cute," Jen said, peeking over at him.

"Stop, we are two, old married women," I replied with a laugh

"We are hot," Jen said. "I mean Carter told me that his friends saw us on Instagram and told him that we are full-on Milfs."

I laughed. "Well I guess that proves it."

"Don't tell me you don't think about that," Jen said thoughtfully.

"Think about what?" I asked.

"I don't know, like, being the hot mom," Jen said with a laugh. "Like the one your son's friends drool over."

I laughed. I knew exactly what she was saying.

"I mean, I tend to look hot when some of Carter's friends are over. Low cut shirts, my cute yoga pants," she said. "I guess I like the idea of the horny teenagers looking at me with those hungry eyes."

I laughed again. I did the same thing. "You are terrible!" I said. Though now I just tried to look cute around the house.

I thought I did it for Josh, but was I doing it for Seth? Pause. Delete that thought.

"So things with Josh haven't gotten better?" Jen asked after carrying on about being a hot mom for another five minutes.

I sighed. "Not really," I said. "I am not sure what I think about it. Our sex is just, empty. I mean it's fun, most of the time. But it feels empty."

"Ok so you might hate this, but I was talking to Laura about your situation," Jeen said.

"What the fuck, Jen?" I said. "I don't need your twenty year old daughter knowing about my struggles with Josh--her aunt and uncle by the way!"

"Stop! Laura is amazing. You are welcome, by the way, for raising such a strong young woman to be a good influence on your kids. I tell her everything. Just like you. You should try it with Sarah," Jen said.

I took a deep breath. There was too much to reply to there. "Ok and what did she say?"

"She said that she would make a fake account on some of the apps then search for men between 42 and 48," Jen said.

"Why would she do this?" I asked.

"Madison, she would do this to see if Josh is on any of the apps. You know, trying to hook up with girls," Jen said.

I opened my mouth to reply at how dumb that was but I stopped myself. I almost never looked at Josh's phone and I wasn't even sure if I knew his password. "I don't think he is cheating on me," I said weakly.

"I know sweetie, but this is just an easy way to put a feeler out there," Jen said.

I made some protests but I had a feeling that Laura was already doing this and Jen was just asking for permission after the fact. Jen always did that and I envied her for it if I was honest. So I finally gave in.

"Promise me that Laura won't contact him if she does find him," I said. "I want to see his profile or whatever it is called now.

"Of course," Jen said. "Now let's see if we can give that cute waiter another boner."

Chapter 7

Slap, slap, slap, slap...

I stood next to the bathroom door listening to Seth masturbating. My maternal sense could see it in his face and mannerisms when he was needing to beat off. Earlier I had made lunch and Sarah and I were chatting about going shopping. Seth was in the kitchen, away from the table but well within earshot while Sarah and I talked about getting new swimsuits for an upcoming trip to the beach.

I mentioned that I needed to get some underwear. Sarah had no filter as usual and talked about us both needing to get some thongs to work with the dresses we had just purchased. I didn't think much about it as Sarah and I always talked about clothes, outfits and whatever else. Then Seth walked in and I could see his face was a bit red and he had a rigidity to his movements. Sarah shifted the conversation away from our unmentionables and we chatted about the beach. Seth just ate and listened like he always did, but I could tell he was bothered.

I was hit with a sudden cognitive dissonance in that my maternal side didn't like my son feeling uncomfortable, at the same time I also really liked that he was getting aroused from hearing about this. Sarah got up and left to go to a friend's house while Seth and I stayed at the table. I looked at my son. He was red faced and visibly sweating.

"Are you ok, honey?" I asked him.

He looked at me and smiled. "Yeah, I am fine. It is just hot in here I guess."

"Hmm," I said and then touched his forehead with my hand. He was almost twenty but I still did things like this. "You don't feel warm. Just a bit sweaty."

He nodded, his eyes fixed on mine. Then he looked away. "Can I ask you something, Mom?"

"Of course," I replied, my curiosity growing.

"Do you remember when I walked in on you a couple weeks ago?" He asked.

How could I forget? "Um, what do you mean? Which time?" I asked in feigned nonchalantness.

He shifted uncomfortably. I hated seeing him like this. Yet there was also something I loved about it. "You know, when I saw you on the bed and wearing, um, you know?"

I smiled and took a deep breath. My heart was pounding but I tried to look poised and cool. I was his mother. This was just another open conversation. "Oh yes, sweetie, I remember that. You really startled me that time," I said unsure which direction to take the conversation. "I'm sorry you had to see me like that."

"I'm not," he blurted.

I raised an eyebrow.

"I mean," he backpedaled. "I know you are a woman, I am not a child and I know you and Dad still, you know, have sex."

I nodded. "So, what is your question then?" I asked. I fixed my motherly gaze on him. When I looked at him like this he always told me the truth.

"Do you always wear stuff like that?" He asked timidly.

"Obviously not around the house," I said with a laugh. "But in the bedroom, yes I liked to."

He swallowed hard. "Is it because Dad likes that stuff?"

I looked at him thoughtfully then said, "Honestly, I am not sure he cares that much anymore about it. But I like it. It makes me feel pretty." I wanted to say the word "sexy" but that seemed inappropriate to say to my son.

He looked at me intensely for a long moment. Then he said,"You looked really pretty."

I smiled at him. "You are very sweet to say that. I am sorry again that you saw it the way you did. It must have been a shock to see your old mom like that."

He swallowed dryly then replied,"Mom, you are so beautiful. I am not sorry I saw you like that. You looked amazing."

I laughed a bit awkwardly. My heart pounded. I crossed my legs and then recrossed them. "Well you are sweet. I am glad it didn't bother you and that we can talk about it. I was

worried it would make things awkward between us, if I am honest."

He took a deep breath. "Mom, I don't want anything to ever be awkward between us."

He was so earnest, so sweet and he looked at me with pure love. I touched his hand and squeezed it. "I don't want that either."

He held my hand as I tried to pull away, so I kept it there. "Can you make me a promise?" He asked.

I nodded and said, "Always and every time."

"Can things never be awkward between us?" He asked.

"I promise to never be awkward around you, baby," I said and squeezed his hand again. "Now I need to get ready to go if I am going to meet your sister and her friend to go shopping. What is her friend's name again? I can't keep track."

"Vanessa," Seth said with a smile.

"Oh right," I nodded. "Shit," I muttered then said, "I am going to feel like an old mom with those two. Nothing like looking your age when you are with two perfect bodied eighteen year old girls."

Seth laughed. I had never said anything like this to him before. But let's be honest, I was compliment fishing.

"Mom you are way prettier than those two," Seth said in a serious tone.

"You are trouble and a flatterer," I said with a laugh and let go of his hand as I stood up. "But don't stop. I like it."

He smiled at me. "Mom?" he asked.

"What is it?" I answered with a smile. He was so cute and earnest right now.

"Are you going to buy some, um, sexy underwear today?" He asked.

I smiled. Then said, "Probably." Then on an impulse I added, "The last thing a girl wants is an obvious panty line when wearing a cute dress. I work hard to keep this mom-butt in

check, so I need to make sure it looks good." I turned around for him playfully.

He blushed and smiled. "Can you send me a picture when you are trying on something pretty or sexy?" He asked.

My heart skipped a beat. "I am not sure that's appropriate, sweetie. I am your mother."

"Please, I mean I have already seen you once and you promised not to make things awkward," he said with a bit more confidence.

I had sent multiple racy pictures to Josh and usually just got emojis. But what was I thinking? I couldn't send something to Seth. This was getting weird.

"Please, Mom," He said again and gave me his best puppy dog eyes.

"How can I resist?" I said, regretting it as I said it. But my heart was pounding. "As long as you give me your honest opinion," I added.

He nodded. I could tell he was rock hard. He had that look in his eye. I held his gaze for another moment, then turned and walked away. I could feel his gaze on me. I may have swayed my hips a bit more. I probably did.

A few minutes later I heard the bathroom door close and so I went over and that's when I heard it: The slapping of his hand against himself. I leaned against the wall and just listened. My mind went all over the place. In an instant I was ashamed, aroused, embarrassed, curious and maternal all at once. My heart beat quickly. I knew over the past few days that he was looking at me differently. Or maybe I was noticing. I don't know. But this was the first time that I knew for certain that he was masturbating because of something I had said or done.

I wanted to feel ashamed or embarrassed about that. But, truthfully, I wasn't. As I listened to my son make himself cum, I could hear him grunting and groaning. Then, through the door I heard him mutter, "I am cumming for you Mommy. I am cumming."

I was extremely aroused. I immediately went to my room and fucked myself before getting ready to leave to meet my daughter and her friend.

Chapter 8

I loved shopping with Sarah and her friends. Sarah was great at making me feel like a "cool mom" and as much as I hated to admit it, I couldn't make myself cool, my kids had to assist. Sarah loved having me go with her because I often paid for most of it, which I was happy to do for the most part. Was she using me? Probably, but I also knew she liked our relationship and she also liked to show off our relationship in front of her friends. Or something. Eighteen year old girls are complicated.

After making myself climax twice before going out, I had a surprisingly clear head and I didn't think about Seth at all, or at least not any differently. That was the weird thing. I knew he had this fixation on me right now and, if I am very honest, I enjoyed it to the point of getting off on it a bit but I didn't think of him as anything more or differently than my son. I loved him deeply and dearly. But he was always my son, not some lustful thing. It felt weird to think about him in any other respect.

I met Sarah and her friend, Vanessa, at a clothing boutique near the mall and we chatted and tried on dresses. Our goal was to find some cute swim suit cover ups for our trip, but as is always the case, we got distracted by pretty dresses and some cute pants.

"Mom, your legs look great in those," Sarah commented as I showed her the pants I found. "They hug your butt really nicely."

I smiled and turned around for her. "You aren't just saying that so I will buy you that hat and those shorts?" I asked with a laugh.

"Ms. Smith, she is right," Vanessa said, somehow looking up from her phone. "You look cute in those. I hope I look like you when I get old."

I ignored the "old" comment and went into the dressing room to change. Vanessa was one of my daughter's "too pretty" friends. She was one of the first of Sarah's friends to really grow into her body. She had long legs and what I called "torpedo tits" that just jutted out in your face. She was dumb as a rock but Sarah liked shopping with her because she did have good taste. I wondered why Sarah was friends with Vanessa or other girls that couldn't keep up with her mentally.

My phone vibrated with a new text.

Seth: Hey mom.

Me: Hi honey. What's up?

Seth: How is shopping?

Me: It's going just fine. What are you doing?

Seth: My class was cancelled today. My professor is sick or something. So I am at home.

Me: Lucky you I guess. Are you looking for food?

Seth: No. I can feed myself. I was just wondering if you found anything pretty at the store that you wanted to show me.

He was too cute. I also knew that he could barely feed himself. But I didn't want to ruin his confidence in this new found skill.

Me: I found some cute pants and a skirt.

Seth: Can I see them?

I looked at my phone. My heart was beating fast again. He did ask me to send him pictures. I decided not to think too much about it. I put on the pants, took a couple selfies and then changed into the skirt and did the same. Then I sent them.

Me: Here they are. Not too exciting.

There was a very long pause. I decided to change back into my other clothes and not wait for a reply. I wondered if he was let down that they weren't racy or something. But I wasn't going to send my son something like that. As I said, I didn't think of him any differently. After I got dressed I looked in the changing room mirror and fixed my hair, adjusted my bra and pushed my tits up. "Stupid Vanessa and those tits," I muttered. I turned to the side and smiled. I had a nice rack, even if I was "old." "It takes work," I whispered as I looked at myself one last time.

My phone vibrated.

Seth: Wow, Mom. You are so beautiful. Like really beautiful.

Me: You are sweet. This sounds like flattery, what are you after?

Seth: I am being serious! Dad is so lucky to have you. He is so lucky to be able to have...sex with you.

My face reddened a bit. The thought of Josh being lucky made me smile, I wish I felt like Josh felt that way. Our sex was still fast and furious, but even more mechanical than ever.

Me: Thank you.

I put my phone in my purse and walked to the counter to meet the girls. I felt more texts come in but I ignored them. The mention of Josh and sex had put a bit of a damper on my mood and I wasn't going to let that get me down.

We went to lunch and I sat at the table while the girls were in the bathroom. Vanessa still had to be with a friend when she went to the bathroom. Sarah always rolled her eyes about it. "Don't have stupid, pretty friends if it bothers you," I said under my breath as I watched them walk away.

I took out my phone. Seth had texted me three times.

Seth: He is really lucky to have sex with you.

Seth: Sorry if that was awkward to say. I just meant that you are more than beautiful. You are sexy too.

Seth: Are you there?

Me: I am here, sweetie. I am just at lunch with your sister. Thank you for the compliment, it wasn't awkward for you to say to me. I just couldn't reply.

Seth: Ok. I think I am being needy right now or something.

Me: Lol. I think you are bored. You need to go to class. I should call the school and tell them to get a substitute.

Seth: I am not bored. I have another problem.

Me: What's that?

Seth: I am so horny.

I held my fingers over my phone and paused. I swallowed dryly and my heart skipped a beat. I thought for a moment, decided that this wasn't going to be awkward. He was my son.

Me: That sounds like a problem!

Seth: It is. I can't think about anything else.

Me: What are you thinking about that is making you horny?

He paused for a moment. I could see that he was typing, but it was taking a while. My hands were shaking. I looked up and saw that Sarah and Vanessa were still in the bathroom.

Seth: I am horny because of the pictures you sent me. I keep looking at them.

My heart pounded when I read that. I pictured him in his room, pants down with his cock in his hand. I glanced up and saw they were still gone.

Me: You really liked them?

Seth: Yes, Mom. You are so sexy and I love that you took them for me.

I smiled. I crossed my legs and then crossed them again. I took a deep breath.

Me: Did they give you an erection?

The problem with texts is once you send them, they are gone. Part of me couldn't believe that I had just sent that, on the other hand I absolutely wanted to know the answer.

Seth: Yes.

Me: Show me.

Seth: Really?

Me: Yes.

I looked up and saw the girls returning from the bathroom. I took a deep breath then sent a quick text.

Me: Lunch is starting so I can't reply for a bit. Please do what I ask and show me. Mommy wants to see it.

I put my phone away as the girls sat down. I smiled at them and did everything I could to slow down my racing heart.

Part 3

Chapter 9

I sat on the toilet in the stall in Victoria's Secret. The girls wanted to go there before we went home, so I lied and said I had to use the restroom. My heart was pounding, my hands were sweating and I just couldn't wait anymore. After I had sent that text to Seth, I didn't have a chance to really look at my phone. I took glances as I received notifications but I didn't want to risk opening something with anyone around to see it. I knew this was venturing into territory that could be classified as weird, but I pushed that away. It was too late. Now that I had sent it, I wanted to see how he would reply.

I went through my other texts first.

Josh: How is shopping with the girls? I need to talk about the trip when you get home by the way. I might have to work.

Me: Shopping is great. What happened? You never had to give up PTO before.

My mind raced but I honestly couldn't focus on what Josh was telling me. I was too excited. I had another text from Jen.

Jen: Laura may have found something on the apps. Not totally sure, let's meet up so I can show you.

Me: What?! Really? Let's meet tomorrow morning before we go to the beach.

Jen gave me a quick thumbs up. I received another text from Josh.

Josh: Let's talk when you get home. It is no big deal, it might be a good thing! Don't worry.

I gave him a thumbs up and then looked down at Seth's texts. I had four unopened messages. I took a deep breath. I gave Josh a thumbs up and took another breath.

"This is weird," I whispered. But that wasn't right. I was nervous. Excited. I felt like a young woman again. It didn't matter that it was about my son. Was it weird?

I tapped the first message and smiled. It was of Seth from the waist down in his boxer briefs. I had just washed those yesterday. I could see the outline of his bulge. He was my beautiful boy. I sent him a heart. I opened the next one and gasped. His underwear was pulled down and he was gripping his erect penis. I looked at it and zoomed in on the picture. I wasn't a cock picture woman. Like I didn't hate looking at them, but I wasn't insanely turned on by them either. I used to laugh when Josh sent me pictures like this and it used to be our inside joke.

But this was different. There was something sweet and sexy about it. Like he was trying to show me himself or trying to show off for me. But not in an annoying way. Seth was too sweet. He was earnest. He did not have a huge dick, just an average one that was perfectly straight and beautiful. He was my son. I sent him another heart.

The next message was a text:

Seth: I hope this is ok to send you. Mom, this is how I feel about you. I can't help it.

I sent him another heart to his message. I didn't have much more time to hide in this stall before the girls would start to wonder if I was having stomach issues.

I opened the last message and it was a video. It took a bit to load and I felt like my heart was going to fly out of my chest. I was nervous. I was damp. I was shaking and turned on. I was going to have to test the endurance on my toy when I got home. I wasn't going to be able to think straight until I did.

I gasped when the video loaded and began to play. Seth had set up his phone on the floor in his room and he was kneeling in front of it, slowly stroking his erect penis. His shirt was pulled up and he held it under his chin. At the same time his underwear was off and he looked down at the camera on his phone as he stroked himself slowly. His hand moved easily and naturally along his shaft. His ball sack was tight against him and slightly jiggled as he moved his hand. In a way he reminded me of his father, they had a distinct likeness. But as I kept watching him I saw that Seth was different from his father.

He had a gentle, sweet look and he had a longing look in his eyes. His mouth was partially open and he was breathing slowly as he stroked. He wasn't trying to orgasm, he was showing me himself. I watched him and felt my lips curl into a subtle smile. I was filled with emotions and sensations--flooded actually. I felt proud of him for showing himself to me like this, at the same time I wanted to comfort him, the look in his eyes was so intense, and at the same time I wanted to tell him I loved him and that I saw him completely. My maternal instincts were on over drive in a way that I had

never felt before. I responded physically. My breasts tightened and my nipples were hard, I wanted to squeeze them. But now I was no longer damp. I was very wet. This was one of the most erotic, beautiful and sensual things that I had ever seen. Then the video was over.

Me: Thank you for sending these, sweetheart.

Seth: It is all for you, Mom.

Me: I love that. Thank you.

Seth: I am so glad you like them.

Me: Are you still in your room?

Seth: Yes.

Me: What are you doing?

Seth: Still just sitting in here. Touching myself and looking at the pictures you sent me.

My hands were shaking. I had to go back to shopping. But I wasn't done yet.

Me: Did you finish after you texted me earlier?

There was a pause. I tapped my foot impatiently. Sarah was going to think lunch did not sit well with me. Whatever, she and Torpedo Tits can wait.

Seth: No Mom. I didn't.

Me: Why not?

Seth: I wasn't sure how you would feel about it if I did. Do you want me to?

Me: We promised not to be awkward. I would not be upset or embarrassed or anything if you decided to finish. Ok?

Seth: Ok Mom. Do you want me to now?

I took a deep breath. I typed something then deleted it. I typed something else then deleted it.

Me: No. Not yet.

I took a deep breath, pulled my shirt up and took a picture of my tits. They were hard and snug in my bra. I was so aroused. I sent him the picture.

Seth: Mom, you are so beautiful.

I smiled.

Me: Do you think you can finish while looking at that picture?

Seth: Yes Mom.

He started typing again.

Seth: Can you send me one more with your face in it too? I want to look into your eyes when I finish.

My heart skipped a beat. I felt a small tear form at the corner of my left eye. My sweet boy. I hesitated.

Seth: Please, Mom.

It took some doing but I managed one. It wasn't the most flattering. But I sent it.

Seth: Thank you, Mommy. You are perfect. Can I finish now?

Me: Yes, sweetie. Send me the video. I want to see you.

Seth: Ok, Mom.

Me: I will be busy with your sister for a bit so don't worry if I don't respond quickly.

Seth: Ok. I love you, Mom.

Me: I love you too, baby.

I put my phone away, wiped my cheeks, which were damp from tears. My heart swelled. My body was on fire. I took a deep breath and further composed myself as best as I could and then left the stall.

Chapter 10

The rest of the afternoon was a bit of a blur. We did some underwear shopping which inevitably led to new swimsuit shopping. I found myself looking over lingerie sets and I felt a bit embarrassed when I was holding up a garter set and Sarah found me. She simply smirked and said that they were going to grab a coffee.

I told her I would meet them there and then went back to look at underwear. I picked out a few things that I needed then wandered back to the lingerie. I loved lingerie. Not the cheap stuff that held out my tits and only to be worn for five seconds before it was taken off. I liked lingerie that was meant to be worn. There was something extremely sexy about it that I couldn't explain. Part of it was that I liked to be looked at. I liked things that were explicitly designed to look sexy and I liked feeling sexy. I lingered over the garter set and the matching corset and thong. I had several outfits like this, but I wanted this one too.

