

The Moms Club

By Klrxo

"Hi, my name's Victoria...and I'm in love with my son."

"Hi, Victoria!" the circle of moms replied in unison, each giving me a welcoming smile.

"What's your son's name, Victoria?" Judith, the group leader asked. She was an attractive woman, slightly older than me, with short, dark hair and glasses.

"His name's Wes."

"Tell us about Wes."

Thoughts of my son always brought a smile to my face. "Wes is polite, handsome...very athletic! I think he joined just about every sports team he could throughout High School."

"And now he's graduated and preparing to go to college, correct?"

"Yes...across country unfortunately...if he gets accepted," I frowned. Ever since my son had announced his plans to go to school so far away, I'd felt heartbroken.

"How long have you known that you're in love with Wes?"

"Only recently have I realized that the affection I was feeling for him...extended beyond what was appropriate for a mother."

"Why do you believe that your feelings are inappropriate...because society tells you that?" Judith inquired.

"Well...yes, I mean...everyone knows that a mother shouldn't be in love with her son, right?"

"Let me ask you something, Victoria. What's your favorite food?" the group leader asked.

"My favorite food?"

"Yes."

"Um...probably lasagna," I replied, wondering what this had to do with what we were discussing.

"What if 'society' suddenly told you that eating lasagna was forbidden. It might make you stop eating it, but would it stop making you WANT lasagna?"

"No."

"Exactly! You can't always let society dictate what is and isn't right for you. Other people don't get to control the affection you feel for another person, especially when it comes to love."

"Wait...are you saying I should embrace the feelings I'm having for my son?" I asked, looking over at my friend, Simone, questioningly. Simone had been my good friend since High School and told me about these meetings, after I had revealed to her the feelings I was struggling with for Wes.

"That's exactly what I'm saying," Judith replied. "It's precisely what our group is about; embracing our inner most feelings and desires."

"Oh, I'm sorry...I think I was confused about the purpose of this group," I expressed, feeling a bit embarrassed as I stood up from my seat. "It doesn't sound like it's quite what I was looking for. Sorry!"

I quickly left the building, feeling a bit angry that I was so misled by my friend. When I got out to the sidewalk, Simone came rushing after me, just as I knew she would. "Victoria, wait!" she shouted.

"You tricked me, Simone!"

"I didn't trick you. I merely said that I felt this group could help."

"Help by encouraging me to pursue my son?!" I asked, unlocking my car door. "That's ridiculous! I thought I was coming to a support group that would help me change my way of thinking."

"You heard what she said. These feelings don't just go away. Trust me, I know."

“So that’s why you come here? That’s why all those women are in this group called the ‘Moms Club’? So you can all tell each other that it’s ok to be in love with your sons, and to pursue them romantically?”

“Victoria, I know this is awkward. It was for me too, when I first joined the group and began embracing my feelings for Sawyer. The group has really helped me a lot though, and I know it would help you too. Would you please just give it a chance?”

I shook my head in frustration, livid that my pretty red-headed friend would actually be encouraging me, a married woman, to chase a romantic relationship with my own boy. “Look, you know I appreciate our friendship; I always have. Do me a favor though and just forget I ever told you about the feelings I have for Wes.”

I sat down, closed the car door and drove off. I knew I’d be able to mend things with Simone after a few days. We’d been in worse disagreements than this during our friendship, but I just hoped she’d respect my wishes and forget what I had confessed to her.

That evening, I went to the ballpark to watch Wes and my husband, Myles. They were both on the community softball league and I made it a point to be there to support them. I sat in the bleachers with my five-year-old son, Patrick. He was a younger version of his brother and my future baseball star!

It seemed like just yesterday I was a young woman, sitting in this same place, watching Myles, my then boyfriend, play softball. I had always been attracted to the fit, athletic types. However, my husband had clearly changed over the twenty years we’d been together. Even though we had a good marriage, if I was honest, I wasn’t as physically attracted to Myles as I once was. He had lost some hair and put on some pounds. Even our love for each other didn’t seem the same. There were some days that we seemed more like friends, raising children together, than lovers. He certainly wasn’t the same handsome, charming, Myles that I had first fallen in love with.

When I watched Wes, I felt like that young woman again, sitting in the stands with my heart going pitter-patter. My son was even more handsome and fit than his father had been. He was young Myles, version 2.0. I really didn't like comparing Wes to his dad because they were also different in many ways. My teen boy was sweet and charming, always there for me when I needed him to be. He was affectionate, never hesitating to hug or cuddle with me. Emotionally, he was my rock! That was a big part of the reason my love for him extended beyond what was 'normal' for a mother to have. He was filling that void that had been created between my husband and me.

"Mom, can I go play catch with Carson?" Patrick asked, referring to his friend, who had also brought his baseball glove and ball. Like a typical youngster, Patrick was always eager to be active himself, rather than just sitting there watching the game.

"Go ahead...just don't get into trouble," I warned.

As I watched the boys scramble off, I noticed another mom in the stands peeking over at me awkwardly. When I caught her staring, she quickly looked away. I clearly recognized the dirty blonde from the 'Moms Club' group I had mistakenly attended earlier in the day. *"She must be here watching her son play softball,"* I thought.

Even though I had walked out of the meeting, I felt a strange connection to this woman, knowing we were both having the same types of emotions for our boys. The difference was, she was embracing them, while I was trying to put them aside, since in my mind, such feelings were extremely indecent. *"It's simply wrong to be in love with a family member!"* I told myself, reaffirming my earlier resolve to flush such thoughts from my conscience.

"Good game, kiddo!" I told Wes as he came off the field after the game. They had lost unfortunately, so he seemed a little down.

"Not good enough I guess," he replied. If I wasn't wearing a white blouse and he wasn't so filthy from sliding into bases, I would have comforted him with a hug. I absolutely adored hugging him!

Speaking of hug...I spied the mom who I recognized in the bleachers standing nearby, hugging her boy tightly. He was on the winning team, so it was meant to be a congratulatory hug, although it seemed to be much more than that. I hadn't noticed it before, but she wore a revealing blouse that left a lot of her cleavage exposed. I could see her large breasts bulging out from between their tightly-embraced bodies and their hug seemed to linger especially long, for what was appropriate for mother and son. She flashed me a quick smile before strolling away with her boy to join her waiting husband. *"Why would you ever wear a blouse that low-cut to a baseball game?!"* I thought, although I had a pretty good idea why she had.

On the way home, I looked out the window, lost in my own thoughts. We passed the "Stargazer Drive-in," a place I hadn't been to in years. There was a time, when I was Wes's age that I was practically there every weekend, although it certainly wasn't to watch movies. *"Those were the days!"* I inwardly sighed, feeling a little depressed that the naughty-girl part of my life had passed. It wasn't that Myles and I had a bad sex life, it's just that after you've fallen out of love with someone, the sex seems much less fulfilling.

I glanced back at Wes in my visor mirror, wondering if he'd frequented the Drive-In. Perhaps he'd gone there with girls he dated, although to my knowledge, my son didn't go on dates very often. I was sure all that would change once he got into college. I'll admit, that was a thought made me a little jealous. *"Ok...maybe more than 'a little jealous,"* I secretly admitted. *"More like A LOT jealous!"*

He looked up and caught me staring. Our eyes lingered together until I finally spit my tongue out playfully. We'd been engaging in flirty little behaviors like that for months and it never failed to give me the kind of thrill that I knew I shouldn't be having. At least not with Wes.

"I got it!" Wes shouted excitedly the next day, holding a letter he had just taken from the mailbox "I got accepted to Cal. State!"

I tried to show my excitement and support, just like a good mother should, but inwardly I wanted to cry like a baby. "That's great, honey! Congratulations!" I expressed, then gave him a proud hug. He felt so strong and wonderful in my arms. I could have held him forever! "Are you sure that's where you want to go to school? It's an awfully long way from home."

"Of course, I'm sure! It's gonna work out perfectly!" Wes replied. "Teddy and Scott are both there, and they already told me I could room with them. All I'll have to do is find a part-time job on nights and weekends."

"Honey, just because you have a couple of buddies going to school there doesn't mean it's necessarily the best place to get YOUR education," I reminded him. Of course, I had a selfish motive.

"I know, mom...you've already told me that ten-dozen times. It's a good school and there's a ton of cute girls there. I've already been talking to one online actually."

My stomach sunk. "A girl?"

"Yeah, it's someone who's friends with the girl Teddy's dating. Her names Denise and she's super-sweet!"

"Honey, you're going out there to get an education...not to meet girls," I jealously stated.

"It's college, mom! Trust me...you can do both."

