

The Year Was...

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There are times in your life that you look back and realize the point when a new chapter in your life begins. Although I don't remember the exact date, I can pinpoint it pretty darn close. The year was 1988. In fact it was March 1988 and I had just turned 18 a month before. This is why I remember the approximate time and I remember the event clearly even though at the time I didn't realize its significance.

Nonetheless like all recounting of events I must give some background to explain things. So please bear with me as I meander through the murkiness of history.

It was a different world back in 1988. There were no cellphones, no laptop computers and there was no Internet with its unlimited access to porn. Sure there were DVD's and VHS tapes but you had to buy them at a sex shop and they cost about thirty to forty bucks a piece. If you wanted some stroke material you'd buy the girlie mags that the stationery stores sold hidden up on the top shelf. Costing about five dollars they were called 'short eyes', for some reason, and there was a wide assortment ranging from Playboy,

Penthouse to Cheri, Swank, Hustler and my favorites Gent, Juggs and 40+.

The reason the last were my favorites was because they had my kinda women in them and often had models that closely resembled my dream girl. In the late 1980's, breast implants hadn't become common and so the natural models still ruled. I can still remember the names of some of my favorite models. There was Millie Minchen, Christy Canyon, Lisa Phillips and Jeannine Oldfield. Oh, do I love Jeannine Oldfield, for she most closely resembled a younger version of my dream girl. I always tried to get issues of whatever magazine may have had my favorites in them.

Near the grocery store I worked at there was a hole in the wall stationary store. Having started working at the grocery store at 14, by the time I was 16 the owners of the stationary store would look the other way and allow me to buy short eyes. Without the aid of the Internet it was often a crap-shoot who was in which magazines that month; and to make things worse some magazines would put a girl on the cover that wasn't even in the issue! The stores didn't let you peruse

through the mags to see what was what and with me being under 18 I had to be even more circumspect.

And so by March of 1988, I had developed an extensive collection of short eyes that I thought I had hidden pretty well. I kept most of them stacked in a plain box on a shelf in my closet with a few stashed under my bed ready at a moment's notice. Basically meaning not hidden at all!

That fateful March day I was home alone. My parents had divorced four years earlier with my father moving out. My older sister was away at college. Since it was the early afternoon, my mom was still at work. After getting home from school, I had a few hours to kill before I had to go to work at the grocery store. So I decided to do what every 18-year old boy does when he has a few minutes to himself.

Having decided to get to know myself better, I knew exactly which magazine I wanted to use. It was a Hustler with the cover a close-up of a woman's chest. She had her hands over her breasts and a seashell hanging down from her necklace. I

looked under my bed where I kept three or four relaxation aids. It wasn't there. That was odd.

I looked through the box in my closet. It wasn't there. Hmm? I looked again in case a gremlin had returned it while I wasn't looking. Going through over 50 magazines and nope, it wasn't there. Strange. I was determined it would be and could be only that magazine I would use.

I looked through the rest of my closet, no luck. I looked under my mattress, under my sheets, all around my bed -- no deal. I checked my dresser and my desk because there was nowhere else in my room it could be. It wasn't in my room. Now not only was I horny as hell, I was curious as to where the hell that magazine could be. My frustration made me even hornier for that specific magazine.

I checked my sister's bedroom, which basically hadn't been used in a couple of years. During the Christmas break, she had stayed with friends and I knew I had that magazine since then anyway. But still I looked and came up empty.

It was time to venture into my parent's bedroom, or essentially my mother's but the furniture was still for two people. With trepidation I entered. Going around the king-side bed to what would've been my father's side, I felt safer looking first in my father's old nightstand, where he used to occasionally keep a girlie mag (and as kid, where I discovered their magic!) There was some assorted junk, nothing interesting and no mag.

I checked what would've been his dresser if he still lived in the house. Besides the top drawer having some this and that, like assorted paper and crap it was empty.

Consumed with a needy lust that overruled caution, I next checked my mother's nightstand. This meant having to move the stuff on top of the lift up, hinged lid. Voila! There it was, face-up on top of whatever crap she kept in there. I was so horny for that magazine that I grabbed it, ran into my room and jacked-off to some model; I don't remember exactly who but it may've been Christy Canyon. After cleaning up, I hurriedly returned the magazine to my mother's nightstand.

It wasn't until later on while at work that my mind started replaying the scene from earlier in the day. I was 'dummying' the shelves -- where you pull the stock to the front to fill the voids. It's pretty mind numbing work that can be done on autopilot, allowing the nervous Nellie part of my brain to kick into gear. Suddenly I realized that I hadn't paid close attention to how I had returned my magazine back to her nightstand.

Did I return it cover-side up? No idea.

Did I at least put it kinda in the same spot? No clue.

What about the stuff on top of the hinged lid? Stuff like the heavy corded bedroom phone, her alarm clock, the pumice stone, hand & body lotion? I tried to think and couldn't even recall all the crap that was up there. The harder I tried to think and recall, the more it eluded me. I thought I recalled a bottle of nail polish remover, but wasn't that on the small fixed shelf above? There were bottles of nail polish also, weren't there?

I realized and feared I may have a VERY awkward situation at home.

This is a good point to explain how things were in my house. There was only my 37-year old mom and I living there. I was aware that I was in love with my mom; in fact I was infatuated with her. I knew I was sexually attracted to her and desired her. The women I'd jerk off to would have enough features in common with my mom for me to imagine that they were her. I would fantasize about ways I would seduce her and become her lover. Some were quite complex and others I had carried for so many years that they had evolved past the initial seduction and beyond.

I consciously knew my last girlfriend vaguely resembled my mom, where Alison was a little shorter and heavier. But she was easy and that was good enough for me, even when after a few weeks I realized she was annoying as hell, even when after a few months I couldn't stand her, even after a year and I knew I hated her. We broke up after New Year's Eve. I went to a concert with my friends and heard she was hanging out with

some guy at a party. To save face with my friends (who hated her annoying ass) I had to kick her to the curb.

The reason for my infatuation with my mom was because even at 37, she was still friggin' hot. (Remember when eighteen, 37 seems really old and in 1988 we didn't talk about MILF's and cougars. I even recall there was even a controversy when Wheel of Fortune was considering replacing Vanna White because she was getting old!)

Of English and Germanic descent, my mother's skin tone and features showed it. I guess you'd describe her face as an easy rectangular oval that worked to perfectly frame her soft, gentle facial features. While none stood out, they all blended together to create a beautiful picture. She had a soft smooth chin that led to her full luscious lips. Her nose wasn't aquiline or too big, it was simply a soft triangle resting between her lush plump cheeks. Her eyes were wide and alert; they were an entrancing dark chocolate, with her eyebrows complimenting them divinely. All together they announced her supple femininity.

I mentioned some of the models my mother had a resemblance to and if you were to look at them you'd notice an obvious trend. They are all attractive brunettes with a slim yet soft body and big heavy hangers.

My mom, whose actual birth name was Cookie, was no different. She was 5'5 and probably weighed about 160 pounds which was pleasantly and delightfully smoothly spread over her body. As an obsessed son I, of course, knew her measurements, 36-30-38. Her cup size varied depending on the bra ranging from DD, E, EE or F [supposedly DD and E are the same size as is EE and F; yet there were times when I'd play with her bras I couldn't notice any difference between a DD and an F, while one DD seemed much bigger than another DD -- you figure it out.]

She wore her dark chestnut hued hair long, about midway down her back. The 80's was the era of 'Big Hair' and she would stylishly tease her hair into an erection producing mane. There was many a time she stood at her dresser applying her make-up doing her hair and putting on her

jewelry. I'd watch this production and would have to go to the bathroom or my bedroom to express myself.

There were just two major problems. The first was because of her beauty and my sexual attraction I was totally intimidated by her. This meant that as an awkward teenager I was all mumble-mouthed around her and embarrassed easily.

The second was that even before my parent's divorce she had a snarl that hadn't lightened up at all. In fact with me being the only one in the house it seemed like I caught all of the snarl and its accompanying growl that used to be spread out over three people.

Instead of growing closer together we were growing further apart and some of that was conscious on my part. I had been working at the grocery store for almost four years [and before WalMart it was common to have a mid-sized local grocery store in the neighborhood.] Starting as a stock-boy, I had few months ago become the night shift manager. This meant I was in charge of closing the registers, the store and making the

nightly deposit. I worked four days a week from 4 PM - 11:30 PM, plus usually picking up a shift on the weekends. This meant I'd get home from school around 1:30 PM, do this an' that and then be gone before my mother got home from her job. When I got home after midnight she was usually asleep, if not I bolted for my room anyway.

What this means is I was pretty independent. Since I was a good student I was allowed to do my own thing and live my own life. This helps explain my nonchalant attitude towards my short eyes collection. I never figured my mother would inspect my bedroom looking to see if her son had girlie mags. Of course I also never thought my mom might get horny enough she'd need or want one to help her relax!

That night I dilly-dallied and dawdled, taking my time locking up the store and getting to the bank. The result was that I got home closer to 1 AM and Mom was thankfully asleep. The next morning I was up an' out the door, off to school without seeing her.

After enduring one tedious class after another, my school day was finally over. I jumped in my car and raced home. This time I made certain to pay particular attention to the location of every item on top of her night-stand. Lifting the lid there was my magazine. It was about $\frac{3}{4}$'s into the back, not shoved or stuffed back but casually lying there -- cover-side down!

Just seeing it there made me so uncontrollably horny that I pulled it open and flipping it open to any page it landed on 2 pages littered with 1-900 numbers. That was good enough for me. Sitting on the edge of her bed, I quickly and thoroughly got familiar with myself. Sated, I was able to think a bit clearer and was curious. Looking through the issue, it had the usual assortment of girls and one layout of a male/female performing simulated sex. (Back then they didn't even come close to showing penetration.)

