

A DESPERATE MOM TAKES CHARGE CH. 02

twofourthree

Mark and mom continue but is Hank watching.

Incest/Taboo

4.64

14.6k words

I am not a writer, far from it. Except for the names and places, the stories you read are for the most part true. Still they are not biographies. Artistic license has been taken to enhance or in some cases minimize the events described. All sexual situations were between consensual adults within the framework of their story.

This is the sixth of the ten interviews I have worked on over the last three years.

Most of these stories cover several years. I will try to keep the chapters short. I suggest you save one for reference. None of the stories are mine, any personal friend, or relative.

This is the second chapter involving Mark and his mother Sandy. As the situation becomes more romantic Mark learns Hank is looking for proof his wife is unfaithful. Sandy and Mark continue to push the limits regardless.

With basketball over I had some time off in the afternoons to spare. I returned to assist the inspector's part time. The classes at the college were a breeze and by January I finally received my diploma. No pomp and circumstance for me but that was fine, for mom it wasn't. Sandy wanted to go all out but we negotiated it down to just the family going out for dinner at a very nice restaurant.

The waiter was clearing the salad plates when Hank asked the question.

"So Mark, what are your plans now that you have graduated?" The question was appropriate and asked politely. Sandy for some reason took offense.

"Hank, the ink on his diploma has barely dried!" We all looked in her direction. Her outburst was that unlike her. Sandy never made a scene in public, and rarely in private. As the old saying goes she wouldn't say shit if she had a mouth full of it! This raised so many flags in my brain, but the first thing I needed to do was diffuse the situation.

"Actually Hank I am glad you asked. I meet with the counselor at college Monday and we are going to pick out some classes for me to take for the next semester."

"Maybe he needs some time off?" Sandy protested. She was only digging a bigger hole.

"Its ok mom, I think staying busy would be best, besides I want to go to a university one day. My plan is to get the basics over here and then transfer the credits." I explained.

"That way I can live at home and save some money. When I do find the right school I won't be too much in debt when I graduate." I looked at mom she was all but in shock. Hank was smiling.

"Well I mean I can stay at home can't I?" This brought her out of her funk just before Hank took notice.

"Mark your mother and I will..."

"Yes you are staying at home!" Sandy was as animated as I had ever seen her.

"Yeah well you two don't really count. Let's ask the people who really run the house, Kit, Matt what do you think?" I asked. Again I was trying to down play her outburst.

A resounding chorus of yes slipped across the restaurant.

The main course came just in time and we returned to our normal family dynamics. Mom kept trying to get me to focus on her but I avoided it at all cost turning my attention to the twins. There would be time enough to clear the air later, this wasn't the time or place.

I was driving down the street the next week. Mom had asked me if I could take the twins to practice so she could go in early. Hank's truck was in the drive as well as mom's car. I was concerned but had a feeling nothing was serious. I parked next door and walked to the back of the house stopping short of the patio door. When I heard their voices on the other side of the screen I slipped into the garage.

"Hank what are you trying to say?" Sandy asked upset.

"Sandy I am not saying anything, I am just concerned. You have been acting irrationally at times." Hank replied.

"I am not." The way she just said that would lead me to agree with him as I listened in.

"Look all I asked is what the two of you do down there all the time." Hank said accusingly.

"Look Hank, you told me to take care of this and I did. I checked him every day for months, weekly now and surprise testing just to keep him honest. And just so you know I will continue to as long as he lives under this roof. It takes five minutes for the results, I wait ten or more just to be sure. And yes I watch every time to make sure he isn't cheating. Now if you want to take over..."

"I never said that!" Hank snapped back.

"I do it at five in the morning when you get up, when you are home. I want him to know what you go through every day to provide for this family. I want him to know you are right there should he think I am not serious. Now you think there are shenanigans going on? I can't lose him again, he is my son!" there was an awkward pause. "He is our son, we cannot lose him!" She sobbed.

"Sandy you know I try..."

"Hank we are not going there! He is our son, that is all there is to it. Now do I have your permission to see this through or are you taking over?" Sandy challenged him.

Sensing the conversation would be coming to a close soon I retraced my steps back to the neighbors drive. I would know one way or the other soon enough. Thinking better of driving away I took a more conspicuous route around the front of the house. Picking up today's newspaper I walked up the drive and headed to the garage knowing I would be seen if they came out the door. The door opened behind me, I heard someone exit the house. Turning I saw Hank.

"Hi Hank!" I said cheerfully.

"Your home already?" he asked a bit surprised.

"Yea, mom asked if I could take the kids to practice. I guess she is heading in early." Carefully trying to be at ease. "Oh, I saw the paper was here?" I headed in his direction handing to him. I could see his antennas were up.

"What's in the garage?" He asked bluntly. Ah I thought, he's fishing!

"Just checking my oil, thought I would look at the air pressure on the tires one looks a little soft."

Just then the bus pulled up out front and the twins jumped off.

"Want me to take them? I can blow off the rest of the day?" He asked. I knew he was suspicious since he had never offered to take off work. This was a trap for sure.

"Na, I promised mom. I kind of get a kick out of watching the geeks try to play sports. Besides I can study while I am waiting." He looked surprised with my answer. I guess he figured if we were messing around I would want to hang around and spend time with mom.

"Don't want to corrupt you Hank, but you are welcome to come along if you want? If you do we should get moms car, she can take my truck." Any suspicion on his part was wiped clean with that offer. Tucking the paper under his arm he flashed an awkward smile.

"Maybe next time sport, I better get back to work." Just as he turned mom walked out of the house.

"Hi mom! I am just going to check a couple of things on the truck and I will be ready to take them."

"Thank you Mark, I will let them know." She replied.

"Sure, have a good shift!" I replied, not wanting to overdo it. I entered the garage but not before I saw the look she gave Hank.

"I will see you later honey." Hank said.

He walked in her direction but she turned her back and went into the house no doubt informing the kids. I picked up a rag and the air gauge and headed back to my truck making sure he saw me as he drove off. It was all I could don't to turn and go back but I didn't. I instead completed the tasks I said I would. I almost expected to see mom in the garage when I returned but she drove away as I finished. I knew if he was really suspicious Hank could check out her departure anywhere along dozens of spots as she drove to work.

I actually had a good afternoon with the twins. There were plenty of laughs and I got my studying done. As I watched I had time to process what I had heard earlier. Practice was almost over when my phone rang. Answering it I was surprised to find Hank on the other end.

"Mark can you take the twins out for a dinner, I will be here for a while, my treat of course."

"Sure Hank, no problem." The twins were thrilled as the team often stopped for pizza after practice. I was the only non-parent which made for interesting conversation.

I knew something was wrong the minute I walked down stairs. Something is out of place, I just couldn't put my finger on it. My first reaction was to look around but I knew better. I undressed and

while doing so gave my room a cursory look. Someone had been in here. I went to the bathroom and dropped my dirty clothes in the laundry room as I always do. Turning off the light I confirmed my suspicion.

I could fake that I was restless but there was no need, I was. At 11:30 I donned some sweats and headed to the kitchen. I pulled out some antacid and a glass of water. Opening my textbook I seated myself so I could see the back door and the living room. Right on cue mom came through the back door.

She looked at me in the kitchen and started to say something. My hand gesture hidden from the front room headed her off. Sandy went right to the basement. She had just cleared the last step when he appeared.

"I thought I heard your mom come home?" Hank asked looking in the kitchen.

"Yea, she went right downstairs, probably can't wait to get out of that uniform." I didn't even look up from my book only pointed to the stairs.

"You're up late." Hank said still looking at the staircase.

"Couldn't sleep, too much cheap pizza!" I held up the antacid bottle. "Must be getting old?" I laughed he just grunted.