Normally I would feel guilty for spending a lot of money on something like this. Especially when it was clear that Josh didn't care that much as long as he could fuck me quickly in it. I glanced at my phone to check the time and realized I had three messages from Seth. I couldn't watch the video here. I opened the notification and saw two videos and a text.

Seth: I love doing this for you. I feel close to you.

A smile formed on my lips. I sent him and heart and then:

Me: I want you to send me these whenever you want to ok? I haven't watched the videos yet, but I can't wait.

I put my phone away and took two of the lingerie sets and bought them. I met Sarah and Vanessa at the coffee shop. We chatted idly and then Vanessa announced that she needed to get home. We said our goodbyes and then Sarah and I continued to sit at the table at the shop.

"Well, this was fun," I said looking at my daughter.

Sarah nodded, "Yeah it was. Thanks for buying all this stuff."

I laughed glancing down at the several bags of clothes and accessories. "No problem. I consider this to be the tax I have to pay to spend an afternoon with my daughter."

Sarah chuckled. She added, "I am excited to get to the beach tomorrow. What time are we leaving?"

"It's a three hour drive and I would like to make the most of the weekend. So probable around 7 am if you and Seth can get out of bed that early," I said.

She smiled. "I can do it. I am an adult now."

"Don't say that," I said as I touched her forearm. "I am not ready for you to be an adult. Same with your brother."

She tilted her head to the side. "Mom, it is inevitable."

I sighed. She was right.

"So were you buying that little sexy number to surprise Dad later?" She asked.

I laughed. "That is our business," I said in an effort to stall.

"I am an adult. We can talk like women, right?" She said.

"I suppose you are and yes we can. We can talk about anything, sweetie. You know that," I replied. I thought about Seth. Well almost anything.

"Well I just want to say that I am happy you and Dad still do it. I know lot's of parents don't," She said then added,"Plus

Dad has been so busy lately I am glad you guys find the time."

I looked at her. Sarah said only a fraction of what she thought and saw. "He has been busy lately."

She nodded. "Yeah I asked him about it and he just gave me the usual 'Work is crazy right now' speech. But this time feels different to me." She leaned a bit forward thoughtfully. Her cleavage was on full display as she looked at her coffee cup. She looked like a thoughtful and beautiful young woman. I was so proud to be her mom. "So I am proud that whatever is going on with him isn't getting in the way of you two being together."

I smiled even though the opposite was happening. Things were not the same with Josh. "Marriage is complicated," I said to her. "But you have to work at it and you have to keep looking for new ways to connect." I supposed that sounded good.

Sarah looked at me, smiled but said nothing. She glanced past me then rolled her eyes.

I looked back and saw two young men pretending not to be looking at us. Both of them were cute in a sort of nerdy way.

"You are learning the cost," I said to her.

"The cost?" She asked.

I nodded. "The cost of being beautiful. Most women don't understand this and they hold onto some kind of misguided feminist idea that men are pigs for looking at them, as if the problem with men is they don't act like women. It is a way bigger issue with young people right now, I think."

Sarah looked at me with a puzzled expression, "So what is the cost?"

"You are a pretty girl, Sarah. More than that you have a great body. Stop looking at me like that, I am your mother, I was looking at lingerie, I do notice things. Many girls want to look like you, but what no one thinks about is: being so pretty means guys are going to notice you. You aren't pretty in a vacuum. Part of being pretty is knowing that two random guys are going to be looking at your cleavage. Should they be more subtle? Probably. But you can't be upset when it happens. We don't get to be noticed on our terms. That is the lie right now that girls seem to be believing. That all men are pigs unless we don't want them to be."

Sarah laughed. "I get that I guess. But sometimes I just want to feel pretty and not like an object you know?"

I nodded. I understood that more than she knew. "I am so glad you said that. It is important to want to be respected. You should expect that from the man you want to be with." I thought about the last time Josh and I were together. His hands on my head, his eyes closed as he fucked my mouth. It's like we were two people participating in an activity together as strangers. I liked having my mouth fucked. I really liked it. But I needed to feel a connection. I needed something deeper for that to get me off. I felt like my husband was using my mouth to masturbate.

"So I haven't asked you in a while," I said, pushing my own issues aside. "Is there anyone special these days? I haven't heard you talk about anyone."

Sarah looked at me thoughtfully. "There might be. But I am not sure."

"What do you mean?" I asked, a sudden, but slight tinge of maternal alarm.

"It's...complicated, Mom," she replied easily with a smile. "I will talk about it when I am ready."

"Ok sweetheart," I said, unsure what to make of this. Sarah usually told me about any guy she liked. But this was different. I didn't say anything more about it.

"Honestly I worry about Seth," Sarah said.

The mention of his name made my heart jump. The texts from him felt like a weight in my purse. I hadn't thought about them for a few minutes and now my mind raced. "What about Seth?"

"Mom, he is twenty," Sarah said. "No girlfriend and he is still just a bit awkward. I know you see him through your 'mom lens' but he is a bit immature."

I thought about my son. She was right. He was always a bit shy and awkward in crowds. The kind of kid that was shy outside but more comfortable at home. But I was seeing this other side of him now. Obviously, I wasn't going to tell Sarah about any of this. "He is just a slow starter," I said in my maternal voice. "But college has been good for him. You'll see."

Sarah laughed, "That is such a mom thing to say. So Vanessa, for some reason, thinks he is cute. I think she is going to make a move on him. I mean I didn't tell her not to."

I frowned. I did not like the idea of Torpedo Tits moving in on Seth. "I am not sure I like that," I said.

"Oh Mom, it's fine. Vanessa is harmless. She is hot too. It would get him out of his shell right? He needs a girl like her," Sarah said with a laugh.

I sighed. I did not like this at all. Vanessa was dumb and just tits and ass. What Seth needed was, well, his mother. Not some tramp with aspirations of being on instagram giving life lessons while shaking her ass. "Well, I am not going to stop it. He is an adult and it is up to him. But Vanessa might not be right for him," I said, trying to sound nonchalant.

"Oh she isn't right for him," Sarah laughed. "But she is good to get him some experience."

I shook my head. "Well thanks for telling me about it," I managed.

"Yeah she was obsessing about it earlier. Vanessa gets like that. Seth doesn't really pay attention to her, and that makes

Vanessa want him I think. She is pathetic like that," Sarah said.

We chatted a bit longer but I had this growing pit in my stomach. I managed to escape to the restroom. As soon as I was in the stall I pulled out my phone. I had two more messages from Seth. I ignored everything else and clicked on them.

The first video was Seth on his knees again. The phone was propped up somehow and he had his shirt under his chin again. He was looking at the phone and stroking his cock fast. I could hear the familiar slapping sound of his hand against himself. He pumped his dick and looked down at the phone. The expression on his face was of longing and lust. I assumed he had the picture I had sent him up and he was looking at it. The way he stroked himself was almost intoxicating for me to see. It was like he was showing off for me, he wanted me to see him and to approve of him. It was like he was jumping off a diving board or running really fast only here he was stroking his cock for me.

"I am gonna cum for you, Mom," he said in a low voice. "I am going to cum for you. Mommy, I am cumming. I am cumming!" His hand moved fast and his cock throbbed. He moaned in pleasure as cum spurted from him. He pumped it out of himself and groaned. Hi hand moved in long, slower strokes as the thick, white load spilled and sprayed from

him. As he milked the rest out of himself he whispered, "This is for you. This is for you."

I watched. My heart was beating fast and my mouth was dry. He looked so handsome, strong and vulnerable. I watched, my eyes fixed to the screen until he was done.

I hearted the video then watched the next one. He had sent it just a few seconds after the first. He held the phone up in front of his face.

"I love you, Mom," He said. "I wanted to say it and not just text it."

I smiled as I watched him. He was so sweet.

The next message was a text.

Seth: Any idea when you will be home?

The last message was sent just a few minutes ago. It was a video. The phone was sitting between his legs, much closer to him and his balls were visible, he was stroking his dick again. His balls were in a tight sack and his hand moved up

and down on his cock as it was pointed up. The angle has his unit front and center and I could hear him groaning.

"I am hard for you again, Mom," He said in a strained whisper. "I keep looking at the pictures you sent. I am so hard for you again."

I watched as he continued to stroke himself. I liked looking at him from this angle. It felt intimate. I could see his pubic hair and his tight nutsack was on full display as his right hand worked his erection. Once again I felt this deep maternal longing for him as he was showing himself to me.

The video ended and I sat on the toilet breathing heavily. I didn't understand what I was feeling. I knew this wasn't what moms and sons did. I knew this was, in every way, strange, taboo and wrong. At the same time I felt like this was the most natural thing in the world. Like this is what moms and sons should be doing. I knew he masturbated. Was it so weird that he was showing me? My heart pounded in my chest. I was nervous, anxious, horny and emotional. I sent him a text.

Me: Seth, I love these videos. I love you so much, sweetie. I am so proud of you.

Seth: When are you coming home?

Me: Soon. Sarah and I are wrapping up.

Seth: Ok. Dad just got home.

I put the phone down. Flushed the toilet as if I had used it then went out to meet Sarah. We got our things and headed home.

Chapter 11

As I pulled into the garage I was suddenly nervous. I wondered if things would be different when I saw Seth. So much happened today over the phone that I didn't think about what it would be like to see him now. I promised him that things would not be awkward. I was his mother and that never changed. He was still my son and nothing had to change. I knew he loved me, he was always affectionate, so this really wasn't that different than before. Was it?

Sarah hopped out of the car and ran inside, anxious to pack her new clothes. She was like me and liked to have things organized first, so she could enjoy the rest of the night. I got out and sent a quick text to Jen.

Me: We are leaving early tomorrow, so I am not sure if I have time to meet.

Jen: I think it's worth the time. Get up early and let's get coffee.

It felt like she had found something. I hadn't thought much about it today and I liked that. Was this whole thing with Seth just a distraction? Maybe it was.

Me: Ok. Let's do 6 am.

Jen gave me the thumbs up. I grabbed my things and went into the house. Seth was on the couch watching TV and Josh was in the kitchen leaning against the island, drinking a beer and watching the TV too. It looked like a football game.

He looked at me and smiled. He looked tired. "Hi honey," he said.

"Hey babe," I said and I walked over and gave him a kiss. I glanced at Seth and we made eye contact. I smiled at him like I always did and I was relieved that nothing felt different at all.

The three of us made small talk and then I went upstairs to put my purchases away. The suitcase was pulled out with

nothing in it even though I had asked Josh to lay out what he wanted to bring. I sighed. I walked down the hall and saw that Seth was already packed and I smiled. He was so sweet.

I went back to my room to find Josh there, sitting on the bed. He looked pensive.

"Hey, so what's up?" I asked, trying to act casual.

He looked up at me with an oddly nervous expression. "Well, I need to work this weekend. There is this project that got a bit out of hand and so they want me to step in and help fix it. There is an all day work session tomorrow and Sunday. If everything goes well, then that's it."

There was something in his expression that didn't sit right. But he had never worked a weekend like this before. "So you can join us on Monday then?" I asked. Our beach trip was Saturday through Wednesday. It was at a beach house that we had rented every year for the past five years.

"I...hope so," He said. "I am sorry Mads. It is a big opportunity for me. It is the one I have been waiting for...for a while."

Something about this felt off. But the truth was that I wasn't that close to his job, especially this past month. Plus we had been so out of sync with one another for longer than I had realized. I sighed and then said, "Ok honey. I trust you. Of course if this is what you think you need to do, then you should do it. The kids are going to miss you. We don't have many of these types of vacations left."

He frowned and nodded. "I know. I am hoping I can make it down there on Monday."

I walked past him then pulled out the lingerie I had bought and tossed it on the bed. "I was going to wear this tomorrow night," I said.

He looked at it and smiled.

"You know when I dress like that, I get in this mood..." I said as I walked into our closet and looked over what needed to be packed.

"Oh yeah?" he said.

I didn't look back at him but I assumed he was looking over the outfit. "Yeah. I have been trying on my lingerie the past few days. It reminded me of old feelings and brought on

some new ones." I turned around and set the clothes I had picked down into the suitcase, bending over a bit more than I needed it.

He was looking at the lingerie and then he said, "Maybe we can explore some of those feelings when I am done with work."

That was not what I was going for. I took a deep breath and changed tactics. If he wasn't going to bite right now, that was ok. But I wanted to give him something to think about. I pulled the lingerie from his hands and put it in the suitcase. I looked at him for a teasing second then took the other lingerie set I had bought and put it in the suitcase as well.

"That is a lot of lingerie for a beach trip," he said. I could feel him coming around but he was still distant. Tired. It gnawed at me and I knew why but I pushed it away. I was going to give this one more try.

"Well I had some plans for our trip, I guess," I said. I went back into the closet and slowly took off my clothes to change into something more comfortable. But I was wearing a very cute bra and underwear that I knew he liked. "I wanted to play a game with my husband," I said as I bent over and slid on my comfy pants.

"What game is that?" He asked weakly.

I knew I had him hooked. Good. You need to see what you are missing out on. I turned around and put on my shirt in front of him. I knew I still had great tits. "It is a simple game, but I thought it would be really fun," I said looking Josh in the eye. I walked past him and went to my dresser to pick out the rest I had set aside for the trip. I took out a few things and as nonchalantly as I could I said, "The game is, 'What is Josh's favorite fuck hole?'" I set the clothes down into the suitcase then looked at him. "Maybe we can try it out sometime," I turned and started to walk away. I felt his eyes on me.

On any day Josh would have had it in him to fuck me right now.

"That sounds fun," he said. "I can't wait to try it."

"Maybe when you are done working," I said and then I left the room. I heard him laugh behind me.

There was a pit in my stomach. There was only one reason he didn't make a move on me. He had already had sex today. Just not with me.

I swallowed down my emotions as I made dinner. Sarah helped me and I knew she could tell I was bothered by something. It was wonderful having another woman in the house during times like this. The problem was she was my daughter and I really didn't know what to tell her. Josh could have jerked off earlier and that's why he didn't have a charge in the chamber to fuck me. Maybe I was unpredictable and he just jerked off to give himself relief. Did guys do that? I am sure they did. Being married was complicated. The point is, I knew he had an orgasm today. I know him. But I did not know if he was cheating. It all just didn't seem right. None of it.

We had a casual dinner like we often did on Friday nights. I set out food on the counter and everyone just took what they wanted and ate wherever. For the most part it felt like an average night. Josh and Seth watched the game while Sarah was on her phone texting and shopping and I did my thing chatting, cleaning and hovering.

I started to wash the dishes and to go through the process of getting the kitchen cleaned for us to leave. I was lost in thought about Josh, so much so that I didn't notice Seth until he was standing beside me.

"Can I help?" He asked playfully, touching his shoulder to mine.

I looked at him and smiled. He had so much affection in his eyes. I wasn't sure if it was how much affection I was lacking from Josh, or from our new text exchange or what it was, but I could see he was brimming with love and it felt so warm. I put my head on his shoulder.

"Help would be great," I said tiredly.

We washed the dishes and chatted. Sarah made her way to the couch and leaned into Josh, who sipped his beer and watched the game tiredly.

"So did Dad tell you that he has to work?" I asked Seth.

He nodded as he loaded the dishwasher. "Yeah. Kind of lame, but he said it was important."

I frowned. I could see Seth was bummed. Josh and Seth were close in a way Sarah and I were. "Looks like you will be stuck on vacation with the girls," I said with a maternal laugh.

He smiled at me. "That's not so bad," he said. "Did you guy anything else from the store?" He asked in a conspiratorial voice.

I looked at him then to the rest of the family. Josh and Sarah were oblivious to us. "I did. I bought a new swimsuit and some...other things." I felt very warm all of a sudden.

Seth raised an eyebrow then asked, "Can I see?"

I looked back to Sarah and Josh. I felt like I was stealing candy or about to be caught. My heart pounded. "I already packed them," I said.

Seth brushed close to me. His arm touched mine. It felt warm and electric. "Are you sure, mom? I would really like to see what you got today. The outfit you sent me earlier looked great," he said. He looked at Sarah and Josh, satisfied they weren't listening he added, "I keep looking at those pictures and the...other ones you sent."

I looked at him and I could see the seriousness in his face mixed with his boy-ish longing like he was asking me to buy him ice cream. "I don't want to spoil you," I said. "Things might not look the same...in person." My entire body was burning up.

He looked away, a little embarrassed. "Honestly, Mom, I have the same worry. Some...things might not look the same in person."

I felt a sudden rush of energy to mother him. I could feel his insecurity and mine suddenly went away. He was still my son. Nothing had changed. "You have nothing to worry about, sweetie. We'll see how the night goes and maybe I will show you what I bought," I said with a smile.

His face lit up.

Chapter 12

We finished cleaning the kitchen and joined the others in the living room. We decided to watch a movie once it was determined by the boys that the game was over and not worth watching anymore. I didn't know if that was good or bad, but I was happy that we didn't have to watch anymore football.

I cuddled up to Josh as we watched the movie. He was on and off his phone and I made only one attempt to see what he was doing. It looked like he was checking sports scores. He put his arm around me and it felt nice. I wondered if this

whole thing about his job and me thinking he was cheating was all just a big bowl of nothing. It felt like it was in this moment. Nothing was actually different. He was just really focused on work and it sounded like this was going to be a really good thing for us.

I glanced at Seth a few times and he smiled at me. I liked how he lit up when I looked at him. When I thought about it, he had always been that way. All through his childhood, teen years and now. His affection and attention never waned. Why was that? Was that normal? Obviously Josh' s attention had changed. I wondered if Josh ever looked at me with love or if it was always lust. I didn't honestly know.

The movie finished and Sarah was the first to go to bed, which meant she would lock herself in her room and text and start her million beauty treatments. As if she needed any of them. Josh and Seth chatted for a bit, something about sports and then Josh being apologetic about not being able to come to the beach. This annoyed me. So I went upstairs.

I finished packing my suitcase and then rolled it into the hallway like I always did. I paused and opened it up. I pulled out my new swimsuit. It was a partial tankini, showing some of my stomach but had ample support for my breasts. It was pretty cute with a low cut back. The bottoms were a little cheeky, but I was having a good butt year so I was ok showing my cheeks a bit. Who was I kidding? I wanted to be

a hot mom. I held the suit in my hands for a thoughtful second, my heart pounding as I tried to decide if I wanted to show this to Seth.

"Fuck it," I muttered and I took the suit out then set it just inside the suitcase so I could grab it quickly if the opportunity seemed right.

A few minutes later Josh came up, kissed me and said good night. He got ready for bed as I sat on the bed rubbing my legs with lotion. I wanted him to look at me, but he didn't. He was tired, but in a good mood. I wanted him to be sad about not being able to come. I got frustrated as he got in bed beside me.

"Are you guys leaving early still?" He asked me.

"No," I said.

"Why not?" he asked with weird concern.

"I am meeting Jen for coffee tomorrow morning. She wants to talk to me about something before we go," I said. "Why does it matter when we leave? You will just be at work right?"

He was quiet for a minute. I was more annoyed. "Yeah I think I need to go in around nine," he said. "I am just sad to not be going with you," he was lying.

"Well, hopefully Monday," I said in a slightly bitchy tone.

"Yeah, hopefully," he said.

I knew Monday wasn't happening either. This whole thing felt weird. I got up off the bed and wiped my hands together. "I am a little wired, so I am going to go downstairs," I said.

He nodded, "Good night. I love you."

"Good night, love," I said, then left our room and closed the door.

I went downstairs and made some tea. I had nervous energy. I was frustrated at Josh but also my mind wandered to my swim suit. I waited a few more minutes then I went upstairs, grabbed my swimsuit then went over to Seth's door. I took a deep breath and then knocked softly.

The door opened and Seth's face lit up with pure warmth and love as he saw me. "Hey mom," he said.

"Can I come in?" I asked. I was nervous. Very nervous.

He let me in and then closed the door. He was wearing pajama bottoms and a white t-shirt.

"What are you doing?" I asked as I sat on the bed.

He looked nervous. He said,"Just, um, trying to wind down for the night. What about you?"

"Winding down?" I asked in a maternal voice. "I suppose I am doing the same. Just had some tea then I realized my swimsuit was just on the top part of my suitcase so I pulled it out to show you."

I set it on the bed and he looked at it. I arranged it and flattened it out. "Not too exciting, but kind of fun I think," I said.