There was nothing spectacular or anything stand-out about the male/female spread. I just seemed to know that was the one my mother must've been looking at. I carefully replaced the magazine exactly where I found it, along with everything above it and smoothing her bedspread, left her room

undisturbed. (If you are wondering why I didn't look to see if she happened to have any personal toys in her night-stand, back then an 18-year old boy didn't think his mom would have a vibrator!)

That night while dummyming the shelves I began formulating my new plan. All of my past ideas, plans and schemes wouldn't work. I needed a new strategy. However, having spent years fantasizing about how this would happen I was more comfortable with a slow subtle plan that had the option to bail before things turned completely sour. I'll admit that I wasn't especially bold, brash or adventuresome. When it came to dealing with women I was even more hesitant and even sometimes tongue-tied. When it came to my mother I was borderline scared stiff.

For the next few days, I checked my mother's nightstand waiting to see when (or if) my magazine was moved. Finally on Tuesday afternoon, I discovered it was in a new place. Still face down, it was shifted over to the right of its previous location. This was perfect for two reasons. First, Tuesday was the first night of my four night work schedule and I could

conveniently avoid my mother. Second it had given me time to pick out a new magazine for her pleasure with a similar non-descript couple. This time it was a Swank, that I left face up for her.

That night I deliberately got home late again. For the next few days I trembled inside, but if she had noticed the switch she didn't say anything. Again, I checked daily and it didn't move until Tuesday afternoon. I daringly gave her a new magazine. The second week progressed the same as the first. The third was the same; as were the fourth and fifth. On the fifth week I dared to be a little bolder. I left for her reading pleasure a Hustler Busty issue where two of the models had a passing resemblance to her.

Years later there would be a movie called Groundhog's Day, with Bill Murray, where every day was the same as yesterday. During those five weeks it seemed that nothing changed besides the magazine I would leave in her nightstand, yet I now realize that the items atop her nightstand may have simplified. Then on that sixth Monday there was a change-up.

Getting home from school I found a note on the kitchen table. It read, "David, tonight let's go out for dinner. Love, Mom. P.S. Thank you." I held that piece of paper in my hand, read her note and interpreted it fifty different ways. This wasn't an unusual way for us to pass messages to each other. However, it was the last two lines that confounded me. First was her signing it "Love, Mom." That was a first! Since it was only the two of us in the house, there wasn't a reason to say who it was from. Often I'd find a note saying, "Get Milk" or if she was being pleasant it might say "Please vacuum."

I tried to think of the last time my mother said the word Love and couldn't recall anytime that it wasn't in the sentence, "I would love to kill..." My family being a blend of English, German and Russian aren't the type to verbally express affection so it wasn't a surprise that I couldn't recall my mother ever saying, "I love you" to anyone. So did her signing "Love, Mom" have significance?

And what did she mean by "P.S. Thank you"? I tried to think if I had done anything that would prompt her to say "Thank

you" and came up empty. Sure I had mown the lawn this weekend but I did that every weekend and never got any acknowledgement except for when I may've been behind on it. Along with my other household chores, they were basically expected to be done and weren't commented on except when not done or done unsatisfactorily. (As I say this I realize it makes my mother sound like a cold bitch, which she wasn't, just in my house you weren't rewarded for cleaning your room since you were supposed to keep your room clean, you understand?)

So I pondered these two lines and wanted to believe it was because of my providing her with reading material. Since it was Monday she wasn't due a new mag until tomorrow and I had one planned out for her. It was a Gent that had the requisite couple and simulated sex scene but also had both Jeannine Oldfield and also Lisa Phillips. I was sorta stuck. Do I give it to her? Do I dare? Do I dare not?

Looking in her nightstand it was obvious that last week's mag was moved as it was lying sideways against the front edge. Seeing that and Mom's note, I grabbed the Gent magazine and

turning to the Jeannine Oldfield, I laid on her bed and jerked off like the crazed 18 year old I was. After cumming like the space shuttle on lift-off, I figured 'Fuck it' and gave Mom the mag.

When Mom got home that night she suggested going out to Tommie's, a local steak house, for dinner and I readily agreed. Dinner was a very pleasant event. First was the fact that instead of changing out of her work clothes into her frumpy home or mom clothes she was still dressed to the nines. In fact as I looked at her over the table I thought Mom may've been dressed even nicer than usual. She was wearing a black satin blouse that shimmered; except for the built-in shoulder pads, it fit her snugly and molded around her ample bosom in front. She had on dark slacks that had grey pinstripes and she wore black heels. It was a very sultry look that I enjoyed, especially since the light played off the sheen of her blouse.

I also couldn't help but notice she had refreshed her perfume along with a fresh puffing up of her hair. Her lips shimmered a tantalizing red from a fresh application of lipstick. I could smell her hair spray and enjoyed the shine it left. Mom was

also surprisingly chatty, asking me about my up-coming graduation and plans for the summer. As we ate our salads she asked, "So are you excited about graduation?"

"Umm, yeah I guess," I answered all mumble-mouth. I wasn't used to having conversations with my mother in general -- and I suddenly realized her tone wasn't that of a parent talking AT her kid but instead it was one adult casually talking with another adult.

"What do you mean 'I guess'?" she laughed at my awkwardness. Giving me another chance she continued, "It's something you've been working hard for, right?"

"Umm, yeah I guess," was about the best I could say even though it was true. I was an excellent student and had been accepted into the local State college, which has one of the best engineering programs in the region and is often ranked in the top 50 nationwide. I quickly realized I didn't know how to hold a conversation with her; and her looking and smelling fantastic didn't help.

"Well, what do you have planned for after graduation?" she asked, perhaps throwing me a life-preserver or a third pitch strike. I knew she didn't mean what were my college plans or my party plans.

"Roger's going on vacation for three weeks, the week after my graduation and I'm gonna be covering for him," I answered with some confidence. Talking about my job was a comfortable topic. [Roger was the day-shift and head manager.]

"Oh really? So you're going to be running the store?" she asked in an impressed and enthusiastic voice.

"Well not really. Victor (the owner) will still be opening in the morning. He'll be staying later, so he'll be there from 5am-11am. I'll be working Monday-Friday 10am-5pm and then Brian (the weekend manager) will be picking up my shift; and then Brian and I will split the weekend. So the best thing is, in a way, I'll be working extra hours and yeah I guess I'll have a

few extra responsibilities." I explained somewhat humbly because to me it didn't seem like a big deal.

"Still, congratulations. Victor wouldn't put you in charge and trust you like he does unless you gave him good reason to," she said with a surprisingly big smile and I felt my cheeks redden with embarrassment. In general, I don't handle compliments well and especially not from my mom. Her looking and smelling as dynamite as she did made me feel even more disconcerted.

"Aww, look who's blushing. Why are you turning red?" she teased and I could feel my cheeks redden even more. Thankfully she took a sip of her wine and then returned to eating her salad. It would be a while before I felt my embarrassment disappear.

As we ate our entrees, Mom told me, "Your sister received a summer internship at Harbuckles in Chicago. That's the one she really wanted. I'm happy for her. That means it'll only be us for the summer, I hope that's alright?"

Not knowing how to answer that I didn't. As we were looking at the dessert menu, Mom continued to surprise me. "Since it's still early how do you feel about taking me to a movie?"

"Umm, yeah I guess," I was able to get out. How do you answer a question like that? I was surprised because I think the last time we went to the movies together was when I was a kid and we saw some Disney flick -- it might've even been Dumbo!

"Great, then you can drive," and she ordered a cup of Mexican coffee which meant watching the waiter go through the production of lining the cup with sugar then setting it on fire before filling it with the coffee and Kahlua.

"Woo, that went straight to my head," mom announced as we stood up and got ready to leave. "It a good thing you're driving."

Internally, I was terrified to be driving my mother's car and so had no idea how to respond to that; again I said nothing. We ended up seeing the new Tom Hank movie Big. It was a fun movie and mom obviously enjoyed it. I enjoyed watching her enjoy the movie. I delighted at seeing the lights from the movie screen play over her face.

At one point, she must've sensed me looking at her. She turned and smiled. I think I may have just dumbly smiled back. However, I couldn't help but squirm inside at the irony of the movie being of a kid who wishes to become Big then ends up involved with a woman much older than he and here I was watching it with my 37 year old mother whom I was hoping to seduce.

Nothing ground-shattering happened, we just watched the movie and enjoyed each other's company. At the end of the movie she asked, "Did you like the movie?"

"Umm, yeah I guess," I again answered.

"Well, I'm ready for bed," she announced and a voice in my mind called out, 'Yes, I'm gonna score!' However that idea was dashed when mom fell asleep in the car. Getting home we silently, but pleasantly, went our separate ways.

In my bedroom, with the door closed, I replayed the night in my mind, the first time with much different results and the usual goo when I think about my mom that way. Afterwards I replayed how the night actually went. I realized that I said, "Umm, yeah I guess," at least four times when asked a question maybe even more. I chided myself, telling myself that if I had any real hope of seducing my mother I better learn how to talk to her and be able to hold a conversation.

The next day was Tuesday my first night back to work and mom's usual day for a new mag. Looking in her nightstand, it was obvious that the magazine I had left her yesterday had been moved. Opening it, I turned to Jeannine Oldfield. It took maybe three strokes before I was gushing like a geyser. After cleaning up, I was left with a dilemma -- Do I give her a new mag since she had 'used' this one last night or leave it? Looking

at Jeannine Oldfield, I decided to leave it. I would leave it until next Tuesday no matter what.

At work that night I thought about things and realized it was probably a good idea that I had left the mag there. We, or I, had a good thing going. Neither of us had mentioned the fact that every week I was leaving my mother fresh short eyes to look at; and I was convinced she was masturbating to them. I was also sure that this was the reason her frost and snarl were lessening. I would have to remain patient and not fuck-up what was working.