"Yes, true...but girls are a distraction. The last thing you wanna do is get out there and start failing your classes because your mind is somewhere else," I warned.

"Mom don't worry about it. I'm gonna take my education seriously, I promise, but I'm also allowed to have some fun too."

"Oh, Wes...please don't move away!" I sniffled, moving in for a tight hug.

He patted my back consolingly, seeming a little uncomfortable by my sudden emotional plea. "I'll fly home and visit as often as I can...I promise."

"You have so many good schools out here, close to home, and close friends HERE too!"

"Teddy and Scott are my BEST friends, and I've always wondered what it would be like to live in California. In fact, you and dad should totally come out to visit. We could check out Hollywood and all the other cool places out there."

I was beginning to realize that there was no changing my son's mind. He was determined to move away to school, and it depressed me immensely.

A few days later, Wes revealed that he was packing up to drive out there in a week. I knew his motivation was the bitch he had met over the internet. It had to be, since school didn't start for another month or so.

"She's going to college for Christ's sake! She has a whole Goddamn pool of boys out there to choose from. Why is she so interested in Wes?" I wondered. The self-centered wheels began to turn in my head. I knew there was only one thing that would stall him, perhaps enough to even make him change his mind about going.

"I need a huge favor," I asked as I sat at a coffee shop with Simone the next day.

"Wow...the last time we spoke, you about bit my head off. Now you're asking for a favor?"

"Yeah, and since you owe me, this can be your payback. Your niece, the cute one...is she seeing anyone?" I asked.

"Tammie?"

"Yeah."

"No...I don't think so, why?"

"Wes told his father and I last night that he's moving out to California next week."

"He got accepted to the University out there?" Simone asked, seeming a little more excited by the idea than I wished she was.

"Yes, but the semester doesn't even start for another month. I think he's going out there to be with a girl who he met online."

"Oh...um, ok," Simone uttered, feeding me a confused look. "What's that have to do with my niece?"

"Do you think if I gave her some money, she would pretend to show interest in Wes?"

"So that he would change his mind about moving away you mean?"

"Precisely!"

"Victoria...that's evil!"

"I know...it's a shady thing to do, but it's only until I can convince Matt to stay and find a school out here that's closer to home."

"Closer to YOU, you mean?" Simone asked, feeding me a knowing smile.

"Lots of mothers want their sons to go to a university that's closer to home."

"Yeah, especially mothers who are in love with them," Simone teased.

"You'd be just as panicked if it were Sawyer moving across the country."

"That's true."

"So, do you think your niece will do this or not?" I asked.

"If you're offering money, she'll do it. She's about drained my sister's bank account dry. The question is...will I ask her to do it?"

"Why wouldn't you?" I asked, confused by why she'd say no.

"Because you're stubborn and you won't admit the REAL reason that you're wanting to do this. I think you need the Moms Club more than you'll admit."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because your sneaky plan is exactly like something that the women in the group would encourage you to do. The group is meant to help women to become closer to their sons, Victoria, which is clearly what you're trying to achieve here."

"Fine...it is, but not so that I can have some sort of secret love affair with him. I just...like him to be close to me, that's all."

"Sounds an awful lot like love to me, and not the innocent 'motherly' type of love either."

"Will you do this or not?" I persisted.

"I'll ask Tammie...on one condition," Simone stated.

"What condition?" I asked, although I was sure I knew where this was going.

"Start going to the Moms Club again with me."

"No!"

"Victoria, the group will help you! They'll assist you in understanding and coping with your feelings for Wes. Trust me, as your good friend, and someone who's just as in love with her son as you are yours, I'm telling you...it'll be the best thing for you!"

I sat there silently for a moment, contemplating Simone's demands. I knew that something had to be done quickly, before my son was completely set on his resolve to leave. My plan was a good one! Tammie, Simon's niece was gorgeous and only just a little older than Wes. It was a pretty girl that was making him leave for California. It would take the interest of an even prettier girl to make him stay. I also knew that Simone was spot on about my motivation. I was in love with Wes and the last thing in the world I wanted was him living thousands of miles away.

Perhaps I COULD benefit from this Moms Club, if I gave it another chance. There was one other thing that would concern me about this deal, however, that I needed to get out in the open..“I don’t want Tammie coming on too heavy,” I requested. “She should show a lot of interest, but definitely keep her clothes on.”

Simone giggled. “I’ll let her know. So, I assume you’re accepting our deal then?” she asked.

“Yes...I’ll give the Moms Club another try, but I can’t promise that I’ll become a permanent part of the group.”

The Moms Club was held in a rented office space in the center of the city. Their meetings were held daily, and were presently attended by eleven mothers, including myself. It felt a bit awkward to be back, after my abrupt exit the last time.

“Welcome back, Victoria!” Judith expressed, giving me a warm smile.

“Thanks. I um...apologize for last time. I should have at least sat through one meeting before I made any decisions.”

“Well, it’s good to see that you’re willing to at least give it another try.” Judith diverted her attention to a different mother in the group.

“Sandra...I heard you have some exciting news you’d like to share?”

“Yes,” a dirty-blond mom answered, standing up and smiling proudly. It was the same mother who I had seen at the community baseball game. She flashed me a quick glance. “Brent and I had sex for the first time yesterday.”

All the moms began clapping. I reluctantly did also, to prevent myself from standing out. “*My God...was she talking about her son? Had her and her son...HAD SEX?*” I wondered. My curiosity was soon satisfied.

“Tell us how it happened,” Judith encouraged.

“We were home alone together...snuggling, and I introduced the subject of masturbation. After asking him how often he did it, I told Brent that

instead of masturbating so much, if he really wanted to have sex with a female, he could try it with me," Sandra explained. My jaw lowered. I could hardly believe what I was listening to.

"He took you up on your offer, obviously," stated Judith with a beaming smile.

"Yes...and it was just as incredible as I imaged it would be!"

Judith drew her attention to me, the newbie. "Victoria, a month ago, Sandra was new to the group, just like you are. She wouldn't have dared ask her son to sleep with her then. However, being in the group has helped her, and so many other mothers break down those barriers. Many of us have reached a point where we feel comfortable extending the invitation to our sons for sex, and even expressing our passionate love for them."

"I see," I muttered, still in shock by what I was hearing. I began to wonder if Simone had engaged in sex with her son and hadn't told me.

"The first step towards the seduction of a family member is to get them to see you and think of you in a way they never have before," Judith explained, then looked directly at me again. "Your son needs to see you as not just his mother, but also as a sexual creature. Only then will a seduction take hold."

Judith began to pass around a cloth bag. "Many mothers find it difficult to take that first step, so each day we pass around this bag of assignments. Theses are ideas that we encourage you to follow through on before we meet again tomorrow."

The bag came to me, and I hesitated a moment. I looked over at Simone and she nodded in encouragement. I stuck my hand in and took out a sliver of paper. Written on it was a simple naughty idea. It read:

"Let your son 'accidentally' come across you, while you're undressing."

I shook my head, knowing I could never deliberately do such a thing. I was beginning to think that perhaps I had made a mistake in agreeing to

come back. I needed help to STOP obsessing over my son, not scheming on how to seduce him.

"What did your paper say?" Simone asked as we left the meeting.

"It doesn't matter. Simone, these meetings will only cause me to make wrong decisions. Choices that I SHOULDN'T make, and that'll get me in a whole lot of trouble."

"OR...they'll help you to achieve what you want the most. A mutual, loving relationship with Wes."

"No...I can't!"

"Why?!"

"Because I'm married for fuck-sake!"

"So am I!"

"And Wes is my son!"

"Sawyer is MY son! Does that mean we can't fall in love with them?" Simone asked.

"It's just...not supposed to happen that way! You do you, ok, but I need to force myself to stop thinking about Wes in any other way than as my son"

"Well...not for nothing, but we did have a deal...unless you want me to tell Tammie to forget it?"

"No...I don't want Wes to go off to school, but I also know that I can't keep him here for my own selfish reasons," I admitted.

"Victoria, not to be a bitch, but you need to make up your fucking mind what it is you want, because right now you're coming across as the most conflicted person I know."

"I know I am. We'll stick with the plan for now."

"Which means that you'll keep coming to meetings AND follow through with whatever assignments you're given. Now...what did you get?" Simone persisted.

I let out a frustrated sigh, then handed over my sliver of paper. "I'm supposed to 'accidentally' let him come across me undressing."

"Well, that's innocent enough. It's not like you need to be naked, and besides...boy's come across their moms undressing all the time. It'll just seem like a total accident."