He nodded and touched the top with his finger. "It feels soft. Is it comfortable?"

"Of course," I said with a laugh. "You know your old mom, I have to be comfortable."

"Yes I know that about you," he said generously.

There was a moment of silence. "Well that is what I bought. Well I bought other things too, that maybe I will show you another time. I just wanted you to see it. Good night, Seth." I stood up to leave.

"Mom?" he asked.

I turned to face him. His face was full of longing. I was drawn to him. "What is it, baby?" I asked him.

"C-can I see it on you?" He asked me nervously.

I paused. "Um, sure," I said. "Let me go change in the hallway bathroom," I said, snatching up the swimsuit.

"Ok," He replied.

I went into the bathroom and looked in the mirror. What the fuck was I doing? "This is fine, it's normal. He just wants to see your swimsuit," I said as I got changed. "He can probably sense the frustrations of the night and he is just being sweet."

I said to the mirror as I perked up my boobs and fixed my hair. I did look cute in this.

I walked into the hall just as Sarah was leaving her room. She looked at me and laughed, "Um mom, we aren't at the beach yet. What the heck?"

I froze then smiled at her. "I was just packing and I wanted to see this on, again. Your dad is asleep so I used your bathroom. I was going to ask you if I could use your mirror."

She smiled at me. "Sure thing," she said, then walked past me. "Mom, your ass is kind of amazing in that suit."

I looked over my shoulder and blushed.

"I hope when I am old I look like you," she said.

I think she meant it as a compliment. "You will look better. If you take care of yourself," I said to her.

I went into her room and stood in front of the mirror.

I looked at myself in her large mirror. I felt stupid. What was I doing? If this was so normal why didn't I just tell Sarah that

I wanted to show Seth? Did I need attention so much that I was begging for it from my son? "I hate this," I muttered.

"Hate what?" Sarah asked.

I sighed and then made something up, "Getting old," that was mostly true, just not what I was thinking.

"Well, you look good. Trust me," Sarah said. "Now please just feel good about your purchase and let me go to bed!" She continued playfully.

I smiled at her and left her room, making sure to close the door tightly. I walked down the hall then knocked on Seth's door. He opened the door with wide eyes and let me in.

He immediately went to the bed and I walked in awkwardly, suddenly aware that I was in a swimsuit, in my son's room in the middle of the night.

"So here it is," I said. "What do you think?" I asked, intending to leave as soon as he replied.

He looked at me for a very long moment. His eyes were wide and he looked at me from head to toe like he was savoring

every inch. His mouth was slightly open and he licked his lips subconsciously. His eyes finally met mine and I was hit with his deep longing, warmth and love. He looked at me so completely. "You are so beautiful, Mom," he said finally. "Wow. I love it."

I blushed. I couldn't help it. He was so genuine. "Well thank you, dear," I said. "Now let's both get some sl--"

"Can you turn around so I can see the whole thing?" He asked, cutting me off.

I felt awkward. I was warm, almost shaking. I wanted to run from the room and at the same time I loved the way he looked at me. "Um, ok," I said.

I turned around slowly, not pausing but turning completely around until I was facing him. "So that is the whole thing," I said, trying to end the conversation.

He swallowed hard. He nodded and muttered, "Mom, you are so pretty."

"Thank you, Seth," I said. I gestured to leave.

"Um, Mom?" He asked.

"What is it honey?" I asked. My pulse was racing.

"I, well, I mean that looking at you like this has made me really hard," he said weakly. He looked at me intensely. "I'm sorry I don't want to make this awkward."

"No," I said quickly. My heart continued to pound. My hands were sweaty. I could see that my son needed me. My mom instincts took over. "Don't apologize about that, Seth," I said firmly. "I told you earlier today that I loved that. I loved the videos you sent me."

His face lit up. He hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his sweats and pulled down the front. His erect penis bounced up. It was perfectly straight with a nice mushroom tip. It looked exactly like it did on the phone. It was beautiful.

"You are perfect," I said to him, needing him to feel my love and confidence in him.

He pulled his pants down to his knees and moved to the end of the bed. I looked him over. His dick wobbled as he moved, jutting out from the tuft of hair. His ball sack was tight again,

though not like it was early. One of his nuts was a bit lower than the other. He opened his legs slightly.

"I...I love you, Mom," he said to me.

I took a deep, slow, even breath trying to slow my pulse down. "Show me," I said to him. "Show Mommy that you love me."

He gripped himself with his right hand and started to stroke. I could see the pleasure on his face. I could also tell her jerked off a lot. Far more than I thought. He moved with vigorous familiarity. His eyes roved up and down my body and then back to my eyes. He was so careful to keep looking at me. He was so vulnerable with me and I felt so connected to him.

"That's good, baby," I said to him. "But not so fast. Go slow and squeeze a bit harder. You want your tip to get nice and red and your shaft nice and hard."

He nodded and I smiled. I felt like I was teaching him to ride a bike.

"That's it, all the way up and down. Slow and deliberate. Show me that you mean it," I said to him. My nipples were

getting hard. I was so wet. But I did not move, I kept my eyes on his.

"I love you, Mommy," he said as he followed my instructions. He slid to the very end of the bed, his legs open and he stroked his erection slowly. The mushroom tip was getting red and he was getting a bit longer. He was trying to show off for me. He looked so handsome, vulnerable and perfect all at once. I was so proud of him.

"I love you too, Seth," I said to him. Still not moving. I kept looking in his eyes, occasionally looking down at his very hard dick. "Nice and slow, baby. Nice and slow. Take your hand all the way down to your balls, right at that joint where your shaft and balls meet. Good, grip right there and move up and down from there. Not too fast."

He groaned as he followed my instruction. His balls tightened further and I was satisfied that he was stroking his entire length now. I could feel his lust, his love and his need. He wanted to stroke faster.

"Ok baby, let go of your penis," I said to him firmly. "Let go of it, please. Right now."

He grunted and let go. His erection bounced a couple times and he gasped.

"See how hard you are now? Baby, I love you and I am trying to teach you. Do not touch it. Look at yourself. See how hard and big you are," I said firmly.

He was breathing heavily. He looked down at himself and flexed his dick a couple times. It sprang up beautifully. "Mom, I am so hard for you," he said. He looked at me again. His eyes were pleading with me.

I smiled at him. "I can see that. You look so strong. Flex it for me again. No hands, Seth. Flex it. Good boy," I said as he worked his kegel muscles for me. I watched as his cock moved up and down. Seth had a determined look on his face. He was trying so hard for me. I continued to look in his eyes and down to his hard working erection. It really was beautiful. "Grab it again at the base. Yes right there at the joint with your balls. Grip it like that and hold it," I ordered.

He held himself for me. I could see the need and the pleasure on his face. "Like this, Mom?" He asked.

"Yes, Seth," I replied. "You are a good boy. You look very hard now."

"Yes, Mom. I am so hard," he said with some effort.

"Do you want to stroke it for me?" I asked him. I pushed away every other intruding thought and focused on just being in this moment with my son.

"Yes, Mom," he said. "I want to stroke it so bad."

I smiled at him.

"I--I want to stroke it for you. I want to show you how much I love you, Mom," he said. "Please. I want to show you my love."

"Ok baby," I said to him. He was so earnest. "Start slow for me though. Use your whole length, like you are trying to pull it longer. Good. Slower though. Your entire length. Very good. You look so good. So strong."

He grunted in pleasure. He kept looking at me as his face grew red and I knew he was gripping himself so hard. His mouth was open slightly and he left out some ragged breaths. "Please, Mommy. Please. I want to show you. Please," he was pleading with me.

I wanted to comfort him. Reassure him. "Keep going, Seth. A little faster. Good." Precum dripped from the tip. It was extremely erotic to watch it form and drip from my son's

mushroom tipped dick. "Very good, my love," I said to him. "Now tell me what you want."

He took a deep breath. Doing everything he could to control himself. I was so proud of him. "Mom, I want to cum for you. Please. I want to cum for you. Please, can I cum?" His voice was layered with desperation, lust, longing and frustration.

"Yes baby. Cum for Mommy. Show me what you can do," I said. I eyed his cock as he began to stroke it furiously. He was bent over, working himself so hard. He kept looking at me with desperate need. I looked into his eyes. "That's it, Seth. Show Mommy that you love me. I need all your cum ok?"

He groaned and slid to the end of the bed, I thought he was going to fall off. But he held himself up on the balls of his feet. He took a deep breath and said,"I love you, Mom. I love you. Oh...oh...I am cumming. I love you."

His dick erupted in front of me. Thick white cum spurted out onto the floor and all over his hand. He aimed it down in a practiced motion as he milked himself like that. I was enthralled. It was absolutely beautiful to watch. I felt so proud of him.

"Milk all of it out, Sethy. All of it. You need to sleep well tonight, baby. Good job. Keep going, every drop. Oh!" I exclaimed as another sudden spurt shot out onto the floor. Seth grunted and groaned as he stroked himself a bit longer and then he was done.

He looked down at the mess on the floor then back up at me then said, "I'm sorry, Mom. I made a mess. I'm--"

"Shh," I shushed him. "It is a mess but I told you to. It's ok. Put your pants back on and brush your teeth. I will take care of this mess."

He nodded and complied. As he walked past me he stopped and then hugged me. I held him against me for a moment. He was warm and breathing hard. "Thank you for showing me that," I whispered in your ear. "I love you, Seth."

"I love you too, Mom," he said then he let me go and went to go brush his teeth.

I looked down at the floor and took a deep breath. Splotches of his cum was on his rug and the hardwood floor. I had never felt so loved. I went to get supplies from the hall closet to clean it up.

Part 4

Chapter 13

I was up early. I rolled to my side and looked at the clock. It was 4:30 AM. Josh was next to me, completely out and I sighed loudly. My body hummed. I was full of nervous energy. Everything from the prior day had suddenly flooded into my mind and my heart. Conflicting emotions about Josh and Seth. I frowned as I thought about meeting Jen in a little while and I wondered what she was going to tell me. Was Josh on an app meeting other women? I just couldn't imagine it. He was rarely on his phone when he was home. But he was at work all the time...I sighed again and it was like this entirely different version of myself hit me. I thought about Seth. I smiled.

Here I was worried my husband was cheating on me and at the same time on literally the same day I had watched my son masturbate. More than that, I had given him instructions. I knew that this was not normal. I knew that whatever the line was between a mom and a son on this matter I had completely crossed. I knew this was not appropriate. Not by a long shot. At the same time, I was smiling. He looked so brave and proud and at the same time he wanted my approval and he loved me so much. I could feel it. I kept thinking about how he looked when he finally had the orgasm. The way he looked at me, the way his eyes

shook with pleasure, the way his penis looked as it spurted the contents of his balls; it was all so beautiful.

The truth was I didn't feel that there was anything weird or wrong with watching him or even instructing him as he masturbated. I was his mother. But what I did feel weird about was how it made me feel. So much had happened that I didn't process what I was feeling and how strongly I felt. I was very horny watching him. I was so unbelievably wet that I had to rub one out before I went to sleep and even then I tossed and turned trying to calm down. That was not normal. I was concerned because I felt this fixation--this deep lust. I didn't know what else to call it. How I was able to switch back and forth from watching him orgasm like that and then dutifully cleaning it up like I would clean up anything else; I didn't understand it. Deep down. Very deep down. In the quiet of my bed I knew that, to me, this all felt extremely natural. Not normal. Natural.

I kept thinking about his erection and the way he stroked it. He stroked it for me. For me. Some women hated men's orgasms and their semen, others saw it as a necessary part of sex, I was in neither of those camps. I tended to enjoy it when Josh came and I really did enjoy his cum. I saw it as a reward for our time together and a very important, deeply sexual and intimate thing. I used to at least. Not recently. Not with Josh. But watching my son, seeing his face and the act and the sounds he made and the way he pumped his cock and the way he wanted me to participate--the whole process felt

so intimate, so beautiful and, in this moment when I was feeling completely honest, so incredibly sexy. I wished that I had filmed it. Though that wasn't the same. It was going to be very difficult not to do that with him again. I knew I needed to. More than that, I knew he wanted me to. He loved me. The way he came was his way of showing me he loved me.

I rolled to my back and let out another breath. Things with Josh, on the other hand, did not feel that way at all. I rubbed my eyes in frustration. I wasn't going to sleep anymore. It was time to get up.

"So what's up?" I asked Jen as I sipped my coffee. I had arrived early and was already on my second cup of coffee by the time my sister showed up.

Jen nodded at me and hesitated. "Well, Laura looked at four apps. The main ones that she says guys use to find hook ups and women and all that and she didn't find anything. At least no one obvious that uses pictures," she said.

"Well that's good," I said.

"I agree, but then we got to talking about it," She said.

"I hate this," I replied, cutting her off.

"What?" She asked.

"I hate that you and your daughter are talking about me and Josh like this," I said.

"I'm sorry," Jen said. "We are just trying to help."

I nodded. I suddenly felt like crying. How did I get here? What was I even doing?

"Ok, so we decided that if Josh was looking to cheat then we were looking at the wrong apps. We needed to look on apps that were specific for people looking to cheat," Jen said.

"That is a thing?" I asked with a frown.

Jen nodded.

I had a feeling she knew way more about all of this than she was saying. I decided to table that. "...and?"

"Well, again we didn't find anything obvious. But we did find a few men that might be him. There is a process and the three men we are talking to are very careful," Jen said. "Like they haven't sent pictures yet. Just lot's of sharing information and that kind of thing."

"Ok...Jen why am I here? You made me worry like I was going to find out something today for sure," I said in frustration.

"One of the guys said that he wanted to meet this weekend. His said his family is going out of town and he wanted to meet in person and not have pictures floating around," Jen said.

My heart dropped. For exactly five seconds. Then I took a breath and thought about it. This still didn't fit. I was sure that Josh had sex yesterday. I knew he did. This implied that he hadn't done anything yet. I was becoming more and more convinced that he wasn't cheating, he was just going through a phase. All of this just felt like a dumb, overblown coincidence. I did not say any of that to Jen. I was frustrated, but not at her. She didn't know about last night and this was a coincidence.

"Um...ok," I said. "So that is a bit interesting."

Jen nodded. "So Laura is going to meet him later today. We will know for sure and I will let you know."

I nodded. "Well at least we will know for sure."

We spent the next few minutes talking about different scenarios and Jen did mention that this didn't quite fit based on Josh's behavior. But at the same time, the coincidence was too much to ignore. I agreed and we left it at that.

As I drove home something still didn't sit right with me. This all felt weird. I felt like a fool or like a paranoid crazy person. How did Jen know so much about dating apps and adultery apps? At the same time I was having trouble thinking straight because I was so incredibly horny. I didn't masturbate this morning and I needed to. I wouldn't be able to think straight unless I did.

"I feel like I am going crazy," I muttered as I pulled into the garage.

I went inside and the family was there eating breakfast and chatting. Josh was up, dressed for work and drinking coffee. He saw me and smiled.

"What was so important that Jen needed to see you before you left?" He asked.

The question hit me a bit odd given the context of what the meeting was about. But I don't think Josh really had any idea. "Nothing really, she just wanted my advice on some stuff with Laura," I said.

Josh raised a thoughtful eyebrow.

I walked past him and plucked a piece of toast off his plate. He laughed and slapped at my butt. Things suddenly felt normal again. Mostly.

I looked at Seth. He was eating some eggs and drinking coffee. "Good morning," I said to him.

He smiled at me. "Good morning, Mom," he said. He did not give me any kind of weird knowing look or smile. It was all genuine. It was normal. Once again, I settled in to the normality of this moment.

"So are we going to leave or what?" Sarah asked. She was not a morning person and tended to not mince words when she had to be up before eight.

"Yes in a bit," I said. I looked at Josh, "Are you sure you can't make it?"

"I am sure," he said with a frown. It felt genuine.

I kissed his forehead then went upstairs. All my nerves were calming down. All these secrets and the wondering and the anxiety. All of it was utter bullshit. This was my family and this was all normal.

"I must be hormonal or something," I said to myself as I went into the bedroom to get all my things together. I changed my shirt and put on some more comfortable pants to drive in. I knew Sarah wanted to drive for a while and as much as she freaked me out when she drove, it would be nice to not have to feel responsible for everything. My kids were old enough. I needed to just chill out.

I glanced in my closet one last time and I looked at my box of sex toys. I didn't pack any but I knew I needed to. I also knew that I had to masturbate before I left or I would be nervous and weird in the car, despite my calmness right now.

"First things first," I muttered. I had room in the suitcase because Josh wasn't coming so I put the whole box in there. I decided not to use a toy this morning. I just needed to be quick. A release would be good.

I was really horny. I had an idea. I got on the bed and took my phone and texted Josh.

Me: Hey, can you come upstairs? I need your help.

Josh: What is it? Can I finish breakfast?

Me: I need you to fuck me. I need to cum.

There was a pause. I smiled when I thought of his face when he saw that. I waited. He texted me back.

Josh: Sigh. I need to go to work.

I felt a mix of rage and deep sadness all at once. "What the actual fuck?" I said out loud. He fucked me when I didn't care about it and refused when I needed it. It hurt. I had to admit it.

The good news is that it put me out of the mood. "Maybe this is the new normal. When I get horny, just talk to Josh and that will take care of it," I muttered sarcastically.

I rubbed my eyes in frustration then texted him back.

Me: Ok babe. Have a good weekend.

Josh: You aren't going to come down and say good bye?

Me: No. Sorry I am packing.

It was a not-so-subtle hint that he pissed me off.

Josh: Ok. I love you. I am leaving now. Save that horniness for me.

He sent me a winky face and I wanted to punch him. I got off the bed and looked in the mirror. I really looked. I wore a white tank top with just a tiny bit of cleavage and some super soft slightly tight leggings. I pulled my hair back into a pony tail and I frowned. I thought I looked ok. But being rejected like this made me feel like shit. It made me feel lonely. I think I was lonely for a long time. I was just starting to admit it to myself. I looked at myself, turned left and right.

I knew I was pretty. But at this moment, I didn't feel it. Not even a little bit.

I waited for the sound of the garage door opening and closing, signaling that Josh was leaving before I went back down stairs.

"Seth," I called as I walked down the stairs.

"Yes, Mom?" he called back.

"Can you get my suitcase for me? It is a little too big," I said. When I felt sad, I acted helpless. Some people didn't like that. Oh well.

Seth came to the stairs and watched me walk down towards him. He smiled at me.

I felt warm. His eyes were like warm light.

"You look pretty, Mom," he said to me.

I stopped in front of him and smiled at him, "Thank you for saying that. I don't feel it right now."

He frowned at me. "Really?"

I nodded. "It's fine, honey. Thank you for getting the suitcase."

He nodded and stepped past me then stopped. He touched my arm. "Can you come upstairs with me? Just for a minute?"

"Um, sure," I said, turning around.

"So are we going to leave or what?" Sarah asked in her annoyed voice.

"Five minutes," I called down to her.

"Ok I am literally setting a timer. If we don't leave soon, I won't be able to sleep in the car and then I won't be able to drive later. So this affects all of us," Sarah said in her intentionally, over-the-top bitchy voice.

Seth rolled his eyes at me then went upstairs. I followed close behind him, curious what he was up to. We went into my room and I walked to my suitcase while he walked into my

bathroom. "I don't need anything in there, honey. Just this," I said, wondering what he was doing.

He walked out holding a towel that he had pulled from the dirty clothes hamper. He looked at me and said, "Just stand there." He spread the towel on the floor, sat on the edge of the bed and then unzipped his pants.

"Seth? What...?" I started.

"Maybe close the door and lock it," he said as he pulled out his semi erect penis.

I followed his instructions without thinking then turned around. Seth had his pants down to his ankles and he looked at me. He gripped his penis and started stroking.

"Seth, what are you doing?" I asked him. My eyes going from his hand to his face and back again.

He looked at me and kept stroking. "Mom, I think you are so beautiful all the time," he said as his dick got hard. "Just looking at you right now makes me want to jerk off," he said.

I knew the words sounded crude. But they weren't. He was so sweet. He looked at me with a tenderness but a lust at the same time. I heard the slapping sound as his hand went faster and I watched him. I needed this.

"Keep going," I said to him.

"Every time I see you in those pants, I get so hard. Your ass is so beautiful," he stroked faster as he looked at me over.

I noticed his hand working his whole shaft, he was stroking the way I told him to. He looked at me intensely, with hunger as his hand moved up and down on his erection.