Obviously his mind was on other things. I went back to reading the book not looking up. Mom was taking her time that was for sure. We both knew she was aware he was in the kitchen. I almost thought he was going down to get her but he wisely waited. Sandy came up with her robe pulled tight around her.

"Hi mom, good tip night?" I asked. I could see she wanted to make a scene but thinking better of it she went to the fridge and pulled out a juice bottle.

"Good tip night, but a those extra hours sure seem to drag on. What you reading." She sat down beside me. Hank was in no man's land, any way he went he was going to lose.

"You coming to bed?" He asked. No he didn't! Hank what are you thinking?

I have been throwing life preservers since early in the day and you take the anchor chain. Not his shining moment.

"Well I thought I would sit down for the first time since I left. Ask about Matt and Kit's practice, and then when I finish this drink take my shower. After that I was going to slip into bed with you and let you jump my bones. But honey you are in the bottom of the ninth, a three two count and you have fouled off the last five pitches."

"I should leave." I said as I started to get up.

"Sit!" Sandy shot me a warning glance that she wasn't pissed at me but that could change.

Turning her attention back to Hank I could only pray he was smart enough to just leave. She left his manhood intact when she added that honey to the last sentence.

"Good night Mark." Was all he said.

There was silence as he left, Sandy closed her eyes for a few moments and then started a conversation about the twins and their afternoon practice. I could see she wanted more.

The next morning I was staring up at the basement ceiling. I was trying to decide how to see how far Hank went with this. I figured Sunday would be the best time to do it. Today I would do some recon. The exterior of the house was clean. Besides cables would be too hard to hide against the siding. That left inside the house. I checked the garage just to make sure it wasn't out there. Nothing.

Thinking further I figured he used old left over or repaired parts from work. Knowing Hank nothing too exotic. He wouldn't want to buy anything so that meant a four screen monitor, and some low resolution cameras. Maybe a recording device since he wasn't home often. I knew one camera was in the laundry room. I figured one was probably in the bathroom that would leave two for the bedroom. It only makes sense one would be focused on the bed. If there was a fourth most likely near the dresser and the love seat. Running it full time would be a waste. It must be on a switch or timer.

The attic would be the most likely location for the recorder but in our house it would take days to set it up and hide everything. No the monitor and recorder are probably together and close by, fewer cables, less obtrusive. Then it came to me! The furnace room would be the perfect place. No one ever went in there but him. He had several places to hide it and he could watch it in there if we were gone without interruption and still know if anyone came home. The problem is if it's on a timer it would be running when he was gone. My best chance was to look when he is around. By that afternoon I had a plan.

As the holiday seasons approach I have just a few exams to take before the semester ends. I am on the dean's list and ahead of schedule. With a couple of extra classes I can graduate with a two year degree before fall registration at a state university. Matt and Kit are now well in their teens, and have blossomed in their own ways. Funny, smart, outgoing, they are becoming young adults. As siblings we are close.

Occasionally they come to me and ask questions they don't feel comfortable asking others. Hank is still the same, he has a routine and lives by it. Predictable is the word that comes to mind, that isn't a slam, because I have learned that dependability, honesty and integrity would also be appropriate. At least until now.

His current obsession, trying to catch us fucking aside, he is a good man. Sandy on the other hand, is anything but predictable. I have learned so much about her and from her since Jerry passed. I still get tested weekly. I still save the notes of encouragement left on my bed (the twins get them also). Then there are the other items she leaves me to keep things interesting sexually.

Sandy seems to be at a crossroad, things have leveled off. Enjoying our heavy petting sessions has replaced the excitement from our initial encounters. She wants more I can tell, I can see it, and I can feel it. Our relationship is still hands off, non-verbal and I love it. This is her agenda and I am just enjoying the journey. I will wait a little longer, and then test the water, just so she knows I am willing. With Hank on the prowl it's wise to be cautious, but I have a plan to handle him.

Hank was in the garage cleaning his golf clubs for the next day, a one hour ritual at least. I slipped in turning on the monitor so I could see the camera angles. The bathroom was focused on the shower only. The toilet where we usually stay is in the other direction. Even the mirror wasn't in the view, an easy way to get more coverage.

The laundry room was the worst. Long and narrow it only covered the last five feet, basically the washer and the dryer. You couldn't see who came in and out or what they did unless it was at the machines.

The cameras in the bedroom was the most logical but all he would ever see is the notes she left and maybe a pair of panties. With the cameras he was using he would have a hard time knowing if it was Matt or me let alone read any message or know if it was my laundry. I verified there was no audio and the tape system was only capable of holding two hours at a time.

Knowing he couldn't change them that often he depended on an old mechanical timer to turn it on and off. I thought of messing with the equipment but I figured I was better off not to. First he might suspect I found it, second he would be forced to get something more sophisticated.

For now I would keep tabs on his surveillance and adjust accordingly. I saw no need to tell mom just yet, it would only make her mad. My plan was to stay out of sight when we were together and let him think he had us covered.

Saturday night the twins were at the school game. Hank stayed home. It seems his golf game had been suffering of late and he wanted a good night sleep. I am sure the surveillance gave him piece of mind. I was in my room when she started down.

I moved off the bed and into the hall as Sandy as reached the last step. She stopped and looked at me down the hall just a few feet. I thought of telling her now but she seemed indecisive. I seldom make the first move but I did this time. Slowly I moved to her and placed my hands on her hips. Sandy let them rest there. Patiently I waited for her to make the next move.

Sandy held her ground for over a minute before she placed her hands on the side of my face and pulled me in for the kiss. I could feel her tits were loose under her robe as they swayed against my chest.

The step she was on brought her closer to my height, she was enjoying it. I was still resting my hands on her hips. I slowly gathered the material from the front adding it to the back. The opening in her robe widened ever so slowly.

I pulled loose from her kiss just enough for us to look down. The lapels were hung up on her nipples, the cleavage large and wide. To my surprise she was wearing no panties. Her large bush hiding her pussy for now. I grinned and let her kiss me again.

I was in a pickle. If she had no panties on that meant I would have to wear them. Breaking free I undressed. When I was naked she was holding a shiny pair of pink panties. I slipped them on so she wouldn't have to move. Returning to our previous position we kissed again.

Her pussy was at the perfect height to stroke my cock. Her course hair was harsh against the head of my cock sticking above the waist band of the panties. The discomfort was no match for the pleasure the rest of my cock was getting. My hands still holding her hips through her robe help hold me in place.

Sandy was getting wet I could feel the material soak my cock. She widened her stance forcing my cock deeper in the folds of her pussy. Wider again I tried to adjust with her to keep the contact she needed. I looked down as she tried to fill her lungs with more air.

Her clit was out but the angles were wrong in this position. Sandy was desperate now. She was moving her hips trying to find a way she could scratch the elusive itch she needed to complete the journey.

I could only think of two ways to accomplish it without stopping and getting repositioned. My hand, or my mouth. The first presented its own limited dexterity as I faced her, the second would be easier. I figured my tongue would be much more fulfilling for both of us and I wanted that clit in my mouth.

I went for broke. Swiftly I went to my knees.

"Mark!" she gasped quietly.

I looked up making sure. The signs were there, she was surprised but needy. Her hands started pulling my head to her sex. Double check. I had just made contact with her clit with my tongue.

"NO!" (Ok maybe it was "no") I couldn't believe my ears. Her hands still held me tight right where she wanted me. This 'no' wasn't stop and let's talk this over. It was not wait and think this through. It was 'no' clear and simple.

I pulled my head from her hands. I released her hips as I backed away.

"I didn't ..."

"You said no."

"But Mark..."

"No means no." I replied. I was devastated. Not only because we stopped but because I knew we both really wanted this.

I picked up my clothes and entered the bathroom closing and locking the door. Sandy knew what the lock meant.