"Yeah, well...when I'm doing it intentionally, it won't be an accident to me," I replied, then curiously looked back at her. "What did yours say?"

"I have to wait until Sawyer and I are home alone together, then begin moaning and crying out from my bedroom, loud enough for him to hear me. You know, as if I'm masturbating in there."

"Oh my God," I exclaimed, putting a hand over my mouth, resisting the urge to laugh I was so shocked. "Simone, that is SO bad!"

"Like Judith said, it's all about our sons seeing us in a different way. Only then will they see us as potential lovers."

"Well...it certainly sounds like that woman, Sandra, is well on her way to taking her son as a lover," I stated jealously.

"She's fucked her son, not made love to him. She still has a long way to go in her seduction."

"How far do YOU have left to go?" I curiously asked. "Have you and Sawyer...um...?"

"Had sex? No. Each mom is at a different stage of their seduction, but we're all working towards the same goal and that's what makes the group beneficial."

For hours I was conflicted on if I should follow through on the task that was assigned to me at the Moms Club. On the one hand, I knew it was morally wrong, but on the other, I was curious to see how Wes would

react to seeing me half-undressed. "It's not like he'd be seeing me naked," I told myself. "He's seen me in a bikini before. There's not much difference between that and a bra and panties."

I left my bedroom door wide open, knowing Wes would walk by, while in route to his room after softball practice. It was a dangerous plan, since I knew my husband would be with him. However, Myles usually hung out downstairs when he got home for a while before coming up to shower, so I knew I was safe.

When I heard the car pull up in the driveway my heart was racing. I was surprised when I realized it wasn't just because of nerves, but also due to the thrill of my son seeing me in a state of undress.

"We're home!" I heard my husband announce downstairs. My pants were already off, so I stood in my room in just my panties and a button-up shirt. I started to unbutton it, nervously glancing at the doorway, since I knew Wes would be rushing by at any moment. I finished undoing the shirt and exposed the embroidered cups of my white bra. I heard my son's heavy footsteps and my insides tingled. However, to my dismay, he rushed right by without even looking my direction.

"Really?!" I said out loud in frustration as I heard his door close. I finished slipping out of my shirt and moved towards the door to close it. *"I'll take that as a sign that this was a REALLY bad idea!"* I told myself.

Suddenly, I heard his door open and in an instant, he was in my doorway. "Mom, do you have any—"

He stopped and looked at me with wide eyes as I stood there in just my bra and panties. "Woah!" my boy muttered, glancing down at my big tits. I was pretty sure the cups were sheer enough for him to faintly make out the rings of my areola.

"Oh! Um...sorry, honey! I should have closed the door," I stated, making a lousy attempt to cover myself.

"That's um...ok. I'll just come back when you're dressed."

He attempted to walk away, but my voice stopped him. "Do I have any what?" I asked. I knew it was wrong to just stand here in front of him like this, but my mouth got ahead of my brain.

"Huh?" he muttered, taking a second look at my breasts.

"You started to ask me if I had something."

"Oh, yeah...uh...I was just wondering if you had anything going on tonight, or if I could use your car?"

"Use my car...for a date?" I asked.

"No, I mean...not really."

"Not really?"

"I'm just meeting a girl who contacted me online...for a coffee. Nothing special."

"Oh...well, who is this girl?" I asked, even though I was sure it was Tammie.

"Her names Tammie. She graduated from my school a couple of years ago. Not someone who I ever though would have any interest in me."

"Oh, an older woman, huh?" I teased.

"Slightly older, yes."

"So, you...wouldn't date anyone older than her?" I asked. "Like someone my age?"

"Sure, I would. If I liked the person."

It was music to my ears. "Well, that's um...good to know about you," I awkwardly stated. Then, I turned and stepped towards the bed to get the keys from my pants pocket. It was then I realized that I was wearing a pair of bikini-style panties that were completely sheer in the back. My buttocks might as well have been naked in front of my son! From a mirror on the wall, I could see Wes's jaw lower as he stared at my rounded derriere. My heart was racing! I felt completely naughty standing there like this in front of him and was shocked at how much I loved it.

"Here you go, honey," I finally said, turning and handing him the keys to my car.

"Thanks!" he blushed, taking another look at my boobs before leaving. Just like my mother and sisters, I was incredibly blessed in the breast department, with tits that were 36 double G's. If Wes liked big boobs, then that was sure to give me an advantage in trying to capture his attention. The rest of the night I couldn't help but think about how perfectly I had executed the plan of my son 'accidentally' catching me undress. In fact, if my performance were judged like an Olympic event, I think I would have gotten solid tens! To make things even better, Wes had clearly accepted the invitation to meet Tammie. With any luck he would be completely enamored by her. Well, then again...hopefully not too enamored! For all intents and purposes though, things were going EXACTLY as planned!

"Victoria, tell us how things went with YOUR assignment," Judith requested as we sat in a group at the Moms Club the next day.

"Well, I um...knew when Wes was getting home from softball practice, so I made sure I was half-undressed, with my bedroom door opened," I replied.

"And...did things go as you hoped?"

"Actually, they did! We had a bit of a conversation in my doorway, so he didn't seem at all freaked out by it."

"Sounds like a big step in the right direction. Seduction should happen subtly...so it just seems to your boy as if things are flowing naturally. He'll soon realize that the two of you are moving down a trail that'll eventually lead to passion."

I listened to the other moms share similar experiences on how they had followed through on their assignments. Simone's story especially fascinated me, since I knew her and her son, Sawyer, well. She recounted how she rubbed her clitoris vigorously to a screaming climax, with her son

in the next room over, so he could clearly hear her. I felt naughty as I imaged myself doing something similar for Wes.

"Time for more assignments!" Judith stated as she passed the cloth bag around. "This task will just be a simple question that you'll be asking your son. Hopefully, it'll open a whole exciting new dialog between the two of you and allow you to become more acquainted with each other sexually."

I nervously drew from the bag, surprised at how eager I was this time. I read the question written on the piece of paper and felt myself suddenly panic. *"Oh no-no-no! There's no way I'm asking Wes that question!"* I thought.

Judith must have noticed the hesitancy on my face. "Part of your son seeing you as a sexual creature is hearing you talk about something sexual comfortably around him. It should be just as if the two of you are discussing the weather or a TV show. Being comfortable discussing anything, no matter how raunchy it is, is a necessary part of seduction."

"Did you feel bad at all, knowing Sawyer was listening to you have an orgasm?" I asked Simone after the meeting.

"No...why would I feel bad?"

"I don't know...because he's your son and you're married maybe," I sarcastically replied.

"Victoria, you keep going back to that. You're like a person who's been in a cult their whole life and refuses to accept things any other way, even when your instincts are pushing you that direction."

"I wouldn't say that I'm THAT closed minded."

"You can't tell me you didn't feel a thrill when you were standing in front of Wes half-naked?"

"I did, yes," I replied, "but did that make it right? I don't know."

"You're an adult and so is he. You're allowed to make our own decisions, even if they're not the decisions that most people would make."

I shrugged my shoulders, getting her point. "Well, he didn't scowl and run off when he saw me like that at least, but I'm not sure I'll have the guts to ask him the question that Judith assigned to me. It might just freak him out."

Simone patted me on the shoulder encouragingly. "Of course you have the guts. You're the bravest person I know, and your love for Wes is strong enough that I think you'd try anything to win his love back."

"Yeah, well...I just hope the question doesn't send him running. If he does, then that'll tell me that all of this is just a waste of time."

"It can't be that bad, can it?"

"The question I was assigned?"

"Yeah."

"Trust me...it's bad! I mean, it's good, but just...VERY naughty! It's definitely not a question a mother would normally pose to her son."

"Well, yeah...the whole idea is to explore new ground together. Like Judith said...getting our sons to see us not just as moms, but females who love passion and sex...just as much as the girls they date. Oh, speaking of girls they date...I got a call from Tammie this morning."

"Yeah, Wes told me they were meeting for coffee. What did she say?"

"She thinks he's really sweet. They're hanging out again tonight, I guess. She's pouring it on heavy, but not too heavy. With any luck...this plan of yours could really work and at least delay Wes's move to California."

"I hope so."

I knew deep down that delaying my son's move was pointless, unless I was willing to move forward with seducing him. His love for me was the one thing that I hoped would ultimately keep him closer to home. Even though I felt awkward doing the assignments from the Moms Club, I knew they were crucial in the process of moving things forward.

"Going out with the new girl again tonight?" I asked as I stood in my son's bedroom doorway. It was still early in the day. Myles was at work and my youngest son, Patrick, was outside playing. This gave Wes and I the house to ourselves.