"Just looking at you makes my cock feel so good," he said. His eyes focused on my body and his mouth stayed open. The need in his eyes was so intense, so beautiful. He was hunched over as he worked his cock faster and faster.

I instinctively turned to the side for him, so he could see my ass and my tits. I turned my head and looked at him seductively. I felt so hot, so sexy and so beautiful. I was getting damp and my heart pounded.

He shifted his cock down toward the towel on the floor and pumped his cock. It was so beautiful and sensual to watch.

"Mom, you make my dick so hard. I am so hard for you. I love your body, Mommy. I look at you all the time. I want you all the time," he said. His voice was low and almost a whisper. His eyes traced my profile intensely. Pre cum dripped from his perfect mushroom tip.

I turned around slowly and stuck my ass out. I pulled up the back of my shirt so he could see me. I could feel his eyes burrowing into me and it felt so good. I felt so needed, so desired, so connected to my son.

"Mommy, your ass is so hot. It is so perfect. Oh. I love you so much," he said. I could feel his intensity growing. I knew he was going to cum.

My hands were shaking. My heart was pounding. I felt a flood of maternal need, like I was connecting with my son, giving him exactly what he needed and what he wanted. At the same time I felt the incredible warmth of his love and his lust. I looked over my shoulder at him. He was gazing at me, beating his cock fast and hard, his eyes were fixed on me. They went from my ass to my eyes and back again.

"That's it, Sethy. Cum for Mommy," I said. "Cum for Mommy."

He groaned and started to cum. He gazed into my eyes and pumped himself, sending spurt after spurt onto the towel. His face was red and full of longing. His eyes were piercing and full of deep lust and pure love. He bucked his hips involuntarily as he came. I loved seeing pleasure on his face. He was working so hard for me. He was milking himself for me.

"I love you. I love you so much, Mommy," He said in an intense whisper as he came. "This is my love for you. This is my love, Mommy..." He pumped himself until he was done and then he stopped. His chest was heaving and he looked at me with pure longing.

I turned back around to face him then walked over and touched his cheek. He looked up at me. "I love you too, son," I said. We looked at each other for a very long moment. "Thank you for this," I said. "Now go wash up and I will take care of the mess here," I said in a gentle but firm maternal tone.

Chapter 14

The first half of the drive was quiet and uneventful. Seth sat in the back with his earbuds in and I could see he was in and out of sleep. He was relaxed and quiet and I knew he was feeling very good and calm after what happened before we

left. Sarah slept in the passenger seat beside me for a while. She wore her comfortably tight joggers, tank top and sweatshirt that she eventually took off and used as a pillow.

I admired her from the corner of my eye. She was very beautiful, she had always been, but lately she was growing more into herself. She had a mature demeanor and her demanding side came out less and less. She was also very upset that Josh wasn't here and I noticed something in her that I had never seen until this moment. In the same way that Josh seemed eager for my attention and approval, Sarah was the same with Josh. I wondered how far that went and if it was to the same extent as Seth. I wasn't sure what to make of that. Sarah was like me in that we both picked our traveling outfits days in advance and I noticed that she was just a little more sexy than I would have expected for a family drive to the beach.

Granted, my daughter could make a burlap sack look sexy, but I just noticed how much cleavage she had on display with this outfit and just how form fitting everything was. I sighed audibly. I was over thinking. Maybe. Maybe I could talk to her about it. Somehow. I didn't know.

We stopped for a bathroom break just after the halfway point of our drive. Sarah went in to get some coffee and she wanted to drive the rest of the way. I filled the car with gas, though we didn't really need it, I was always trying to make

sure we had enough while we could and Seth went to the bathroom. A few minutes later I received a text from Seth.

Seth: Thinking of you.

Attached was a picture of his hard dick.

I looked at it and smiled. I really liked this new bond we had. He was definitely showing off for me.

Me: You should take care of that while you are in there. It is a long drive.

Seth: I wish you were in here with me.

I smirked at his playful response. I did too. I needed his response to me earlier. I had not thought of Josh mush sense we started driving and I knew it was because the way my son was being with me.

He sent me another picture of himself and I admired it. I really liked looking at his penis. Partly because I loved how he wanted to show it to me and partly because how it looked: perfectly straight, and the nice swollen head--the tip was

absolutely beautiful. I felt myself getting warm as I looked at it. I had an excitement and a curiosity when I saw it.

Me: I love these pictures.

He sent me another one. The angle was different. Almost dominant. He was gripping it at the base and squeezing it in his fist and the tip was aimed at the camera. It was like he was trying to feed it to me. I stopped myself at that thought. That kind of image was over the line--no matter how enticing it might seem at the moment. Moms and sons did not do that. I looked at the picture again. It was really fucking hot. Once again, he was trying to show off for me. I loved his growing confidence.

Me: Sweetie, you need to take care of that. I'm serious. We need to be back on the road soon.

Seth: I'm trying, Mom.

I pictured him in the stall stroking himself. I imagined the determined, lust-filled look on his face and the way he would hunch over when he was really working his cock. He always had his mouth partially open and he would take quick breaths.

Seth: I am thinking about you. Mommy, I love you so much.

He sent me a short video of his hand stroking the full length of his erect penis. I really liked that he wanted me to watch him. I felt very connected to him like this.

The gas pump clicked as the tank was topped off. I replaced the pump and climbed into the car. I glanced at the phone again. I wanted to be in there with him, watching him and talking to him.

Me: I want you to cum for me, Seth. We need to go.

Seth: I am trying. Please send me a picture. I need to look at you.

I held my phone out and took a quick selfie then sent it to him.

Me: I am thinking about you, baby. Look into my eyes and cum for me. Show me you love me and cum for me.

"Are texting Dad?" Sarah asked, startling me as she climbed into the driveseat.

I looked up, feeling a bit embarrassed. "No, just something to Jen," I said a bit dismissively.

"What did she want to talk to you about this morning?" Sarah asked. "It seemed a bit weird that you went to meet her so early."

I paused as I received another text from Seth then smiled as I saw he simply hearted my selfie. I put my phone away and looked at my daughter. She was looking at me with a concerned look. She wasn't dumb and she was a woman. I underestimated her. I guess I always thought of her as my little girl. "Honestly, honey, just wanted to talk to her a bit about your father," I said.

Sarah seemed bothered by the mention of Josh. "Is...everything ok with him?"

I nodded and smiled reassuringly. "Yes, sweetie. Being married is complicated and sometimes it is good to have another woman to talk it out with," I said.

She nodded, then replied, "Mom, Dad is really great guy."

I was puzzled at her comment, "What do you mean? Of course he is."

She put the key in the ignition and then looked in the rearview mirror searching for Seth. "I just mean that, if you are mad at him or something, just remember that he is really great. He takes care of us, works hard and he needs some...reasurrance at times."

I looked at her. My mind jumped back to my earlier wonder about how Sarah viewed her Dad. I smiled, "I love that you see him like that. I am a bit frustrated that he has to work this weekend. But you are right. I need to forgive him because he is doing it for us."

Sarah was very thoughtful and she nodded, "Yeah I was hoping he was going to be here too. But we can't hold this against him. That isn't fair. We are going to the beach using the money he makes for us."

I nodded. "You are right," I said.

"Finally, Seth. He must have had to take a big shit," Sarah said looking into the rearview mirror.

"Thanks for talking about this with me," I said to Sarah, proud of her.

"Of course, Mom," she said. "I just really love Dad and I am not sure he always gets the attention or the recognition he deserves."

I smiled at her thoughtfully.

Seth got in the car. "Let's go to the beach!" He said with enthusiasm.

Sarah started to drive and I glanced down at my phone. Seth had sent me a text.

Seth: Mom, I was imagining you in front of me. I told you I loved you and imagined cumming all over your face. I came so hard.

I smiled at his text. That was a really beautiful image.

Chapter 15

We arrived at the beach house right on time. The drive was a nice familiar and fun drive with the kids. We joked, laughed and despite Josh's glaring absence, which increasingly bothered Sarah, we had a great time. The house was a three bedroom rental that we used every time we came

down here. I met the owners at an event several years ago and since then we were on the list to have it at least once a year.

Sarah and Josh went to their normal rooms to get settled and I set up the master bedroom the way I wanted it. I loved the beach and my natural state was in a swim suit with a cool drink and a book. Nothing was better. As I unpacked I frowned when I pulled out the box of toys and the various pieces of lingerie I had packed. I wasn't really sure why I brought all this sex stuff when I knew Josh wasn't here. Wishful thinking I supposed. I put everything away and had a separate drawer for all the sex paraphernalia.

I went out to the kitchen and smiled as the owners left us a nice note. I went through my list and made notes on groceries that I had to buy. That was the annoying thing about rentals, they truly were home away from home--for better or worse. I was still a mom, just in a different zip code.

I peaked at my phone passively, wondering if I would hear from Jen about this mystery man that might be Josh. I sighed with frustration. I didn't want to think about it and I still couldn't believe it.

Sarah came into the kitchen wearing a bikini top and short shorts. The girl had beautiful tits.

"So I was thinking that I could go to the store for you, Mom," Sarah said.

I looked at her and laughed. "Who are you and what did you do with my daughter?" I asked sarcastically.

She stuck her tongue out at me and said, "I am just trying to be helpful."

"Honestly, I am sick of the car so it would be wonderful if you went to the store. See if you can take your brother with you," I said. "It would be good for him to see his younger sister shop."

"Go where?" Seth asked. He walked out in his swimsuit and a t-shirt.

"Come to the store with me," said Sarah.

"No," Seth said. "I am tired of being in the car too."

Sarah rolled her eyes. "Fine," she said. I handed her my credit card and she was out the door. A little too quick, I thought. Like she had a plan. Whatever it was, I trusted her. She was

a good girl and she would tell me what she was up to eventually, she always did.

Seth and I sat at the counter then went out on the deck to look at the water.

"I love it here," I said.

"Me too," he replied. He stood next to me and bumped me playfully with his hip. "How come you don't have a swim suit on?"

"Well I had to get organized," I replied, bumping him back. "But you are right. I am going to get more comfortable."

I walked away feeling a bit odd. I wasn't sure what the feeling was. Excited. Nervous. I glanced at my phone then decided that I needed to just ignore the phone for a while. I put it down on the night stand then went to put my suit on. I had several with me, but I decided the new one was the best.

"Why am I so nervous?" I asked myself. I felt like I was going to start shaking. I decided that I needed a drink.

I went into the kitchen and made myself a margarita. Seth came in from the deck.

"I was just going to join you," I said as I took a big sip from my slightly too strong drink.

He smiled and looked at me. His eyes seemed to rove over my body and I really liked it. I took another drink.

"Well, what do you think?" I asked him. I was mostly fishing for a compliment.

"You are gorgeous, Mom," he said to me.

I took another big drink. Already feeling the alcohol a little bit. I leaned forward so he could get a good view of my cleavage. "Good answer, Son," I said and winked.

He looked at me and he looked down at my cleavage for a long moment. Then he met my eyes and said, "How far is the store?" He had that very hungry look on his face.

"It's about 20 minutes away. The list I gave Sarah was pretty long," I said to Seth. I took another big sip and then just decided to toss back the rest of my drink.

Seth nodded. He wanted to say something to me, I could tell but he was trying to work it out.

I was a little drunk and that tended to loosen me up a lot. "Did you like that picture I sent you at the gas station?" I asked.

He nodded. "Yes," He said simply. He looked down at my cleavage again and I bent over a bit more then put my arms together, to push my tits up a bit more. "Did you like what I wrote to you?" He asked in a low voice.

I nodded. "You thought about shooting your load on me?"

"Yes," he answered. "I think about that all the time, Mom."

In the back of my mind I knew we were approaching a line. But I was too drunk to care.

"Having you cum on the floor or in a toilet does seem like a waste," I said. The words came out before I realized what I was saying. This was my son. What was I...? It was too late. I meant them.

He swallowed. I could tell he was very nervous. He was still my little boy and I would need to take the lead.

"Are you hard right now?" I asked him as I slid around the kitchen island closer to him.

He swallowed again and nodded.

"Show me," I said.

He obediently pulled the draw string on his shorts and pulled them down. His hard dick sprung up like it was free from a cage.

I looked at it and gave him a smile. "It is perfect, Seth," I said to him. I was close to him. I could feel the warmth of his body. I looked into his eyes and reached for his erection.

I felt the heat of his skin and I let out a small breath as I grabbed him. He gasped and groaned and took a stumbling step toward me. I gripped him with my right hand and just squeezed tightly. His dick was very hard and fit perfectly in my hand. My heart was pounding. I expected a cognitive dissonance or some kind of flood of guilt but the opposite happened. This felt so natural, like this is what we were supposed to be doing. Everything had been leading to this

and it felt right. I kept a firm grip and slowly began to stroke him very slowly.

He swallowed hard and let out another breath as I continued to stroke him. "Mommy," he muttered.

"Yes, honey?" I asked him. My face was very close to his as I stroked his erection.

"I love you," he said. "I have needed this for so long."

I nodded. I could see it in his face. I'd known that. I had known for as long as I heard him jerking off. He needed me to take care of him. "You need me don't you?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said. "You are all I can think about. Every time I see you I want this. I want you."

I nodded. I could see it. I felt it too. "You need Mommy to use your cock and to play with it don't you?"

He swallowed and nodded again.

I was filled with need for him; a need to take care of him. I was overwhelmed by it. I had always had this deep need to

take care of Seth, to make sure he was ok, to make sure he knew he was loved. I realized that I needed to do this with him. I could see his longing, his need and his love. I felt myself step off a ledge at that moment. I did what I needed to do and what I wanted to do. I did what only a mom could do for her son at that moment: I got down on my knees and took his hard cock into my mouth.

"Oh," he muttered and he gazed down at me. "Oh Mom. Yes Mom. Oh."

I held him by the base and sucked him. I looked up at him, my eyes never leaving his as I bobbed on his cock, sucking as I took it in the releasing pressure as I pulled back. His erection was warm, rigid and the flesh tasted rich with a hint of salt. I sucked it as I took it in then used my lips to slide over him as I released. I used my tongue to apply pressure and to massage his glans as I sucked. My mouth filled with saliva as I lavished him with affection.

He clenched his fists on either side of his body and gazed down at me. His mouth was partially open, the way it always is when he was concentrating. The oral sex that I had experienced with Josh was cold, impersonal and almost workman like. This was the exact opposite. I sucked my son's dick with intense intimacy. It tasted and felt like this was an act that we both needed to be a part of. The way he looked down at me only reinforced that this was exactly what he

needed from his mother. The way I looked up at him reassured him that I was receiving the same amount of love from him in this moment that I was giving.

I let go of his base and wrapped my arms around his waist, both of my hands clutching his ass. I continued to suck him slowly and deliberately. Each time I took his cock down, I felt my heart opening more and more to him. The more I opened for him, the hungrier I was for his penis. The thick, perfect mushroom tip fit in the back of my mouth perfectly and I wanted it completely. I wanted him completely.

He let out groans and wordless sounds of deep and carnal lust. His eyes told me everything I needed to know. He settled on a whispered mantra, "Yes Mom. Yes Mommy. Yes Mom. Yes Mommy..."

I quickened my pace, losing control as I felt myself giving into this moment. I felt my son's cockhead hitting the back of my mouth again and again accompanied by a deep satisfying thud sensation and a soft gurgle sound. It felt so good. So necessary. I was lost in my son's eyes and connected to him with his delicious, fleshy erection on my mouth. I used everything I had, my grip on his body, my lips running on his shaft, my tongue pressing, licking and massaging him and mouth sucking him down. I needed him to give it all to me. I needed the eruption of his love. I needed all of it.

He kept his eyes on mine; deepening our connection. This was a kind of connection that only a mother and son could have--the kind that only a mother and son should have. I continued to suck and he started to groan. It came from deep within him. His hips began to move involuntarily and I gripped his ass hard in response. I kept going, my mouth moving against his hips, adding more friction to his shaft in my mouth. I tasted his precum as a gentle salty trickle that I inhaled. He bucked his hips more and I kept with him. We were perfectly connected; perfectly in sync.

"Ah! Mom! Ah!" he groaned. He put his hand in my hair and then his other hand. He clutched my hair and I gripped his ass as hard as I could. This was an absolute connection. He gasped and in a heavy and strained whisper he said, "Mommy, I love you..." His cockhead erupted in my mouth, spurting his cum and mixing with my saliva. I swallowed it as soon as I tasted it and I kept my eyes on his.

"Give me your love. Give it to me, Sethy. Let Mommy have it all," I thought as I continued to work him with my mouth, using my tongue to massage everything out of him.

He bucked and pulsed and I sucked and swallowed. We were in perfect connection giving and taking in unison. I wanted him to go as long as he could. I pushed my head down his full length and kept him there, swallowing in quick successions. He gasped and groaned and tightened his grip

in my hair. I relished his taste, his flesh mixed with his release was more and better than I could have hoped for.

We held like that for a long moment. Lost in the connection and in the exchange. At that moment, I had never felt more like his mother and I had never felt more loved by anyone. Then, slowly, almost reluctantly I pulled my head back, sucking the whole time until his spent penis released from my mouth with a satisfying pop. He released my hair and I fell back to my heels. I breathed in slowly and swallowed the remaining liquid. My heart was slowing and I felt absolutely complete. I kept my eyes on him and he never looked away from me.

"I love you, Mom," Seth said to me.

"I love you too, baby," I replied.

Chapter 16

Every mom should be her son's dick sucker. As I helped Sarah unpack the groceries she brought home I was humming with absolute calm and fullness that came with that thought. You don't always realize what is missing until you find it and for me, I realized that my encounter with Seth held some many things that I had been looking for. After our time together we went out on the deck and watched the

ocean until Sarah came home. We felt closer than ever. What I expected never happened: Once the intensity of the moment had waned, I expected to feel guilty or ashamed or that we had done something we shouldn't have. I didn't feel any of that. Not even remotely. What I did feel was complete clarity in our relationship: I was his mother and he was my son. Ours was a relationship of love.

Sarah chatted away about her trip to the store and the unsurprising attention she had received from various guys. I simply smiled as I listened.

"I mean, this is a destination for vacationers. It's not like these dudes haven't seen a girl in a bikini top before," she said.

She was strongly pretending like she didn't enjoy the attention, like all girls do. In a way I think she was convincing herself that these men were pigs. But the funny part was that if men didn't look at her, then she would feel sad or bad about herself, or more ironically, angry at the men for not looking. All I said in the end was, "Well sweetie, you are really beautiful. That's all you should take from this. That and maybe wear a shirt when you go to the store next time."

She smiled at me then rolled her eyes.

We made some late lunch and ate together on the deck. Sarah and Seth decided to head down to the beach and I stayed back to clean up a bit and to call Josh. Not surprisingly, he didn't pick up but I left a voicemail. Something I hated doing as his wife. But that's where we were at. I still didn't have any word from Jen either. The truth was that I didn't care that much. I was sure that would change, but I was happy here with my kids and I felt a peace and satisfaction that I had not felt for a long time.

I went into the room and sat on the bed. I thought about blowing Seth again. I let out a loud sigh as I thought about it. Obviously we couldn't let anyone know what we were doing, so that would be complicated. But it needed to happen again. It was like a deep reservoir had been opened in me and I wanted to explore how deep it went. That wasn't true. Now that it was open, I needed to explore how far it went.

I realized that Seth and I had always had a very deep connection, this was just the next natural step. What made me smile as I thought about it again and again was how completely natural this was. I wondered how many other moms did this and I assumed more than I realized. It made sense. I thought about how good he tasted, his release was like the missing ingredient in my life. Maybe I was exaggerating. But maybe not.

Thinking about it made me extremely horny so I went to the drawer and pulled out my box. To my surprise the box had been moved, it was set to the side inside the drawer. I frowned and wondered if it had slid over or something. But then I opened it and knew it had been moved. My butt plug was missing. My favorite one that I had worn for Josh and that Seth had inadvertently seen. I picked through the box and saw that it was indeed missing.

"Huh," I mused. I wondered if I had put it back. I was extremely organized and the odds of me not putting it back were slim to none. I had a system. I had a system for everything. I wondered for a moment if Seth was picking through my things. We had not been in the same room and it was possible that he could have been in here.

"Or Sarah," I said out loud.

I knew Sarah was horny. All girls are at her age especially. We had talked about masturbation before but not in depth. I always trusted that if she had questions she would come to me. I was not the kind of mother to go through my kid's things, but this was different. I went into her room and poked around. Sarah wasn't nearly as organized as I was so this would be a challenge. I looked through her drawers and suitcase and found nothing. I sat on her bed for a moment and thought about it.