The next few days blew by and it was Friday. Every Friday night, Victor and his friends (including Roger, the day manager) show up at the store around 11pm, as we are closing up. The reason was that once closed, we'd play poker in the back storage room. Since becoming the night-shift manager I was invited to play. It was a friendly game of poker with guys escaping from their wives to smoke and drink (except for me); no one ever won or lost more than \$100. With that, I didn't get home 'til sometime after 3am.

I rolled outta bed sometime after 10am to an unusual sight. Shuffling towards the kitchen I discovered my mom in the living room dusting. First that's unusual since I tend to do most of the cleaning as my weekday chores, but what was more unusual was how she was dressed. Instead of her typical mom jeans, these were dark blue with chalk white pinstripes that were snugly molding to her ass -- as I took in before she turned towards me.

"Good morning, honey," she smiled and I noticed she was wearing an Orange Crush tee shirt that fit her quite well. In fact, in the seconds it took for her to say those three words I realized that she was wearing my sister's t-shirt. [My 20 year old sister and my mom are close to the same build in that my sister is the same height but being athletic and a fanatical softball player she was MUCH leaner than my mother and nowhere as developed.] I took in that the Orange Crush logo was slightly distorted as it stretched over and around her breasts and from there her shirt had a sexy looseness beneath. "Are you gonna mow my lawn today?"

Or at least that's what I thought she said! "Umm... Umm... Umm, yeah I guess."

"Great! Now go eat breakfast," she merrily chimed and gave me a quick, chaste kiss on the cheek. As I had stood there dumbfounded, she had danced over to me. After kissing me, I was dismissed and she went back to her cleaning.

In the kitchen I pondered the surrealism of that event. Everything about it was bizarre. Her cleaning, unusual but not unheard of; her wearing my sister's clothes, again unusual but not unheard of; her calling me 'Honey', completely unheard of; her kissing me on the cheek, again basically unheard of. Done eating, I quickly and quietly escaped to the outdoors and did the needed yard work -- which included mowing THE lawn. As I was trimming the hedges, I saw Mom leave and correctly guessed she was going shopping.

Finished, I went back inside. After taking a shower, I sat down at my desk in my bedroom with the door open and started on my homework. After a while I heard Mom get home. Since

she didn't come down the hallway I didn't see her; and since she didn't call me I just kept doing my homework. After a few hours I started smelling some delicious aromas wafting down my way -- and it wasn't just because I was hungry. Finally I couldn't resist their lure.

Entering the kitchen, I found my mom at work at the stove. "Oh good, you're here. Dinner's almost ready. Wash your hands. I made chicken in white wine, rice pilaf and a couple of artichokes. Can you set the table?"

Washing my hands I silently processed this. Since we each had our own schedules it was usually a 'fend for yourself' kinda thing when it came to the kitchen and eating. This being the 80's, Mom had been afflicted with the Jane Fonda craze of aerobics and eating celery and carrots. Again I couldn't recall the last time she and I sat down to eat a meal at home together.

Before my parents divorced, the whole family would sit down every night for an awkward, quiet meal filled with an uncomfortable tension. Only my parents spoke AT each

other. From childhood on, my sister and I meekly ate hoping not to be noticed.

Tonight's dinner was pleasant. When she does cook my mom really cooks! And so I enjoyed some good eats that night. As we ate she gingerly asked, "What do you have planned for the rest of the night?"

"I got some more homework left that I wanna get done. I got a 4-hour shift tomorrow morning and then may hang-out with some friends after, maybe shoot some hoops or something."

It must've been the right answer as she smiled proudly, "Good. I don't want you slackening off on your schoolwork. I know you're a good student but this being your last semester, and already accepted into State, the temptation is there. These grades still count also."

"Yeah, I think most of our teachers know that and have been taking it easy on us except in Math," and we both chuckled as

we knew math was my best subject. I also realized that while what she had said was parental, her tone was more like a peer sharing her experience and wisdom. [In case you are wondering, although my mother had my sister and I at a young age, she did eventually go to and graduate college herself.]

After dinner and cleaning the dishes, I was back in my room doing said math homework. After I finished I played some Super Mario 2 until I grew bored and needed to stretch my legs. Heading into the family room I discovered Mom in there watching TV. She was half sitting/half lying on the sofa, you know that pose where you're sitting upright but your legs are stretched out. She was wearing her loose fitting dark blue with white piping pajamas.

"Hey you, you wanna do me a favor?" she merrily asked as if happy to see me.

"Umm, yeah sure," I answered. It was unusual for my mother to ask me for favors, especially at 9:30 at night.

"My feet are sore. Would you mind rubbing them?" she asked and instantly all the short eye stories I had read that included something like this raced through my mind.

"Umm, yeah sure," I answered more enthusiastically. I sat down on the sofa next to where her bare feet ended somewhat unsure how to do this because this was a first. Immediately she slid down further and draped her calves over my thighs. Her legs were on mine!

That's all it took. Instantly I was the Man of Steel. Thankfully I was wearing a pair of loose fitting shorts and her thighs were low enough towards my knees that she, hopefully, didn't notice me rising to the occasion.

I somewhat hesitantly started rubbing one foot not sure what I was doing but soon figured it out. How hard is it to rub someone's feet? I followed the curves and valleys on the underside, finding the soft spots and listening to her sighs of

"Mmm's" and "Ahh's". For the next 90 minutes or so we watched TV together.

I continuously kept looking for that opening, that subtle sign that every short eye story says happens and it never came. We never made that eye contact that said this was it or she didn't suggest working my way up further; or anything else. And since this was the first time I ever rubbed my mom's feet I was enjoying it to the tens anyhow.

Finally at 11 PM the last cop show was over. Mom got up and with a sudden and quick peck on my cheek announced, "Thank you SO much. Now I'm off to bed."

I stayed rooted to where I was. After a few minutes and after I was sure she was gone I replayed the events over and over in my mind looking to see if I missed my chance and concluded that no I hadn't. Her final statement had a finality to it that DID NOT suggest I should follow her, but I did get a good night kiss -- something I hadn't gotten since I don't know when.

Instead I felt I was slowly inching along towards my goal. Pleased, I let out Mr. Happy and played with him some until he spit his goo. Then I went to bed myself.

For the next few weeks nothing too fascinating happened, which in a way was a good thing. Brian, the weekend manager, went on vacation for a couple of weeks and I picked up his night shifts for Saturday and Sunday. Again, she thought it was a much bigger deal than I did.

With me also working weekend nights I saw her less, which in a way was fine since during our limited interactions she was very pleasant and that former snarl didn't show itself. Of course, I continued to give mom her new reading material every Tuesday; including one issue that had a fake lesbian layout of Jeannine Oldfield with a blonde girl named Lacey Pleasure. This week's short eye was the newest issue of Gent, which happened to have a scorching hot layout of Jeannine Oldfield on a boat.

Finally every high school student's big day was here -- graduation. It was a bright sunny and warm Saturday as we sat there out on the football field listening to our principal drone on about who knows what. My mind was drifting, reviewing and contemplating my plan when suddenly my name was called and I walked across the stage to receive my diploma. If I may brag, I graduated with Honors in the top 10% of my class.

Afterwards, mom came running up to me and gave me a big hug and instantly I had a raging boner. This was because she was wearing a dark red dress that matched our school colors. At the collar was a large square cutout that showed a dazzling display of cleavage. With her hair teased and intentionally tussled, her make-up and her perfume she was an incredible sight and scent to behold.

Thankfully I had on a loose pair of Jams shorts beneath my gown so I was able to snap to attention without her noticing. I stayed in that condition as we walked around congratulating friends, acquaintances and the occasional student I didn't really know but she knew their parents.

It was during one of these moments that I discovered my mom and I were holding hands. In fact our fingers were interlaced and she was kinda holding tight to me. I had no idea when this had happened but becoming aware I couldn't stop thinking about it. As thrilling and wonderful as it was to be holding hands with this hottie, I was also somewhat embarrassed that I was holding hands with my mother. Yet as we continued milling about talking to my fellow graduates and their parents, no one seemed to give it two thoughts. So eventually I just relaxed and enjoyed it.

Then graduation was over, and it was time to leave. "Ok, sweetie I'll see you later," she announced and kissed me on the lips! I don't think she meant to; it was just one of those weird moments where when she spoke I turned at the wrong (or right) moment and her lips landed on mine. When her lips left mine I knew my cheeks were burning and hers were reddening too.

"Oh God, I'm sorry," she pleaded and with her hand attempted to rub off her lipstick from me. After a second or

two we both laughed and this time she kissed me on the cheek.

"Ok, you be safe AND BE RESPONSIBLE," she lightly ordered, as she knew I was going to go join my friends at a graduation party.

At the party I did enjoy a few beers. Somehow I ended up talking to a classmate and casual acquaintance. She was a skinny but pretty blonde named Susan. Being the same age as I, we were school chums and over the years had been in the same classes but I had never been 'interested' in her. She asked, "How come we never went out?" Since we were now both graduates and soon headed in different directions, I knew she was interested in getting together that night. That was good enough for me.

We went upstairs to someone's bedroom. Closing and locking the door, Susan practically jumped me. As we kissed, I discovered why people close their eyes when they kiss. With my eyes closed I saw my mom in that red dress kissing me. I

felt my mom's lips on mine and I felt my mom's body pressing against mine.

Reaching under her shirt, I frantically worked at unhooking her bra. After some fumbling around I was able to finally unhook it, and with that she lifted her shirt and dropped her bra. Instantly I attacked her tiny titties (compared to my mom's) and began worshipping them. With my eyes closed, I dreamed they were my mom's boobs I was sucking on. With my eyes closed, I imagined they were my mom's nipples I was licking. With my eyes closed, I fantasized they were my mom's breasts I was squeezing.

I'm sure Susan never had anyone adore her tits like I did that night. She wrapped her arms around my head. Holding me tightly she softly moaned, "Oh god David."