"Yeah, that was our plan. Would you mind if I used the car again?"

"Not at all," I answered, strolling into his bedroom on four-inch mules. I was ashamed at how long I had actually prepared for this interaction, spending the last hour doing my hair just right and putting on a little make-up. I wore a gray contour midi shaping dress, that allowed me to really show off my curves. I had gone back and forth on whether I should wear it, but finally decided that it wasn't too over-the-top. My stiletto heels clicked on his floor as I stepped towards him. I could feel Wes's eyes on my big trembling tits and I loved it! I sat down next to him on his bed, crossing my legs, which made the hem of my dress ride up quite a bit.

"You look great! Are you and dad going out tonight?" he asked.

"No...we're not. I just...felt like dressing nice today I guess."

"Well, you succeeded," Wes replied.

"Thanks, honey."

I had a plan on how I wanted to introduce my question. It was an entire exchange I had practiced in my head. I knew if I asked the question out of the blue it would be uncomfortable for both of us and probably shock the hell out of him. The question had to be posed at the right time, in the course of a conversation. "So...um, how close are you and this new girl? Have you kissed her yet?" I pried.

"Just a quickly friendly kiss, that's all," my son answered.

"Well, I'm sure she has more of those in store for you tonight. Maybe even more than just kissing," I teased, smiling at him slyly.

"I don't know about that. She's a really attractive girl. I'm surprised she even asked me to go out with her, to be honest."

"Well, 'really attractive girls' are usually drawn to 'really attractive guys,' honey...so it shouldn't surprise you at all," I stated, rubbing his arm tenderly. Little did he know how much I actually meant that.

"Thanks, but I doubt she wants to be more than just friends. We hardly know each other at this point."

"That doesn't mean that she won't try to make a move on you. She might even try to...well, you know..."

"What?" he stupidly asked.

"Have sex with you, maybe...or at least give you oral sex."

My poor son turned a shade of red and I felt a sudden rush of embarrassment myself for even suggesting such a thing. However, it was inching me towards the question that I needed to ask him.

"I doubt that very seriously, mom," Wes blushingly replied.

"Well, I somehow don't think you'll fight her off if she tries to give you some...oral affection," I teased.

"Probably not."

The exchange had gone just how I hoped, so far, and I had positioned myself perfectly to pose my assigned question to him. "So, um...which do you prefer more...giving or receiving?" I asked, then looked at him, nervously waiting for his answer.

He gazed back at me with a shocked expression. "Oh, um...that's kind of a tough one," he replied.

I decided to make this easier by taking the heat off of him. "Yeah, I agree. I mean...I love both, but if I was asked to choose one I like best...well, that's like choosing between two scrumptious desserts."

My boy nodded in agreement. "True," he muttered.

"I guess it would depend on the setting too. There are obviously times where it's more ideal for a girl to go down on a guy, then vise-versa."

"Like when?" Wes asked.

I took just a moment to inwardly celebrate his interest in having this discussion. "Oh, you know...like if a guy's at the wheel, driving down the road and a girl wants to suck on him. It would be MUCH more difficult for a guy to do that to her, if SHE was in the driver's seat."

"True...unless he planned on sitting on the gas pedal," stated Wes, which made us both laugh.

"If her orgasm was too strong they'd be skidding off the damn road," I added, which resulted in more laughs.

"So far so good!" I thought.

"Girls seem to be more weird about getting it than they do by giving it," Wes shared. "Why is that?"

"Well...a lot of girls are self conscience about their, um...vaginal area," I answered.

"Self-conscience why?"

I knew this was my opportunity to sell my son on the advantages to being with an older woman. "Oh, probably just because the idea of a guy seeing them down there, in their personal area, is so new to them. Those feelings go away the older a woman gets though. By the time you get my age, you feel no shame at all about getting oral affection...or giving it."

"Well...women shouldn't. Guys shouldn't be shy about it either. It feels too good for that."

"Especially if you get with an older woman, who knows what she's doing. There are so many tender parts to a man's penis and a girl should know how to work every one of them," I expressed. I could hardly believe such an opinion had flowed from my mouth, in front of my son, but it was incredibly thrilling and I meant exactly what I said. I'll admit it...I absolutely LOVED giving blowjobs! In my mid-twenties it had reached an obsession that caused me to learn everything I could about getting better at it. I familiarized myself with every detailed part of a man's genitalia, as well as their functions. I studied the balls and their most sensitive areas. Exactly how to suck them, while pulling on a man's spermatic cord, to give

him exquisite pleasure. I taught myself about the connective tissue of the bulb and ligaments at the penile root and how to stimulate them. Also, the body or shaft of the penis, with its muscled erectile tissue and bulging dorsal vein. Then, there was the head, my most favorite part! I learned how to stimulate a man's glans by stroking and licking...particularly certain areas like the frenulum and piss-slit. Needless to say, my husband (my guinea pig) had been one lucky man since I educated myself on those techniques.

"When you say 'tender parts,' you mean more than just...the tip?" Wes brazenly asked.

It made me pause a moment, feeling my insides tingle with excitement. "Yes, well, um...there's the tip, the shaft...the balls. All of those parts have sensitive areas that a woman shouldn't neglect."

"With her tongue, you mean?"

I looked at him and smiled, then without thinking I peeked my mouth open and flailed my tongue up and down between my lips. "Yes...her little pink scrubber," I answered.

I saw my boy's eyes get big with excitement, causing my nipples to instantly harden beneath my bra. "Not for nothing, mom...but your 'pink scrubber' hardly looks 'little,'" he stated, which made me burst out laughing.

"You're right, it's not! Everyone's always told me that my tongue is abnormally long."

"Can I see it?" Wes asked.

I hesitated a moment. It wasn't like he was asking to see my tits, but still, the tongue was a highly sexualized body part, especially in the context of what we'd been discussing. However, I knew to get what I really wanted, it was better to let things flow and not feel reluctant about sharing things with him. "I'll show you my tongue if you show me yours," I teased.

"Nothing special about mine," Wes stated, then spit his tongue out for me to see.

"I doubt the girls you've 'gone down on' would say that," I boldly replied with a playful wink.

"I don't know...you'd have to ask them, I guess."

I knew the discussion we were having was wicked, but I loved where it was going.

"I'll show you mine now, but try not to be too creeped out," I warned, then extended my tongue out, lowering the tip well below my chin.

"Damn, mom!" Wes exclaimed, looking like his eyes could bulge out of his head. "You DO have a long tongue!"

Wow how I wanted to say something, but I was conflicted. Caught up in the moment, I decided to express what I was thinking anyway. "Well...you know what they say, it's not the length of something, but how you use it. However, if you have both length and skill, like I do, I suppose that's even better!"

"True," Wes blushed, staring at me for a moment. "I've never really had a conversation like this with you before. It's pretty cool."

I fed him my warmest smile. "I think so too," I softly replied. I glanced down at his crotch and my heart skipped a beat as my eyes were met by the swell of an obvious erection. *"My God...I made him hard!"* I thought. This was a major confidence booster!

After an uncomfortable silence, I stood back up and walked to his door, making sure to sway my ass, so it would capture his attention.

"Anyway...have fun on your date tonight," I told him, then turned in his doorway, until my eyes met his. "I hope she realizes what a lucky girl she is."

My husband, Myles, got the blowjob of his dreams that night. Of course...I was thinking about Wes the whole time, hoping that he wasn't getting similar treatment to his cock, even though I had suggested it earlier. I wickedly imagined what it would be like to have his young, virile penis in my mouth. *"What would it feel like? What would it taste like?"* I thought.

"He looked so much like Myles when he was younger. Would his cock be the same...or possibly longer and thicker than his father's? My God, the things I could show him!" I thought as my long tongue swirled wildly around Myles's knob. My husband had shot off too hard in my mouth to even expect him to have sex with me afterwards. It wasn't anything I wasn't used to by now.

I had to take my youngest, Patrick, to an appointment the next day, so I missed the Moms group. I found myself wishing I had rescheduled my son's appointment so I could have gone. I was proud of the interaction I had with Wes yesterday and was anxious to report how well it went to the other mothers.

"We missed you in group today. Everything ok?" Simone asked over the phone when she called me later.

"Yeah, fine...Patrick just had an appointment."

"Oh, ok...I thought maybe you changed your mind and decided to stop coming."

"No...in fact, I followed through on the assignment and was looking forward to sharing what Wes and I talked about," I admitted.

"Oh, don't worry...Judith will still give you a chance to share, and speaking of that...she gave me another assignment to give you."

"She did?"