I spent some restless hours thinking about what had taken place. Did I read her wrong? Was I rushing things? Was I doing what I wanted for me? I didn't think so, she said no. If she said it by mistake it was a poor choice of words. Now at least she knew she could trust me if she chose to use the word again.

Little did I know how soon things would progress and how prophetic my thoughts were? Soon events coincided in my favor. Was it luck or Karma?

Days later I was in my room working on a list of text books I would need for next semester. I heard someone on the steps. At first I thought it must be mom. She said she was doing the laundry and asked if I had some dark clothes to fill out a load. I turned to find Matt at my open door ready to knock.

"It's open come on in!" I said.

"I can come back later." He seemed nervous.

"Don't be silly, I'm just looking at text book prices. What's up?"

Living in the basement I knew every creek and groan in that old house. Someone was on the steps, someone that didn't want to make any noise. Matt of course didn't hear it but I did. My guess is it was Sandy. She knew Matt was nervous about something, something even Kit didn't know.

"Can I ask you a question?" Matt asked.

"Sure, what kind of question?"

"About a girl!" He replied. I could see he was embarrassed.

"Sure pal, have a seat on the bed." I replied.

I casually got up and went to close the door. I could see her shadow against the wall from the light coming down the staircase. Moving the door to within an inch from closing I return to my chair and faced him. Feeling secure in our privacy he opened up.

"It's about Katie." Matt hesitated not sure if he made the right decision coming here.

"Matt this is between you and me, right? No one else." I explained giving him my word, well almost. I could see from where I was sitting Sandy was listening in.

"She kissed me the other day, it was nice. Then the next day I went to kiss her and she said no." Matt looked down at his hands.

"I see. Just so we are clear, what do you want from me." I asked.

"Some guys at school are always saying no means yes, or at least maybe. Is that true? Or is Katie dumping me?" Matt was asking for the rules and how to play the game. He wrapped it all up in a tidy package and handed it to me with Sandy listening in.

"Matt listen to me very carefully. When a woman, for that purpose anyone says 'no' they mean 'no'. That is the universal safe word in my book from a baby to and old person. 'No' should always mean 'no'. Period. End of discussion. If they don't mean no then they need to use other words." I explained.

"What do you mean?" Matt was still confused.

"Tell me exactly what Katie said. Word for word if you can remember."

"This is embarrassing." Matt squirmed on the bed.

"I know but it's important. Remember this is between you and me and these walls. Now think, what were her exact words?"

"I tried to kiss her, and she said "'not here" so I said something like "but Katie" and she cut me off and replied "I said no" and then left." Matt threw up his hands.

I laughed just a little.

"Hey this isn't funny!" Matt was now getting mad.

"Sorry dude I am not laughing at you but with you." I teased.

"I am not laughing!" He protested.

"Maybe not now but soon you will be. Let me ask you one last question, was there anyone else around?"

"I don't know, maybe. How would I know?" Matt threw his hands up.

"Ok, she stopped your attempt with the words "not here" right? Her exact words, correct?"

"Yes, she said "not here" that was what she said." Matt insisted.

"Tell me what that means?" I asked.

"It means "no" doesn't it?"

"Not really. It means this isn't the place, or maybe not this time at this place, or not with those people around at this place, or even maybe not with anyone at this place. I could go on. Do you see what I mean?" I let him think it over. We sat in silence as it sunk in.

"But she still said "no" later." Matt defended himself. "She used the word N O."

"But not to the kiss! She left you an out on that, she gave you options. Chances are she wanted that kiss as much as you, just not under those specific circumstances. What her reasons were we may never know? That is a discussion for another lifetime. It could be because you wore green instead of her favorite blue." I kidded Matt.

"Regardless the fact is you only wanted what you came for and didn't care what her feelings were at that moment. Then you got your ego all stirred up because you thought she said no and tried to bully her into changing her mind with "but Katie". She said no to your disrespect. You would have done much better by respecting her decision and making another attempt in more favorable conditions. Maybe even tease her a bit by suggesting it was going to happen at some later date when SHE is agreeable. Katie would be holding her breath waiting for your next attempt." I tried to explain.

Matt processed all that we had talked about and soon he was smiling. I chuckled and then he laughed so hard he fell off the bed.

"Tell me more." He said.

"Ok but just a couple for the future. What if she says, "We should not be doing this"?"

"That means..." he looked to me for advice.

"I think it means, can I trust you? Are you just using me, or do you really care. It means she accepts her part but wants you to own up to your part. There are other reasons but for you that is a good start." I offered.

"One more!" Mat was listening intently now.

"Ok last one. What if she says, "You should not be doing this"?"

"She wants me to take responsibility, alone?" Matt was catching on.

"Something like that. I think she is saying you take over I am giving myself to you. Whatever happens is on you. Accept it or stop. Ok, now you have some things to think over." I finished.

"Thanks Mark!" Matt smiled. I opened a dresser drawer and pulled out a pearl necklace. It was one Jerry gave me, and it was very expensive. I handed it to Matt.

"Here Matt, take this and give it to her. Have Katie wear it outside her top if you are allowed to kiss her, and inside if not. This should give you a chance to learn the proper etiquette." I suggested.

I could hear Sandy head back up the stairs.

"Really? Thanks again Mark. You're a life saver!" He gushed.

I walked and opened the door for him to leave.

"Matt, what we talked about can be used for good or to seriously take advantage of another person. If I find out it's the later you are in deep shit with me." I warned him.

I decided to drive into town and pick up some text books for the coming semester. I was walking to my truck when mom caught up with me.

"Thanks!" Sandy said.

"For?"

"The lesson." She smiled.

"Oh for Matt?"

"No for me."

"It wasn't for you." I lied.

"How did you get to be so smart?" She teased.

"I had great parents!" Sandy's reaction confirmed what I knew.

"Mark!"

"Yes mother?" I said.

"We need to talk." Sandy offered.

"I know, and we should." I replied boldly.

"When?" Mom was nervous.

"The first or the second?" I asked hoping she caught my double question. She had tried to keep it a secret. I have known for years but decided to play along for her sake. If we were to get closer this needed to come out.

She was visibly shaken when she realized what I was saying. The look made me want to pull her from her feet and tell her it will be alright.

"Both." Sandy replied. She was wrought with guilt.

"When the answer is anything but no." I kissed her on the cheek. I walked to my truck and drove off.

I expected an answer sooner but Sandy is a determined woman. There is something hidden below that confident exterior we all see. But I can see deeper, it's there buried where she has complete control over who sees it. I have a pretty good idea about some of it but I am sure there is more.

As usual my weekly testing sessions continued. For some reasons it was just the tests. I was disappointed in a way but knew better than to push it.

My classes started after the holidays. I had a full load and worked part time also. That night when I got home Sandy had a message for me. It was her night off. Randall had called about a woman named Heather. He asks that I call him tonight if possible.

"Who is Heather?" Sandy asked.

"You remember the skanky girl that was here the one night?" I asked. SMACK!

"Don't you ever let me hear you refer to a woman like that again young man!" Sandy was furious with me.

"Sorry, mom, it's just that..." Any defense was useless.

"Ok, Ok, I am sorry. Heather is the young lady that you met one night here in your house. She was a friend of Jerry's." I correctly explained.

"She is very pretty. Why should she reach out to you?" Mom asked intrigued.

"We partied a few times." I answered.

"So she was one of Jerry's girls?"

"Not really." I replied.

"Then?" Sandy pried.

"A friend of one of Jerry's girls." I explained.

"A close friend." She asked.

"The closest."

"Interesting." Sandy raised her brow. "But I thought you and her?"

"I guess you could say I was an exception?" I offered.

"Why now?" She questioned.

"Dunno?"

"Now what? She asked.

"I will call Uncle Randall and find out." I replied.