There was a train of thought that led most girls toward anal play and butt plugs in particular. It wasn't a natural choice. It wasn't for me. I assumed this wasn't her first step.

"What would I do?" I asked out loud. I turned around and reached under her pillow. Sure enough there it was. My plug and a vibrator that obviously belonged to her: I had never seen it before. I wasn't upset, but I was curious. How did she even know that I had the box? Sarah wasn't super sneaky. It was weird.

The question was: did I talk to her about it? How would I?

"Hey honey, I was going to masturbate and I noticed my butt plug was missing. So I went into your room..." I said aloud and laughed. "Yeah. No."

I took a breath and put it back under her pillow. Somehow we needed to talk about this.

I would wait to see if it suddenly returned and then think about my approach then. Or something. I didn't know what to do.

I went back into my room and started thinking about Seth again. Within minutes I was sucking my dildo and rubbing my clit.

The three of us walked back from the beach. The sun had set and we had enjoyed watching the sun go down together. It was a very sweet time. I decided to let the entire thing with Sarah go. It wasn't really my business and at some point I would catch her. Then we would talk about it and I would have her get her own anal toys. If anything it wasn't sanitary and sharing something like that with my daughter was weird.

I still had heard nothing from Jen.

We ate a late, light dinner and then played a few card games. It brought joy to my heart to be with my kids. Soon it was bed time and Sarah went to her room, yawning dramatically as she went. I knew she would be up for a while with her earbuds, but we would likely not see her again until tomorrow.

I sat with Seth at the table for a few minutes. We both looked at our phones and made weak attempts at conversation about the plan for tomorrow.

It was Seth that finally broached the subject.

"Mom?" he said, setting his phone down.

"What is it?" I asked. My heart was pounding.

"Can we, um, do what we did earlier again?" He asked, trying his best not to be awkward.

He was my sweet boy.

"Yes," I said to him.

He followed me upstairs to my room. I closed the door immediately and locked it as he sat down on my bed. He looked up at me as I approached him.

"I can't stop thinking about it," he whispered. His eyes fixed on mine.

"I can't either," I said. I got on my knees in front of him and put my hands on his thighs.

He pulled down his swim trunks and I helped him take them all the way off. His beautiful cock was semi hard. I smiled at it and then looked up at him. "Sethy, whenever possible, I would like it if you wouldn't masturbate without me. I want to be a part of it as much as possible from now on, do you understand?" I said to him in my direct, maternal voice.

He nodded and replied, "Yes, Mom."

I slid my hands up his thighs and he reached for me. His hands touched my face tenderly and then went down to my shirt. He pulled at it and I raised my arms and he took my shirt off. I was wearing a white bra underneath. He looked down at my chest and I reached back and took my bra off, so he could see me.

He let out a soft breath as he saw my tits. My arreolas were puckered and my nips were hard. I was very proud of my tits though they hung much lower than they used to. I gripped them with my hands, the nipples protruding between the semi circle formed by my thumb and forefinger. He looked at me and then touched my nipples gently. I smiled at him and slid forward so he could touch me more easily. I pushed myself up on my knees and let go of my tits as he touched and pulled at them.

He tugged at my nipples timidly at first as if he was afraid he was going to hurt me. But I let out a soft moan so he knew it felt good.

"You are so beautiful, Mom," he said.

I smiled at him then stood up slowly. He looked up at me as I gripped my left breast then pushed it to his mouth. He opened his mouth and started to suck. His eyes closed and he took more of me into his mouth.

"Ah," I sighed softly. "That's it, Sethy."

I reached down for his cock as he sucked my nipple and I found him very hard. I gripped him and started to stroke him slowly. He went from one breast to the other and back again, indulging in me as I stroked him. Tingles ran up and down my body. This was deeply erotic and deeply intimate. Not only was I convinced that I needed to be his dick sucker, I knew that he needed to be sucking my tits. This is what moms and sons needed to do.

I fed him my nipple with one hand and jerked him off with the other. He groaned around my breast and continued. I encouraged him, "That's it, honey. Suck Mommy's tits. That's your nipple to suck, whenever you need it. That's it, take in as much as you can." This was so intimate that I was shaking.

Finally my breast popped out of his mouth and he looked up at me. I got down on my knees and looked up at him as my hand slid down to his base. "Can you cum in Mommy's mouth again, baby?" I asked him.

He nodded and I took him into my mouth.

The second time was better than the first because I knew what to expect and I needed it. I took his mushroom tip into my mouth and sucked it, locking my teeth and tongue around it. I felt it start to swell and I kept sucking a bit harder.

"Oh fuck," he muttered.

I let it pop out of my mouth and looked up at him. I traced my mouth with it and kept my eyes on him. My entire body tingled and I felt like I was on fire.

"Sethy," I whispered to him then sucked on his tip for a moment until he squirmed and then let it out of my mouth. "This is Mommy's cock. Do you understand?"

"Y-yes, Mom," he said.

I sucked on his tip again. He squirmed but I continued, my tongue lapping at his undershaft and glans. My eyes were glued to his. There was something so incredibly delicious about his mushroom tip. It is impossible to overstate how turned on I was. I tasted precum and I pulled back, emphasizing the popping sound it made when it pulled from my tingling lips.

He groaned and I tightened my grip on his base. "You do not cum yet, do you understand?" I said to him firmly.

He nodded. "I'm trying," he managed to say.

I let go of his cock and let it rest on my chin. I just looked up at him. Flesh against flesh, I felt so connected to him.

"Flex it for me," I said to him.

He grunted and it sprang up then lightly slapped my cheek.

I laughed and so did he. "Sorry," he said.

I shook my head then grabbed him and put him back on my chin. "No," I said. "I like it. I am so proud of you. I want you to practice flexing with me. Do it again," I urged.

He did.

I pulled my head back. "Good," I said looking at his cock as it sprang up. "Again, flex your cock for Mommy."

He flexed and it swung up, once, twice and three times. It was beautiful. It was sexy.

"Again," I said. "These are actually good for you."

He flexed for me. He smiled as I watched him spring up and down, up and down.

I gripped him and devoured his cockhead again. I sucked it hard.

"Ah," he muttered and gasped. He clenched his fists.

I stroked his shaft hard and fast as I sucked his tip. I kept my eyes on his. He never took his eyes away. This is what mothers did for their sons. I kept stroking and sucking until

he started to groan again and I let go. A rope of spit ran from my lip to his cockhead. I was so turned on that I was moving my hips. I knew he was really close that time, so I needed to calm it down a bit. I took a deep breath to try and calm myself down. It wasn't working. I slid one hand down my pants and started to rub myself. I didn't realize how wet I was.

I left his cock alone, there in front of my face as I rubbed myself in a fast circle. He watched me and flexed his cock over and over again. It was really beautiful and sweet. He was trying to show off for me again. I kept rubbing my clit and my eyes went back and forth from his cock to his eyes.

"Good boy, Seth," I said in a labored whisper. "Work that cock like Mommy showed you. Work it out for Mommy. Good boy." My body started to tingle.

With my free hand I gripped him and started to suck him. This time working my mouth up and down on his shaft. I used my hand for extra pressure but soon I let go so I could take him down deeper. I kept rubbing my clit at the same time.

Seth clenched the comforter of the bed as I worked his cock with my mouth. My head bobbed up and down quickly, in time with my fingers on my clit. I started to moan on his cock

and he groaned. He bucked his hips. I bucked mine. My orgasm hit me and I gave a loud, muffled high pitched squeal as I climaxed. A moment later his cock throbbed and he erupted in my mouth. I can't overstate how much I wanted this. I gripped his shaft with both hands and moved in circles as I sucked him.

"Ah! Yes Mom," he moaned as I milked him and drank his cum.

I did not stop until he was completely done. I kept his penis in my mouth as I swallowed the remains and I slid my hands up his thighs. He looked down at me and said, "I love you Mom."

I walked down the hallway to turn off the lights. I went back down stairs, made sure everything was locked up and then went upstairs to bed. Then I heard it. The distinct low vibration sound. I knew what it was. Sarah was masturbating. I leaned against the door and I heard her muffled voice.

She was talking to someone. I couldn't make out the words between the vibration and her moans.

I had no idea who she was talking to.

Puzzled, I went to bed and checked my phone. I had a text from Jen.

Jen: It wasn't him.

Part 5

Chapter 17

I was up earlier than I expected. I woke up laying on my side, I rolled over and frowned as I remembered that I was in bed alone. Josh wasn't here. As if he was reading my mind, my phone rang a few minutes later.

"Hey babe," Josh said.

I looked at the clock, it was 7:45. "Hi hun," I said, yawning.

"Did I wake you?: He said with a laugh.

"No, I was up. Sort of," I said. I sat up. "How are you? I missed you yesterday."

"I am fine. I finished up a bit late last night. I called Sarah and then figured you were asleep so I didn't call until this morning," he said.

"Sarah? When?" I asked. I suddenly remembered hearing her last night.

"Just some time after dinner," he said noncommittally.

I figured he called before she was talking to whomever the mystery person was. "So how are things going?" I asked, changing the subject.

"Really good," he said. "I think I can be there tomorrow actually."

"Really?" I answered with mixed emotions. I was still frustrated he wasn't there, but Jen's text had also convinced me that nothing weird was going on. At the same time, something was happening with Seth. Josh being here would make all of that complicated. "Are you sure? You seemed pretty set on the idea that you had to work."

"Well, turns out that I am awesome and I took care of the issue. If today goes fine then I will be able to get there by tomorrow evening and we can have some good family time," he said. I could tell he was genuinely happy. That made me happy.

"Yay," I replied. "The kids miss you and so do I."

"Me too," he said.

We talked for a few more minutes before he had to go to work. I put the phone down and thought for a minute. A thought occurred to me. An odd thought. Why did he call Sarah before me? He knew I had called him. I left him a message. The truth was that Josh and I weren't great callers. We texted and then we talked in person. So that didn't totally surprise me. Also, Sarah was a bit needy for Josh lately so maybe she hounded him. Sarah could do that. She knew how to get her way. She could be tenacious.

"Well if that made Josh realize he needed to be here then good," I said quietly.

I got up and got dressed. I noticed that I had a slight bite mark on my left breast from Seth. That made me smile. I liked marks and hickeys and evidence of intimacy. It had a sort of carnal meaning to me and Seth sucked my nipple like

he needed me. I liked that feeling and I liked the aftermath. The unfortunate side effect was that if I thought about it too much, it made me horny. I seemed to be in this new almost perpetual state of horniness over the last few days. I needed to figure out how to reign that in when Josh got here.

As wonderful as things were with Seth, they were complicated. Yes it was very natural for me and I was so eager to continue, but I also knew that this may not appear natural to other people. If Josh knew about this how would he react? I brushed my hair and looked in the mirror as I thought about it. Something occurred to me that shocked me because it was only occurring to me now:

Was I cheating on Josh?

I frowned at the thought and looked at myself. I didn't look different. I didn't feel different. Certainly I didn't feel guilty and generally speaking I had a good moral compass and conscience. I just spoke to my husband and I didn't feel like I had betrayed him. In fact I knew that I wasn't. What was happening with Seth was between us. This was a mother and son relationship and it had nothing to do with Josh. Did it?

Someone told me once that the real evidence of cheating was asking yourself if you would do this same behavior in front of your spouse. Of course this had to do with texting another

man or flirting or whatever. But the answer to this question didn't feel cut and dry. I absolutely would not do this in front of Josh or even Sarah for that matter. Yes there was a sexual element to this, but an emotional one as well. But the emotions and actions did not betray my marriage, all of this was so cleanly about me and my son. But would others see it that way?

"Probably not," I muttered. "Which is why moms and sons don't talk about this stuff with others."

I put my hair into a braid. I did not want to lie to myself, but I also did not want to withhold something from myself or Seth out of fear. I knew that I couldn't stop what was happening with Seth. Not yet. But maybe we would stop and take a break when Josh arrived. Logistics would force that anyway and I needed to get my thoughts organized to talk to Seth about it. It was between us, but we needed to move forward carefully.

That seemed right. For now.

I went downstairs and found Seth in the kitchen making coffee. He smiled at me.

"Good morning, Mom," he said.

"Good morning," I replied. I walked past him and got myself a coffee cup. I was wearing a spaghetti strapped tank top that gave more than a hint of cleavage with my bra straps serving as part of the outfit. I also had shorter shorts that were comfy to lounge in with one of my favorite white thongs underneath. This was one of my standard vacation outfits. I didn't think about it at all until I moved past my son.

I felt his eyes on me and I felt extra pretty. I didn't act any differently, but I did lean over the counter a bit more as I fetched the cup. I glanced over my shoulder and caught him looking at me. I loved the way his eyes held mine and then he looked me over hungrily. I smiled at him over my shoulder then turned around.

He opened his mouth to speak but Sarah cut him off.

"Good morning family," she said as she wandered into the kitchen. Her outfit was very similar to mine except she wore leggings. She groggily leaned against the counter beside me and put her arm around me like she liked to. "So are we drinking coffee or what?"

Seth poured some for both us girls and then immediately started to make more. It was going to be one of those slowly moving, wonderful vacation mornings.

"Were you up late?" I asked her.

She leaned her head on my shoulder. "A little, I don't know. It always takes me a few days to get used to sleeping somewhere else," She said. "Especially when Dad isn't here."

I nodded. "I know how that goes," I said even though I slept great. "But on that, there is good news."

Sarah smiled and looked at me, "I know. He is going to be here tomorrow night!"

I nodded. She already knew. "Yep," I said. "He told me this morning."

Sarah looked away out the window and sipped her coffee. "He told me last night when I talked to him," she said. "I pestered him to call me." She looked at me with sarcasm, "Apparently I can be a pest."

I laughed and so did Seth. Sarah's ability to wear people down was famous.

We had breakfast and then lingered around the table. We had plans on going to another beach, but the truth was we didn't have any driving in us really. This was going to be a day we just did very little and that was fine by me. We chatted for a bit and then each one of us found a spot to hang out.

I was in the living room, Sarah went to the deck and Seth stayed at the table drinking another cup of coffee. I looked at my son and I passively wondered if I could get him to lay on the couch and suck on my nipple for a while. I wanted a mark on my right nipple as well and there was something soothing and intimate about the idea. I glanced over at the deck and realized there was no way it would work. Sarah could look over at any time and it just was just too risky.

I did keep looking at Seth until he looked up at me. I pulled down my top a bit and teased him with my right nipple. He looked at it and smiled then opened his mouth slightly. I ran my finger over my nipple and it hardened slightly. He kept looking at it and then he looked up suddenly as the sliding door opened.

I yanked my top back in place and acted like I was looking at my phone as Sarah walked in.

"It is hot out there," she said.

"It is a little hot in here," I muttered looking up. My words had a very different meaning.

Seth looked at me.

"No it isn't," Sarah said. "But I am going to turn on the air just in case." She walked over and turned the central air temperature down a couple degrees.

"Good idea," I said.

Seth tried to say something but it sounded like a croak and he coughed.

"What was that?" Sarah asked Seth in a sisterly mocking way.

He glared at her then got up to get some water.

I mostly ignored this exchange and tried to calm myself down. It was fun to tease a bit but it was going to make thinking clearly more and more difficult. Sarah left the room and went to her bedroom. I stayed where I was and Seth sat in the chair next to the couch and put his feet up on the coffee table.

"It was getting a bit hot in here," he said to me.

I winked at him but didn't say anything. So much for trying to calm myself down. The way I was facing made it not a good idea to do anything. Sarah could see me as soon as she walked down the hall. So I just took another breath and put my legs up on the couch to relax. I knew I was teasing Seth, but he would be ok. We had to be able to be in the same room together. That is the only way this would ever work in the future.

I frowned at the thought: the future. What was the future? Was this a long term thing that was happening? I hadn't thought about it.

"Oh I forgot to tell you," Seth said to me.

I looked up at him.

"Sarah's friend, Vanessa, texted me last night," he said, holding his phone up to me.

"Oh yeah?" I asked. That didn't sit right with me. "Why?"

He laughed. "Thanks for the confidence booster," he said.

I smiled at him. "You know what I mean. It's not like you guys exchanged numbers or anything right?" I sat up.

"No. I guess Sarah gave her my number," he said with a shrug. "It was a bit weird. I didn't see it until I went to bed. I was, um, busy before bedtime so I didn't notice."

I bit my lip and looked at my son. Damn right you were busy. "What did she say?" I asked. The thought of Big Tits flirting with my son did not sit well with me. Not at all.

"I think she asked me out," he said with a smile. Then he met my eyes and the smile left his face. I was not hiding my disapproval.

"What did you say?" I asked, sitting up straighter. I pushed my chest out a bit.

He eyed my tits.

Good boy, Seth. You need Mommy's tits.

"I, um, said maybe," He muttered as his eyes fixed on my cleavage. "We texted a bit. I don't really know her." His eyes went to mine then back to my cleavage.

I glanced past him to Sarah's door. It was closed.

"What did you text about?" I asked. I made a bit of a show of stretching and then adjusted my bra. The adjustment left my top pulled down just a bit more.

He swallowed hard as he looked back at my cleavage. "We, um, texted...um just random stuff," he said weakly.

I sighed, arched my back and stretched again. I moved to the edge of the cushion on the couch. I looked up at Sarah's closed door. "Seth, what did you text about?" I asked again, adding firmness to my voice. One of my fingers drifted over my low neckline. The pad of my bra was showing.

He swallowed again and looked at me then back down at my finger touching my neckline.

I slid my finger down under my bra and felt my nipple, I made sure he could see. I looked back at Sarah's closed door. I pulled the edge of my bar down exposing the top of my areola. "Tell Mommy what you guys texted about," I asked him firmly.

"She said that I was cute and that we should go out when I got back," Seth said, eyeing my partially exposed breast.

I looked again at Sarah's closed door and then pulled my nipple out so he could see it. I tugged on it with my thumb and forefinger. It tensed up and hardened. "That's nice of her. What did you say?" I asked as I continued to pull at my nipple in front of him.

He looked at my nipple intently, watching me carefully. "I said thank you and that she was cute too," he said.

I stood up. I kept watching Sarah's closed door. My heart pounded. I took a step closer to Seth. My nipple was at his eye level. He looked up at me and then back at my breast. "She isn't that cute, Seth," I said to him. "She is one of those girls that looks good now, but she will not mature well." I slid my hand down and pulled out more of my breast. I squeezed it, pushing the nipple out more. "You don't really need her do you?" I asked as I moved closer to him.

He swallowed hard. He licked his lips. My tit was a couple inches from his mouth.

"She doesn't have what you need," I said. "Not what you really need does she?"

He looked up at me and shook his head. "No she doesn't have what I need," he said.

I took a step towards him, guiding my nipple to his mouth when I saw Sarah's doorknob move. I stepped away and pulled my shirt up just as Sarah walked out of her room, her phone to her ear.

Seth was breathing heavily.

"Yeah he is right here," Sarah said. "Hey Seth, I am talking to Vanessa. She wants to say hi."

Seth looked at me then to his sister. He bit his lip, took a deep breath and said, "No thanks, Sarah. Tell her I am not interested."

Chapter 18

"Why don't you think he likes Vanessa?" Sarah asked.

She was lounging with me on the deck. The sun was going down and we watched it together. Seth was at the beach, in and out of the water.

"I guess I could think of a few reasons," I said casually as I sipped my wine. I poured her a glass. She wasn't old enough yet, but she looked and acted older than most twenty-five year olds.

"Thanks, Mom," she said to me as I gave her the glass. "No but really. Vanessa is cute. She is shallow, but whatever, she is my friend."

I took another sip. "He said he texted her last night. He didn't tell me much but he didn't seem too excited about her."

"Did you tell him not to like her," Sarah asked, raising her eyebrow at me.

I laughed. "No," I lied. "I just asked questions. Sweetie, you know me, I am not the type to interfere in your guys' relationships."

She took a drink and looked at the glass thoughtfully. "Well it isn't like he has had many. I was trying to help him out, you know. If guys don't have girlfriends at his age, they can get weird. I don't want a weird brother."

I laughed. "Your brother is fine. Maybe he is just picky," I said.

She looked at me suspiciously. "Are you sure you didn't tell him to stay away from her?"

I looked at her and rolled my eyes, "I didn't say anything like that. I just asked him questions."

"Well maybe you scared him off," Sarah said. "Look Mom, Seth adores you. He wants your approval, so if he thinks he doesn't have it then he is going to change what he does until he gets it."