"Of course. She knows you and I are friends, and that I referred you to the program, remember? Just because you missed the meeting doesn't mean you can't still do the assignment."

"Ok...um, what is it?"

"Remember, I'm just the messenger, so don't freak out on me when you hear it," Simone warned.

"It can't be anymore daring than yesterday's."

"Oh trust me...it can be, and it is!" she giggled.

"Alright then...let's hear it," I cringed, afraid of what was coming at me, but also extremely curious.

"Well...yesterday's challenge was verbal. Today, it's more of a 'physical' assignment."

"Physical, huh? How...um, physical exactly?"

"You have to crawl into bed with Wes tonight and give him an intimate hug for five full minutes."

"That's it?! That doesn't seem too hard. I give him long hugs goodnight all the time. I mean, they're not five minutes, but...he may not think that's too weird."

"There's more..." Simone stated, spoiling my relief.

"More?"

"Yes. Wes has to have his shirt off...and you have to be braless, wearing only a wife beater."

"Simone, I can't do that! Those wife beaters are super thin, and my boobs are WAY too big! If I'm not wearing a bra beneath one of those, I'll freak him completely out!"

"Or give him the thrill of his life, which is certainly the goal, isn't it?"

I let out a nervous huff. A naughty conversation was one thing, but something this physical was quite another. "I don't know...I don't even own a wife beater."

"I guess you better run to the mall then. Look, Victoria...you jumped a huge hurdle by having that conversation with Wes yesterday. You got this!"

"I'll think about it."

"Oh, before I let you go, I should tell you...I talked with Tammie. I guess things are still going REALLY well. Last night, her and Wes got on the

subject of him moving off to college and I guess he told her that he hasn't fully made up his mind whether he's going or not."

"Seriously?!" I shouted, my heart beginning to race. "Oh my God, that's excellent!"

"I thought you'd think so! Obviously, she's doing exactly what you wanted her to. Putting doubts in his mind on whether leaving is the best choice."

"Yes, but I feel horrible knowing that he may be doing it, thinking Tammie might actually be interested in him," I stated. While I did want my son to stay close to home, I certainly didn't wanna set him up to have his heart broken.

"All the more reason for you to pour on the affection and continue seducing him. If he falls in love with you, none of those other girls will even matter."

I nodded in agreement. "Your right. I should act before his feelings for Tammie get too serious. I suppose maybe I SHOULD make a quick trip to the mall," I admitted.

"Will I see you at the Moms Club tomorrow?" Simone asked.

"Yes, I'll be there...and hopefully with something exciting to report."

Wes got home late from his date with Tammie that night. I tried not to let that bother me, but to stay focused on the task at hand. Myles let out a light snore and I slipped out of bed and into our bathroom to prepare, while I knew Wes was down the hallway showering. I slipped on the white wife beater and a skimpy pair of thong panties I had picked out to go with it. I knew his light would be out when I went in, so he probably wouldn't see my exposed buttocks. However, if he did, that wouldn't be a huge deal either. I blushed, looking at myself in the mirror with this thin wife beater on. The huge pink rings of my areola were mostly visible through gauzy fabric and my nipples stuck out beneath the cloth turgidly and they weren't even hard yet. *"Good grief...what am I thinking?"* my mind

wondered, throwing doubt on this whole idea. However, there was another part of me that was so excited I was shaking.

"I got this!" I whispered to myself. I fluffed my strawberry-blonde hair, applied a light coat of pink lipstick and a spray of sweet perfume.

As Myles snored away in our bed, I felt wicked sneaking by him. I peeked out the door, down the hallway, to make sure my son's light was off.

"Wes?" I said softly, swinging his door slightly open in the darkness.

"Yeah, mom...I'm home. Sorry if I woke you up," he replied from his bed.

"No-no, you didn't wake me up, honey," I stated, padding across his room on bare feet. I could feel my heavy tits bobbling beneath the wife beater as I made my way over to his bed. "I just wanted to come in and say goodnight."

"Oh, alright," he muttered, looking up at my shadowy figure. My heart was racing with nervousness.

"Do you care if I, um...crawl under the blankets and hug you goodnight?"

"No...not at all," Wes replied, pulling back the covers for me to join him.

I crawled onto the bed between his legs, now close enough to notice that he was wearing a t-shirt and boxer-briefs. "Honey, why don't you...take your t-shirt off. It's really warm in here tonight and I don't want you to get too uncomfortable." It actually wasn't warm at all, but Wes having no shirt on was part of the assignment and I wanted to follow it exactly.

"Sure, mom," he muttered, then slipped it off.

"Thanks...now are you sure you don't mind if I, um...hug you, while we talk?" I asked.

"No, mom...not at all."

I brought my body down against his torso, with my bare legs stretched out between his. The cute sigh my boy made when my unfettered breasts smothered his bare chest like soft, warm bread dough was incredibly

encouraging. I rested my head on his shoulder, with my lips close to his neck. I swore that I could feel BOTH of our excited heartbeats.

"This is nice," I whispered.

"Yes," he softly agreed.

"So, um...tell me about your date with Tammie," I encouraged.

"Oh, we just um, when to the Drive-In to see a movie."

I quickly lifted my head in jealousy. "The Stargazer?"

"Well, yeah, mom...that's the only Drive-In I know of," Wes replied.

"So you had sex with her?!"

"No, we just went to see a movie."

"Give me a break, Wes. Couples don't go to the Stargazer to watch movies. If it was the movie experience you wanted, you would have taken her across town to the Cineplex."

"Alright, well...we did do some fooling around in the back seat," he confessed.

"Some 'fooling around?' Were her panties on or off during this 'fooling around?'"

"They were off."

"So, you DID fuck her?" I asked, probably shocking my son, since he rarely heard me say that word.

"We had sex, yes...but it's our third date, and we really like each other!"

"That fucking cunt, Tammie!" my brain screamed irately. *"What part of 'don't come on too strong' did she not understand?!"* I wanted to cry, but held it together the best I could. "Couldn't she have just...sucked on you, like we talked about yesterday?" I asked.

"Well, she um...did that too, but one thing led to another and we ended up doing it. Sorry, mom...I should asked you if that was OK before her and I went and had sex on your backseat."

I let out a frustrated sigh. "Wes, that's not the issue. You just met this girl and I think you just need to...slow your role a little bit," I preached.

"Yeah, you're right...I guess maybe I did get a little carried away."

I coiled my arms around his neck and squeezed him tight. "It's hard to be mad at you...I love you so much," I whispered. I flattened my tits on him, wondering what he must think of my fat, erect teats prodding into his chest. My answer soon came by the hardening of his crotch beneath mine. I felt pangs of jealousy, knowing he'd been hammering that boy-cock through the pussy of such a gorgeous girl close to his own age.

"I love you too, mom."

"Do you?" I whispered.

"Of course."

"How much?"

"A lot! You know that," he replied.

"Show me," my voice quivered, as I brought my face to his, staring into his eyes. I pushed my pussy against the rigid meat of his erection as if insinuating he 'show me' by using it.

"What do you mean?"

I quickly came to my senses, realizing I was moving WAY too fast. "Never mind...I'm just being silly."

"I can be silly too," he stated.

"Oh, yeah...how's that?"

"By tickling you!" he answered, then started going at my ribs. I squirmed and giggled, rubbing my big tits all over him. I pressed my genitals down against his, marveling at how thick and hard he felt.

"You better stop, honey...you're gonna wake your father up," I playfully giggled.

"What's wrong...you don't want dad to come in here and see you on top of me like this?" Wes joked, although I wondered if he were being serious.

"What? We're hugging! We're not doing anything wrong."

"Then why are you so concerned about waking him up?"

"Why would anyone be happy about being woke up in the middle of the night?" I replied.

"Are you sure there's no other reason?" Wes smiled.

"Ok...you're right. I don't suppose he'd be too happy, seeing us both in our underwear...holding each other like this, so like I said...let's be careful not to wake him up," I urged.

"Does that mean you're sticking around awhile?" Wes asked.

I looked into his eyes and smiled. Little did he know that there was nowhere I'd rather be. Then again, maybe he was starting to suspect it.

"I'm in no hurry to leave...unless you're in a hurry to get rid of me."

"No...stay as long as you want."

I couldn't stop myself from saying the first thing that came to mind. "Well in that case I may stay until morning."

"Unless my snoring drives you away!"

"Oh...it won't."

"Why do you think that?" Wes asked.

I hugged him tight, nestling my lips to his ear. "Because if I stay, we WON'T be sleeping," I whispered, wickedly mashing my panty-covered vulva against his cock-shaft. I felt it flex powerfully, pushing against my puffy flanges.