I called Randall and he asked me to come down to his office the next day. I went down and we talked for some time. Heather was in jail for a five year stint as part of her participation in the big drug bust two years ago. She has been in for just over a year. Randall was trying to get her in an early release program. The program required that a non felon sponsor the inmate as well as attend

a bi weekly counseling session. My name was on a list Heather provided. Randall was vetting the list for the best possible candidates. I agreed to do what I could.

"What does she want?" Sandy asked when I returned. I was on the landing headed to my room.

"My help."

"And?"

"I offered." I replied.

"Well?"

"Dunno."

"Mark!" Sandy replied frustrated. "You owe this girl!"

"I know." Mom was telling me if she needed my help I should give it to her. Sandy wanted to make sure I was going to take care of this properly.

Since I told her nothing, I knew she would be over to see Randall and beat it out of him.

When I reached my room there was a singles dating newspaper on my bed. Several of the prospective candidates were highlighted and an access code attached on a card. Under the paper was a pair of silk panties.

I had dated very seldom in the last year or so. I was interested, but with school, work and a tight leash at home it was difficult. Then there was the whole party scene, and I was still not legal in bars. She could be right, it's probably time to apply myself in that area also. Damn life gets complicated when you get older.

There was a night when all the moons aligned. Hank offered to chaperone Matt and Kit's science class to the solarium to watch a rare solar event. Sandy had offered to take a shift for a friend. Her reason changed and Sandy came home. I had a late class but the professor was sick.

I took a shower and had just entered my bedroom when Sandy pulled in. I waited at the bottom of the steps still drying my hair when she walked in the back door. Seeing her at the top of the steps I moved in full view. I had just the towel draped over my shoulder.

It was a long wait. I held firm she held more firm. I reminded myself as much as I didn't want to go this is her program. I turned and headed to my room. I heard the steps squeak. Well at least she has made that decision I thought. I looked out the door and leaned against the frame. I knew we were both in the blind spots. Sandy turned and headed the other direction. At the laundry room she entered and then stopped just inside the door.

Mom turned to face me and slowly removed that horrible uniform. When she slipped off the panty hose she had on the sexiest panties I had ever seen her wear. They were still conservative but the upper band was below the flare of her hips and the front just covered her bush.

Her bra hit the ground without a notice until I looked on at her marvelous tits. I could tell she was apprehensive but she took several steps to the bathroom door. There she stopped.

The rules had been reestablished. We were back to where we left off before the disastrous event. I accepted her terms and met her at the door. Wearing only panties she was ready to begin the

moment we kissed. She placed my hands on her tits.

Caressing and lightly pinching I was able to get the nubs hard. She pushed me back to the toilet the lid already down I assumed the position. Straddling me she took my head in her hands and controlled our kissing one more time. She was wet, I was hard. Sandy thrust, I pushed.

Suddenly she dismounted me and turned around. Straddling me facing away she placed my hands back on her tits and started stroking my cock with her ass cheeks. My pre-cum soon soaked the panties in back. The material was very thin and stretched. Soon more of my cock was buried deep in the crack of her ass.

Sandy rose and guided my cock head at her ass hole then stroked my entire cock against it. Over and over she stroke me. Had the material not been there then I may have made progress.

She was focusing more and more on her little brown star then she moved in such a way that the head of my cock was square with her anus. Sandy lowered slightly and allowed the pressure to push my cock and the material slightly in the entrance. It wasn't much at first, and then she moved lower. I was in almost a half an inch. If the material were to rip the next stop would have been my balls. The pressure was too great for either one of us. Sandy twisted at the waist and let me know that one day if I wanted we could do this for real. I smiled my agreement.

Getting her point across she moved again this time my cock slipped along her cunt from behind. Her hands making sure I didn't penetrate her. I took a few minutes but we found what she was looking for. I slouched down slightly and she spooned inside. Sandy had positioned my cock along her pussy and the large mushroom end was just below her clit.

Rolling the waist band down the marvelous mini prick popped out full length. I rocked forward the first direct contact hit her hard. Sandy's head flung back her lungs begging for more air. Rocking back my cock dragged her clit hard against the waist band. Sandy's lips spread wider my cock went deeper in the folds, the pressure on her clit increased. Pre-cum lubed her clit and her pussy juice my cock.

Twisting we kissed and then watched our sexes do everything but fuck. Sandy moaned her hips danced. Her clit now red and swollen bobbed along my cock.

"OH! Oh! OH." She moaned.

Sandy came hard. I could feel the spasms reverberate through her body and into mine. I let my balls empty shooting hot molten man juice directly at her clit and stomach. When my cock fell limp Sandy bent forward. Pulling the waist band out she allowed my cum to drip down her belly and over her hairy pussy. Releasing the waist band she stood and turned around straddling me again.

My hands beside me hanging down I made no move to touch her. I needed her to know she was safe. She was in control, she could trust me. It was a step back in a way but it was important for her to see that we could always go back to her comfort level.

We just looked at each other in silence as always. I saw another piece of the puzzle that made up my mom. I knew she was conflicted inside. I knew in time she would make the decision she needed to make. I was willing to accept it either way. I proved that tonight.

A week later Randal called and let me know Heather was turned down at this time. It would be another three months before she could apply again. He submitted my name as a last choice but

they believe female sponsors make better sense for female inmates who are not family. I asked him to call Sandy and fill her in so she didn't have to beat it out of either one of us. He laughed and agreed.

The first date was a fizzle, just not a good match.

The second contestant was plain scary, no thanks.

The third contestant was smoking hot and had potential. Hank was thrilled to see I was dating, that and the lack of any evidence to the contrary left him at ease. For Sandy each date only brought more anxiety. She tried to hide it but wasn't successful.

She had suggested it and I followed through. Besides it isn't like she and I were ever going to be together as a couple? Would we? Sandy had Hank and two other kids to contend with. It isn't in her DNA to walk out on her responsibilities.

Nor were we just playing to have fun. There is a purpose to this. What it is for sure I don't know, but I am getting there. No this is serious business with high stakes. A marriage could be on the line, feelings will get hurt, accusations will fly, and more secrets will come out. I had enough to bury Hank all by myself but I promised Jerry and I have kept that promise.

I am under no illusions here and neither is Sandy. Each step she has taken and allowed me to take has been calculated and intentional. So was my dating another woman. I had seen a flash before and I wanted to see if I could confirm it.

Number three and I went to dinner at a nice place. Good food a couple of beers. We danced for over an hour. I surely couldn't take her to mom's house so I rented a room at a motel. A nice room for a nice woman. In the room Three and I made it to the bed still clothed. I started with the dress running the zipper down her back.

She took her turn by pulling my shirt over my head as we kissed. I could see her nipple strain against her flimsy bra. I teased her through the material before unclasping the catch. She lowered my slacks, I removed my socks and we were panty to brief chest to chest.

More kissing and more fondling. Removing her panties brought my face to her shaven pussy. I wasted no time diving in and having her moaning in delight. One, two then three mini orgasms pierced through her body. She gently pushed my head back begging for mercy. I knew she was close to the big one so I stood up and pulled my briefs off and rolled on a condom. Three looked at my hard on and smiled.

I slipped in her a short way her hands pushing back on my hips. I was too big. I rolled over and had her straddle me allowing her to control the depth. Three pumped up and down a few more times and POW! She was cumming again. This was the big one. She fell to her side and balled up in the fetal position.

I was driving home after dropping her off at her car. I guess a kiss was supposed to be enough to get me off. I could smell her pussy scent rising from my groin since there wasn't time to get properly cleaned up. That would work to my advantage shortly.

I pulled in the drive the clock was at 1:17 AM as I shut off the engine. As quietly as I could I open the back door. I walked through and was on the landing when Sandy appeared to my left just

inches from the opening. Sandy had on her robe as usual but it was open down the front. I could see she was naked underneath.