"Wow that feels good," she purred as my tongue flicked back an' forth over her bullet hard nipple and my hand pawed, mauled and squeezed her other tit. My other hand travelled up her inner thigh. Reaching the apex I insistently urged her

to spread her legs open for me. Reluctantly at first she consented and palming her pussy over her jeans I began rubbing and dry humping her, "Mmmm... Ohhh... Mmmm... Oh Gawd,"

"Oh god David. Oh god," she cried and pulled me from her. Unbuttoning her jeans she announced "I need you now."

"Come on," she urged now naked and climbing on to the bed. I didn't need to be asked twice. Quickly I shucked my shirt, shorts and Supermans. As I climbed onto the bed and over her, I took in her smooth hairless body and tried to appreciate it. When she grabbed me and pulled me to her, I returned to picturing it was my mom beneath me. With that my cock throbbed with a renewed urgency and I kissed her hungrily remembering the taste of my mother's lipstick.

Like every 18 year old male lying atop a naked woman, I just began humping against her and randomly poking her. Finally she reached between us and guided me home. As I penetrated

her she let out a loud, unsettling scream,
"Oooooooooowwww!!!"

"Holy Fuck, David," she cursed when I reached my peak and I held tight against her. She was taking short hard breaths and as I withdrew she sighed with pleasure. Then I slammed into her again, "Oh Fuck."

"Fuck, Fuck, Oh Fuck, Fuck," she continued to curse with each thrust. Part of me was worried others would hear us; another part of me wanted others to hear us. That along with her cursing was annoying me by distracting me from my fantasy; and so I began slamming into her with even greater might.

"Goddamn, Holy Fuck, Goddamn, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck," she snarled and I realized I was in two places at once. At home, I atop of my mom making love to her gorgeous and loving body. At the party, I was atop this cursing narrow-ass bitch trying to split her in half. The harder I fucked her, the louder her chants of, "Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck," became.

"Roll over, I wanna take you from behind," I growled. Her howling was disturbing me from my dreams of my mom's delightful body. She got into all fours. Climbing behind her, with one hand I mushed her head down into the pile of pillows. I penetrated her with ferocity and the pillows muffled her screams.

I was free to fuck her without hearing her distracting voice. I started to rhythmically slam my cock in an' out of her pussy. Even as I felt my body crash upon her bony hips I envisioned them merging with my mom's well-shaped ass. Every time her body surged forward and she released a muffled grunt I could see my mom's body lovingly taking me inside of her. Again that surrealism of me being in two places at once occurred.

At home, I was behind my mom loving and savoring her warm, soft beautiful body. At the party I was donkey dicking this petite blonde with unbridled lust. Looming over her I kept her head pinned to the pillows and her muffled, grunts, yelps and groans took on the bass tone I imagine my mom, a full-bodied woman, would have. I thrust away and delighted

that I was doing two women at once. In my dreams I was making love to my mom. In reality I was fucking the daylights out of Susan.

Soon I was ready to cum and my cock, my balls, my body ached for the release. BAM, BAM, BAMMM I crashed into, crashed through Susan's body and then I was there. Buried deep in her pussy I came like Mount St. Helens. It was a massive explosion. My cock surged. Unlike the usual individual trigger shots, when I came it was like machine gun fire. My first load was immediately followed by the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth. There was a pause and then I squeezed the trigger and two more rounds fired and my gun was empty.

Spent, I kinda fell back, stumbled and somehow ended up sitting on the edge of the bed trying to catch my breath. Susan sorta fell over to her side and rolled onto her back. Between her hard and heavy breaths she panted, "Jesus Christ." Looking at her she panted, "Oh my god, David. I'm gonna be fuckin' sore and walking funny now." I don't know why but at

that moment I thought it was the funniest thing I ever heard. I started laughing and she joined in with me.

The next morning, Sunday, I woke early-ish and feeling good. Heading into the kitchen I felt even better. There was my mom at the kitchen sink washing what I guess were her breakfast dishes. She had her hair pulled back into a long ponytail. She was wearing a red-ish tee shirt that even from the back I could tell fit her snugly and a pair of those short 80's jogging shorts that were white with red piping. She looked like the most delicious thing in the kitchen. Somehow sensing my presence she turned to me, and as she graced me with a big smile I took in that like her Orange Crush tee shirt this Gold's Gym tee shirt logo was distorted as it stretched around, over and molded to her glorious breasts. Then there was that delectable slackness beneath. "Hey sugar, I hope you didn't have too much fun at your party."

"Nothing too wild or too interesting," I tried to say casually as I felt my cheeks redden as I thought about Susan and my mom from last night. To hide my embarrassment I ducked my head into a cabinet looking for cereal.

"Well, ok. I thought maybe this afternoon we could head down to Port and then afterwards have dinner down there -- if you finish the yard before." Port is the tourist section of town along the docks and where the ferry is. It's full of little shoppes and open malls along with some fine restaurants.

"Umm, yeah I guess," I replied then cursing myself for my usual lame answer I added, "I'd like that. It should be nice today. What do you wanna do down there?"

"Oh nothing, I just thought it would be fun to gallivant about doing some window shopping and such. You don't have to come if you don't want to."

"No, no, I do. I'm definitely down. Let me choke down some cereal and I'll get started on the lawn." With that she graced me with another smile. Getting my cereal, I sat at the table and started eating. Before leaving the kitchen she leaned down and gave me a light, quick peck on the cheek as I ate my cereal. She whispered in my ear, "I'll see you later,"

I wasn't sure what that meant but my cock interpreted it as BONG! I quickly scarfed down the rest of my cereal and headed outside to attack the lawn and other crap that needed to be done. By 2 o'clock I was done and headed inside. Heading down the hallway towards the bedrooms mom called "David, are you done?"

Entering her bedroom, I thought 'Whoa... Holy Mackerel.' There stood my mom at her dresser applying mascara to her eyelashes, which allowed me to fully drink in the sight. She had already done her hair into its usual boner-producing teased and tussled mane. She was wearing a light blue sundress that had a wide crimped waistband that held it snug to her there. Above, her boobs were partly on display with the scooped collar that on anyone else wouldn't have been so awe-inspiring but her generous mass made even a small showing of cleavage a lot. And her dress had frilly lace sleeves that ended at the bottom of her shoulders. I also noted that below the waist, her dress simply flowed along her body to end at her calves and that she was wearing light blue sandals

that had a 3-inch solid cork heel. "Well, don't just stand there. Go take a shower, Stinky."

I did as ordered, showering and even shaving before getting dressed. Grabbing a pair of tan slacks and a blue and tan polo style shirt I debated whether to wear shoes or sneakers. I hated the idea of wearing shoes but knew it was the right thing to do. Finished getting dressed we headed down to Port in mom's car.

Parking in the village parking lot we started walking along the brick lined walkway. This time I did notice when mom took my hand into hers but tried to act as if I didn't notice by looking in some far off direction. Still I felt fan-fuckin-tastic as she fumbled for a second and then our fingers lined up and interlocked. Trying to sound nonchalant I asked, "Is there anywhere specific you wanna go?"

"Oh I thought we'd just gallivant around and see what's new," she cheerfully answered. Yet I knew there were three places we had to visit.

The first was Aeons, a candle store that my mom loves to always visit. Entering the store was a heady trip from the intoxicating aroma of perfumes from the scents of candles and the blends of potpourri they also sold. Still it was a pleasant sensation as I have been visiting this store with my mother since as children. It always brings back pleasant memories as it was guaranteed to put a smile on my mother. Today was no different.

To visit our next mandatory stop we had to stand in line to enter. This was because even though located on Main St. and facing the docks, the smell of sugar cooking overpowers the crisp and pungent scent of salt air and seawater. As the name implies, the Candy Factory cooks their own candy on its premises and what delicious candy it is. I laughed as I watched my mom get a sample of blue cotton candy and when she went to pinch off a piece for me she instead got the gooky stuff stuck to her fingers.

While I wished it were me instead of her doing it, it was still ultra-erotic watching her having to suck her fingers clean. I

instead merrily chewed on my own sample of striped caramel. At the end of the tour we got ourselves a couple of strips of their intoxicating salt-water taffy.

With taffy in hand we crossed the street and went out onto the floating gangways of the boatyard to look at the flotilla of boats and yachts. To my knowledge my mother has never been out on a boat. Yet every visit to Port requires a tour along the piers, especially to see the super-sized yachts -- or perhaps that is the reason itself. Whatever the reason being out on those gently swaying footways is always a source of pleasant memories and today was no different. Mom would point at this boat or that one that she really liked. She also enjoyed reading aloud the names of some the humorous ones and I enjoyed listening to her amused voice.

Our final stop was to The Nutcracker, a store wholly dedicated to selling the various variations of the doll. Since the beginning of time my mother has been collecting them, never buying them herself, as everyone knew they were an absolute hit as gifts at Christmas and even at other times of the year as presents. (Even before the advent of cell-phones I

remember having to coordinate with others to make sure we didn't overlap and get the same ones.) As we milled through the store, in an almost childlike way she would point at this particular one or that one, subtly dropping hints of which ones would become future Christmas gifts and I made mental notes of them, sometimes even labeling who would be buying which one. Still there was a specific one I saw that I knew we would be buying today after we returned after eating dinner.

From The Nutcracker it was a short walk to Savories, an upscale seafood restaurant. As we ate mom asked, "So did you enjoy your party last night?"

I was about to give a non-answer shrug when I caught myself. "It was alright, mostly all of us hanging out for the last time."

And she devilishly scoffed at me. "Believe it or not young man I still remember my graduation party." Perhaps remembering an embarrassing moment she buried her face in her hands and let out a surprisingly girlish giggle. I swear it sounded like it should've belonged to one of my classmates not my mother.

Lifting her head she confided, "Anyway we did more than just 'hang out.' I'm not naïve enough to not know you probably enjoyed a few beers?"

Looking at me while she said it I did shrug, silently confessing 'Guilty as charged.'