"What are we gonna do all night then?" my son asked with heavy breath.

"I don't know...maybe get acquainted...in a way we never have before." I was clearly moving things forward, fueled by my love for him and my desire for us to be as close as we could be to each other. Knowing that

Tammie had fucked him, told me that I clearly had stiff competition now and by delaying I may only risk losing him.

"Can I see what you're wearing?" my son excitedly asked.

I hesitated to answer, but then surrendered to my desire for him to see me. I wanted him to gawk at my curvy, mature body. I'm sure that Tammie didn't hesitate to show him hers. I wanted my young love-interest to see how much better built I was than her. "It's awfully dark in here. Do you have your phone?" I asked.

Wes reached over to his nightstand and grabbed his cellphone, while I slipped my knees astride his hips and sat upright. When he illuminated my upper-half, I thought his eyes were gonna bulge out of his cute skull. "Good grief!" he uttered, staring up at my mammaries as they jutted out over him obscenely. My nipples looked like stiff marshmallows protruding out from beneath the cotton fabric.

"Satisfied now?" I asked, smiling down at him.

"This is the first time I've seen you without a bra on. I guess I never realized they were so big!"

"Yep, your mom's got some pretty large meat-melons, honey. A little bigger than Tammie's I'm guessing?"

"A little? They're twice the size of hers, and I thought she had big ones! I know this may sound perverted, but can you make them wobble back and forth real quick?"

I started laughing, being cautious not to be too loud. "All these special requests. When do I get MY turn?" I asked.

"If you make them wobble, then I'll do whatever you ask me to do."

"Whatever I ask, huh?"

"Yep!"

"Alright then, I'm gonna hold you to that," I told him, then moved my shoulders, making my boobie-orbs rock back and forth across my chest beneath the wife beater.

"Damn, mom...that's the hottest thing I've ever seen!" Wes remarked as he stared at my tits in wide-eyed fascination. "Can I see your panties too?"

"Since when did this become a show and tell, mister? Besides...you can see my panties right here," I giggled, tugging on my tiny elastic waistband. Wes shined the light of his phone on our hugging crotches. Looking down and seeing his rigid prick meat, bulging beneath his boxers-briefs and sticking out from the front of my pubis was incredibly thrilling! The fabric molded perfectly to the outline of his knob and I could tell right away that it was MUCH fatter than his father's.

"Ok, mister googly-eyes, it's my turn!" I said, hoping that I wouldn't scare him with the request I was about to make. Obviously, the ice had been broken between us already, so I didn't feel as awkward asking for it.

"Alright. What do you want me to do?"

"Make out with me...like you did with Tammie," I requested.

He fed me an astonished look. "Make out with you, as in...REALLY make out with you?" he asked.

"Yeah, I mean...unless it would make you feel too uncomfortable?"

"No...sorry, I just...never expected you to ask me for something like that."

I looked him in the eyes and smiled. "Did you ever...HOPE that I would ask you for something like that?" I asked.

"Not until recently."

By recently, I assume he meant after the day he had caught me undressing in my bedroom. Perhaps that was the first time he began to see me in a sexual way. "So you don't mind trying it out with me then...to see what it's like?" I sweetly asked.

"No...I don't mind at all, but..."

"But what?"

"Never mind," my boy muttered, glancing at my tits.

"Wes...tell me what's on your mind," I pleaded.

"I was just gonna ask you if you wouldn't mind taking off the wife beater, while we kissed."

"Ugh, another request?" I teased. "I haven't even gotten mine fulfilled yet."

"I know, sorry. I just thought I'd ask."

Without letting my mind debate it, I quickly lifted the wife beater off, exposing my giant jugs. "There! Now will you PLEASE let me love on you now?" I asked.

My son's eyes were fixated on my naked tits. "Love away!" he muttered.

I pulled him upright, threw my arms around him and eagerly dove for his mouth. Our closed-lipped kisses were slow, tender and passionate. I felt Wes give off an excited shudder, probably from having the squishy meat of my stiff-nippled tits squashed against his chest. It seemed as though my body began doing things involuntarily, like subtly grinding my pussy against his rock-hard shaft, with only our underwear separating our genital flesh.

Gradually, our smooching became more passionate and my long tongue found its way inside Wes's mouth. When our wiggly lickers touched for the first time it was electrifying! Before I knew it they were whipping together wildly. Wes was an amazing kisser! Every bit as talented in that department as I imagined he'd be.

I gently nudged him down to the bed, draping his blanket over us as we continued smooching with me on top of him. "Shit!" my boy excited hissed, while I tenderly kissed his neck. I could feel his peter-meat twitching and throbbing as I rubbed my fatty tit-orbs all over his bare chest. I kissed him deeply and we made out like horny newlyweds. My son must have been deeply aroused by having his mommy's long, experience licker whipping wildly through his mouth.

We rolled like passionate lovers on his bed; my son taking the top. I harnessed my clean-shaven legs high around his back, clutching him to

my body as tightly as I could, while we mad-out shamelessly. Our overheated genitals still wrestled together in a subtle, but steady dry-hump. I couldn't believe how big and muscular my son's erection felt. I could only imagine how divine it would feel digging at the deepest regions of my vagina, perhaps even in places his father's cock had never touched.

Nearly an hour passed and still we kissed, but by now our grinding had gotten more intense. Wes dug his boner against my wet slit, scraping on my aroused clit and driving me crazy with lust. I finally reached a point that I couldn't take anymore. "Make love to me, Wes!" I cooed. "PLEASE make love to me!"

My eager boy peeled my dainty panties down my legs and off. I reciprocated by tugging down his boxer briefs. My heart nearly beat out of my chest as I saw the shadow of his cock spring free from his underwear and wag stiffly on his crotch, while pointing up at me. *"THIS WAS IT!"* my feverish mind exclaimed. *"THE CONSUMATION OF OUR LOVE!"*

I drew my knees back and bowed open my thighs widely, giving my boy all the room he needed. He moved forward above me, plowing his naked cock through my soaking labial folds. Drawing his erection back again, I felt his knob fit into the socket of my cuntal vestibule. My fuck-entrance quivered excitedly, nipping wetly at his glans as it prepared to be stretched open by his meaty slab.

"Kiss me, mom!" my teen requested, dropping flat on top of me and fusing our lips together. Being penetrated by him for the first time, while we lovingly kissed would be my greatest dream come true!

I felt Wes's knob mushroom even bigger as a surge of more blood must have rushed into his already rock-hard penis, engorging his erectile tissue. His love-muscle tensed up like a steel pipe preparing to thunder through my birthing tube.

"Victoria?!" My husband's voice called from the hallway, startling the hell out of me.

"Fuck!" I softly hissed, squirming out from under my son as quickly as I could. I rushed to his doorway, my boobs flopping, and my heart pounding

in a frantic panic. The door was still part-way open (stupid mistake on my part) and I quickly slammed it closed and locked it.

Seconds later, Myles knocked at the door. "Victoria, are you in there?" he asked.

"Yes...honey, I'm in here. Um...Wes came home a little drunk, from his date and got sick, so I was just helping him clean the mess. Trust me...you DO NOT wanna come in here!" I replied, looking down at my naked body.

"Oh, well...yeah, that doesn't sound fun. Anything I can do to help?"

"No...we've got things under control, just go back to bed. I'll be down in a minute."

I turned to my son blushing and quickly collected my panties and wife beater. "I'm sorry, honey...let's just, um...talk about this tomorrow, ok?" I told Wes.

"Yeah...no problem, mom," he awkwardly answered.

I returned to my room and crawled into bed with Myles. For the longest time I couldn't sleep. It was like my body was still sexually charged from what had happened earlier. *"Just my luck,"* I thought. *"Seconds away from finally making love to Wes and Myles wakes up!"* I knew my son must be laying awake, frazzled by all this also. I wished now that I would have spent a little more time with him, and at least given him a passionate kiss goodnight.

"Hi, Victoria...I'm Tammie!" said the beautiful, twenty-year-old brunette, extending her hand for a shake. I had requested that Simone bring her along to the coffee shop the next morning so we could talk.

"Nice to meet you," I replied, but didn't really mean it. "Can I get you a coffee?"

"No, I'm not really a coffee drinker, but thanks. Your son Wes is the sweetest guy. You must really be proud of him."

"I am, thank you...and I heard the two of you are hitting it off pretty well?"

"We are. In fact, I know this wasn't really part of the plan, but I think we might be falling for each other."

My heart went into panic-mode. "Falling for each other?"

"Yes. I know...so quickly, right?"