"You do the same thing with your father," I said, deflecting. Her face turned red.

"That's different," she said. "I know enough to know that daughters need to be close with their dads." She looked at

me and joked,"You don't want me to become some slut with daddy issues do you?"

I laughed. "I certainly do not," I replied. "He seems to be talking to you more than me lately anyway." I let that slip. I was a little tipsy. It was my second glass of wine.

She smiled, "Yeah we have been closer lately. It's fun."

I smiled at her. That warmed my heart to hear. I felt like I carried so much of the burden with the kids for so many years, to know he was bonding with Sarah was really special. I wondered if I needed to ask her about my toy. It didn't feel right. She always told me everything eventually.

"Well, honestly, I don't think Vanessa would have been good for him," Sarah said. "I just wanted him to feel liked and go on a date. I didn't think it would go anywhere."

"Why not?" I asked, looking away. I thought we were done with this Vanessa bitch.

"Seth seems to like girls that are, well, like you I guess," Sarah said. She took another drink. "You are funny and mature and you are Mom, but, like, cool and safe or something. I might be a little drunk."

I laughed. "Well I will take the compliments from my kids when I can get them."

Sarah rolled her eyes at me. "But you can be needy," She said.

"That must be where you get it from," I retorted with a laugh.

She rolled her eyes.

We both watched Seth walk back toward the house from the beach. He was sandy and cute in the waning sun.

"It is nice being here," Sarah said with some drunken sentimentality. "Thanks for always doing this stuff with us, Mom."

I took her hand and kissed it. "Of course, honey."

The three of us ate dinner together then played games and finished the bottle of wine. Josh called at some point and we

all talked to him. He seemed genuinely excited about coming out and sad about missing these first couple days. It was nice. We finished the call then stayed up a while chatting and I opened another bottle of wine.

Sarah took a full glass and then excused herself to go to bed.

"I need my beauty rest," she said dramatically. "It takes a lot to keep this up," she added as she gestured to her face and body.

Seth and I watched her go thoughtfully. The room was heavy with tension. My heart was beating hard and I took another deep drink of wine. I was drunk.

Seth looked at me and said, "Were you jealous of Vanessa?"

I sat thoughtfully for a moment. "I don't know," I said honestly.

"I thought about it a lot when I was swimming," he continued. He took a drink of wine. "I think I was flattered a bit when she was saying that stuff to me."

I nodded. I knew it wasn't time for me to comment on how shallow she was.

He reached over and took my hand in his. "But then this morning when I saw you, I barely even thought about it. She seemed silly and...insignificant I guess."

I rubbed my thumb over his hand.

"I love you, Mom," he said.

"I love you too, honey," I replied. "Please know that I just want the best thing and the best person for you."

He smiled at me and slid closer, around the table toward me. "I think you are the best person for me. You always have been."

We looked at one another for a long moment just holding hands. His other hand slid closer to me. He leaned forward and kissed my lips. It was a very soft, gentle closed mouth kiss and he lingered. His hand slid up to my cheek and he pulled away slightly. My body was warm and my lips tingled. I looked into his earnest, deep and loving eyes and I leaned forward and kissed him again.

He opened his mouth slightly and I teased his lip with my tongue. We continued to kiss like that, partial mouths open and restrained. I slid my hand to his side and he leaned closer to me, giving in more to the kiss and my mouth opened for him. His tongue was gentle and I massaged it, beckoning him on with a soft gasp and sigh. One of his hands slid from my cheek to my side and the other slid up my arm, searching my flesh.

I sucked and licked at his tongue. My hands gripped at his shirt. I pulled away and looked at him. We were both breathing very hard. My body was absolutely on fire.

"Maybe we should go to the bedroom," I whispered to him.

He nodded and leaned back. Catching his breath. "Yes, Mom," he said.

Just then Sarah burst from her room. She was looking at her phone and carrying her empty wine glass. She was doing that one handed text thing that I absolutely didn't understand and set her glass down on the table between Seth and I.

She looked up at us. "What?" she asked.

"A-Are you going to bed?" I asked her.

She nodded and then looked at Seth. "Are you guys ok? Was there some intense movie or something that I missed?" She looked at the TV. Thankfully she was drunk and not terribly perceptive.

"We are fine Sarah," Seth said. "Just talking," he added.

She looked at him then me. "Well it looks dramatic. Cut it out. I am going to bed," she said with more than a little slur and walked back to her room and closed the door.

I sat there for a moment breathing heavily. This was complicated. Was the fact that we were hiding this mean that this is wrong? I took another breath and tried to calm myself down. My mind was racing.

Seth took my hand. I looked at him. Unsure what to say.

"Mom," he began. "Can I come to bed with you?"

I looked into my son's eyes. He was still my son. Nothing had changed. This is something moms and sons did. This was something Seth and I needed to do.

"Yes, Honey," I said to him

Chapter 19

We walked quietly and carefully to my bedroom. My hands were shaking as I entered the room and I could see Seth was very nervous too. He started to close my door and I stopped him.

"Go to your room, get what you want to sleep in and bring it here. Then close your door like you are in there," I said to him in a firm maternal tone.

"Yes, Mom," he said and he left the room.

I took a deep breath and looked around my bedroom. I felt like my heart was in my throat and my hands kept shaking. I thought about some lingerie and walked toward my closet but I stopped. That didn't feel right. Not for this time. I wasn't sure what was going to happen. I went into my bathroom and took off my bra under my shirt. My nipples were visible through my shirt, but I felt comfortable like this. I messed with my hair and then went back into the room.

Seth was just closing the door. He held some shorts and another shirt that he was going to sleep in.

"Set those over there," I said to him, pointing to a chair in the corner.

He went over and set his clothes down. I watched him and I felt the warmth grow throughout my body. I was tingling and I looked at him with longing. I needed this. I needed him.

"Come here, Son," I said to him as I beckoned him over.

He walked to me and we started to kiss. I opened my mouth wide for him, sucking his tongue and then searching his mouth with mine. Our mouths were wide as we ravenously kissed. I felt like I needed him closer. Deeper. He felt too far away. His hands ran all over my body and then up under my shirt. I put my arms up and my shirt was off. I pressed against him as we kept kissing. He kissed my neck, licked at my skin and sucked on it.

I could feel him letting himself go with me. He needed this. He needed me.

"That's it, Honey," I said to him as he licked at my neck and kissed me. "Mommy's here, baby," I muttered as he kissed

my neck and my collarbone. "Here baby, here I am," I said to him as I pushed my right nipple into his mouth.

My son devoured my breast as he sucked it. I gripped it with one hand and pulled his head close with the other, feeding it to him. He moaned and sucked. I clutched and pushed as much as I could into his mouth. I felt his hunger and his lust. He needed me to be closer. I pulled him as close as I could as he ravaged my nipple.

He pulled it from his mouth and gripped my breast with both hands. He licked the nipple and kissed it intimately. "I love you, Mommy," he whispered. "I love your tits. I love your tits so much."

He sucked my nipple again.

My hand pulled at his shirt and he took it off.

"No clothes," I said to him. "Take them off now."

He removed his pants and I pulled off my shorts. I still had my small white thong on. He looked at me with hunger and love. I pushed him to the bed and he slid on, still on his back then I climbed on top of him and started to suck his cock. I looked at him as my head bobbed up and down quickly on

his dick. I felt him getting harder and harder. I pushed my head down until his cockhead hit the back of my mouth and I held it there. I looked up at him and he groaned. I kept holding it, using my tongue to massage him. He groaned and clutched at the comforter and I kept it there.

Finally I pulled back and his dick popped out my mouth. "Mommy is the only woman you need to suck your cock right, Sethy?" I whispered to him.

"Yes, Mom," he said to me.

I sucked on the tip of his dick hard. I pressed my lips against and around his cockhead then sucked. Sucking him like this made me feel connected to him. My mouth joined to my son by his cock: this is how moms need to love on their sons. A mom needed to be connected to her son's cock.

"Oh Mom," he moaned. "You are the only one I need to suck my cock. You are the only one I have ever wanted to suck my cock."

I pulled off him and smiled up at my son. "Mommy is your cocksucker," I said to him. "Nobody can suck you the way I can."

He swallowed hard as I took him down again. I focused on making his cock hit the back of my mouth. I wanted him. I wanted to swallow him whole. We needed to be closer. I focused on fucking him with my mouth, careful to keep looking at him. His eyes never left mine. Up, down, up, down, up down; this was what Mommy's mouth was for.

I tasted his precum and I pulled off. He left my mouth with a loud and satisfying pop.

Seth gasped and groaned, white drops ran down his swollen erection. It was red from my attention and glistened in the light.

"I need you inside me, Son," I said to him. I climbed up on him and yanked off my thong. Straddling him and clutching him by the base I lowered myself. I was so incredibly wet that he slid into me easily and I gripped him with my inner walls.

"Oh fuck," I moaned. "There you are. There is my baby."

His hands ran over my legs and then to my breasts as I just held him inside me as far as I could. This was the connection we were both longing for. I pressed down on him as hard and he ran his hands behind me and gripped my ass.

We looked into each other's eyes. I leaned forward and kissed him and started to move my hips. I was so wet on my son's cock that soon our bodies made a wet slapping sound as I rode him. Breaking off the kiss, I focused on riding him, slamming myself down as I moved my hips in a circle. Seth grunted and groaned and looked at me with my tits swinging in front of him.

I rode him, gazing down at my son as he watched my tits bouncing and slapping. I felt sexy and beautiful as he gazed at me. My body was on full display for him and he was consuming me with his eyes. This is the connection I had been longing for.

"Yes, baby," I moaned. "Look at Mommy. Look at Mommy riding your dick."

Seth looked me over as he held me by my ass cheeks. He followed my directions and looked down where our bodies were connecting. My pussy was swallowing my son's cock and he watched with love and lust in his face with the hard, loud slapping acting as a back ground beat to our love making.

He licked his lips and continued to look me over. Down to his cock disappearing into me and then up to my swinging

and bouncing breasts and then to my face. I felt free. I felt loved. I felt wanted. I felt a deep satisfaction that ran from my chest down to my clit. It felt so good as I looked into my son's eyes and had my first orgasm while he was inside me.

Shaking with pleasure, I moaned, "Yes baby. Mommy is cumming. Ah!"

The climax was small and passed through me, only wetting my appetite and my need for more.

I needed him to be closer.

I rolled off of him and pulled at him to get on top of me. I sensed his inexperience and I loved him all the more. I opened my legs wide and he inserted into me. I wrapped my legs around him and we both groaned in a low moan of pleasure. I lifted my lower back slightly off the bed as he tried to thrust.

"That's it, baby," I said to him as I clutched him. "Go as deep as you can."

He grabbed my hips and thrust, flexing and straining and he pressed into me. Our bodies fully connected and I grabbed at his ass to urge him on. I was on fire and I knew I was going

to climax again. He focused and finally found a good rhythm.

"That's it, Sethy," I said to him. "Give Mommy that cock! Give Mommy that cock!"

Seth kept thrusting. He had a determined look on his face as I clenched him and I started to climax. I let out a soft squeal as I held him while he fucked me. He groaned and grunted.

"Mom," he said in a labored whisper. "I am going to cum. I am going to cum."

I groaned and held him. "Yes," I said. "Cum in Mommy's pussy. Mommy wants your cum! Come on Sethy. Cum in Mommy's pussy!"

He gasped and then shuddered. He was thrusting me hard, fast and with the urgency of chasing his own orgasm. He shook and started to cum inside me. When I felt him and realized what was happening, another orgasm racked my body. It hit me out of nowhere and I clutched to him as he pumped his load. Our bodies were fully connected and he emptied everything he had into me.

This is the connection we both needed. This is how close we had to be and there was no going back.

We lay like that for a long time: Seth on top of me, his head pressed down in the crook of my neck and his softened penis still inside me. I held him as close and as tightly as I could. We breathed together in unison. I had one hand on his ass and the other was on the back of his head as I held him. The orgasms that I had were deep and very emotional. I wasn't a woman that cried during sex and it wasn't anything like that. It was something different. Something more.

My son's orgasm was the pinnacle of his love for me. I had never felt or seen anything so clearly as I saw it now. All the times I had listened to him or thought about it, he always attached his love and need for me. I didn't fully understand it, but I knew that it was this love that I needed.

"I love you, Seth," I whispered to him.

He didn't say anything, he just pressed himself against me. It was warm and wonderful. Somewhere like that and in those thoughts I fell asleep.

I woke up in the dark. Seth was beside me, naked and asleep. His back was to me. I could hear his steady breathing and I saw his chest rise and fall. Instinctively, I pulled the blanket up to cover him and to tuck him in. I was still his mother.

My mouth was dry. This was typical from having too much to drink and I got up and went into the bathroom to get some water. My thighs were covered in my son's dry semen and my overwhelming wetness. The evidence of our time together. I knew I didn't dream it, but part of me was still trying to process what had actually happened.

I filled a cup and took a drink. The water was slightly warm but it did the trick. I downed the whole cup and filled it again. The last thing I wanted was to wake up with a headache and then somehow have my sensitive boy interpret that as me not wanting this to have happened.

"Do I want this? Did I want it" I whispered to myself as I looked in the mirror. I was completely naked. My mind reeled as I thought through the events. Seth and I had sex. Of course, deep down I knew this was going to happen. I wasn't sure if I had actually admitted that to myself until now.

The truth was that I didn't feel anything but closeness to my son. No regrets. No guilt. No shame. Nothing but warmth.

This all felt so natural. So real. I could feel the weight of the complexity as well.

I looked back at the bed and Seth was now facing me, his eyes open and tired.

"Sorry, honey," I said. "I was thirsty."

He smiled at me. "It's ok," he whispered. "I am glad that there is enough light that I can see you."

He was very sweet. I wasn't sure if I would ever tire of the way he looked at me. "Well this is what your old mom looks like," I said with a shrug.

Seth looked my body over. I felt completely exposed.

"What are you thinking?" I asked him.

"Just how beautiful you are," He replied.

I walked over and ran my fingers through his hair, "It's late, sweetie. You should go to your room to sleep. We don't want Sarah finding out about this."

He nodded and proceeded to get dressed with the clothes he had set on the chair. Once dressed he went to the door then stopped and turned around. "Mom, this might sound really silly," he said. He had this nervous look in his eyes.

"What is it, honey?" I asked as I put on a tank top and some shorts to sleep in.

"Would you tuck me in?" he asked sheepishly.

My heart melted. "Of course," I said.

We walked together to his room and he got into the bed. I sat on the edge of his bed and pulled the blankets up as he looked at me. I made a show of tucking him in, like when he was young and he seemed to appreciate it. "This bed feels a bit lonely without you," he whispered.

I nodded. "I am just down the hall, but it is better this way right now," I said as I ran my fingers through his hair again.

We looked at each other for a long moment. My son gazed up at me with pure love. He seemed small and had a look that beckoned me to want to comfort him. I had no doubt

that he was having similar thoughts that I was about what we had done and the steps we had taken tonight.

"Are you ok?" I asked him, keeping my fingers in his hair.

He nodded, his eyes on mine. Then his gaze went down my neckline, as if he was searching me and then stopped on my chest. Then he looked back up at me.

I felt his need for comfort and reassurance. I felt it deep in my heart. He needed me so much and I needed him. Instinctively I pulled up my tank top and exposed my left breast. I gripped it and then beckoned him close. He looked at me then at my breast. He moved close and start to suck on my nipple.

I let out a sigh as the warmth of his mouth fastened to me as my son started to suck my breast. He let out a muffled groan as he sucked and I felt him let himself go in the moment. I clutched his head with one hand and fed him my tit with the other. His cheeks went concave as he sucked and licked at me. His other hand gripped my other breast.

It is hard to overstate how deeply intimate, erotic, maternal and emotional I felt all at once. Having all those emotions and physical sensations was something that I wasn't used to, or even experienced with until I realized that, I was in fact,

experiencing different levels of this and I had been my whole life. This was what it was to be a mom. This is what love was for a mom and this was the relationship that I had been cultivating with my son for his whole life. The closeness, the comfort, the eroticism...all of it was what our relationship was supposed to be.

His free hand went down to his crotch and I knew he was stroking himself as he sucked on my breast.

"Good boy, Sethy," I whispered to him.

He kept going, sucking in more of my nipple. I fed it to him, squeezing my tit so he could take in more. With my other hand I pulled away the blanket so I could see his hand down his shorts. I helped him pull the front of his waistband down, under his balls so his erection was free. He kept grabbing at his penis and I smiled.

I pulled his hand up so he would grab my breast with both hands. "Let Mommy," I said to him in a soothing maternal tone and I reached for his dick, clutched it and started to stroke it.

He made a deep sound around my nipple as he sucked it. His warm hands squeezed my breast and he sucked deep. His eyes were closed and focused. "That's it, baby," I

whispered to him. "Let Mommy, my strong boy." I stroked him fast and he opened his legs and moved his hips. It wasn't going to take long.

"Mmph," he moaned as he squeezed my breast and kept sucking. The way he moved was equal parts comfort sucking and mouth fucking my breast. It felt so good: Comforting, erotic, and necessary.

"Release that cum for Mommy," I whispered to him. "Cum for Mommy, my big strong boy."

He voraciously sucked and moved his hips. Then he gasped around my breast and his dick started spurting. I kept stroking, comforting him, encouraging him and condoning him.

"That's it, Sethy," I whispered. "Give Mommy all that cum so you can sleep. That's it. Keep going. We aren't done until Mommy says we are."

He moaned and moved his hips. He finished spurting and my tit popped out of his mouth. He gazed up at me and my eyes met his. I knew he had one more in him. A mom knows.

I doubled my efforts and he bucked his hips and tried to pull away but I wouldn't let him. "Let Mommy," I said again. I pumped his cock with my hand and he lay back on his pillow. His hands still clenched my tit.

"I--I don't know if I can," he said in an almost pained voice. "Mom, I--oh fuck!"

He spasmed and a thick rope of cum spurted from his cock. He opened his legs wide and lay there as I milked it out of him in hard, fast milking strokes, turning my hand as I went up.

"Good boy," I said. "My strong boy. Good."

I slowed and then stopped and he lay still. His release was all over my hand, arm, the floor and my shorts. I used his wadded up shirt on the floor to wipe things up and then tucked him in again.

He looked up at me, his face was utterly exhausted. "I love you, Mom," he said.

I kissed his forehead and then his lips. "I love you too, Sethy. Now get some sleep, sweet boy."

Chapter 20

I sat at the table with Sarah. She was on her phone and sipping coffee. I was holding my warm cup and still just waking up. All of us had slept in and Seth was still in his bed. I smiled at the thought of him fast asleep; tired out from last night. I had gone to bed and found sleep faster than I was expecting. Everything that was happening felt so right, like our home had found this sense of balance that it had been lacking.

"Have you heard from your father?" I asked Sarah.

She looked up at me and nodded. "Yeah, I talked to him last night for a bit. He said that he tried to call you but you must have gone to bed."

I nodded. I saw his missed call. I was not sleeping when he called, but rather was having sex with my son. I had honestly forgotten about it until Sarah talked about it. "Any idea when he will be coming?"

He said probably tonight. I guess he has to finish up something and then he will come after work. So like 10 I guess or something.

I nodded thoughtfully. Having Josh here would be complicated. But we couldn't hide from it. In some ways I felt like with everything happening with Seth that Sarah was feeling neglected or like the third wheel. But I brushed that notion away, nothing had changed with Sarah and me. This is how we always were. Mostly.

I had checked this morning and my toy was still missing. I wondered at that. I assumed she was smart enough to realize that I would notice it was gone. I probably needed to bring it up, but how and when? I didn't know.

"What do you want to do today?" I asked her.

"I wanted to take a drive down the coast a bit. I saw on my phone that there are some pretty spots south of here and I thought it would be nice to go see one," she said.

"Oh," I replied. "You had never mentioned anything like that before."

She looked at me a little evasively.

"What is it?" I asked. My mom radar was suddenly on high alert.

She smiled, trying to ease whatever tension she was feeling. "Well, I guess, I wanted to go by myself," she said.

I frowned. "What? What do you mean?"

"Don't freak out, Mom," she said. "I know this is a family vacation, but I am just feeling a bit antsy and the idea of taking an hour drive by myself to another beach sounds really nice to me. I am not trying to get away from you or anything."

I paused to let what she was saying sink in. Sarah had driven about that far alone in the past. But I had no car to go help if she had trouble. At the same time, she had been driving a few years now and I needed to let go of the leash a little bit. I could feel like there was a lot she wasn't saying but I also knew the look in her face all to well. She was feeling the need for something I had been dreading for a long time: a lot more independence.