I looked at her body and my cock instantly returned to the unused hardness from earlier. Sandy noticed immediately. I think she could smell Three's scent by now. I looked at her pussy the patch of hair was soaked her lips protruding her clit engorged.

There was no cum but now her scent filled my nostrils. Sandy had been masturbating. The swells of her tits and the hard nipples just out of sight brought my gaze higher. Sandy pulled the lapels of her robe wider so her entire tits were on display. She looked at me and then my crotch.

Mom wanted me to take my pants off. I kicked off my shoes and lowered my pants stepping out of them. If I needed to move quickly I wasn't going to be hampered by the clothes. Sandy smiled and looked at my briefs and nodded so slightly.

We both heard him coming down the stairs, his weight too much for this old house. I froze.

"In the cup!" Sandy burst out just slightly loud. Her eyes looked at me and then my briefs. Then a slight nod.

"Sandy what is going on?" Hank asked from the other side of the kitchen. Mom had her back to him. I was just out of sight on the landing.

"Mark is just now coming in, I need to test him." She nodded again.

She was daring me to trust her now. We both knew she was playing with fire. I slowly removed my briefs and socks with them. I was standing not fifteen feet from Hank with nothing but a shirt, a hard on, and a smile.

"Do we really need to do this tonight? Mark did you smoke any weed or do any drugs?" He asked. I could hear Hank come closer.

"No sir!" I said respectfully.

"Did you drink any alcohol?" Hank asked again. He was still coming closer.

"Two beers with dinner. I didn't drive until two hours later. That was at ten after we had danced." I explained truthfully.

Sandy's one hand dropped to her pussy she stroked it lightly as we talked. God this was crazy! I could see the sheen on her fingers. Pre-cum formed at the tip of my cock.

"Let me see your eyes!" Hank exclaimed. I moved just enough so he could see my face. Bending around the corner I looked straight at him. He was within three feet of Sandy who was still frigging herself.

"He looks good to me. Do we really need to do this?" Hank asked.

"Hank are you going to leave this up to me or are you going to do it?" Sandy asked rudely.

"Ok, Ok you win, do your test, I am sure I will be ok though." Hank replied as we both knew he would.

"We all agreed as long as he lives under this..."

"You're right, that was the deal. Mark enjoy the test but I am going back to bed." Hank turned and went back upstairs. We could hear his lumbering mass strain each step.

"How did it go?" She whispered.

"Mom!" I protested.

"Please, I need to..." Mom was still rubbing herself. She moved two fingers in her pussy.

"For her or me?" I asked. Sandy seemed taken aback at first. Thinking for just a split second.

"For her!" She said firmly.

"Great!" I replied proudly. Licking my lips, Sandy smiled.

"Did she?"

"Yes, three times." I held my finger and thumb close together letting her know they were little. "But then..."

"Protection?"

"Condom."

"Could she?"

"About half." I replied honestly. Sandy widened her stance shoving her fingers deeper in her pussy.

"And then? Did she?" Sandy was anticipating my answer.

"Oh yea, big time!" I smiled proudly. Sandy shivered as I answered. It was a small one. Precum was running down my shaft, my balls aching from the anticipation I hoped would come.

"Did you cum in her?" Sandy asked boldly.

"No!" I almost yelled to convince her.

"Her...?"

"No, no, and no."

"In the cup now!" Sandy hissed. She pulled her hand from her pussy and removed her robe dropping it on the landing.

I stepped aside as she went first. In the cup wasn't her way? It was always "pee". I always peed in the cup so it could be tested. But if she thinks she can just get me hard as a rock and THEN pee in the cup we need to talk! I mean really talk. I picked up my clothes and her robe.

By the time I reached the bathroom she was getting on the counter. Her back to the wall she pulled her knees wide and near her chest her pussy was wide open and dripping juice. The cup was just under the opening.

"Oh God Mark fill the cup" She hissed in a whisper. Sandy drove three fingers deep in her pussy bringing gobs of juice to the surface. With her other hand she took the first two fingers and formed

a vee. Spreading her engorged lips to the side her clit poked through the apex. I had not been given permission to touch her so I didn't but I was going to let her know I can play the game also.

I stroked my cock until a nice pool of pre-cum gathered at the tip. Moving between her legs I tapped it on the edge of the cup just inches from her pussy. She was alarmed by my boldness but again I gained her trust. The glob dripped off and slid to the bottom. I backed up so she was comfortable and watched as she stretched her pussy for me.

Sandy tried work a fourth finger in. She was trying to show me should handle my cock. I looked at her and shook my head. She went back to three.

She looked at the cup and then my cock. I could see she was desperate. I shook my head again still stroking my cock. I moved my right hand and cock between her legs towards her pussy. She looked at my hand and then at me. I could tell she was trying to decide if she was finally ready for me to touch her sex.

Just as she thought it would happen I gripped the cup with my left hand and moved it from her cunt. I looked her in the eyes and nodded for her to go lower. Stunned she moved the fingers surrounding her clit and rubbed it differently. I shook my head just enough for her to know I wanted something different I looked at her brown star hiding below her pussy.

Slowly Sandy worked a finger from her cunt and dared to touch her own anus. When she found it I could see her smear some pussy juice around it. I nodded in agreement. Sandy stopped everything she was doing in astonishment. I nodded again. The look she gave me was exquisite. She was being set free to do something she had been suppressing for who knows how long.

Sandy shifted lower against the mirror her ass hole appeared to me. The excitement from her pussy had oozed down and now coated her puckered hole. Gradually she allowed a single finger to enter the forbidden orifice. Closing her eyes she let out a gentle moan. It was all I could do not to cum so I regulated my strokes to stay with her.

Opening her eyes she wanted to make sure I was still not grossed out as her digit was completely enveloped. I smile to encourage her on. Sandy soon had two fingers in her pussy and the pinky in her ass. In the next five minutes she pumped her asshole with all of the pussy juice she could make.

Frantically she looked at the cup then her pussy and then at my cock.

Fill the cup burst into my brain! I set it close to the hand buried in her pussy and ass hole. I watched as she strummed her clit when she started to stiffen I let myself cum. The first stream landed on her open cunt dripping inside. Sandy gasped loudly no longer caring if we got caught.

The second seared her clit causing her ass to bounce on the counter. Her hand went lower and with both she spread her wanton cunt open for me to fill. This was no subtle invitation. I could have fucked her at that moment. She wanted my cum inside her pussy!

So fucking hot! I was watching spurt after spurt of molten man juice land in and around her pussy. I could see her inner walls contracting in a steady rhythm as she enjoyed her climax.

When she was sufficiently recovered she collected my cum and spread it around her ass hole. Only a small amount ever made it into the cup. With a questioned look she wanted to know if I would consider such a thing. An enthusiastic shit eating (no pun intended) grin I nodded yes. Sandy took two fingers and scooped as much cum as she could and forced her fingers in her asshole.

It was late, if Hank was as suspicious I knew we had better stop while we were ahead. I picked up my clothes and started to my room. Sandy stopped me. She slid off the slimy counter and pulled me close for a kiss.

Indicating I should wait she raised the toilet lid and sat down. With the cup in her hand she licked the cum deposits into her mouth with a smile. As I watched she lowered the cup and started to pee. The cup filled and flowed over as cum dripped from her pussy. The stream of piss ended with a large glob of cum landing in the cup. Floating on the surface she brought it close to see it.

My cock was at full mast. Sandy trusted me to know her darkest secrets, her fantasies and desires. Normally it would take several minutes to recover from an orgasm but I was so turned on I could feel it coming on now. I dropped my clothes and stroked my cock and within minutes I had covered Sandy's face and chest.

She was ecstatic! Mom started smearing it into her tits and licking her fingers clean. The bathroom looked and smelled like sex.

We were both close to going over that edge. I picked up my clothes and headed to my room. I locked the door.