Simone chimed in. "Tammie, remember I asked you not to pour it on too heavy. We just wanted you to befriend Wes and spend some time with him."

"Ok...I did that, but I really think there's an attraction there."

"No, there can't be...I'm sorry!" Simon expressed.

"Alright...I'm confused. Is there a reason why Wes and I can't be romantically involved? I am older than him, yes, but only by two years."

"Yes, there IS a reason," Simone replied. "We just don't want you to—"

"He already has a girlfriend!" I blurted, interrupting Simone.

"He does?" Tammie asked with a shocked expression.

"Yes...he does."

"Then why did you pay ME to hang out with him?"

Simone and I looked at each other, scrambling to come up with an answer. "His girlfriend was out of town...and we just wanted a female to keep Wes company, while she was away."

"Seriously?!"

"Yes, but she's back now, so we won't be needing your assistance anymore," I expressed.

"But...things are going so well between Wes and I," Tammie frowned.

"Not to knock you, Tammie. You seem nice and are quite beautiful, but I'm sure he thinks his girlfriend is MUCH prettier! I also think he's madly in love with her."

Tammie shook her head in disgust. "No...Wes would have told me if he had someone! We had sex together and he swore he was falling for me!"

"Tammie, guys will say anything to get a piece of tail on the side," Simone expressed.

"No...this is bullshit! I wanna hear it from Wes," Tammie stated, standing from the table.

"I'm sorry. I'm sure now that his girlfriend is back, she wouldn't be ok with the two of you talking," I replied.

Tammie fed me an evil glare. "If you see his girlfriend, let her know that I'm NOT giving him up that easy! She'll have out class, out charm and out fuck me...and that won't be easy!"

Tammie marched away and Simone stood up. "Tammie, wait...I'll give you a ride home," she shouted.

"Forget it! I'll get a cab," she replied, stomping out the door.

Simone looked over at me with a cringe on her face. "Well...that could have gone better."

"It doesn't matter. I don't need her help anymore anyway!"

"So, you're not worried that Wes will move away, with Tammie out of the picture?"

"No. In fact, I'm not worried at all anymore," I confidently answered.

"Ok...am I missing something here?"

I put on a big smile. "Yes, but you'll hear all about it at the Moms Club today" I replied.

My phone started ringing and I noticed it was my husband, Myles. I stared at my cell for a moment curiously. "It's Myles. He hardly ever calls me during work," I stated, then picked up. "Hi, honey!"

"Hey babe...I've uh...got some bad news. I'm at the hospital," Myles said.

Later, the women at the club clapped, after I shared what had happened between Wes and I. Judith looked over at me with a pleasing smile.

"Well...Victoria, it certainly sounds like you have your son's attention. Now it's time to move things forward and take him as your lover," she directed.

"I have you and the Moms Club to thank. If you hadn't encouraged me and given me those challenges, I'm not sure I would have had the courage to seduce my son."

"I'm sure once the two of you begin making love together you'll never look back," Judith remarked.

"Well...that might be a bit more of a challenge now."

"How so?"

"My husband tripped down the stairs at work this morning and fractured his ankle. He made need surgery. He'll be home recovering for at least two weeks."

"Oh, how unfortunate. Well, if you and Wes need a place to consummate your love, you can always get a motel room and simply tell your husband that the two of you are going out for the day."

"We could, but to be honest...I was hoping that Wes and I's first time could be on HIS bed. I guess I'm kind of sentimental that way, since that's where we first kissed romantically," I explained.

"That's understandable," Judith agreed. "It sounds like what you really need is a distraction...for your husband, that is. Something to occupy his mind, while you and your son sneak away for a session of passionate lovemaking."

"Yes. Any ideas on how I might do that?"

Judith looked at Simone and smiled. "Perhaps Simone and I could help you out with that," she replied.

"We can?" Simone asked.

"Sure," Judith answered. "I have an idea that I think will work."

The next morning Judith and Simone came to the house. Patrick was over at a friend's house and Wes and my husband were in the living room playing video games together. Myles usually didn't have time for this sort of thing, but since he had fractured his ankle he had a chance to play and spend time with Wes, in between doing video conferencing for work.

Me and the girls went to my bedroom to prep. Judith's plan was a simple one. Her and Simone would distract Myles by wearing skimpy attire and showing interest in the game, while Wes and I snuck away to his room for passionate lovemaking.

"There...do you think this will be able to keep your husband distracted for awhile?" Judith asked, coming out of the bathroom in panties and a pink sheer robe.

"How could it not?" I giggled. Her robe certainly left nothing to the imagination, revealing naked tits beneath, that were nearly as big as mine.

"How about this?" Simone asked, striking a sexy pose in a bright red bikini. "Do you think this'll help?"

"Most definitely!" I replied. It didn't bother me at all that they'd be around my husband in such skimpy attire. My mind was solely on Wes and at this point I could care less if Myles was looking at other women. I slipped on my silky white robe, but kept it open, so my handsome boy could see what was being offered to him this morning.

Once we got into the living room, I snuck up behind them on the couch. Myles, luckily, was engrossed in the game, but Wes turned his head and looked, as if his eyes were drawn to me like magnets. His mouth lowered as he saw me standing there with my robe open, displaying my tits and shaved pussy. I smiles salaciously, motioned to the stairway, then headed that direction.

"Dad, I um...think I'm gonna go upstairs and listen to some music or something," I heard Wes tell his father.

"Suit yourself. I'm gonna keep working on this level," my husband replied, engrossed in the game.

I signaled to Judith and Simone and they both wandered into the living room. "Well, hello there, Myles! Do you mind if we join you? I just love video games!" Judith told my husband.

"Oh...um, hello, ladies," Myles uttered, his eyes probably popping out of his head by now.

Once I reached my son's room, I slipped off the robe and stood there in a sexy pose waiting for him. "Close and lock the door, lover," I told my teen as he gazed at me from his doorway. Wes did just that, then stepped over to me. "Wes, I've probably made it fairly obvious by now that I'm madly in love with you. Let me show you just how much."

I slipped off his t-shirt, then locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss. My big tits smothered his young chest, while our tongues dueled for several minutes, showing our passion for each other. I crouched down, undoing his pants and pulling them off him. Next came his briefs and his erection sprung upward, nearly slapping me on the chin. "Oh, this beautiful thing certainly didn't take long to get hard, did it?" I noted.

"It never does when YOU'RE around," my boy confessed, which made my heart melt.

I grasped his big boy-cock and showered it with tender kisses. My smooches soon turned to licks, which then turned to lewd sucking, and before long I was gorging myself on the meat of his erection, bobbing my head up and back. Having my baby's cock in my mouth and tasting the tangy juice that wept from its bell tip had my pussy smoldering with desire. There would be plenty of time for more oral affection later. Right now, I needed him to fuck me!

Wes backed me to his bed and followed me down onto it, taking the top. My knees quickly drew back and my thighs splayed open. "Now...where

were we?" I excitedly asked, referring to the other night when we were in this same position, but rudely interrupted, just before penetration.

"I think we were right...HERE!" Wes replied, placing his cock-tip to my entrance. I could feel how incredibly rigid his penis was as he jabbed it against the mouth of my vagina.

"Fuck me, Wes!" I hissed, staring into his eyes and horny beyond belief. In one mighty plunge, my new lover buried his boner to the root inside me. I welcomed him by tightening all my coital muscles at once, making his body shiver in delight.

"Ahhh!" Wes sighed and I felt his cunt-smothered penis give off a mighty flex. His flaring tip was mashed against the head of my cervix and I never imagined how wonderful that would feel!

"Welcome home, baby!" I whispered as the ring of my cervical entrance kissed his leaky peter-tip. Then, he let out a lusty snarl and began fucking me. Words couldn't describe the feel of his muscled love-organ pummeling through my overheated cunt. It was like the drive rod and powerful pistons of a locomotive chugging in and out. I clawed at his back and jerked my pelvis up and down, meeting his thrusts with one's of my own. His bedframe creaked as we found a frantic fuck-rhythm.

I harnessed my silky legs around my teen, fastening him to my body. His young, muscular ass flew up and down wildly between my thighs, jackhammering his horny erection through my loving, squeezing pussy. My tits sloshed to his tempo, sandwiched between us; my erect teats scraping on his flesh. My hands wandered his lean, hairless body, my nails combing his flesh.

As we fucked, my cunt compressed around him, delineating the contours of his boner so we writhed together with slippery friction. The stiff meat of Wes's prick stimulated the nerve endings along my pleated cuntal sleeve exquisitely and it wasn't long before a mind-boggling orgasm was surging through my naked body like an electric current.