After dinner I dragged a suspicious woman back to The Nutcracker. Yet upon reentering and heading up to the counter the store keeper reached under the counter to hand my mom the gift I intended for her. With a childlike shriek of glee she grabbed the figurine in her hands hugging it to her. At the same time she yelled, "Oh god David, you shouldn't. Really David, you shouldn't."

"Mom, please let me use some of my graduation money," and I was awarded a big, loud kiss on my cheek. She light-heartedly reluctantly released her grip on The Graduate iteration of the famous character. The storekeeper boxed him up and gladly accepted a hefty sum of cash for it, which thankfully my mom didn't see as she had politely wandered

away. After placing the box in one of those plastic tote bags, I gave the old store-keep the head nod that meant, 'I'll see you later.' He smiled the smile that said, 'Yeah I know.'

Finished, we left the Nutcracker and walked back across the village to where we parked her car. Getting there, mom announced, "You drive."

We traded her keys for her gift. 'God, David, I still can't believe you did this.'

In the car she asked, "When did you get Gus (the store-owner) to put this guy to the side for you? I've been with you all day and we were together in there."

With a guffaw I answered, "Listen, you think in 18 years I haven't learnt a trick or two? As soon as we walked in, Gus knew the deal. With a couple of eye glances and head nods it was taken care of. My biggest concern was if he would get him off the shelf before you saw either him (nodding my chin at the gift on her lap) or you saw Gus grabbing him off the shelf."

It was wonderful to hear her laugh and in her mirth she asked, "Am I that predictable?"

We both laughed.

Getting home, I followed Mom into her bedroom and proudly watched as she placed her Graduate Nutcracker on her dresser next to the three or four she keeps on display there. After admiring it she gave me a big welcoming hug. As she hugged me I felt her soft warm body press to mine. Still pressed tight, she gave me a kiss on the cheek then whispered into my ear, "David, I'm not ready yet."

With a lightning quick peck on my lips she released me and somehow I knew that I was to take that as my cue to politely leave. I did, softly closing her door behind me.

The next morning by the time I woke up Mom had already left for work. I putzed around for a while and then headed off

to work at the grocery store. Nothing interesting happened and finally around 5:30 PM I left. Getting home I discovered the pleasure of arriving home from work after my mother.

Entering the house she called out from the kitchen, "Hey sweetie I'm in here."

From the mouth-watering aromas wafting from there I would've realized this but when I walked into the kitchen I was greeted by an even more mouth-watering sight. There was my mom standing at the stove in a kinda $\frac{3}{4}$ quarter side profile to me. Tonight instead of her hair being the usual teased and tussled look it had a more natural look where it washed down over her shoulders in soft gentle waves. All I could think of was how it looked exactly the same as Jeannine Oldfield had worn hers in the recent layout of her posing atop a boat.

Mom was wearing a dark red tee shirt and from where I was standing I could see how the sides under her arms were being pulled taut and I knew that it was caused by the fact that the

front of her shirt had to stretch around her boobs. That was enough to give me a raging boner but she wasn't done there. The shirt was tucked into a pair of dark blue jeans that hugged her tightly in all the right places. In fact, it was at that moment that I realized why men love a woman's butt as my mom's looked divine. As a boob man I had still enjoyed a woman's ass but tonight the light switch clicked.

Her ass was full, lush and well-shaped -- and I lusted to bite it. She finished the look with a pair of brown crushed leather boots that had tall heels. This definitely was not her usual 'home from work' mom look.

Sensing my presence she turned and smiled at me flashing me her bright white large front teeth. I somehow sensed that she expected me to give her a hug. Taking the three needed strides to reach her, I was both eager and apprehensive (because of the hard-on I was sporting). Hugging, all I could think of was how soft and yummy she felt, and I desired her more than ever.

Releasing me she ordered, "Go wash up, dinner's almost ready." Returning back to the kitchen Mom was sitting at the kitchen table with plates of glazed boneless pork chops, mashed potatoes and peas and carrots. "So Mr. Manager, how was work today?"

Instantly my cheeks reddened and Mom laughed delightfully before taking a sip of the glass of wine she was drinking. I was surprised as she normally doesn't drink wine with meals at home. I sheepishly shrugged and she laughed oh so charmingly. "Oh c'mon, tell me how it was being the Big Kahuna?"

"I don't know," I started and I realized that she was attentively listening, expecting me to continue. This wasn't just a throw away question, she was honestly interested. "Believe it or not it was actually kinda boring."

"Really? Why?" she wondered.

"Well, by the time I got there all the daily deliveries were done. You know like the bread, milk, Entenmann's and that stuff. So I didn't have to deal with that stuff. And then being there during the day meant I didn't have to zero-out the registers like I have to at night." As I was talking my mom was nodding her head. "So basically all I had to was make sure the building didn't collapse.

"We have great workers so I don't have to lord over them; and again during the day I don't have to make sure everything is cleaned and put away like at night. So there wasn't much to do. To be honest after a while I got so bored I actually went out to the parking lot to sweep up cigarette butts."

Mom laughed with great mirth at this. "So you've basically come around full circle. When you started there as a stock-boy you were out there in jeans and those black concert shirts sweeping butts. Now you're a man in a dress shirt and tie out there sweeping butts." She laughed then added, "And you're a good-looking man too."

I felt my cheeks redden and the tie I was still wearing suddenly felt too tight. "Oh c'mon as if you didn't know you are a handsome young man. I'm so glad you're out of those black t-shirts and jeans and dressing nice. You look better like this." With a wink she took a sip of her wine as I choked on my food. She laughed some more.

"What's with the new hairdo?" I asked after the blood finally left my cheeks.

"Oh do you like it? I've been seeing others wearing it loose and thought I'd try it. I got it done during my lunch break. They didn't really cut much or cut any except to allow it to lie smoothly. I can still do it up but it seems like the 'Big Hair' look is fading out and I don't want to seem like an old lady stuck in the past." With her hand she flipped her hair, "When I saw women wearing it like this in magazines I knew I needed a change."

"I like it," I complimented and she smiled appreciatively. We enjoyed the rest of dinner. Yet it took on a strange surrealistic

feel because as we continued to converse and eat I was, of course, trying to subtly check her out and started wondering if she was doing the same to me. A few times I thought I saw her looking at me slyly -- or was I just imagining that? When finished she asked, "How 'bout going to see a movie?"

"Umm, yeah sure, I guess," I was able to say because all I could actually think of was how much I wanted to ravage this beauty.

"Great but you gotta do the dishes first," she replied. We did them together in that I got the pleasure of scrubbing the pots and pans as mom leaned against the counter waiting to dry them. And with her wearing that tight red tee shirt, when she leaned against the counter it was 'Whoa!' Unlike in the past the silence between us was now a comfortable quiet where neither felt the need to speak.

Yet there was a moment where after drying a pot she bent over to put it away in one of the bottom cabinets. With her bent over, in those jeans, her ass just screamed at me and I was

enraptured. I stared in a daze as she seemed to take an exquisitely long time and her butt wiggled as she shifted things in the cabinets. Then I heard her deeply clearly her throat and I realized she was standing back up waiting for me to hand her to next finished pot. Instead I was just standing there frozen. Blinking a few times I apologized, "Oh god, I'm sorry I was day-dreaming."

"Yeah I bet," she snorted. Thankfully I finished washing the rest without further embarrassing myself. Leaving the house she announced, "Let's take your car."

This totally caught me off-guard because while my mother drives a 1987 Mercury Cougar, I was getting around in a 1977 Camaro. Now don't think of this as the classic car it would be nowadays. It was a 12-year old car an 18-year old high school student bought himself. It was a cool car in that context and great for high school girls but I didn't think my 37-year old mom would be impressed by it. Plus it was a bit of mess inside yet she said nothing about it as she sit down in the passenger seat, and I thought with pride that she was the best looking passenger I'd ever had in it.

We ended up seeing the new smash hit comedy Twins, starring the unlikely pairing of Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito. It was a funny, funny movie and we both laughed. The only odd moment was when during a lull she handed me \$5 and ordered me to go get her a large soda. Returning with it, I handed it to her and got a huge smile and a silent, 'Thank you.'

I watched her drink it from the straw. Twice she caught me watching. With a wicked grin she sucked deeply on the straw, her cheeks drawing in even as she smiled at me. Then she'd release it and offer me a sip. I, of course, took the offered sip acting as if that was what I was silently asking for. Thankfully the darkness hid my raging hard-on.

Leaving the theatre, it was dark outside as it was late and Mom cozied up against me. I don't know how but I discovered my arm was over her shoulder and resting there comfortably as we walked through the parking lot to my car. I asked, "Did you like the movie?"

"Yeah I did. I was surprised. I think of Arnold as," and in a horrible Schwarzenegger voice she continued, "I'll be back.' And I never really liked Danny DeVito. I remember him from Taxi and always that he was too crass. Did you know he's married to Rhea Perlman from Cheers?" With a guilty laugh she added, "God, there's an ugly couple. Oh god, that's horrible to say."

Getting home things seemed to return to normal. We both headed down the hallway towards our respective bedrooms yet as I entered mine (since it was first, hers is at the end of hallway.) Mom stopped and stood at my doorway; she muttered mumbled, "Umm... umm, can I get something new? Umm... umm, you know something to look at?"

And the cat was out of the bag! Yet that only made it weirder. I was totally stumped. How do you play it when your mom asks you for a short eyes? Especially when the one you planned to give her was under your bed? I tried to play it cool, as if this wasn't completely bizarre. "Umm, yeah sure."

Going around my bed I reached underneath, slightly embarrassed -- although it was obvious she knew I kept my mags down there. I grabbed the one that was on top that was intended for her. It was a special 'Erotic Coupling' issue from Swank. The fuckin' hot thing was there were two separate layouts with Christy Canyon; one a foursome with another couple and a guy/girl, both with dark-haired guys who seemed to be younger than her or at least her age. In the girl/guy she had her hair teased and tussled but in the foursome she had her hair as my mom did tonight.