Moments later I heard the shower running in my bathroom. It had been on for about five minutes when I heard Hank upstairs, he was coming down the second floor stairs. He was in the kitchen and then the landing. There he waited.

It seemed like an hour as I listened for him to move and Sandy to come out of the shower but it was only maybe five minutes. The shower was over, I opened my door looked down the hall. Sandy appeared in one of her old pajamas about as sexy as a dish rag, a towel wrapped around her head, her robe over her arm. I tried to warn her but her glance at me was emotionless. She turned and saw Hank on the landing. Sandy hesitated for a second and headed up the stairs.

"What are you doing? Hank asked as quietly as his anger allowed.

"Taking a shower. Hank, you know I take one every night." The sarcasm dripped from her words.

"Why down here?" He questioned.

"Well, it's later than usual and I knew you were heading back to bed after Mark came home. I decided to use his shower so I wouldn't wake you. Besides I was already here."

"Where is Mark?"

"Hank really, are we going there again?" She was taunting him.

"Well where is he." Hank asked again.

"Ok we'll do it your way but I find this very accusatory." Sandy sighed. "Since you came down to spy on us. I watched as the cup was getting filled as always. He finished in the toilet, and no I don't usually watch that. When the test was over he went to his room, I assumed he went to bed? My guess is to relive the event with his date for the night. I then took a shower and came up to you so you could accuse me once again of fucking our son. I think that's about it. Yep that is all I have to say."

"So he is in his room?" Hank asked again. I could imagine Hank had not let his eyes leave the staircase knowing he had trapped me on one end of the basement.

"Come with me!" Sandy said firmly.

"No, it's ok." Hank replied.

"I SAID COME WITH ME! NOW!" Sandy exploded. I could hear them descend the stairs together. I closed my door and went back to my bed. I heard doors open and close, the shower curtain flung open and then finally my door opened. I looked up with the best I was sleeping look. Hank's face was crimson red.

Closing the door without a word Sandy was all the way upstairs before Hank started.

I checked the tapes that night just to make sure Hank didn't move the cameras. There wasn't anything to see but mom taking a shower alone. You could hardly make out it was her.

Randall called one day asking me if I could come in with mom. The next day we were in his office.

"Sandy, Mark, I have some news that will affect you both. Heather's petition has been accepted on the condition you both attend with her."

"How did mom get involved in this?" I asked. Sandy smiled at my reaction

"Sandy I know you work afternoons so I scheduled the two of you for the morning sessions. You meet twice a week for three months. If her progress is considered acceptable she will be placed in a half way house for six months. She will need to get and hold a job for that period of time. If she can establish a place to live in a drug free situation she will have served her sentence. Probation after that for two years." Randal explained.

I looked to Sandy and knew the answer the moment our eyes met.

"One more thing, one mistake, one misstep and she goes back in. That means no drugs, no alcohol, no contact with known felons, no guns... well you get the picture. Let me know when you decide and I will have some papers for you to sign. "

Sandy placed her hand on my wrist and nodded yes.

"Where do we sign?" I asked.

Heather had been moved to the county jail closest to our home. The first day was overwhelming to say the least. It didn't take long to determine this wasn't a place I would want to spend any time in. The day was mostly introductions and orientation. They repeated all of the rules and consequences. We were searched on the way in and the way out.

On the way home I told Sandy about the cameras at home. Sandy didn't say anything.

The second day they got right into it. The inmates needed to discuss their life and where they felt they went wrong. Not going to get into the others but Heather's wasn't pretty.

"Mark, you do whatever it takes to get her out." Sandy said as soon as we left the building. They were the only words mom said on the way home.

The program was eleven weeks long. The twelfth week they had a graduation party of sorts for the inmates who passed. I know the bar was set low, they needed to reduce inmate population. Prison had changed Heather in a positive way. She was making good use of her time. She got her GED and enrolled in some online classes. In the program she excelled in no small part I believe because of Sandy.

Each day started with group time then with an assigned counselor. At the end we had fifteen to thirty minutes of time alone in a glass room. Sometimes with just me or just mom and then the two of us. Heather and I talked about the old days, the fun we had, and the price we paid. She admitted the last time we met at my house she was trying to get me to supply her some weed so she could use me as a bargaining chip. I kind of figured it and told her.

As the weeks went on I came to understand how because of Hank and Sandy I was on the outside and Heather, with no real family was in here. Heather also asked a lot about mom, odd questions, almost personal. The sessions with the group and the counselor were going good, I had no doubt she was passing.

In the tenth week I was driving us to the jail. Looking in the mirrors I saw him. Hank is such a tool bag I thought. He was following us in the company truck no less. Nothing like a bill board saying I am here look at me! Fortunately he got caught up in traffic and I was able to take a turn that didn't look like I was ditching him. Sandy was confused but said nothing. Neither did I.

The next week he was back, same truck.

"Hank is following us." I said deciding I had better tell her.

"Lose him again." Sandy replied. The only surprise was she knew about his attempt last week. I easily lost him this time he might think we knew he was there.

It was the last meeting with Heather, we were on our way and he was following again.

"Mom."

"I know, don't let him lose us this time." Sandy was pissed.

I will have to say he was persistent. He followed us all the way to the jail. The problem is he didn't have a pass to get in the parking lot. We parked and Sandy walked to the door. I looked back through the fence he was out of his truck his hands in the air as if saying "what are you doing here" I shrugged my shoulders and followed Sandy inside.

It was graduation, Heather of course passed as did others but not all. No parties but many hugs and congratulations. We made plans to get with Heater as soon as she was released. It would have to wait until she was at the halfway house.

"Mark. She is the one!" Sandy looked out the windshield as I drove us home.

"Mom don't you think I should be able to decide that?" I asked politely.

"By all means fuck your brains out, test the waters, go see the world if you want. I have seen you with her. You can't take your eyes off her. She has the tits, and ass just as you like them, skinny and tight. Bet her pussy is too, am I right?" Sandy looked over this time. I was busted.

"You're right! But still there is more to a woman than an awesome body. I mean when you are done fucking you need to talk about something? Right?" I teased.

Sandy looked at me as if I had said something profound.

"Mark you are right, but I still feel it, there is something about her. You give her a fair shot that is all I ask." Sandy replied.

"You really think she is the one for me?" I asked looking over at Sandy.

"For us!" Sandy replied looking at me squarely in the eyes. You could have hit me with a hammer and I would have not been anymore stunned. Did my mother just tell me she was bi?

I looked in the mirror, Hank was following us home. I told mom, she started to fume. I pulled in the drive and turned off the truck.

Sandy got out and went in the house, she was pissed. I followed right behind. Hank parked and was just steps behind me. She was in the kitchen.

"Mark check and see if the twins are here." Sandy said.

I knew they weren't but I went upstairs anyway. I came down and reported. Hank was in the kitchen red as a chili pepper and I assumed he would be as hot.

"Check the basement!" She demanded. I moved past Hank and started down the stairs.

"Honey I can explain." Hank knew what was coming.

"Not another word until he comes back, zip it." She snapped at him.

I checked the entire basement. All clear.

"They are not in the house mom." I reported.

"Good now I want you both to take a seat so we can all see each other. This is going to stop right now, one way or the other. Ok Hank what is it you want to know?" Sandy asked crossing her arms.

"Well you have been out together and I thought maybe I should know. Then you were at the jail and I thought Mark here was in trouble..."

"Bullshit! You still think we are fucking, quit being such a pussy and just say it!" Sandy yelled. "You thought I am fucking my son because I fucked my brother. You thought because this is my brother's son, he would be the same Casanova his father was? There it's all on the table now. So ask him!"

The hush in the room was deafening. I knew Hank wasn't my father and was pretty sure Jerry was but now there was no question. I wasn't sure I was ready for his though. Hank was just as stunned as I she blurted it all out. Hank looked like he was going to be sick.