"OHH, GOD, WES...YESSS!!" I cried, trembling in climax. It had been ages since I'd cum this hard!

It was obvious that my boy had acquired some sexual skills from fucking other girls. For a long while, he drilled at my quivering pussy from different angles, jabbing his spongy knob against various areas of my vagina, stretching my uteri and stimulating pleasure-clusters that I never even knew I had. I squeezed him with all my might, clawing my nails down his back and arched my body in ecstasy, cumming yet again on his tireless prick.

The psychological thrill of have my teenage son's cock plunging to my womb was overwhelming! On top of that was the deep-seated desire to have him as my permanent lover. Of course I would stay married to Myles. I had no intention of breaking apart my family, but Wes was now the master of my sexual universe, and I his. We were, for all intents and purposes, a couple. Lovers...now and forever!

We kissed passionately, while fucking our asses off for what had to be an hour straight. *"No wonder Tammie is so enamored by my boy! He's an absolute BEAST in bed!"* I thought, slowly rising towards orgasm number seven. *"SEVEN!! I've never had seven orgasm during one sex-session before!"* I thought. This time Wes joined me in orgasmic bliss!

"UUUGGHH!" my boy grunted. "UUUGGHH, MOM!" He was cumming so powerfully that his pelvis jolted and he shuddered from the powerful thrusts of his erupting penis.

My own body quaked wildly beneath his assault, squirting the juices of my ejaculate around him and making my vestibule squelch lewdly around the hairless root of his cock. We came for the longest time together, our sexual organs pumping in counterpoint. and I could feel spurt after spurt of my boy's love-lava filling my unprotected pussy.

Over the next week, Wes and I engaged in a whirlwind of sexual intercourse. Even if we only had five minutes to do it in, we'd find ourselves tucked in the back a closet or behind a locked door, somewhere in the house, feverishly going at it. I could hardly stand going only a few

hours without having my lover's dreamy dick pounding through me. Not only that...but he was amazing at eating pussy!

"You like this pussy better than Tammie's, baby?" I asked Wes as he held me up against wall in my bedroom closet. I was up off the floor and my legs were curled around him, while he fucked to his heart's content.

"It's so much better! Why do you think I gave her the boot?"

I couldn't help but giggle, recalling Tammie's words in the coffee shop.

"Looks like mom out classed her, out charmed her, and out-fucked her, didn't she?"

"You sure did!" my boy replied, jabbing his prick to the hilt with long, rippling, underslung thrusts. I gave his member a loving squeeze by flexing my pelvic floor muscles. I felt incredibly wicked having sex with my new man, while my 'old man' was downstairs watching TV.

"Ahhh, shit!" Wes gasped, responding to my juicy embrace. I loved watching his face, while he savagely laid into me, or while I was giving his dick and balls a royal oral work over. I bet he never dreamed he'd have a girlfriend who would milk him off five to six time a day, like I did.

My teen jabbed his throbbing peter in deep, holding it there in full penetration, whimpering at the feel of his mommy's warm pussy pulsating around his succulent dick-meat. I could feel the powerful muscles and tendons bulging excitedly at the base of his cock. He began thrusting again and I could feel my cunt-sleeve ripple and pull at his prick, soaking it in slippery oil, making his bell-tip balloon in delight as it struck my cervix over and over. For several minutes he fucked into me this way and we both gasped and squealed in delight until he slowed.

I could easily take over, while in any position. Perhaps that's a skill that I had that Tammie didn't. "Let me work on you, lover," I whispered, then tightened my thighs around his hips. My belly pushed up and down against his, my tightly-clasping hole working on his stalk near the root, giving him rapid love-pumps.

“Ohhh, mom!” he gasped, clearly loving it. He began to match my movements, jabbing his meat into me with counterpointed pelvic thrusts. I threw my arms around him in a passionate embrace, mashing my bobbling breasts on his bare chest. I tightened my coital muscles, making my socket nice n juicy and tight.

My boy began to move faster, jackhammering his meaty prick into my hole violently. He gritted his teen and rolled his eyes, overcome by the toe clenching friction that he must have been experiencing around his penile flesh. His balls began to thud against my tilted ass.

“Yess...fuck me, Wes!” I urged.

My heels drummed on his ass, urging him to fuck me faster and harder, even though that was hardly possible. My smoldering cunt hole felt like it was melting around his pummeling organ and I was sure my juices were already dripping off his balls. I trembled violently in climax, letting out an involuntary squeal that must have triggered my son's release.

Wes buried his prick to the hilt and growled like a grizzly bear as his balls released their load of spunk. I could feel it surging up his muscled stalk and splattering out again the head to the cervix that I had once squeezed him out of.

Nearly a year later Wes and I were at the Stargazer Drive-in with Simone and her son. We were at the concession stand when we ran by Tammie, standing with a guy who was clearly much younger than her. “What is this...mother-son day at the Stargazer?!” she asked in a snotty tone.

“Oh, hey, Tammie,” Wes muttered.

“I’m surprised that you didn’t get your mom's permission before saying hi to me.”

“Tammie, why don't you try being nice,” her Aunt Simone advised. Simone and I were each nine-months pregnant, carrying our sons' babies. Our bellies stuck out huge and round beneath our tops.

Tammie looked at my son Wes with a scowl. "I thought you had a new girlfriend...or did you blow it with her too?"

"No...we'll still together," Wes replied, squeezing my hand.

"And I've never seen him happier. She's one lucky girl," I stated, giving Tammie a sarcastic scowl, "but you probably already know that, don't you?"

"Whatever! Have fun with your pregnant mommies, boys!" Tammie stated in a bitchy tone as she left with her date.

"Don't worry...we will!" Wes shouted, looking over and sharing a knowing smile with Simone's son, Sawyer.

Ten minutes later we were doing what we came to do, and it WASN'T watching a movie! We were all naked on the back seat and Simone and I were side by side, riding our boys' cocks. Their eyes were bulging in fascination as they watched our massive, milk-filled melons bounce around wildly.

"Have I mentioned that Drive-In dating is my favorite?" I breathlessly asked, smiling down at my teen. I didn't think I'd ever experience the thrill of Drive-in sex again, yet here I was.

"You have mentioned that a few times," Wes gleefully replied, reaching up and cupping my huge tits.

I ground our shaved pubis's together, stirring my honey-pot with the rigid muscle of his peter-meat. My baby sighed and his eyes rolled back as he felt as my cervical ring polish his engorged knob with hot, slippery mucus.

"Are you boys hungry?" Simone wickedly asked. "Wanna suck on our titties, while we bounce on these teenage cocks?"

"Yes, please!" her son, Sawyer, eagerly replied.

Simone and I both leaned forward, burying our boys in warm, rippling boobie-meat. Wes kissed and licked his way around inside my gaping cleavage, while I bobbed my rounded buns up and down, spearing him through my pussy-tube. My cunt pulled and dragged wetly at his hot meat,

from tip to root on every thrust. His cock felt divine; like a heated crowbar as it forged up my tightly-clasping snatch.

Feeling our unborn baby sandwiched between us while we fucked was a dream come true! I love how Wes used my pregnant body like a sexual playground, especially my milk-swollen breasts, which had grown ridiculously large.

“Oh God, those dicks feel so good!” Simone whimpered, knowing she was expressing exactly what was flowing through my mind also. Our naked asses beat against their crotches tirelessly as our tempo gradually increased. We moms certainly knew how to fuck, which made us the perfect girlfriends for horny young teenagers!

Wes sucked at my nipples, moving from one breast to the next. He pushed his cute face up into the squishy orb of my tit and sucked like a starving newborn. This made my birthing tube clench around him, creating a hot creamy passage of tightly-compressed pleats and vaginal muscle. I felt his dong quiver as it thundered through my baby-chute.

“Ahhhh!” my boy’s voice trembled as he peeked out from between my smothering mammary. My nipple popped from his mouth, wet and swollen. He thrust his hips beneath me, digging his dong in savagely, while gritting his teeth. I felt his tip swell like a bell-shaped balloon and his jism begin to pour into me, with strong contractions of his penile meat. This made me squirm about in ecstasy as my orgasm made my body shudder and gush out my juices to mingle with his.

Simone and her son were writhing and squealing in orgasmic elation also, making it sound as though there was a true mother-son orgy going on inside my vehicle. We took our time milking the boys' dongs, tightening the tubes of our cunts and pulling them up and down their rigid peters with full-length squeezes. At first, I didn’t think I'd have courage to defy the norm and take my son as my lover, but now I couldn’t imagine it any other way.

THE END