I sheepishly, silently handed her the mag. With a quick "Thanks" she took the mag and with a couple of quick steps was in her room softly shutting the door behind her.

The next day at work was a woefully boring day, which gave me way too much time to think about things. As much as I thought about it I knew there was no possible way I could handle having a conversation with my mom about what happened last night. I also knew I didn't wanna have another conversation about how boring my day was. Admitting that I

lacked the gumption to handle talking about short eyes with her, I ordered myself to find the courage to take control of the conversation.

Getting home I was assailed with aromas that set my mouth watering. Upon entering the kitchen I almost started drooling. Mom was sitting at the kitchen table reading the newspaper. I quickly noticed the half full small sherry glass next to her right hand. She was wearing her hair again as she had yesterday with it having a soft, light natural feathering to it. There was an invisible part on the left so that the bulk was tossed over to the right. My eyes bulged at seeing the deep V-neck her soft orange-ish peach T-shirt offered, displaying instant erection producing cleavage. As I instantly ogled I even noticed the impression of lace her bra was leaving on her shirt.

Pointing a finger on the page to mark her place she looked up and smiled. Her smile was one of joy that showed even some of her teeth. "Hey Sweetie, I'm glad you're home. I made Shepherd's Pie, I hope you don't mind."

"Mind? Why would I mind? I love your pie," and she gleamed as if being given the greatest compliment ever.

"Great. Go get changed and washed up because it's ready when you are." And so I left. In my bedroom I looked in the mirror and wondered what I should change in to. Remembering that she said she liked seeing me dressed nicely, I simply removed my tie and washed up. Returning to the kitchen I saw that she was standing at the counter serving out the plates. I also saw that she was wearing a pair of sandy colored slacks that women wear that hug them tight across the hips before flowing down loosely from there. Ordering myself to take the initiative, I walked up behind her and wrapped my arms around her waist.

Surprising me, she leaned back against me giving me a face full of hair and softly purred, "Mmm." Inhaling I sucked in her perfume, her shampoo, her fragrance. "God, that smells good," I exclaimed, hoping she thought I was talking about the food.

Quickly twisting she gave me a quick peck on the cheek and a "Thank you." Leaning forward, I took that as my cue to release her. Going to the refrigerator, I grabbed a soda and sat at the table as she placed the two plates down.

Before she could ask I did. "So how was your day?"

She looked pleasantly surprised. I continued, "And no shrugging or 'you know' because no, I don't know."

And so my mom was forced to talk about her job and seemed to enjoy when I'd ask a follow-up question. She works in some administrative capacity at the hospital liaising between the insurance companies, the hospital and the patients. "Usually I'm able to stay upstairs in my office but today I had to go down to talk directly to a patient. Is it horrible that I work in a hospital but try to avoid the patients?"

It may've been meant to be a rhetorical question but I answered it anyway, "Of course not. If everyone didn't feel

that way then people wouldn't buy everything Lysol puts their name on."

She laughed and I joined in with her. "Sometimes I just feel bad that I try to avoid it sometimes. It's just weird you know? Oh wait you don't!"

"No, I understand. That's why you do what you do and didn't become a nurse instead. You're better than me, I don't think I could even work next to hospital much less in one."

"Oh you are so sweet," and she smiled charmingly.

After we finished eating she picked up the plates. After depositing them in the dishwasher she asked from across the kitchen, "So what do you have planned for tonight?"

Looking over I couldn't help but gaze at that delicious Y that is formed when a woman wears certain slacks and jeans. You know where the base of the Y is the seam between her thighs

and between the top is that puffy bulge that calls to you. Entranced I muttered, "Nothing really, why?"

After a pause she started slowly, "Umm... well... umm, I thought it might be... I thought it might be fun if we looked at those magazines of yours together."

"Umm, yeah sure." Then quickly chiding myself I added, "Yeah let's do that. It sounds like it'll be fun."

I was then surprised when she opened one of the cabinet drawers -- the junk drawer -- and pulled out the two magazines she had of mine, the magazine I gave her last night and last week's Gent. I had no idea what the protocol is for looking at short eyes with your mom or where you're supposed to do so.

Thankfully she took the lead by sitting back down at the table in her usual place which was to my left and slid over a bit. As she placed the magazines on the table I somewhat instinctually slid my chair closer to hers to where we were

right next to each. In fact as my chair bumped into hers, she turned and smiled at me.

Sliding the magazines on the table so they were between us, I saw that the Erotic Couplings was on top and scenes with Christy Canyon was on the cover. My cock was $\frac{3}{4}$ quarters erect and in an awkward position but I saw no way I could subtly shift. I knew I'd just have to endure. Opening the magazine she quickly flipped through the first few pages of ads and bullshit.

The first layout was a fake lesbian spread of a thin blonde and a thin raven haired girl. Mom flipped past the first page seeming unimpressed. On the second and third page there were four pictures, each covering a half a page. Turning her head, her hair brushed across my face and I inhaled her scent. She asked, "Do you like them?"

I shrugged half-heartily, although both were very pretty they were both reed thin. Mom added, "Do you know what I hate? In every picture their eyes are closed. What's that supposed to

be about? I know it's fake and they are just posing but that makes it seem even more fake and even unattractive."

Looking at me I agreed by adding, "I've always wondered if they get into position and then before they take the picture the photographer calls out so they can close their eyes."

She laughed, "Wow, I never thought of that..." still laughing she mockingly called out, "Ok!" and exaggeratedly closed her eyes. I laughed hard and her playfulness seemed to ease the awkwardness of the situation. She flipped through the rest of the layout and past the ads to the next layout.

This one was the foursome that included Christy Canyon and a small-breasted blonde. Mom paused at the first page as if to completely take in the scene. I, of course, already had it memorized. Turning slightly she asked, "Turn?"

I nodded and there was five pictures spread across the two pages. Again mom silently took in the action and I wondered if she knew how aroused I was. I had become fully erect with

my cock straining against my pants. Still looking at the pictures she asked, "Which one do you like?"

I somewhat pointed at Christy Canyon in the middle picture of the second page although it could've been construed as one of the four. Mom laughed lightly, "Yeah, you seem to like brunettes." Then with a cheerful laugh she added, "Or is it the big boobs you like?"

I felt my cheeks turn red and without looking she must've known because as she turned the page she said, "It's ok sweetie. It's perfectly ok to like big boobs. A lot of people do and look at her, she is very attractive. If she wasn't she wouldn't be so popular, and she is popular, right?"

I realized she was looking at me and expected an answer. "Yeah I guess so, she is friggin' hot and yeah she has become one of the most popular."

She just smiled and turned the pages. This time she just silently took in the pictures for a few seconds before asking "Ready?"

I nodded my head, then forced myself to say, "Yeah." She flipped past a slew of ads and when she reached the second Christy Canyon layout I realized she had skipped a photo spread. Between my nervousness, not really caring about the one she skipped and this one being especially hot I said nothing. The first page was just a pic of Christy in a bra and panties kissing a handsome dude. Without looking at me, Mom announced, "I like when they show them kissing in the beginning. It adds to the context instead of them just fucking, ya know."

I was kinda taken aback by her saying 'fuck' and forced myself to recover quickly and speak. "Yeah so do I. I also like when they show the girl undressing, ya know? I like seeing her in a bra and panties and then slowly undress."

Surprising me she argued, "Yeah, I like that also. It just seems more natural and sensual. Ready?"

I nodded my head and she turned the page. On the next two pages the action increased as the guy removed Christy's bra then pretended to suck on her tits before pretending to eat her by having his head between her legs however her hairy pussy was still fully visible. Again Mom silently took in the action before surprising me with her question, "Which way do you like her hair, all teased and done up like here or the more natural look in the other?"

I honestly didn't have a preference I liked them both. I was used to the big hair-do's but the relaxed look seemed like a more fun look where I could play with their hair without them freaking out over me messing up their hair. Looking at my mom's natural flowing waves I answered, "I like the more relaxed look." Seeing she looked pleased I added my thought, "With the relaxed look, it seems like if I touch her hair or we're doing something where it gets messed up it won't be a big deal."

"Yeah, you're probably right," she said and turned the page. On these pages were four photos of Christy and the guy in simulated sex positions without any actual contact. Still it was super sexy and I had masturbated to this page numerous times and ached to at that moment. "That's really hot isn't it?"

I nodded my head then chiding myself said, "Yeah it is. I really like that."

She laughed softly seeming to approve adding, "I thought you would." Turning the page there was a last picture of Christy and the guy laying together as if in post sex bliss. Looking at me she asked, "That's really sexy, isn't it?"

"It's really comfortable, just real soft and almost loving," I replied. I was rewarded with her quickly leaning over and kissing me on the cheek and saying, "I love you."

"Ok, let's look at the other one," she quickly continued. The other was the Gent magazine that had Jeannine Oldfield as its centerfold. However on the cover was a chubby blonde. Still

looking at me she continued, "Oh look, one of your favorite types of magazines with girls that have big boobs. You like big boobs, don't you?"

Not knowing how to answer I didn't but instead just turned red. "Oh c'mon. I already know. I just wanna hear you admit it."

"Ok, yeah, I like big boobs," and Mom smiled so I continued, "I like them better than skinny girls. I think they are more attractive and more feminine."

"See. There you go, sweetie," and with her right hand she reached behind me and ruffled the hair on the back of my head. It was so sudden and I was so aroused I almost came. Seeing me jump Mom just chuckled merrily, then returned her attention back to the magazine.

Having confessed my love for big boobs I felt more comfortable so that as she turned through the first few pages

of ads and columns stating, "Some of these girls are really pretty, huh?"

"Yeah, if they weren't they wouldn't use them in all those 1-900 phone ads."

She chuckled saying, "Yeah, I guess you're right."

Then she reached the first layout, which kinda surprised me because I had forgotten it was of Millie Minchen. She was wearing a white top and sheer white gloves, a yellow skirt and yellow stockings. In her hair she had a red ribbon.