"Ask him!" Sandy wasn't yelling but was adamant.

"You knew?" Hank asked me. He was so stunned and confused he didn't even remember the question.

"For god's sake yes he knew, how could he not?" Sandy replied. "You take to the twins as if they are on pedestal! Fuck Hank, have you ever just once called Mark 'son'? No, never. Oh you were always nice and polite, but never treated him as YOUR son." Sandy shouted.

She hit a chord in my heart, she was right. Sandy knew, I always thought she did but she never wanted to make a big deal about it. She was probably hoping I wouldn't notice. I had.

"Now ask him if he is fucking me." Sandy wasn't going to stop until he did.

"Mark are you or have you ever made love to your mother?" Hank asked almost in a whisper. He couldn't bring himself to say fuck.

"You mean make love like the two of us in bed, romantically intertwined, copulating until we both orgasmed, then, lying there falling asleep, lucky enough to know she chose me to spend the night with and still wanted to be there in the morning making love? No! Or are you asking me if we made love by her making sure I was satisfied so I could roll over and get some sleep and go golfing in the morning, type of making love?" I asked.

"No." I answered. "Or how about a night on the town where she dresses so sexy for you, you can't keep your eyes off of her and you can't wait to tear her clothes off so you can have pure animal sex?" I continued.

"No." I answered again. "Hank I have not done anything like that. If you mean just plain old put your cock in her pussy intercourse and fuck, the answer is still no. No Hank we have not fucked!"

"There! Now I will say it. We have not had intercourse. Now ask him about oral, anal, and handjobs!" Sandy was determined to get this all out. Hank rolled his eyes.

"ASK HIM!" Sandy yelled.

"Have you had oral sex?" Hank asked.

"No sir. Not with mom." I replied smiling.

"Have you ever been given a hand job?" He was so embarrassed.

"By mom, no sir." It was all I could do not to laugh but he was the one in hot water and I wasn't. I planned on keeping it that way.

"Have you ever...that is so disgusting no one would ever!" Hank was trying to get out of asking the last one.

"Ask him, leave no stone unturned, none!" Sandy said firmly.

"Did you ever, you know, anal?" He almost gagged as he said it.

"No sir." I said clearly. "I may confess to having sucked her breasts and fondled them. I say that because she told me she breast fed me. Personally don't remember those days." Even mom smiled a bit, I was telling the truth, well at least most of it.

"Any other questions Hank?" Sandy hissed. She looked at him with fire in her eyes.

"No Sandy." Hank replied. He was defeated and he knew it. He had stepped over the line and got caught.

"Mark, any questions?" Mom asked. I shook my head.

"Good, now here is how it's going to go from this point. Hank I am not going to make you apologize to me or Mark. You did what you thought you needed to do. Besides if I make you, there will always be resentment from you." Sandy explained.

"You both are going to leave this house. Mark I want you home when the twins get here. Hank you will not come home until I leave for work. I will see you in bed. This matter is over as far as I am concerned. This house will go back to normal." Sandy said clearly.

"Mark will be moving out as soon as we can find him an affordable place to live. That will remove the testing rule. It will stay in place as long as he lives here. The twins must never know. I will tell them about Mark and his real father when they are old enough to handle it. Hank you will never call Mark son, to do so now would be an insult to you both. Any questions?"

I raised my hand.

"Mark!" She called my name like I was in school.

"I can't afford an apartment." I explained.

"I know. Jerry left you some money for school. I was going to tell you when you finished the community college. I didn't want you to think you were on easy street. As for the apartment he left me a tidy sum also. It was earmarked for Hank's and my retirement but this is more important. Besides if you don't move out it seems there will be no Hank and I. Even then there may not be!" Sandy suggested.

"Sandy!" Hank protested.

"Hank, if you so much as step out of line once with this spying thing you can kiss your ass goodbye. Are we clear?" Sandy asked.

"Sandy!"

"I said are we clear?"

"Yes dear." Hank replied.

"Good, now I want both of you out of this house!" Sandy had one more card to play and I had a feeling it would come soon.

I arrived back at the house well before the kids would arrive. Sandy was already in her uniform. We were in the kitchen she looked nervous. I walked to her and bent down and kissed her. Sandy returned the affection but I knew this wasn't the appropriate time. I pulled away and let her know I would wait.

"Are you ok? I mean about earlier, you know Hank and all?" She probed.

"I'm fine?" I said.

"Do you want to talk?" She asked.

"Maybe soon." I replied. Sandy seemed surprised by my answer.

"Do you want to go down and fill the cup?" I wasn't sure if she was serious or teasing.

"Maybe soon." I explained. She looked at me and somehow let me know she was mine to do with as I pleased. I picked her up and carried her to the sofa. I sat her down and then moved behind her. Gently I pulled her back to me and put my arms around her.

"Is this ok?" I asked.

"Perfect." She answered.

We sat and said nothing until we heard the bus down the street, Sandy turned to me and we kissed like true lovers. She was crying when we broke free.

"I love you Mark, don't ever forget that." She said.

Sandy hurried upstairs to get composed before she left for work. Her twins came in oblivious to how their world would change in the future. They were going up as Sandy was coming down.

"Whatever we do we can't leave Hank alone in this house. Do you understand?" Sandy said.

"Yes mom I do. I will guard the furnace room with my life!" I smiled.

"How did you get so smart?"

Hank came home about an hour later. I could tell he was edgy. He had a secret and if it was found out he would be fucked. The problem for him was there was no secret, and yes he was going to get fucked, just not physically. Hank tried everything to get me to leave, even offered to have me take the twins for pizza. I didn't budge from my room pretending to study.

It was about a half hour before Sandy was to come home when he came in the basement. He was desperate now. He knew if we found the cameras his goose was cooked. I let him turn the corner to go into the furnace room just as he opened the door.

"Hey Hank, need some help?" He damn near had a heart attack.

"No, no, just thought I heard some strange noise from the AC, that's all." He replied visibly uncomfortable.

"Oh, well we should go look then." It was all I could do not to laugh as he got even more agitated.

"I think it's ok, I don't hear it down here. It's ok." He replied. Hank was sweating profusely I watched him go back up the steps. All day Saturday either Sandy or I was in the house. If we thought he was going to go down she would go to the laundry room or I would be studying. Sunday he came home from golf. The twins were out I was in the dining room on the computer. Hank just finished a snack and was at the counter.

"EEEEEEKKK! A SNAKE!" Sandy yelled from the top of her lungs

I almost beat Hank down the stairs. Sandy was on the washer pointing to something dangling from the ceiling. It was one of Hank's cameras. Seems the tape had worked its way free from its hiding place and fell down. I wish I could see the look on his eyes when he saw what she was screaming about.

"Mom! It isn't a snake." I said knowing exactly what it was. I moved past Hank and pulled at the object. The cable stopped any further movement.

"What is it?" She squealed. I looked at Hank he was white as a ghost.

"I think it's a camera?" I replied. I lied, I knew it was. Hank was still in shock. I followed the cable until it went into the furnace room. Opening the door I pretended to follow the cable until it led to the recorder and monitor neatly hidden. Hank terrified, Sandy was fuming.

Sandy didn't even say anything. She turned and went up the stairs. Hank slumped on a stool he no doubt sat on to watch the tapes.

"Mark does that thing have a tape in it?" Sandy called down from the landing.

"I think so. Yeah it does." I called up.

"Please bring it up here." We could hear her walk to the living room.

She put the tape on the table. We sat there until he walked up. He stood in the door waiting for the tongue lashing he was due.

"Are there other cameras?" Sandy asked calmly.

"Yes." Hank mumbled

"How many?"

"Three."

"And where are they pointed to?" Sandy was still calm and controlled.