"Well, Seth and I could go with you and then we can, you know, not be in the same part of the beach. It's just a long drive and that worries me a little bit," I said.

Sarah sighed and replied, "Mom, Seth is, like, super comfortable here and you know he will likely not want to go on a drive." She put up her hands to make air quotes, "To see the same thing we have out our front door."

I laughed. That was 100% something he would say.

"Besides, I don't want it to be a big thing. I just want to drive a bit on my own and see things at my own pace. Just for the day, Mom," she said.

"But what if something happens and you need help?" I asked.

"Mom, I will be fine, it's not like I'm--" she stopped and I realized she didn't want to say what she was about to say. "I will be fine and what I mean is it's not like I am going to another country. I can call you when I get there, how is that?"

I felt an odd vibe from her. She was my daughter and she was honest but she didn't always tell the full truth. However, just like the sex toy, I knew that if I approached or pushed in the wrong way then she would pull back and I would never know what was really going on. I took a very deep breath and felt my mom-nerves easing. Slowly.

"Ok," I said without wanting to actually say it. "But I need you to call me when you get there and then text me often to check in. I don't want to helicopter, but I need to know you are ok. Does that work?"

Sarah smiled big. "Thank you, Mommy," she said sweetly. Then, just like that, as if she had been waiting and waiting, she hopped up and went to get ready to go.

"Yes, Sethy," I moaned. "Yes, just like that. Suck on it. More pressure. Oh fuck!"

I held his head in place as he sucked on my clit and I came, pushing my hips up, lifting my ass off the floor and flexing my core. I realized that in the same way that a mom needed to be sucking their son's cock, a son needed to be eating their mom's pussy. How else would they learn?

Seth took direction well and after some trial and error he found his way going down on me. I could tell my son had an oral fixation; he ate my pussy like he sucked my tits. He loved to get his mouth on me and then just stay there. He gazed up at me, his eyes just above my bush and his mouth working hard on me. He had an intensity as he went about it that I loved. I often felt guilty when Josh went down on me. He said he liked it, but it always felt obligatory and workman-like as if he was just getting me ready for his dick.

Seth was altogether different. I could tell he had thought about eating Mommy's pussy for a long time and now he was allowed to indulge. It was like buying him an ice cream sunday, when he was little, after he had asked to go to the shop for months. He continued to work on my clit, his hand grasping at my thighs as they lay over his shoulders.

He was up a while after Sarah had left and after I made him breakfast we just sat on the deck together and watched the water. I was in my normal "mom mode" and went in to clean things up and to make sure the house was tidy when Seth came in and asked if he could help. The next thing we both knew we were on the floor and he was sucking on my clit.

The problem that I had with oral sex was that it made me extremely horny and my wild side would start to come out. I couldn't explain why and I was worried about this with Seth because he was my sweet boy and I didn't want to overwhelm him. He was very content licking my pussy and sucking my clit. He seemed so intent on pleasuring me but that also frustrated me in a sexual way because I knew I needed to take charge. That was just the way he was.

I gripped his head and grinded my hips against his mouth. I knew I was on the verge and I wanted to cum one more time. "Suck on it, Sethy," I said to him, my hands in fists in his hair. "Use your teeth a little, use your--oh yes--right there. Like that. I am gonna cum!" I bucked my hips against his mouth

and I came hard. I shook with pleasure and rode it out, forcefully rubbing myself against my son's mouth and teeth. I looked down at him and he seemed so intense.

"Are you ok, baby?" I asked him, my voice was more breath than anything.

He nodded and pulled away then said, "Yes Mom. I love it when you climax."

I laughed and he pulled away from me and sat up. His face glistened with my wetness. His shorts were mostly on, his crotch was a full tentpole with his erection. "Well that is a rare thing for a boy to say," I said to him with a laugh. "Especially to his mother."

He chuckled. "Well it's true," he said as he rested on his knees.

I sat up and took a deep breath. "Now what was I doing when I originally came inside," I said looking about the room.

I stood up and picked up my phone. Sarah had called a few minutes earlier and I managed to answer it as Seth was figuring out his way as he went down on me. She seemed

really happy and that made me feel relieved. It was the right thing for her to go like this. Besides it gave Seth and I more time to be alone before Josh came here later. Though that might make things more difficult. I knew they would, but I didn't want to think about it.

"What are you thinking about, Mom?" he asked me.

I smiled at him. "Mostly that I am glad that we have a good part of the day together," I said. I stood up and adjusted my dress. That last orgasm was really good, but I was still so horny. I took a deep breath and just sent a quick message to Sarah that I was glad she was safe and to keep checking in.

I set my phone on the table and looked at my son. "What do you want to do?"

He looked at me earnestly. For a moment he didn't say anything and then he said, "I want to make you have more orgasms."

I laughed and walked over to him and kissed his forehead. "You are sweet," I said. "There are some things you don't know about me. I don't want to overwhelm you too much with my sexual side." I said this honestly and very maternally. "We can ease into things, honey."

He frowned at me. "I don't want to ease in, Mom," he said. "I love you and I want you to feel good. I want to know you in all the ways I can."

He was so earnest and sweet. I knew he meant it but part of me wondered what he would think about me if I started to show him more of my wild side. I opened my arms for him and he came up to me and we hugged. I kissed his cheek. "I love you too, baby. I am just trying to figure some of this out, you know?" I whispered in his ear.

"There isn't anything to figure out, Mom," he said looking into my eyes. "I am your son, you should just be you with me. You are my Mom and I love you no matter what. That's how it works. I don't want you to feel like you can't be all of yourself with me."

His words hit me deeper than I was expecting. All the roles a mom plays, all the hats I had to wear to be all things for all the people. All the effort I had put in to make Josh love me. I was always trying so hard. I just wanted to be me. He was right.

"I just want you to be happy," he said to me. Tears actually formed in his eyes. "And I want you to know that I love all of you."

I kissed his lips softly. "You need to be careful, son," I said to him with a smile.

"Why?" he asked.

"All of this talk is making me want you to do things to me," I whispered, adding some seduction to my voice.

"You don't understand," he replied easily. "A good son wants to do anything to his mother that she needs."

Part 6

Chapter 21

It is always amazing how little we really know about ourselves. I had known that I was a very sexually open person, especially before having kids when Josh and I would fuck for hours. As our relationship progressed and then I had babies that part of me had changed. Reflecting on it later I realized that my "openness" back then was my immature desire for Josh to really love me. I wanted to be the woman he wanted. So I was willing to be the wife of his fantasies.

There were things we did that I enjoyed and thought about, but not nearly as much as one would think.

What I was learning about myself now was that my greatest aphrodisiac was being loved. Not just told that I was loved or given flowers or some other gesture that, in the end, was more about the giver than me; but it was the overwhelming, all encompassing feeling of love. Like being wrapped in a warm blanket fresh out of the drier on a cold day, or the pure way my son looked at me, the smile curl of the edge of his mouth when he saw me. But it wasn't just this feeling I had, it was also his receiving of the love I had at the same time. A complete pouring of my maternal, physical, emotional and erotic onto him and his ability to receive all of it and to relish in it. These were things that I did not know anything about when I married Josh and I had experienced moments of these things over the years with him.

But I understood now that I really was starving for the kind of love that I was experiencing with Seth. Sex was an expression of this, but it wasn't in and of itself a terribly deep expression of it. I realized this recently with how hollow things were with Josh. All of our sex acts together really just felt like masturbating in the same room. It felt like we were watching porno and trying to emulate it in hopes that whatever thing we saw would make us feel loved. I didn't understand any of this enough to articulate it, but it all fell into place now.

I was a very sexual person, but those things age and change. The true foundation, root and source of my desire was love. I wanted to pleasure my son, deeply and extremely in ways that I had never known with Josh and the reason was that Seth wanted the same for me. I realized it when I realized that when Seth ate my pussy, he wanted me to orgasm, he wanted me to feel pleasure and more pleasure each time, not just because he got off on me being satisfied (like many men) but because he loved me. The way he looked at me when he was sucking on my clit, that deep intensity in his eyes was his way of watching me with deep sensitivity and wanting me to feel incredible pleasure. It wasn't a game, he didn't get off from it (in the masturbatory sense), but he wanted me to feel how much he desired me and loved me, he wanted me to have soul-deep orgasms because he loved me soul deep. He wasn't concerned with being a good lover or some kind of sex god, he was concerned with loving me well. As a woman and as a mother, I can tell you that there is nothing more erotic or sexually freeing than fully understanding these things.

To the same point, I wanted the same for him. I wanted him to open himself fully to me so that I could love him to the deepest extent possible. I realized that, as his mother, I had an inherent deep understanding of my son already and that translated into sex very easily and naturally. He was safe with me, he was vulnerable, he was sensitive and I knew he listened. A man that listens can receive and then he can learn

to receive things fully. Once you begin to experience these things, there is no going back because there is no room for a substitute. Depth shows us how shallow things have been. The downside is that when you experience love and feeling like this, you lose the capacity for anything less. I would call this the physics of love.

Seth and I spent time in sixty-nine. This was a position that was fun if I was horny, but ultimately it was always distracting for me. I would be flooded with trying to make myself feel good, so Josh knew he was doing a good job, at the same time I would try to suck him well, but not too well because we wanted it to last. It was a tiring and ultimately not very satisfying act. With my son, it was entirely different. When I straddled his face and felt him indulge in my pussy and grip my ass, I could tell he was having the meal he had always wanted. I felt so incredibly sexy on top of him like this, my ass and pussy right there for him, and as he indulged I looked forward and saw his cock. It wasn't just that I wanted it. It was that I wanted to learn about it, pleasure it, kiss it, lick it and to spend time loving it the way I loved Seth. That, in fact, was what this was. All of it was love.

As he ate my pussy and gripped my ass, I focused completely on showing my son how much mommy loved his cock. I completely let myself go. It wasn't frantic sucking or jerking or frenetic movements. I just used my mouth on him in every way that felt necessary and natural. I began with the

tip. I absolutely loved his perfect mushroom tip. I loved the way it fit in my mouth perfectly and it felt so good to suck on as it swelled. I rubbed it against my lips and kissed it, then sucked on it, never holding it in one place for too long. I licked off his precum and then relaxed so that he would calm down a little. I went to his shaft and kissed it, sucking on the soft skin from the side and using my teeth just a little so I could suck the skin. I wanted to mark every inch of him with my mouth.

All the while Seth continued to explore my pussy with his mouth and fingers. I felt him tug at my clit with his teeth and he fingered my pussy at the same time. It felt so good. I pressed my cheek against his thigh and gripped his dick and let myself enjoy his attention. He shifted to licking me hungrily. He moaned into me and I shifted my weight, arched a bit more so he could grip my ass cheeks better as he ate me. I had a small orgasm and I sucked at the side of his shaft as I came.

I started to stroke him vigorously in the wake of my climax but every time I knew he was getting close to an orgasm I would slow down and change things. I was getting more and more acquainted with his erect penis. I shifted my focus again to sucking him. I took him into my mouth and pushed down, clamping the pressure of my mouth and lips around him. He moved his hips with me and I doubled my efforts. His tip hit the back of my mouth and I wanted him closer. More of him. I opened a bit and pushed down, I was almost

at the base of his cock but I wanted to see if I could swallow it. My son did not have a big penis, but he was fully engorged and I wanted all of him. I began working the back of my mouth and I felt a slight gag, I let out a breath and then went for it.

"Oh fuck, Mom! Oh...!" He moaned up from my crotch in pleasure.

I gave a muffled reply and held it there, moving my neck with small gestures adding pressure where I could and drooling. His hand found my hair, he jerked and shook and then as I was pulling back his dick began to throb then spurt in my mouth. I bobbed my head and sucked out his cum and absolutely relished it.

He gripped my ass and he cried out, "Ah! I love you, Mom. I love you!"

I loved him too and I swallowed everything. He was receiving my love.

We didn't bother getting fully dressed. I was in my underwear and bra and a robe while Seth was in shorts and no shirt. He lay on the couch half dozing and half watching TV. I was completely relaxed and I smiled at him as I cut some fruit for a very light lunch. I was still humming with desire for him.

My phone rang and I picked up after seeing it was Jen.

"Hey Jen," I said as I chopped. "What's up?"

"Hey Maddie," she said. "So I was going to text but I thought I should call."

"Um, ok," I said as I pushed the fruit into two bowls. "What is going on?"

"So I saw Josh this morning," she said with hesitance.

"Oh yeah? He is working this morning and then driving down here," I said, unsure where this was going.

"Yeah I saw him at the gas station. He was in his beach clothes. He already left. He saw me and waved but we didn't talk," Jen said.

"When was that?" I asked.

"Like 3 hours ago," Jen said. "Honestly I didn't think anything of it, but then I remembered you said he was working. He didn't go to work, Madds."

I took a deep breath and said, "So Jen, you need to let this go. Maybe he got everything done and is coming early. Maybe he wants to surprise us. I know he really wants to be here."

Jen was quiet and then said, "I know. I just have this feeling that there is something going on. That's all."

"Look, we had our plan and it turned out to be nothing. I am fine. I think everything is fine. Let's just let it go," I said.

"Ok, you are right. I'm sorry," Jen said. "Have a fun time with the family. I love you!"

"I love you too. Bye Jen," I said and then hung up.

Seth was asleep. I smiled at him. Then called Josh.

"Hey honey," Josh said.

"Hey babe," I said. "Where are you?"

"Working. Should be done soon and heading your way," he said.

I didn't say anything for a moment. The realization of his lie hit me. "Um, great," I said with forced enthusiasm. "When do you think you will be here?"

"Maybe around 9 or something," he said.

"Ok," I replied. "Drive safe."

We said our goodbyes. Why was he lying to me? What was going on? A panic ran through me that he was going to walk into the beach house any minute to surprise us. At the same time that's not what this felt like. I knew Josh lied to me on occasion. Everybody lied at some level, even subconsciously. Maybe this was one of those things? I didn't know.

That led me to another problem. I did not want to lie to Josh about Seth and I. I didn't want to tell him, but I also didn't

want to be sneaking around in perpetuity. So much had happened and had changed.

"Are you ok, Mom?" Seth asked. He was sitting up and stretching. He was so cute.

"Yes, honey," I said to him. "Your father might be here earlier than I thought."

He nodded.

I could tell he was thinking the same thing. He knew that at some point Josh would find out and then, well, something would happen.

"Are you worried about Dad finding out?" he asked.

I looked at him thoughtfully. "Honestly, no," I said. "I just want to control how it happens. I don't think him walking in on us having sex would be the best way for this conversation to start."

I had a thought and I felt stupid for not thinking about it sooner. I frowned and scrolled through my apps on my phone. I was not a tech person. We all had the "Find my

Phone" setting turned on so we could see where everyone was. I used it sometimes with the kids, but honestly almost never once I got used to them having phones. I had never once thought of using it for Josh. Why not? Especially after the last few days. Dumb.

"Does that mean you were planning on us having sex again today?" Seth asked with a smile.

I looked at him and smiled. I loved seeing him like this: my boy was getting more confident. "Yes Honey," I said. "If you are up to it, of course."

I found it and opened it up. After a few seconds of having no idea what to do I clicked Josh's name and it opened a map. I looked at it, puzzled. It said that he was near where Sarah was. Not at the beach but in the city. I frowned. Maybe he was surprising her? Something about all of this felt weird.

I sent a text to Sarah.

Me: Hey honey. Is your dad with you?

She didn't answer. I clicked on her name and saw that she was in the city also. The thing was not super accurate, but it looked like they were near each other. They must be

together. I wondered if they were planning something. I am sure that explained the secrets and him talking to her more than me these days. All of that made me feel better.

I suddenly felt Seth's arms around me from behind. I leaned back against him. Well whatever was happening, I knew that Sarah planned to be gone most of the day.

"Are you ok, mom?" he asked me again. He wasn't sexualizing me. He loved me.

Nothing turned me on more. "Yes, baby," I said as I tossed my phone onto the table. "Now I think there are a few more things that Mommy wants to teach you." I opened my robe.

Chapter 22

Moms need to be the ones that teach sons how to fuck. We live in a porn saturated world. I am as horny as the next mom but porn doesn't play out fantasy so much as it creates an unreasonable expectation. Women are expected to want things like: ass fucking by a huge cock every day, choking during sex and oral sex, folded and contorted and disrespected, etc. I am not one to judge any one's fantasies or even their kinks, my point is not everyone wants that. On the flip side, men are expected to be these dominant fuck machines that can thrust to a disco beat for hours on end.

Honestly, some women actually don't want that and moreover, expectations not experienced or achieved just breeds disappointment.

This is why moms should be teaching their sons how to fuck. Moms need to show their sons how wonderful their cocks are and how desirable their cum is. I realized these truths for myself as Seth and I had this nearly full day to just be together.

After making out in the living room, we made our way to the bedroom and I took on my instructional, maternal tone with my son. I enjoyed how hard he got for me and I decided it was time for him to tell me everything. I made him sit on the edge of the bed with his shorts pulled down to his ankles. I went into the bathroom and changed into some lingerie. It was a black laced teddy that held my tits out with some firm underwire support. The back was held together with a three snaps that went down my spine. The prominent feature of the top was how it presented my breasts, barely covering my nipples and forming some pretty cleavage. I wore the matching black g-string thong and a black garter belt attached to some see through black hose that went to the middle of my thigh. The last touch were some red heels. Honestly, I looked fucking hot.

I walked out into the bedroom and Seth gawked at me. His penis was hard. "Mom, you look--" he began.

"Seth," I cut him off. "This is a game called Mommy says. You do not speak unless Mommy asks you a question. Do you understand?"

"Yes Mom," he said. He looked at me submissively, the way a boy looks at his mom when he is in trouble.

The room had a large full length mirror that was leaning against the wall. I pulled the chair over in front of the mirror and positioned it how I wanted it.

"Do you watch porn?" I asked him casually.

He looked at me guiltily but didn't say anything.

I leaned over him, my hands on his thighs. "Seth," I said to him firmly. "You answer your Mom and you tell me the truth."

He looked at me with a mixture of pain, lust, longing and shame in his face. "S-sometimes," he admitted.

"Take your shorts off fully and go sit in that chair," I said to him.

He complied.

"What kind of porn do you watch?" I asked him.

"What do you mean?" he asked me nervously.

I walked over to him then gripped his cock. I squeezed it and looked into his eyes. "Sethy, Mommy wants to know what makes you hard. What kind of scenes do you like to watch?" I asked him firmly.

He grunted when I held his cock.

"I, um, watch things with older women and young men," he said nervously.

I stroked him slowly. "Like mothers and sons?" I asked.

He nodded.

"What else?" I asked, letting go of his erection and standing up straight.

"I used to watch other things. Honestly, Mom, nothing in particular. But--" he stammered.

"Used to?" I asked.

He nodded. "When I saw you that day, in the bedroom bent over, I--I kind of lost interest in all of it, Mom," he said. "I couldn't get that out of my head."

I looked into his eyes. "Good," I said easily and firmly. "I have a new rule for you and this will always apply. Not just now."

He nodded nervously.

I leaned over him, my tits barely held in by the teddy and I gripped his dick with two hands. "Sethy, you do not ever watch porn without me again. Not ever. When we do watch it, the purpose will be educational only. Honey, Mommy is here for all your questions, your needs and your fantasies. Everything. I love you and I want you to be free with me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mommy," he said to me. He swallowed hard as I continued to grip his cock with both hands.

"Seth," I whispered. "Mommy is your dick sucker. I will never say no to sucking your cock. Mommy is your lover. My pussy is hungry for you. Mommy is your fantasy and your teacher. I am always open for you and where you want to stick your cock." I let go of him and turned around so he could get a good long look at my ass and then I faced him again. "Mommy is the woman you need. I am always here for you, baby. You know that don't you?"

"Yes, Mommy," he said in his little-boy-that-needs-to-confess voice. "I have never wanted anyone else. I never think about anyone else. Mommy, I want you all the time. I want to cum for you. I want you to be proud of me. I love you so much."

His earnestness was so intoxicating. He wasn't desperate for attention, he was always desperate to love me better. My son's climax and his cum was the culmination of his physical love. When he came, he wasn't looking for release, he was longing to give me his love, to deposit his love into me. It was so pure and natural. I leaned forward and kissed his lips, gripping his hard cock for balance. He felt so good and very hard.

I broke off the kiss and said, "I love you too, Sethy."