At the first page of the lay-out Mom, without looking at me, asked, "Do you like her? I've seen her in couple of your other magazines."

"Yeah, she's attractive. Actually she's pretty hot except for her short curly hair. I wish it was longer."

She turned slightly towards me and somewhat whimsically said, "Yeah that's what I figured."

Still as we looked at the layout together I thought Millie looked fuckably hot and when there was a back shot Mom announced, "She has a nice ass, huh? It's not too big or anything, just nicely shaped."

"I wouldn't mind biting that," I blurted surprising even myself.

"Oh my god!" she laughed, "Wow!"

Turning the page, she asked, "Besides the big boobs, what else do you like about her?"

Pointing at a picture of her standing, I traced my finger along her waist to her hips to her thighs saying, "I like how there's a certain softness here, a fullness that lets it all blend together. To me that's how a woman should look."

"Umm, yeah, that is nice." And turning the page we turned past Millie. Mom again quickly flipped past the ads and stuff until she reached the cover girl a short chubby blonde. "You're not really too into her right?"

"Not really," I answered and she quickly flipped through and past that photo spread and continued until she reached the next one.

"This one is your favorite, right?" and I was embarrassed because Mom had reached the centerfold spread of Jeannine Oldfield out on a boat. As I looked at the picture on the first page I saw Jeannine Oldfield, I saw that she had the same soft almost non-existent part on her left with most her hair tossed to her right side.

"Why are you embarrassed? I already know. I just want to hear you admit it." She said in a teasing voice.

"Ok fine, she's my favorite. Are you happy?"

"Actually I am," she teased and playfully bumped shoulders against me. Turning the page she, thankfully, silently took in the sights before adding, "Don't worry, I find her very attractive too."

She turned the page, which lead to the centerfold which entailed two pages of Jeannine Oldfield sitting relaxed at the bow. Her life vest was open and her breasts were beautifully exposed. Mom exclaimed, "I'm jealous. Can you imagine me being out there? God, it looks so relaxing."

Of course I could imagine my mom out there on the boat relaxing as I had numerous times fantasized about that exact scenario. Turning the page led to more pictures of Jeannine Oldfield. She was posing on different parts of the boat now without her white bikini bottoms.

Turning to look directly at me she again nudged me, "Does she remind you of someone?"

"Umm, I guess so," I meekly answered as mom kept her eyes on me.

Surprising me she quickly leaned forward and kissed me. Since I turned towards her she caught me half on my lips half on my left cheek.

"David, I already know who she resembles. I just want to hear you say it."

Taking a deep breath I confessed, "Fine, she resembles you. You happy?"

"Yes I am." And she kissed me again this time fully on my lips. "And it's not her you really want is it?"

"No," I glumly admitted.

"Who is it you really want?" Filled with confused shame I reminded silent. "David, I need to hear you say it."

"It's you I want mom. It's always been you..." and now that it was out I was ready to confess everything, "...I love you Mom. I..."

And Mom shut me up by kissing me but this time her lips stayed to mine. Having admitted my darkest secret and being kissed for it liberated me almost instantly. My left hand rose up, and reaching through her hair, grabbed the back of her head. I held her tight to me, our lips pressed together.

She pulled back slightly ending that kiss before I pushed her back to me and she willingly kissed me again. After a second I felt her mouth open and her tongue was on my lips. I eagerly opened my mouth wide yet she slowly, tentatively, teasingly and hesitantly continued. She traced her tongue along my lips and tingles raced through my body. Her tongue ventured further touching my teeth and I quivered. I reached out towards her and when our tongues touched my body trembled. For a short eternity we held like that before she pulled back and I released. I more felt than heard her chuckle softly.

Straightening back up, she reached over with her left hand and delicately petted my cheek with her fingertips. "David..." she said softly, "... if we are going to do this we need to establish some rules and boundaries."

Looking into her dark brown eyes and taking a deep breath I nodded my head resolutely. "Ok first, you cannot tell ANYONE about this, understand?"

"Of course," I answered nodding and she smiled seeing my sincerity.

Reaching out again, she petted my cheek but after her fingertips grazed along my jaw she lightly held my jaw, "Second, no matter what happens between us I am still your mother and you will always respect that."

Nodding my head, "Ok," I agreed easily because this sort of confused me. I couldn't imagine her as anything other than as my mom.

"Good. Third no matter what happens here in this house it can only happen here. When we go out we must behave as we always have. Understood?"

"Yeah, of course," I answered nodding and she smiled seeing my sincerity.

Her hand reached up and combing through my hair her smile broadened, "I love you."

"And I love you." and we kissed this time as lovers. Her lips on mine, I could feel and taste her lipstick. My left hand combed through her mane of hair. As my fingertips ran along the back of her head she softly swayed with pleasure and pressed her lips more firmly to mine.

Discovering something new, a new trick, I continued to gently caress the back and base of her skull and I heard her gently purr with pleasure. The third time her lips opened and mine matched. She sighed her pleasure into me and her body leaned into me, her tongue leading the charge.

Her tongue boldly entered my mouth and a thrill ran through me when it touched the edges of my teeth. As her tongue traced along the bottom edges of my teeth, my right arm reached around her, pulling her to me; our bodies pressing as tightly together as our lips were.

Her tongue continued to travel forward touching that soft, tender spot behind my upper teeth and a surge ran through me so strong that my left hand grasped a fist full of her hair and I held her tight. Emboldened my tongue reached out to hers, touching it, sliding along its slickness, tasting its heavenly flavor. Her tongue did the same, playing along the surfaces of mine and my lust surged to new heights.

Finally I felt her pull back and I released her. We gazed at each other dazedly before she smiled and she became my whole world. "If we're gonna do this let's go to the bedroom."

I nodded my head in agreement and excitedly sprang out of my chair. I realized she was still sitting and I held out my hand to my Queen. Taking it she smiled magnificently and rose up regally. Holding my hand she led me through the living room and down the hallway towards the bedrooms. Expecting to go into hers I was surprised when she led me into mine.

In all my fantasies I had always envisioned the final seduction taking place in her bedroom. Yet my disorientation disappeared as she welcomed me into her arms and kissed me as I always dreamed. With her lips to mine I didn't know what to do with my arms and hesitantly wrapped them around her. I felt her lean against me and somehow I drew the courage to let my hands slide down further. Taking hold of her ass I grabbed two handfuls of butt and somehow felt her giggle even as our tongues touched.

I felt her yank my shirt out of my pants. Ending our kiss she looked at me with a wanton, wicked smirk as she unbuttoned my shirt. Unbuttoned, she pushed it open and off my shoulders. From there I shucked it off and she eagerly pulled my t-shirt up over my head. Maintaining eye contact she trailed her fingers down my chest and tingles coursed through me. Reaching my belt she energetically tugged at it, opening it and pulling my pants off.

Suddenly, and slightly embarrassed, I was naked before my mother. She exclaimed, "Wow,"

"What?" I self-consciously worried.

"Well, it's obvious you take after my side of the family," she voiced.

Confused and ill at ease I questioned, "What do you mean?"

She took hold of my cock and looking down I saw she was holding me with both hands. "Well look at you, you are much bigger than your father. Look at you, you're a two an' a half hander!" Teasing she gently jerked me with both hands and it felt wonderful. She leaned into my ear and whispered, "You are bigger than any man I've been with. You're gonna have to be gentle with me."

She quickly kissed me before I could respond. Stupefied, I didn't have a response anyway. With a chuckle she broke our kiss and released my cock. As I watched she pulled her shirt up and over her head. I stared in a daze as my mother stood before me, beautiful in a lacey white bra that just dazzled me. I had never seen anything so enchanting. The wonderful woman that she is, she took my wrists in her hands and brought my hands up and laid them on her breasts. It was as if I had died and gone to heaven!

"Wow," I mumbled as my hands took possession of what I had dreamed of my whole life. While I had played with her bras before and jerked off a thousand times to fantasies of this moment, the reality was even better. More by instinct than

conscious thought I cupped them and felt their fullness, their weight, their softness, their beauty. Pushing them together created a canyon of cleavage that called to me. Dropping my head I licked her flesh and never tasted anything better.

As I buried my face in her bosom, Mom reached behind and expertly unhooked her bra. Suddenly her tits were unleashed before me and I almost cried with joy. They were the most magnificent breasts I had ever seen. They were stunningly huge and hung about a third of the way down her chest, yet were still quite full and plump. With her skin a soft milky pink her large areolas stood out in their picturesque orange-ish pink and resting in the middle were her gumdrop size erect nipples that were a slightly darker orange-ish pink.

Instantly my hands cupped their bounty and they overflowed over my hands as they were much more than a handful. Automatically I began nestling my face in their majesty. Wrapping her hands around the back of my head she purred, "That's it David, lick 'em."

And I did. I licked the tops of both of them before focusing my attention on her left one. "That's it. They're all yours now. Love 'em." Holding tighter to my head she instructed, "Umm, yes. That's it baby, lick 'em."

When my mouth reached her areola, she inhaled sharply before sighing loudly, "Oooh god David, suck 'em."

And I did. Opening my mouth wide I tried to suck it all in but like my hands her boobs were bigger than my mouth and I savored my failure as I was completely engulfed with tit-flesh. Still I nursed and suckled on the mouthful I had. "Oh yes, baby, that's it, suck it in. Oh god, David."

As my tongue played across her hard nipple she pleaded, "Bite it, bite it." And I did. Softly I pinched my teeth on her nipple and pressed down. Squeezing my head tighter she commanded, "No bite it hard, harder, harder." And I did.

Then with a soft push she silently summoned me to shift my attention to her right tit. Again I dragged my tongue along her tasty flesh, "Oh god David, that's it, lick it. Lick it."

And I did. I traced my tongue all over her boob and she purred appreciatively.