"The shower, Marks bed, and the loveseat." He raised his head just enough to see why she wasn't yelling.

"For how long?" Sandy asked quietly.

"Maybe six months." Hank hung his head again.

"So Mark has had no privacy for six months? Is that correct?" She asked with no emotion.

"Yes I guess so."

"You guess so? You have accused Mark of fucking me and now he is subject to recording." Sandy replied still calm. "Did you see us together?"

"No." Hank answered.

"Maybe you watched him jack off. Are you a closet homosexual? It's ok if you are Hank, it really is." Mom said a bit more agitated.

"Sandy you know that isn't true!" Hank replied.

"So you watched a young man take a shower every day and you don't think so? Hey I took a shower there also, is that on this tape too?" Sandy was getting furious. "I don't know what to do Hank I really don't, maybe we should call the cops and let them figure it all out!"

"Sandra!" He knew he was in really deep calling her by her given name. "Please don't! I will make this up to you, to you both?" Hank was quivering where he stood.

"I suggest you start by removing that shit from my house this instant." Sandy said pointing to the basement. Hank ran down the stairs as fast as he could move.

She turned to me. "How can I make it up to you?"

"Can I decide?" I asked with a smile.

"If you like?" She agreed.

"I would."

"I can trust you?"

"You can." I assured her.

"Ok the in the morning when they are gone." She suggested.

"Deal."

I left shortly after heading to the upscale mall across town. I knew exactly what I wanted. I approached the sales counter in one of the best stores in town. The woman at the counter looked at me with a smirk but I wasn't deterred. She helped me with exactly what I wanted, exactly.

My cock was dripping pre-cum all morning in anticipation. It wasn't whatever I wanted but what she would agree to that mattered. This should be easy I thought. I wasn't disappointed when she came down the stairs her robe gaping open her tits bouncing with each step. The pink silk panties hiding the prize within only heightened my desire. She followed me into the bathroom where we kissed long and passionately. My cock pressed against her belly coating her with my pre-cum. I sat her on the counter and indicated I wanted to remove her panties.

"Can I trust you?" She asked quietly.

OH FUCK! Something was wrong, very wrong. Sandy spoke! We never speak, it was the unspoken rule. I looked at her and she knew what she had done. I tried to ignore it hoping it was just a mistake. I gave her a nod letting her know I could be trusted. Sandy slowly slipped off her panties.

Now I knew I was in trouble, all I saw was a hairy pussy. This was the object of my desire but there was no want or need on display? No plump lips, no moist hair, no sign of a clit that was begging for attention. I could feel myself go soft. I decided I would go through with it anyway. I gave her the first box Sandy seemed excited when she opened it. It was a razor, not just any razor it had a long slender smooth teardrop handle with beautiful designs. It was expensive.

"Mark honey it's beautiful! I mean that, I love it but I don't know? If I did, it would be so obvious." There she did it again. It changed everything. We were just like everybody else now. The ambiguity had vanished. Words left no mystery, no guessing, and no learning. It was inevitable I guess, but why now, why today?

I knew she might think of that, so did I, which is why I never did any of the obvious stuff. No lingerie, no sexy dresses, no expensive jewelry, or sex toys. Shaving her pussy would be obvious but I came with a backup. I handed her the second package with a smile.

Sandy took the gift and opened it. Inside was a long smooth hard plastic case similar to one you would keep glasses in. It was longer and smaller in size. Sandy opened it and inside was a pair of personal grooming scissors. The handles were delicate the blades razor sharp. Her response was polite but not what I had hoped for.

"I knew the first one may be too far but I thought just a trim may be exciting just the same." I said, breaking the rules myself. I knew we were done. If I had to talk her into it...

"Thank you honey, they're beautiful. It's just..." I put my finger to her lips stopping what I already knew. I turned and headed back to my room.

I dressed as she looked at me in silence. I might be frustrated and disappointed but she was in pain.

"Just so you know I am not mad." I started to explain. "I guess for so long I couldn't believe it was happening to me that I was just happy it was. I always told myself this day would come and I should accept it for what it was, a marvelous experience. Thank you for helping me become a better person."

She walked to me her robe now pulled tight across her chest, even her nipples were not hard. She guided me to sit down.

"Mark I love you, and I am in love with you. Right now I would like nothing more than to take those lovely gifts and have you shave me clean so you can suck on my clit like you so dearly want. I would let you bury the best cock I have ever laid eyes on until I cried in happiness. I would suck you off so you could fuck my ass." Sandy replied.

"I would do all of that in a minute. But I have two other children and a husband of twenty years to think of too. We both know he has dug himself a deep hole but to be fair we have helped. I have not been happy for some time but he deserves a fair chance. With you here he will never get it. I would chose you." Her nipples started to harden.

"Do you mean that?" I asked. I was serious and she knew it.

"Yes I do baby, at least today!" Mom said then kissed me. "I have thought long and hard about this. What we have been doing isn't fair to you. How do I know I am not manipulating you and then twenty years from now you hate me for ruining your life?"

I started to reply but she stopped me.

"I know what you will say now and I believe you. You have been so patient and I trust you with my life as well as my virtue. I have a suggestion, you will not like it but I would like you to hear it." Sandy said.

This is more talking than we had over the last year and a half maybe it was time. But as she talked about my future I saw what she was eluding to.

"Did you ever love him?" Sandy was taken aback by my question. "Hank, were you ever in love with him?"

"Hank was and is a good man. I have been hard on him lately. He had affairs years ago, I knew about them, and he knew I knew. He thought we were even for what he thinks I did to him. I was a wild girl, hanging with the wrong crowd. Drinking and partying. He thinks I was drunk the night you

were conceived, but I wasn't drunk. Jerry was putting the moves on one of my friends. She was his type flirty and loved sex. I wanted her for myself." Mom admitted.

I thought back to Heather and what Sandy said about her. She was the one for us.

"One thing led to another, and here is my eighteen year old brother with the two of us. I wanted it in me. God he was inexperienced but he fucked my brains out. Twice. Mark, I loved it, yes I did. But the little shit was a player. Oh he kept me on a string using me as his fuck toy until he found out I was pregnant. That was when Jerry quit school and skipped town." Mom explained. "You know the rest of that story."

"So he just left?" I asked.

"He never abandoned me. He visited all the time. He sent money." Sandy replied. "He couldn't bear to be around you and not have you as his own. We were young and reckless."

"You were in love with him!" I asked seeing how much for the first time. "What about Hank?"

"Well Hank thought he would be my White Knight and save me from myself, who knows maybe he did. It wasn't long before I got pregnant with the twins. Then the pecker head started sleeping around just to show me he was the boss. We worked through that. He is a good man, he has provided well and taken care of all of us" Her eyes were looking into space.

"But are you in love with him?" I asked again.

"I am in love with you. Don't you see? Just like I was with Jerry way back then. That is why we must wait." Sandy started to get emotional.

"Tell me your plan?" I smiled.

"The twins will be eighteen and graduated from high school in less than two years. You should be through with college. I suggest we take a break until then." Sandy suggested. "You will date other women, and I mean date, no being a hermit sulking in a room. I want you to give this an honest effort. I want you to see who you are as a man out there." She was pointing with her arm.

"I will start my life over with Hank, with you out of the picture. No temptations for me. Then we'll see how we feel at that time. Until then it would be life as usual, we'll be mother and son." Sandy continued. "You will continue to act as you have while we were experimenting. No pouting, no snide remarks, no grab ass. If you can do that for me, for us, I promise to consider if we should take this where we both want it to go today. Is it a deal?"

"Can we kiss on it?" I asked.

"I would love that Mark! Would you hold my tits, that way you can keep your eyes on mine." Sandy teased. We did and I did. Mom agreed we could kiss on a regular basis just to reaffirm our bond.

To be continued...