After that I took my time with him in front of the mirror so he could watch and then we could watch ourselves. I spent

some time on my knees sucking his dick and reassuring him that Mommy loved his cock and that it was important for us to spend time like this and he never had to feel rushed or worry when I was going down on him. We talked about facefucking and showed him areas he could place his hands, that it was ok to grip my hair and to thrust. We spent time like that, I was on my knees and he was standing infront of the mirror, gripping my hair and fucking my mouth. He was not comfortable in a fully dominant position and I appreciated that because he never forgot that I was his mother. He also loved to look in my eyes as he did it, needing to stay in sync with me, especially when I took him into my throat.

I showed him where to put his hands under my jaw and he groaned in pleasure when he could feel the bulge of his cockhead pushing down into my throat. I loved having his whole cock in my mouth like that, my nose pressed against him as he tensed and moaned. He almost came a couple of times and he was so good at telling me he was close so I could back off.

I pulled my tits out and he sucked them and loved slapping his cock on them. Mommy's tits were a soothing thing for him as well as turn on. Eventually I took the top off so he could kiss, suck and fuck my tits. His fixation and fascination with my breasts made me feel so pretty.

We moved onto sex and I straddled him a bit. He insisted on looking up at me instead of the mirror and I loved that. Our time was never about him, it was always about us. He loved to grip my ass as I bounced on him. I came like that and I explained to him how women can climax more than once, but for men that was much more rare. He warned me that he was going to cum soon, so I climbed off of him and let him soothe suck my tits while I told him how much his Mommy loved him.

We got onto the floor and I got on all fours. He was behind me and I helped him find my pussy from behind. He pressed into me. His hands gripped my hips and he thrust slow at first. He looked up at the mirror and we looked at one another through the reflection as he fucked me like that. My tits swung, my head went back and I groaned, "That's it, Seth. Fuck Mommy!"

His fingers curled around the garter belt and he pumped me from behind. I rocked against him each time, trying to take him fully.

"Ah! Yes, Mom. Yes, Mom!" He said as our bodies collided and slapped together.

I lost myself for a moment, my mind losing track of my teaching and I just looked at us in the mirror. He gripped my garter like the bridle of a horse and was gazing down where my ass met his hips. He had that intense, determined look on

his face with his mouth open. He was my beautiful son and I knew, once again, that I needed him. My tits swung wildly and I felt an orgasm building in me.

Slap. Slap. Slap. Slap. Our bodies collided in a steady rhythm.

"That's it, Sethy. Yes honey. Keep going!" I said to him, slamming back against him.

Slap. Slap. Slap. Slap.

His eyes went from my ass to the mirror and back again.

Slap. Slap. Slap. Slap.

I opened my mouth to urge him on again and the orgasm I was chasing ran straight through me. "Ah!" I gave a high pitched moan as my climax reached its apex. I looked at him through the mirror and I needed him. I needed all of him.

"Give Mommy your cum, Seth. Give me your fucking seed. Give Mommy your seed!" I urged as I rode through my climax and right into another one.

Slap. Slap. Slap. Slap.

"Oh fuck. Mom. Fuck! I am going to cum! Oh fuck!"

Slap. Slap. Slap. Slap.

"Ah!" He cried out as his cock spewed its load into me.

Slap. Slap. Slap. Slap.

I kept slamming against him. I needed all of it. I had lost control. Dirty words and filthy thoughts ran through my mind, but I looked at my son in the mirror and all I could do was groan in pleasure as he pumped everything he had into me.

I pressed my face to the floor and pushed my ass up. He grabbed my hips and thrust one last time then held it there. He held me and I kept backing up against him.

"Keep it there, stay there, baby, stay right there Seth," I whispered to him. "I need you to stay in me."

He nodded, breathlessly and held my hips. His crotch connected to me from behind and I felt the warmth of his

breath on my back. We both looked up at the mirror, our faces red from exertion but I was reminded of the many family pictures we had taken over the years; so many mom and son pictures. This felt like another one of those. I wanted to grab my phone and capture this moment: me bent over in the foreground, my tits dangling and brushing the floor (I really liked how they looked right now), my son behind me with one of his hands gripping my garter belt and his crotch firmly pressed against my ass. It was really beautiful and sexy.

"I am really proud of you, Seth," I said to him.

"Really?" he asked, his face lighting up with pride.

"Yes, honey, you are such a good listener. Mommy had several really good orgasms. All because of you," I said to him. It reminded me of when I had complimented him on receiving all A's in math.

I pressed back against him as he leaned forward and kissed me between my shoulderblades. His lips were soft, warm and his kiss was wet. I smiled and looked at him in the mirror, something was stirring in me. Something that was there but I had not understood, but I was starting to. I had been on birth control for a long time after the kids were born, but as I watched and felt my son kissing my back, his spent

cock firmly lodged in my pussy (that was full of his cum) and possibly coming to life again; I began to wonder if I wanted another baby--from Seth.

Chapter 23

Slap. Slap. Slap. Slap.

Seth held my hips and continued to thrust. My legs were above his shoulders, my ass off the ground as he thrust down into me in a hard, slow rhythm.

After our last session we had taken a break and fell asleep together on the floor. It was after 4 o'clock when we woke and after having a light snack and checking our phones, we were laying on the couch in the living room together. Sarah had texted me back.

Sarah: Yes. Dad is here with me!

She sent me a selfie of the two of them on the beach. If I didn't know them I would have thought they were a couple. I smiled and showed it to Seth.

"She looks really happy," Seth said. "So does Dad."

I nodded.

Me: So glad you guys can have this time together. Any idea when you will be home?

Sarah: We are going to have dinner and then watch the sunset. So late tonight I think.

I gave her a thumbs up. My heart had settled. Josh wanted to surprise Sarah. That was this whole ruse he was pulling. I didn't understand why he didn't tell me, but I wasn't too worried about it.

Seth's head was on my chest and he was playing some cell phone game. I ran my fingers through his hair and texted Josh.

Me: So glad you are having some good time with Sarah.

Josh: Me too and I am glad it worked out.

Me: So no work today?

There was a long pause.

Josh: No. Things were pretty chill so I decided to surprise Sarah. Sorry for the white lie. I didn't want you to tell the kids I was coming early.

I gave that a thumbs up. It still didn't feel honest. I looked at the picture of the two of them again. For the first time I wondered if there was more to it. More to it like there was more to Seth and I. Never in a million years would I have ever even considered that.

Seth had slid his hand up my shirt. Instinctively I knew what he wanted. I shifted a bit on the couch and he pulled my shirt up. I pulled down the front of my bra and my left nipple was free. Seth started to suck it gently and I pressed his head against me with one hand and kept looking at my phone with the other. My son's mouth felt so good on me. So necessary. I loved how comfortable he was. I didn't want to have to hide it when Josh and Sarah were home.

I debated texting Josh something about us needing to talk or something. But I didn't want to ruin their time together. I looked at the picture again and tried to imagine my husband and daughter together the way Seth and I were. How did I feel about that? Jealous? Relieved? Indifferent? Was that cheating? Was I cheating with Seth?

I felt Seth pull at my bra uncomfortably and I leaned forward so he could unsnap it. I decided to just take my shirt off as he removed my bra. He gripped my breast and sucked on it. I looked down at him and smiled. He looked so natural doing this. He let out soft sounds as he licked and sucked on my nipple. I did not want to have to hide this and certainly not give it up. I had never seen Seth so confident and comfortable. It warmed my heart to know that he had been wanting this for so long and now, here we were. We needed each other.

I thought about Josh and Sarah and I felt myself hope that they had found the same. That would explain so much and we just needed to be honest about it. It was a huge risk to talk about it, because what if I was wrong? What if I had misread everything?

Seth shifted to my other breast. I felt him getting hard against my leg and I loved it. He was making love to me right now. We made eye contact as he devoured my breast, tugging at it like he was trying to fuck my tit with his mouth. I ran my fingers through his hair. I had been hoping that we could do it one more time before Josh and Sarah got here.

With my body responding to my son I decided to think about everything later and tossed my phone to the side.

After a lot of kissing, sucking, licking and stroking, Seth was now fucking me like this. We had started on the couch but I rolled off and he pulled at me. The next thing I knew my legs were wide and over his shoulders, my ass up, half supported by the couch and my son was thrusting into me almost straight down. I shifted with him, focusing on taking him as deep as I could.

He bucked his hips, flexed and drove himself down into me with a hard satisfying slap. His balls pressed against me and all I could do was pull at him, trying to get him closer. He looked down at me with love, focus and that smoldering intensity. My body felt like it was on fire and felt an orgasm just out of reach. This was one of the most frustrating moments as a woman, knowing a very hard and deep climax was there, but seemingly unreachable.

I urged him on,"That's Seth. Fuck Mommy! Fuck me!"

He thrust down again and again. I was so close but I couldn't get there. I kept breathing heavily and with each gasp I felt like it slipped away. I opened as wide as I could and clutched his body, helping him fuck me. It felt so good. So frustratingly good.

"Fuck Mommy's pussy baby. Fuck it. Don't stop. Fuck Mommy's pussy!" I urged him. I was so close, but I gasped again and it slipped away, so elusive.

Seth could see it and he did what I asked him. "Mom, I want you to cum. Mom, please cum with my cock in you," he said in strained whispers.

I was so close. I gasped again, trying to will it there but I couldn't. It was like a deep itch right next to my clit and I could not touch it no matter what I did. I gazed into his eyes and I knew what I needed him to do. My mind was all over the place and I needed him to center me. I needed him.

He thrust again, looking down at me with those intense eyes.

"Seth," I said in more breath than sound. "Take your hand and grab Mommy's neck." His eyes puzzled and he almost stopped. "Trust me baby," I said and I grabbed his forearm and moved his hand to my neck. "I will pinch you when you need to let go. But I need you to squeeze my neck."

He thrust into me and held his cock as deep as he could. His hand was on my neck very loosely. He was unsure.

"Seth," I pleaded. "Keep going. Fuck Mommy's pussy. Squeeze my neck and fuck me as hard as you can. I am right here, baby. I need you to. Fuck Mommy!"

He started to thrust again and he started to squeeze my neck. I let out a breath. "Harder," I said to him, pulling at his forearm.

He squeezed harder.

I took another breath. This one deeper. I was so close. So agonizingly close.

"Sethy, harder honey," I urged him. "Show Mommy how strong you are. Harder. Hard--"

My voice cut off as he started to choke me. I looked into his intense eyes. I couldn't breathe. I opened my mouth and gazed at my son.

Slap. Slap. Slap. Slap.

Everything went blurry and then in a glorious moment I centered on him. I held his forearm and he pounded his cock into me and the flood gates inside me opened. This orgasm

started somewhere in my pelvis then tore through my flesh in every direction. The intensity of the moment made me feel, hear and taste everything. The hard slapping of our bodies together, the strength of his hand, the look in my son's eyes and the tremendous pleasure roaring through me. I pinched his arm and he let go instantly.

"Fuck!" I cried out in pleasure. I could barely shake due to how hard he held me in place and that just added to the torrent rolling through me. My pussy was hungry for him right now. I lost my filter. I needed it. "Cum in Mommy's pussy. Empty that fucking cock! I need your seed, Seth. Fuck your seed into me!"

I could see the pleasure over take him and I knew he was going to cum.

"Yes baby! Yes! Cum in Mommy! Fuck all of that love seed into me! Fuck it a--" I was cut off by his groan.

Seth's eyes shook and he opened his mouth to say more but nothing came out. He just gave me hard urgent thrusts as he dumped his seed into me.

I felt him and I cried out as I came again. My hand cupped his ass and I yanked him close to me. In a pleasure driven

maternal voice I ordered him, "Empty those fucking balls into Mommy's pussy!"

He gave me everything he could. Everything he had left. Our bodies, hearts and souls seemed to connect right there. Right then and there, in the aftermath of both our climaxes, as we lay tangled and connected I decided I was going to go off birth control. I needed my son to breed me.

"What do you think Dad will say?" Seth asked me as we sat on the deck looking at the stars.

I told him that we needed to tell Josh about what was happening.

"I don't know, honey," I said as I sipped some wine. "But we are honest in this family and we aren't going to lie." I held his hand. "Besides, I don't want to hide what we have. I can't."

He nodded. "I don't either," he said.

"Seth," I said to him looking over toward him.

"What Mom?" he asked.

"There is one more thing I want to tell you," I said. "This is a decision we should make together and not one that Mom can make alone."

He swallowed and waited.

"Honey, when I am with you I feel so connected and loved," I began.

He smiled.

"I have been using birth control for a while and so I haven't been thinking much about us having unprotected sex," I said.

He nodded.

"But I don't want to use birth control anymore. I take a pill every month and I don't want to take it anymore. I am supposed to take it again next week. I want to stop," I said. I paused for him to understand what I was saying.

He was stoic for a moment and then he smiled. "Really?" He asked.

I nodded. "If I get pregnant again, I want it to be yours Seth. I love you."

He smiled wide. "I love that, Mom."

"I don't know what will happen. I am not as young as I used to be. But I want to have the possibility. But I wanted you to be ok with that," I said. "THis is a big decision Seth. I want--"

"Yes," he said with a smile then he kissed my hand. "Absolutely yes."

I leaned over and kissed him. We had a lot to talk about with Josh and possibly Sarah. I was beyond nervous, but it felt right.

Just then I heard the garage door open and they had arrived.

Chapter 24

Seth and I sat at the table across from Sarah and Josh. We had a warm greeting and a quick conversation about the day but there was no denying the heaviness in the room. Sarah had her hand on the crook of my husband's arm and a kind of familiarity that I had not noticed before. She also wore a new tank top that revealed her perfect cleavage and short shorts. She also wore some make up, which was odd for her on a beach day.

I was in my lounging clothes: tank top and shorts and Seth was in his usual t-shirt and shorts as well. By all accounts if one was to look at us at the table, it looked like we were sitting down for a family meal. Everything seemed normal except for Josh.

He was glowing and happy, but at the same time incredibly nervous. I had never seen him so fidgety and chatty with needless small talk. He fiddled with the glass in his hand, sipping some wine and just asking us things about the trip that he already knew the answers to.

To be fair, I was also nervous. Seth and I had decided to broach the subject of what was going on between us but when I looked at my husband and daughter, I had no idea what to say or how to say it. There was just no great segway into saying, "Well husband, our son and I have been having sex and I am considering trying to get pregnant with him." I didn't know the right way to start that conversation.

Thankfully Sarah was the boldest of all of us.

"So Mom," she began cutting off all our small talk. "Something has happened and I want you to know that it was my choice and if anything I was the one that started everything."

Josh looked at her and nodded.

"W-what are you talking about?" I asked. Seth squeezed my knee nervously under the table.

"It started like a month ago," She began. "I was sort of seeing this guy that turned out to be a jerk. I didn't say anything to you because I wasn't sure there was much to say. Anyway, I got home and you were out and Dad was in his office. I was upset and just kind of barged in."

Josh laughed.

"Dad was in there having a drink and just on his computer," she continued. "We started talking about it."

"We sat on that old couch in my office,"Josh said, jumping in. "Maddie, things with us haven't been perfect for a while. That was on my mind a lot that night and has been. I was trying to figure out what to do about it. Anyway, Sarah and I talked and I let her have some bourbon because she was pretty mad. Sarah told me about this guy and I just told her what was going on with you and I."

"Um, ok," I said. Unsure where this was actually going.

Josh looked at Sarah and she nodded, "So...what I am going to say could be really weird but I want you to know it isn't and that it is what we both want. Anyway, we talked for a long time and then wound up falling asleep on the couch. Then, um--"

"I woke up some time late in Dad's arms and I just kissed him," Sarah said. "Like I didn't mean anything by it, but then, I guess I really did." She looked at Josh thoughtfully, "I know this can be seen as super gross or weird or whatever but I don't care. I kissed Dad and I told him that I loved him and that he didn't need to be lonely."

My heart pounded. I understood more than they knew. I almost laughed because deep down I had known that this "affair" Josh was having wasn't an "affair" at all. The same as my relationship with Seth.

"So the kiss became more than a kiss," Josh said with effort. "And--"

"You had sex," I said calmly.

"Not that night, but eventually, yes," Josh said. "Maddie, before you--"

I smiled at them and cut him off, "You guys I am so relieved."

They both just looked at me with wide eyes. "I--I knew something was going on, Josh. But it all doesn't matter now. If you had told me 2 months ago about this I would have reacted very differently. But now," I took Seth's hand and we held hands on the table. "All I can say is I understand. More than you know."

They both just looked at us and then started laughing. The tension disappeared in an instant. Confessions were made but we didn't go into details. There was no need. I knew that Josh wasn't trying to destroy our family, far from it and I was doing the same thing. We were just updating our understanding on what love was. I met Josh's eyes as the two kids talked about the complications of trying to hide their feelings and relationship. Josh smiled at me and I knew that

I had never loved him more than I did now. He was a good husband and an even better father. He loved me and our kids and in doing that, the same as I did, he had lost himself or, even more, he had forgotten to let himself be loved.

We did not talk about pregnancies or any kind of weird logistics conversations. It was clear that things were evolving and we just needed to be focused on our family. By the end of that conversation I had never been happier, closer to my family or more secure that we were making the right choices for us. We didn't need to tell anyone what we were doing or why--it wasn't about anyone else but us.

"Yes Daddy!" I heard Sarah yell from down the hall. "Yes! Fuck my ass! I am cumming from my ass!"

I smiled but kept focusing on what I was doing. The sound of my husband fucking my daughter was a wonderful backdrop as I was on my knees sucking Seth's cock. My son looked down at me with pure love and lust as I bobbed on him, focusing on loving his dick the way a mom needed to love on her son.

It had been two days since our big talk and it was like a fresh wind of freedom and lightness blew through the vacation home. Josh decided he was going to share a room with Sarah and Seth moved into the master bedroom. When we went out of the house it was like a normal family of four was on a beach vacation. Josh and I were affectionate, we held hands and chatted while the kids laid out or played in the water. But our affection had changed. We were parents, friends and a new version of husband and wife.

Our affection with our kids in public was measured but not secretive. Seth and I held hands and cuddled and the same with Sarah and Josh. But in public we knew not everyone would understand. So we respected that.

Behind closed doors things were different. It turns out that my daughter was a bit of an exhibitionist and also absolutely hungry for her father. The first morning I had walked in on them having sex on the couch as I came out to get some coffee (granted Sethy and I were making out in bed) and I thought I would be shocked. But it was actually really beautiful to see. My husband was behind my daughter as she was bent over the arm of the couch. Her panties were down just enough to expose her ass and her shirt was off. Josh had a firm hand on her panties and was yanking them as he fucked her hard from behind. My daughter's gorgeous tits were swinging over the arm of the couch as she held onto the piece of furniture for balance.

I could tell that Sarah was extremely orgasmic and she pushed herself against him in perfect rhythm with my husband. She let out a moan and I knew she was having an orgasm. Her head went back and she had that blurred euphoric look on her face.

I was so proud of her. She looked so beautiful, so grown up and yet exactly like my daughter. "Good girl," I muttered as I poured myself coffee. "Cum all over your dad's cock."

Seth and I didn't have sex in front of them like that. We liked to be alone together to pour our affection and love into one another. As our secret was out, I wondered if our desire would wane but I was wrong. We wanted each other all the time and most importantly we focused on loving one another. Seth needed to suck my tits before he went to bed and there are fewer things more gratifying as a mother than having your son suck your tits before bed while you jerk him off. We were truly happy--I was truly happy.

So now, two days later as I lavished my son's cock with attention while my husband fucked my daughter's ass down the hall, Seth's eye were on mine and I just felt closer to him. I held the base of his erection and bobbed on the top half quickly. I tasted his precum and I sucked it down then pulled off him with a loud pop.

I stood up and straddled my son.

"Oh! Oh fuck!" I heard Sarah's muffled yell and I also heard Josh's loud groan. I knew he was finishing.

I smiled as Seth's cock pushed into me and I started to ride him slowly. My son gripped my ass and helped me to bounce slowly and firmly on his dick. I pushed one of my tits into his mouth and groaned as he sucked me. We didn't talk about it again, but we both knew that each time we were together that Mommy wanted his seed. We didn't know what was going to happen, but we weren't afraid to be open.

I bounced on him faster and faster. Our bodies slapped together and as my tit slipped from his lips our eyes met. I wanted him to cum like this. I was going to climax soon. I loved my family. My husband, my daughter and Seth my son--Seth my personal mother fucker.

THE END.