"Oooh god David, suck 'em." And, of course, I did. I sucked her boob into my mouth fervently. As I sucked on her breast I could feel her body moving and I somehow knew she was taking off her pants. When she pulled me from her breast there stood my mom nude before me; and what a sight it was. It was as if Aphrodite was standing in my room. Taking my hand she led me to my bed and I willingly followed her.

As she climbed onto my bed and lay down, I saw her brown thatch of pubic hair and almost started drooling. While the rest of her body was smooth and hairless, above her pussy was a wide triangle of dark brown curly hair. Yet you could tell it was trimmed and groomed ending at the top of her pussy lips so that they were bare and invitingly exposed.

Holding my hand, she pulled me onto the bed and I climbed over her. There she welcomed me with a loving kiss. My head swirled as my flesh touched hers and our lips merged. Eagerly, hungrily I pressed my tongue to her lips. She willingly opened her mouth accepting me and I kissed my mother like I had dreamed of. As we kissed my body slid to my left exposing her body allowing my right hand to explore.

My hand trailed along her neck and over her shoulder. My hand felt her body heat as I touched her chest before I took hold of her warm, soft supple breast. Squeezing it she sighed. "Oh god baby, suck it. Please suck it, please."

Shifting, I lifted her breast to my mouth and sucked hungrily. She ran her fingers through my hair and held me to her boob. I excitedly sucked on her tit and my hand continued to explore her body. My spirit soared as my fingers touched the gentle softness of her stomach. I explored her curves and reveled as I traced that serpentine line that seems to delineate between her sides and hips; that seems to mark the end of her

stomach and the start of her pelvis. I guess it tickled because she giggled and squirmed beneath me.

Then my fingertips touched her forest. As if knowing my hesitancy to go further she cheered me on. "Oh baby, that's it. Touch me."

And I did. Curling my fingers I petted her fur. I savored the feeling as did she. "Oh David, that's it, oh that's it."

With each stroke I travelled further and then suddenly I touched her pussy lips. I was stunned. While I had imagined doing this a bazillion times I couldn't believe I actually was. It was unbelievable how hot her pussy was and I could feel its moist slickness. With the tip of my middle finger I curiously felt along her pussy lips. As I did Mom yanked me from her breast and kissed me fervently. Encouraged I added the tip of my ring finger stroking and petting her pussy lips and fur. Releasing me she breathlessly urged in my ear, "Finger me. Oh god, finger me."

With my next stroke, my middle finger parted her lips and entered her. It was astounding how velvety soft, liquidly smooth and flaming hot she was. Holding my head she slammed her lips back to mine and tried to choke me with her tongue as I slipped my finger in an' out of her honey pot. After a moment my forefinger joined my other finger inside her. Severing our kiss she loudly groaned, "Arrrgh..."

Shifting she made to sit up and I slid off her so she could. Sitting up, we could both watch my fingers working their way in an' out of my mother's pussy. What a sight it was and she enjoyed every moment of it calling out, "Oh God, Oh God David, Oh God, finger me baby, oh that's it, that's it."

Even with everything that happened the past few months and tonight I was still amazed to see how aroused she was getting. In fact she was responding more strongly than any girl I knew before. Emboldened I increased my intensity and began shaking my hand also. Mom loved it, as she shouted out loud, "Oh god, oh god, oh fuck!"

And then she mashed her lips to mine. She began bucking her hips, thrusting herself onto my hand. She was so wet my hand was drenched and you could actually hear the sopping wetness of my fingering. I realized I could even smell her pussy and it was a divine aroma. Panting into my mouth she pleaded, "Oh god, oh god, make me cum, make me cum, make me cum David, David I'm gonna cum, David I'm gonna cum..."

Ferociously she bit onto my lower lip and growled as her body thrust forward one last time and then softly melted back. Shocked, I realized I had just witnessed my mother having an orgasm. Pleased, I realized that I had just given my mom an orgasm. Realizing these things washed away any remaining awkwardness, nervousness and doubts. I now knew for a fact that my mother was truly a sexual creature, that she enjoyed it as much everyone else and that she wanted this as much I did. She became even more desirable to me with this knowledge.

As if returning back from wherever her ecstasy had taken her, she hugged me and kissed me lightly on the lips, lightly on

my nose, lightly on my cheek; then huskily whispered, "Thank you David."

I don't know why but I thought what she said was funny and started laughing. Joining in my mirth she laughed along with me and our bond was sealed. We were now a mother and her son, a man and his lover. Looking down, she took hold of my rock hard cock, "Look at this thing. Are you ready to fuck me?"

I answered her question by kissing her. With my lips to hers, I leaned against her pushing her down onto the bed and then climbed over her. Her mouth opened wide and my tongue darted in and licked her in a wide circle. In my eagerness I began humping against her pelvis and she took hold of my cock. Holding my cock she urged me to "be gentle."

And I did. I had lived my entire life for this moment and wanted to treasure it. My cockhead slowly spread her pussy lips and penetrated her. Her pussy felt more exquisite than any I had ever fucked before. As I slowly slid up her welcoming pussy I knew that this was what I was meant to do.

With a last arching of my hips she let out a soft sigh,
"Arrrghhhh..."

"Oh god David," she whimpered, "that feels so good."

"I love you," I pledged and began to just slowly softly hump against her both for her comfort and so I wouldn't shoot off instantaneously. I could feel my load ready to shoot off yet there was no way I was gonna let that happen.

"Oh god baby, oh yes that's it," mom purred rubbing her hands up and down my back. I continued to just gently rock against her and I couldn't believe how magnificent her pussy felt. It felt perfect, it wasn't too tight nor was it loose. She was sopping wet and it felt awe-inspiring to be floating in her juices.

"Fuck me David," she urged as she grabbed hold of my ass. Not shocked by her language I extended my strokes pulling out about halfway before her hands would tighten signaling for me to thrust forward. At first I slid into her slowly but

forcefully and with each thrust she'd grunt, "Urgh... urgh... urgh... urgh... "

"Come on baby, fuck me, fuck me," she urged and so I did. I drove into her harder, faster and with increasing force. Her grunts rose in decibels and took on the sound of pure primal pleasure. I began fighting against her hands extending my strokes and she was forced to just hold on to the ride but still she loved it, commanding, "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me..."

And I did. I thrust into her with all my might, giving her all I had. Her hands slid up to my lower back and grabbed two fistfuls of flesh to hold on to. I felt her nails dig into my skin, tear into my flesh and it was like putting the spurs to a horse. I was galloping in and out of her pussy, running the greatest race of my life and she continued to shout, "fuck me, fuck me, fuck me..."

And I did. I felt her wrap her legs around my hips as I shifted, getting my knees underneath myself giving me more leverage and driving power. She was basically hanging onto

me as I drove into her, drove her down against the bed and drove her into the bed. She loved it, bellowing, "Oh god YES, YES, fuck me, fuck me you motherfucker.

"Fuck me, fuck me you motherfucker, give me that big dick, give it to me good, that's it you motherfucker, that's it, fuck me good."

And I did. I kept driving into her pussy, I kept pounding away at her pussy, I kept thrusting in an' out of her. I could feel the sweat pouring out of my body. I could feel it running down my face, getting in my eyes, dripping off my chin but I couldn't pause to wipe it off; the best I could do was shake my head side to side and send it flying for she continued her command to, "Fuck Me, Fuck Me, That's it You MotherFucker, That's it..."

"Oh god YES, Oh god YES, YES, YES, YES," she screamed and her entire body tightened its grasp upon me and I knew I was gonna cum. It felt like a runaway train; unstoppable it was about to crash through the wall. I groaned, "I'm gonna cum."

"Do it, do it, DO IT," she ordered and I did. With a final mighty thrust I drove into her, I drove through her, I attempted to drive her through my bed. Holding her pinned there I erupted. I didn't cum, I exploded. My balls squeezed tight, my back contracted, my cock swelled and I spit my cum out like a flamethrower. It tore out of my cock and slammed into her and with each surge she grunted with raging approval. With a last lunge I emptied myself into her.

Finished, exhaustion washed over me like never before. I basically collapsed on top of her. She hugged me appreciatively kissing me on the cheek, "Oh god David that was incredible."

For a moment we both lay there breathless, panting, fighting to get the needed oxygen back into our spent bodies. Finally, we exchanged a quick kiss. "That was better than I ever imagined," she said and her words cut through my fatigue.

"Really?" I asked, "How long have you been imagining this?"

She softly laughed and wiping some sweat and hair off my forehead she laughingly confided, "Not as long as you. I've known for a while and have been waiting and wondering if you would make your move."

Kissing me again, "I'm glad you finally did."

Things were never the same after that night between Cookie and I. A new chapter in my life had begun. She stopped being only my mother and also became my lover. She stopped being a fantasy; as my girlfriend she became reality. I stopped being only her son and became her man. That snarl and its accompanying frost are things of the past, a faded memory. Since that new chapter began she laughs, smiles and thoroughly enjoys all life has to offer.

It's been over 20 years since we first crossed that threshold and took our love to what is the natural next level our relationship demanded. In the years that past we remained together, we remained lovers and explored the furthest depths of our bodies and love. We have been all the other has ever needed or wanted.

After completing college, I got a job in another part of the country. Ofcourse Cookie came with me and there we live openly as a loving and happy couple. Although we never made it formal, we consider ourselves as husband and wife and introduce each other as such. Today no one even thinks of the age gap between us. They only see the obvious love we have for each other and envy us for it.

In 1988 I thought my mother was a beautiful and desirable woman. Over the years I've learned that this is in fact true -- and so in some ways she has become more beautiful and even more desirable than before our first kiss.

Our love has forged an eternal bond.

THE END

Author's Notes

I'd like to thank all my readers for their wonderful love and continued support. I had a wonderful summer vacation and enjoyed it thoroughly. I'm now refreshed and ready to return your love by continuing my writing. I hope to develop a pattern of approximately once a month posting a new submission for your pleasure. Love, Dink

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